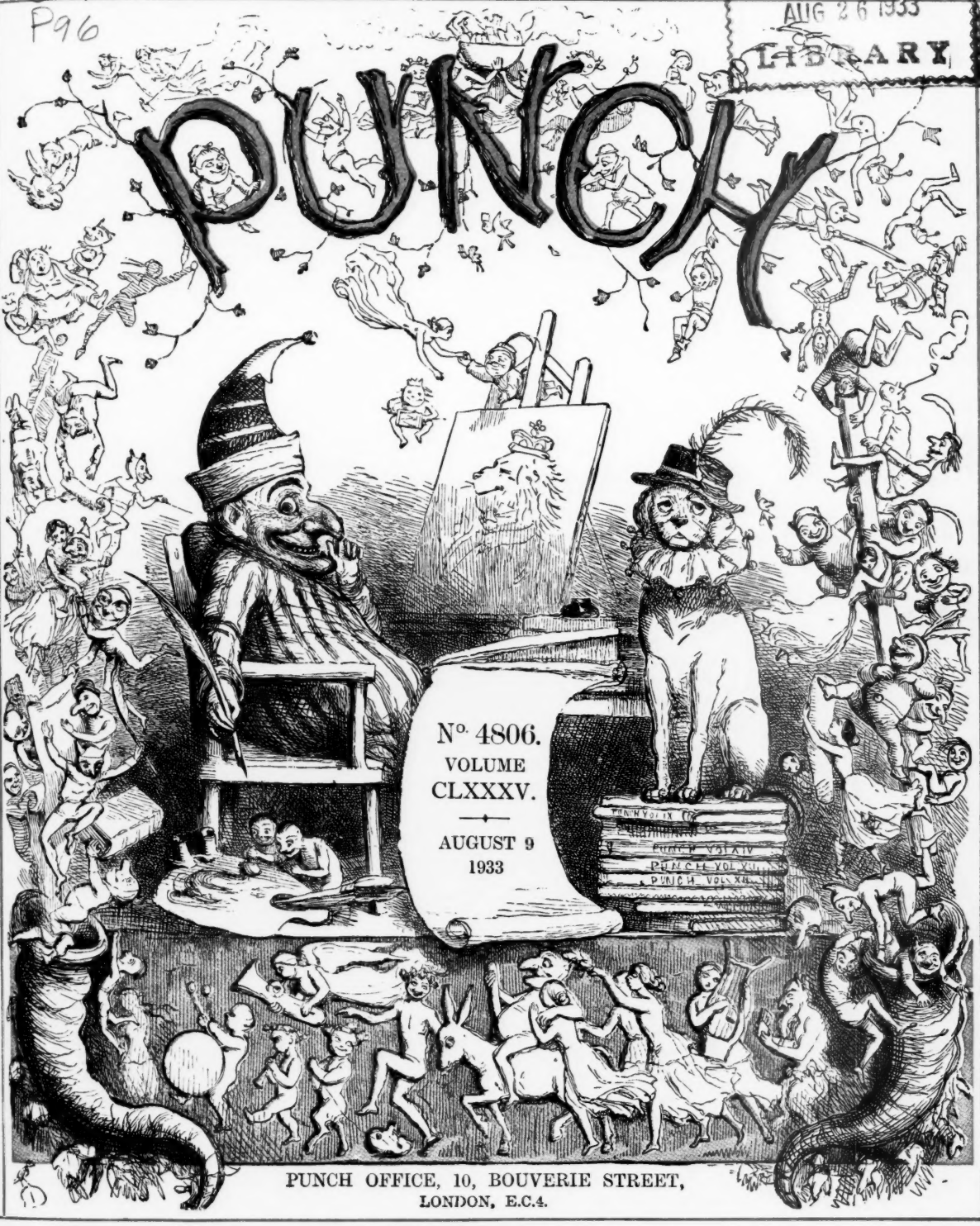
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P96

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AUG 26 1933
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PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. PRICE SIXPENCE

No. 4806.
VOLUME
CLXXXV.

AUGUST 9
1933

PUNCH OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

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panions are tales ill-told. They are none of them that; for Mr. BRETT YOUNG is a born story-teller with a fertile fancy and the gift of making full use of a wide and various experience. What these stories lack, I feel, is the sharp significance and the swift appeal which make the great short stories abide in the memory. Only once or twice, for all the excellence of his writing, has Mr. BRETT YOUNG here risen much above the average of the illustrated magazines; and it is to be noted that he is at his best when he adopts the informal yarning method and does not aim at the characteristic economy of the *conte*.

King Hal Debluffed.

This is no bluff KING HAL that makes his appearance in the exciting pages of *Here Comes the King* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6), in which Mr. PHILIP LINDSAY tells the story of KATHERINE HOWARD'S unhappy wedded life with much narrative skill and a lively use of his historical imagination. Indeed I could hardly recognise the ruthless and able HENRY VIII. of the historians in this sentimental and weak-willed man. Neither his desire for another child nor his self-pitying statement that he had suffered much at the hands of women seems alone sufficient to explain HENRY'S marriage with the unfortunate KATHERINE, whose physical beauty was fated to bring her to the block. Nor does it seem probable that the most masterful of the TUDORS would have felt it necessary to explain his past life to his newly-wedded wife. "I have taken very few women save under the holy bonds of matrimony." Here Mr. LINDSAY ascribes to HENRY a cynicism that ill accords with his egotism. And a monarch who used the executioner's axe as a method of divorce was hardly the man to have entertained conscientious scruples. Nevertheless I congratulate Mr. LINDSAY on a finely-told contribution to historical fiction.



Verger. "'OOEVER TOOK THEM TWO MISSING HASSOCKS, SIR, COULDN'T 'AVE WANTED 'EM FOR ANY GOOD PURPOSE AS NONE O' THE PRAYER-BOOKS ARE MISSING."

Hearts and Clubs.

In *Buck's Book* (GRAYSON AND GRAYSON, 15/-) Captain HERBERT BUCKMASTER tells his life-story to date, the reader being made to think both of the Regency joy in life and of HARRY LORREQUER. The author enlisted in a fighting corps for the Boer War at the age of seventeen, using rifle or fists impartially during a rough campaign. His marriage to a charming and deservedly popular actress leads him to smile at himself as if on that alliance rested his sole claim to contemporary attention. But on reading his account of three-and-a-half years under fire on the Western Front one has the feeling that both his seniors and subordinates thought of him only as a fighting man and a good companion. He mentions domestic and financial post-War difficulties with restraint, and it is pleasant to read of such things when the writer airs no grievance and accepts reverses with an unbowed head. This is a book by one of those described in novels as "the Ideal Club-man," who, if he has not yet made a fortune (and he missed at least one), must have made many friends that are worth more. And the anecdotes alone make the volume good reading.

Gallows.

Readers of *Jumping Jenny* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) will not have to spend their time in guessing by whom *Ena Stratton* was murdered, for no mystery is made of that. It is true that Mr. ANTHONY BERKELEY finishes with a surprise, but the situation, though modified, is not essentially changed. Interest does not flag, however, in a story which is more originally treated than most sensational novels. *Roger Sheringham*, in his efforts at detection, was not so anxious to punish the murderer as he was to protect him, and we, with the knowledge bestowed upon us, have the pleasure of seeing how erroneous his deductions were. If Mr. BERKELEY had not over-sprinkled *Colin Nicholson's* conversation with "wees" and "Achs," I should have no fault to find with a tale that in more ways than one goes with a swing.

Grave and Gay.

When *Andy Burnett* crossed the Divide he quickly found both an enemy and a staunch friend. He also plunged into a life very different from that which Mr. STEWART EDWARD WHITE described so vividly in *The Long Rifle*. Not that *Ranchero* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is lacking in adventure; but living in the Old Mexico of some hundred years ago were Spaniards of noble descent, who puzzled *Andy* as completely as they charmed him. He was forced to adapt himself to conditions entirely outside his experience, and with an ever-ready eye for romance and thrilling incident Mr. WHITE describes the transition that took place. In the end *Andy* shows signs of settling down with a fixed home and a wife to share it.

A Town in the Making.

During *Don Watson's* childhood the great event of Rogersville's day was the arrival of the train which seemed to connect the little place and its inhabitants with the great world. When *Don* had become a man of affairs Rogersville was an industrial town swept by Labour troubles and tormented by internal disputes. At the start of *Number Thirty-Six* (LOVAT DICKSON, 7/6) Mr. GERARD W. JOHNSON might justly be accused of loitering, but as this peaceful spot in North Carolina develops into an ambitious town the pace quickens, and a tale that is both competent and thoughtful follows. Several clearly-drawn people move across Mr. JOHNSON'S stage, and among them no one is finer than *Judge Neale*, who was always alive to the humour and the tragedy of Rogersville's growth.

Who would give us penny postage again if he could?—KINGSLEY WOOD.

Charivaria.

PROSPECTS for the Twelfth are very bright, grouse being plentiful and in good condition, both on the moors and in the refrigerators.

***

Japanese are reported to be swarming in the Potteries. China must be protected.

***

The car-race over the Alps was not appreciated by people who prefer the Matterhorn to the motor-horn.

***

In South-West Ireland the slump in cattle prices is so severe that calves have been killed for use as lobster-bait. Conditions in the Free State are unfavourable for the return of prodigals.

***

Sun-bathers are tolerated in Germany on the condition that they burn to the correct shade of Nazi brown.

***

"If all the money spent on beer were sent to America we could soon pay off the Debt," said a Prohibition advocate. The process would be known as pussyfooting the bill.

***

Might not Uncle Sam refer quite accurately to Europe as his debtor half?

***

A South African artist is holding an exhibition of her works in London. All her paintings are original, though some of the landscapes are kopjes.

***

A grocer's assistant who recently took part in a boxing-match got a black eye in the first round. Early closing.

***

A criminal was identified by his passport photograph. Judging by the passport photographs we have seen, anybody who resembles his own passport photograph must be a criminal.

***

"Admission two eggs" was the price recently charged for a concert in Württemberg. This plan of protecting the performers by cornering all the ammunition might be borne in mind by those meditating a political career.

***

In Wales an explosion has occurred on an allotment. Probably it was merely a well-developed vegetable marrow bursting with pride.

***

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is to attempt to float across the Channel.

***

Old films are boiled down and converted into patent-leather shoes. So stars can comfort themselves with the thought that they give polished performances to the end.

***

The blood of traffic policemen has been found to be charged with carbon monoxide. That's nothing to what motorists are charged with.

***

"Some ears are very nervous," says a famous musician. That probably explains why they nearly always go about in pairs.

***

It is urged that all organ recitals should be free. Agreed. We know a doctor who charges something like a guinea a minute for listening to organ recitals.

***

The aim of internationalism is to inter nationalism.

Seaweed is used for making artificial silk stockings. An appropriate trade-mark would be "Hozone."

***

A traveller points out that there is quite a lot of greenery aboard ship nowadays. Most of it, alas, leaning dismally over the rail.

***

Smearing butter on the fingers is the latest aid to beautiful hands. This seems to have long been the practice of certain cricketers.

***

Things seem to be settling down for a bit in Mexico. Several prominent revolutionaries have not been executed this month.

***

The members of a married women's club in the North meet twice weekly to discuss their grievances. The latter, we understand, wait patiently outside to take their wives home.

***

Many women are complaining that the half-crown is too big and awkward for their small purses. They should remember, however, that it comes in very useful for measuring hailstones.

***

A leading portrait-painter states that there is nothing ugly in Nature. This idea seems to have gained for him a very good living.

***

A party of men are to attempt to lay a ghost on a golf-course. Out to beat bogey.



Mother. "I SHOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED TO HAVE CHAPERONED MONA IN HER ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, BUT I FOUND THAT THAT ODIOUS MR. SMITHERS WAS ATTEMPTING THE SWIM TO-DAY."

The Laughter Cure.

I CAN'T afford to go to Rock—
Sacred to good Saint Enodoc—
Or buy my wife a smart new frock;
I can't afford Champagne or Hock
Or go beyond a single "bock";
With aches and pains I'm chock-a-block—
In short a most enfeebled crock.
And yet to-day my woes I mock,
I feel once more a fighting-cock,
Roused by the exhilarating shock
Caused by the boom in laughing stock—
GROCK is returning: *Viva* GROCK!

Tin Wedding.

It is curious to reflect that it was really a werewolf who was responsible for our Tin Wedding party. Because one day, for reasons which now escape me, I was seized with an urgent desire to know all about werewolves, and I decided to look them up in that immortal and indispensable work, Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

Now the worst or the best of Brewer is that under his fascinating escort one thing leads to another. You cannot look up Lilli-Burlero without acquiring by the way the meaning of the expression "Leather or prunella" and at least a smattering of knowledge about Love-potions. On werewolves bent, then, I opened Brewer, but found myself forcibly detained *en route* by Wayland Smith; and that led on to Wayzgoose, a word whose meaning I have always wanted to know; and just as I was making a really determined effort to turn over the page my eye fell upon the item, "Wedding Anniversaries." And that was the end of werewolves, for here, it seemed, was a ready-made excuse for giving a party.

The entry, written with Mr. Brewer's usual commendable terseness and lack of sentimentality, ran as follows:—

"The 5th anniversary is called the *Wooden* wedding,

„ 10th	„	„	*Tin* „
„ 15th	„	„	*Crystal* „
„ 20th	„	„	*China* „
„ 25th	„	„	*Silver* „
„ 50th	„	„	*Golden* „
„ 60th	„	„	*Diamond* „

from the nature of the presents suitable for each."

It seemed a pity that I had not tried to look up werewolves five years earlier, as we were in sore need of furniture at that time and even boxes of matches would have come in useful. However, there was still just time to send out invitations for a Tin Wedding party; and this, after some hesitation, we did.

The hesitation was for two reasons. Firstly, because people might not know what a Tin Wedding meant; but we reflected that they could always look it up, and that if they didn't own Brewer they jolly well ought to. Secondly, because it might be tempting Providence; but we decided that (*a*) we were not superstitious, and (*b*) that Providence must be so used to temptations by now that she has probably learnt to resist them. In any case, times have changed; and ten years in these racketty and unsettling days is surely as much a matter for pride and celebration as twenty-five was in the stabler, more leisurely atmosphere of the past.

So a Tin Wedding party we gave. To describe it would be tedious. There are, of course, parties and parties; but they all have this in common—that, like children's sayings and runs with hounds, they fade and flatten in the telling. But it may be of interest to give a list of the presents, so that any readers who take it into their heads to follow our example may know what to expect.

Sardines, of course, we were prepared for. No fewer than fourteen people brought them, and each one was as welcome as the last, because it is clearly impossible to have too many sardines in the house. Tinned fruit too had occurred to us as a possibility—pine-apples perhaps, or peaches; but we never dreamed that it would appear, or indeed that it existed, in such dazzling variety, ranging as it did from strawberries to mandarin oranges and from loquats to li-chees. Nor did we dream that our cupboards were going to be so well stocked with nibblables—pretzels and salted almonds and cheese buttons and other delights. There was also an unclassifiable treasure in a mysterious black tin covered with Japanesy-looking writing and labelled "*Hanami Senbei*." Its contents are queerly shaped and taste halfway between salt and sweet; I dare not think what they are made of, but the result is ambrosial.

Then there was a largish Toy Section, which included three buckets, five trumpets and some agreeable new rolling-stock for the model railway. And a Household Section: I do not think I shall ever have to buy a toasting-fork again or a box of tintacks. And a Medical Section, which included liver-salts and insecticide. And a Motoring Section, which supplied us with a quart of oil and two gallons of petrol. And a Zoological Section, which consisted of two live goldfish in a huge tin-can. (The children took possession of them the next morning, and christened them, for some obscure reason, Joan and Sydney. Joan—or was it Sydney?—died almost immediately of a surfeit of ants'-eggs; Sydney—or is it Joan?—still lives.)

A stockbroker brought us a certificate for one Tin share; and a metal-broker turned up with a lump—a pig, *he* called it—of real tin. It is immensely heavy for its size and looked immensely valuable; probably one day we shall sell it to save ourselves from starvation; meanwhile it makes an excellent paper-weight. Some people stretched the word "tin" far enough to include an aluminium cream-making machine, a plated tea-pot and a pewter beer-mug, and at this our consciences made little or no effort to protest. Nor did they so much as bat an eyelid when Uncle Marmaduke sent us a five-pound-note with the brief comment, "A spot of tin"; or when Aunt Katherine—bless her heart!—left at the door sundry bottles of Lanson '21 on the flimsy pretext that "there's some tinfoil, my dear, under the gold."

So now you know. It is almost unnecessary to add that the next morning, when we wanted a container in which to put away the left-over party sweets, there was not a single empty tin to be found in the house, and we had to beg one from the grocer.

And *still* I haven't found out about werewolves.

Jan.

The Davis Cup.

We taught the world her tennis
In the brave Dohertys' day
Till Brookes became a menace
And Australia learned to play.
When the States appeared as rivals
And the French and Germans came,
Though we staged a few revivals,
We were beaten at our game.

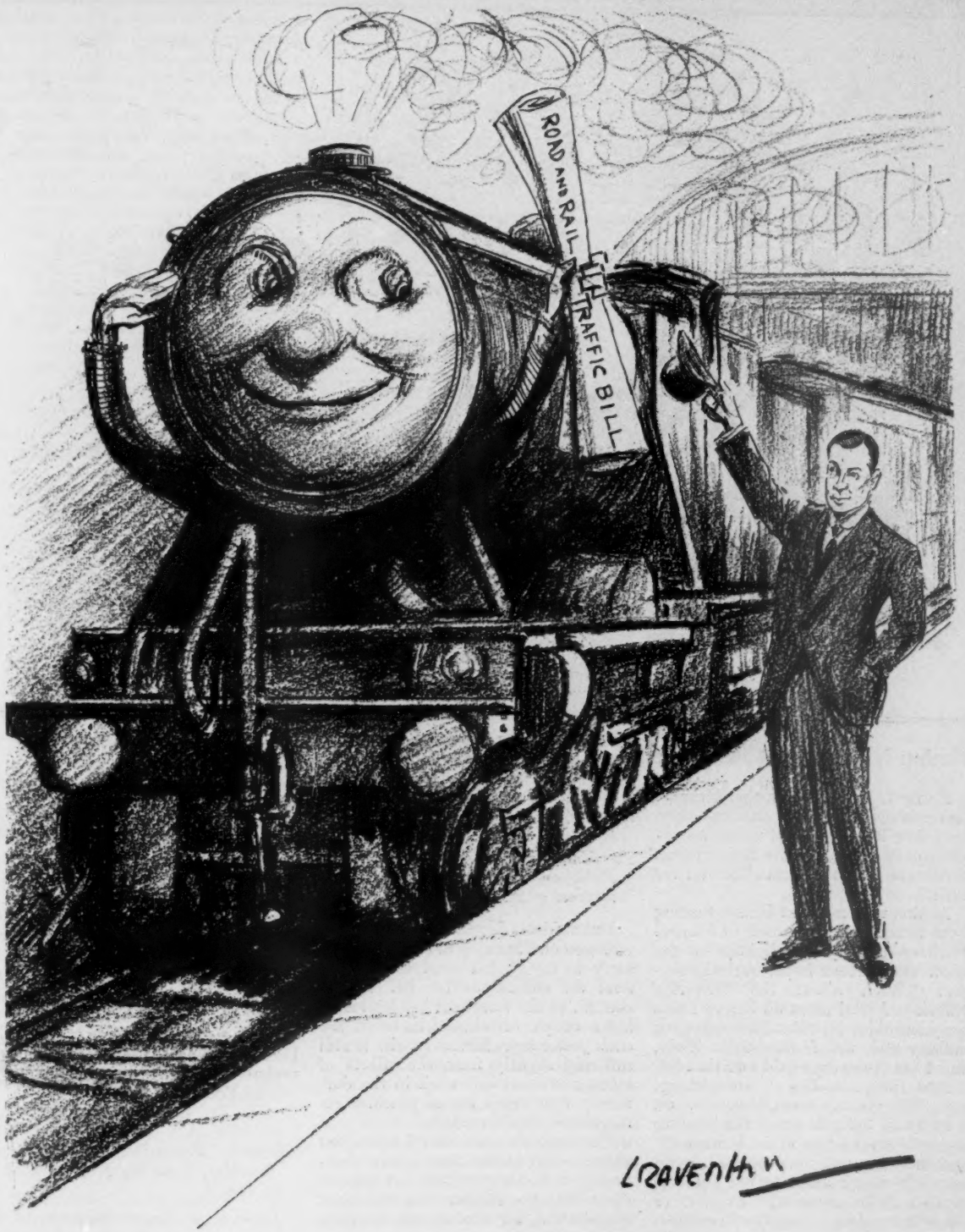
There were many bouts we lost in;
'Twas our habit then to lose
Till we bred a Bunny Austin
And a Perry and a Hughes.
Then we tightened up our rackets
And we perfected our drives
And we scored some winning brackets
And renewed our tennis lives.

Till to-day against all nations
We have fought and struggled through
And fulfilled our obligations
As the British ought to do;
We have bluffed the burly Germans,
Brought the Frenchmen to their knees,
And have broadcast useful sermons
To the Czecho-Slovakese.

We have swamped the States in troubles,
We have bent their slender Vines,
Though we can't compete in doubles
With their Lotts and their van Ryns.
Now the only thing we crave is
That, against both hemispheres,
Having won this gift of Davis,
We may keep it here for years.

So let's fill the Cup with claret,
Or whatever best may seem,
And let's drink to Roper Barrett
And his undefeated team;
Let us pledge the names of Perry
And of Austin, Hughes and Lee,
For, says *Punch*, "Why not make merry
O'er this famous victory!"

W. H. O.



STANLEY'S SPECIAL.

MR. OLIVER STANLEY (*Minister of Transport*). "BON VOYAGE!"

[The Road and Rail Traffic Bill has already passed through the House of Commons.]



THE OUTGOING TIDE.

"MUMMY, *should* ROY KEEP TAKING SO MUCH OUT OF THE SEA? IT'S GETTING VERY EMPTY."

Fiction is Stranger than Truth.

FICTION, at all times rather strange, becomes even more so than usual when we follow it—as some of us are reluctantly obliged to do—into those realms which are labelled "School Stories for Girls."

At this very moment Girls returning from Schools are in search of Stories. Mothers are saying—slightly in the spirit of a forlorn hope, but still saying: "What about the Waverley Novels? *I* read them all before I was ten years old;" or, "But I thought your holiday task was *Hereward the Wake*, and I am *sure* you would *love* that"

And the girls, if well brought up, say: "Oh, yes, of course, Mummie," or, if less well brought up: "But they're so *frightfully* deadly and old-fashioned," and in either case they will be found soon afterwards glued to the pages of *A Girl Guide Saves the Empire*, or *Guerilla Warfare in the Blue Dormitory*.

So that one's fancy, no doubt fired to emulation by these singular masterpieces, prompts one to wonder what it would all be like if truth took a leaf out of fiction's book (for girls) and the customary correspondence between parents and head-mistresses had to come into line accordingly. The dear old Devonshire Rectory would be pretty badly shaken by something of this kind:—

To Mrs. Jones, The Rectory, Little Fiddle-on-the-Green, from the Headmistress of St. Olaf's School.

DEAR MRS. JONES,—Anne will be with you on Thursday at 3.15, but I am sorry to say that I must ask you to send an ambulance for her to the station, as she fractured her leg rescuing a couple of school-fellows on the cliffs yesterday. Moreover, she is still suffering slightly from the effects of burns sustained last week in the dormitory fire, which she so pluckily extinguished single-handed.

The sprained wrist that I wrote you about earlier in the term is now practically well, and you will be glad to know that the child whom she saved from falling off the church tower is doing well.

We have had *such* a happy successful term, and feel sure it is largely due to dear Anne's influence that there has been only one dormitory rebellion, and barely three members of the Upper Fourth have run away to sea disguised as cabin-boys.

Yours sincerely,
MIRANDA MAKEPEACE.

To Miss Matilda Robinson, "The Firs," Blankley, from the Headmistress of St. Olaf's.

DEAR MISS ROBINSON,—Your niece Jane will not be returning to you these holidays, I am afraid, as an eccentric elderly millionaire whom she met whilst bird-nesting has decided to take her with him to South America to look for the Inca's treasure. I am all for letting the dear girl see something of the world. Do not you agree? Moreover, he will probably make a will in her favour.

Yours sincerely,
MIRANDA MAKEPEACE.

To Lady Brown-Brown, The Castle, Merchley, from the Headmistress of St. Olaf's.

DEAR LADY BROWN-BROWN,—I am sorry to say that I must ask you to make other arrangements for the twins next term. They are both dear little girls and I shall miss them; but they have quite failed to adapt themselves to the school spirit. Although nearly

fourteen years old, neither can save a schoolfellow from drowning when necessary, or climb down a pair of knotted sheets from a top-story window, or drive a car at forty miles an hour in a heavy snowstorm, or *even* win a scholarship in open competition with rivals older than themselves.

In these circumstances I can only suggest that they should be transferred to some small kindergarten, where less is probably expected from the pupils.

Yours sincerely,
MIRANDA MAKEPEACE.

To General Warrior, V.C., D.S.O., K.C.B., etc., etc., "Gunga Din," St. Leonards, from the Headmistress of St. Olaf's.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—You must let me congratulate you on your dear child, Pamela, whom I am proud to have as Head of the School.

One of our periodical revolts, originating in the Lower Fourth, took place a few weeks ago, and the drawing-mistress—highly unpopular with the dear girls—was locked by her pupils into one of the music-rooms. The woman immediately began to fire a machine-gun out of the window, breaking several panes of glass in the greenhouse and sadly damaging the potted calceolarias.

Pamela, a true daughter of her soldier-father, at once took command of the situation, rallying the Lower Fourth round her by crying aloud the family motto of the Warriors: "Up, Girls, and at 'em!"

You will see a full account of what followed in the local paper, of which I send you a copy. It is enough for me to add that the drawing-mistress was personally disarmed by Pamela and is not expected to live. The girls themselves then instantly proclaimed Pamela Head of the School, Captain of the Hockey Team and Assistant Commissioner of Girl Guides.

As I never dispute the decisions of my girls, I feel that next term ought to be a *very* jolly one for all of us—especially Pamela.

Yours sincerely,
MIRANDA MAKEPEACE.

To Mrs. O'Flaherty, Boggiemakilligill, County Wicklow, from the Headmistress of St. Olaf's.

DEAR MRS. O'FLAHERTY,—Your daughter Mary—or, as we always call her at school, that Madcap Red-Headed Colleen from the Emerald Isle—will be with you almost as soon as this letter. She (the M.R.-H.C. from the E.I.) is not bringing home quite as good a Report as I could wish, but I am sure you will fully understand this in view of her many activities during the term.

The unmasking of an international plot against the British Government definitely took her mind off her work, as did her visit to London to be thanked in person by the Home Secretary. The feud between the Fourth Form and the Upper Fifth has also taken up a good deal of time, and was, as you know, only brought to an end by the splendid action of your dear girl—or colleen—in rescuing seven of her chief rivals from the tunnel in which they were imprisoned just before the express train came through.

These commonplaces of school-life, together with a dormitory fire, a concealed convict found in a disused outhouse, an aeroplane wrecked on the playing-field, and a very critical hockey-match won practically single-handed for the School by our M.R.-H.C. from the E.I. must be her excuse, and mine, for a rather poor scholarly record. Yours sincerely,

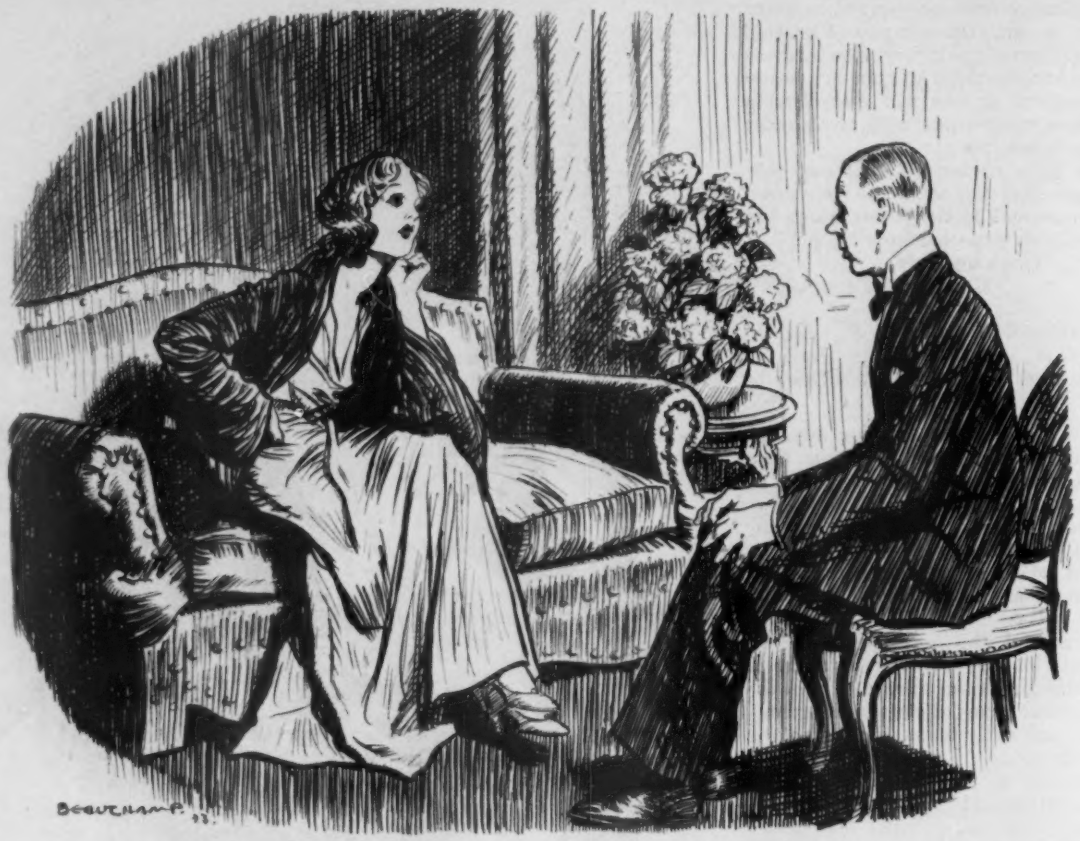
MIRANDA MAKEPEACE.
E. M. D.



Visitor (looking for his boarding-house). "I SAY, WHEREABOUTS IS 'OCEAN VIEW'?"
Postman. "TAKE THE FIRST TO THE LEFT AND THE SECOND TO THE RIGHT, AND YOU'LL FIND IT JUST BEHIND THE GASWORKS, SIR."

"The crowd yelled and hissed and called for a new linesman, while Austin walked round in circles and Allison sat on his racket until it subsided."—*Daily Paper.*

Whereupon he yelled and called for a new racket.



Intense Young Woman. "I ALWAYS THINK THE FUTURE IS SO *inevitable*."

By Return of Post.

(Correspondence arising out of the Open Letter to my Local Taxation Officer published in these columns last week.)

Local Taxation Officer to Self.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your communication on the subject of *The Motorist's Pocket-Book*, 1933–4, we would inform you that this pamphlet is published (with the approval of the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association and the Commercial Motor Users' Association) by the National "Safety First" Association, to whom all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed.

The registration authorities to whom the handbook is supplied free of charge for distribution to every applicant for the renewal of a motor driving licence are in no sense responsible for its contents.

Self to Local Taxation Officer (by postcard).

All right, then, I'll do as you suggest—though, mind you, I don't like the tone of your letter, and anyway nearly all of it is copied straight down from the cover of the handbook, which seems pretty slack to me, considering the trouble I took over my original letter to you. Why not give a civil answer to a civil request? After all, you are only a public servant and not a very important one at that. It is a relief to know that responsibility for the contents of *The Motorist's Pocket-Book* does not rest with a man so obviously lacking in tact and polish—in a word, so *boorish* as yourself. I shall go elsewhere for my licences in future.

Self (feeling a lot better) to National "Safety First" Association.

DEAR SIRS,—I have recently been in communication with my Local Taxation Officer (a man, I am sorry to say, of limited interests and intelligence) on the subject of *The Motorist's Pocket-Book*, 1933–4, and have been advised by him that your Association is the proper authority to consult in this matter. Accordingly I am writing to you, as the publishers—with the approval, of course, of the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association and the Commercial Motor Users' Association—of this little book, to ask you to give your very earnest consideration to the suggestion I am about to make.

The book needs brightening up. Where, I humbly ask, are the diverting sketches and diagrams of yesteryear? I am well aware that it is of the utmost importance that the principles of good driving should be inculcated into the average motorist, but, Sirs, my contention is that this object will never be attained by the methods made use of in your latest handbook. No matter how sound the instruction contained, it is wasted unless it be presented in a manner calculated to attract the eye of the reader; and the easiest way to achieve this, in my opinion, is to leaven the more solid and serious matter with entertaining information and illustrations—*as you used to do.*

Give me back (as I wrote to that fool of a Taxation Officer) my picture of a cab-driver rotating his whip in order to indicate the direction in which he

proposes to turn and I will read what you have to say in the adjoining columns about stopping-distances and the danger of driving when under the influence of drugs with the closest attention; but deprive me of it, as you have done this year, and I fear that your manual is likely to remain unread for long months at a time in the side-pocket of my car.

Many thousands of keen motorists will, I am sure, join me in urging this request.

National "Safety First" Association to Self.

DEAR SIR,—We thank you for your letter of yesterday's date, and beg to inform you that complete instructions *re* the signals to be given by drivers of HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES, etc., are contained in the pamphlet, *Road Sense*, which can be obtained from this office, price 4*d*. post free.

You should note that signals should be given as far as possible by hand alone, and the whip used only where the driving position renders hand-signalling invisible to following traffic.

Self to National "Safety First" Association.

DEAR SIRS,—I DO NOT WANT COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS *RE* THE SIGNALS TO BE GIVEN BY DRIVERS OF HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES, ETC. Even if I possessed such a thing as a horse-drawn vehicle, which is most unlikely, the copy of *Road Sense*, price 4*d*., *already on my shelves*, would prove ample for my requirements. Had you read my letter with a fraction of the attention I bestow every day on your countless roadside communications to *me*, you would realise that it was not any personal desire for information about the proper behaviour of cab-drivers in traffic which led me to write to you. I simply wished to point out the value of such material as seasoning for your extremely dull booklet.

However, it is no use wasting words which appear to have little likelihood of ever being read; and I now propose to lay the facts of the case before the Minister of Transport, with whose approval (I am astonished to see) your pamphlet is supplied to the Registration Authorities.

Self to the Minister of Transport.

SIR,—A short time ago, with a loyal citizen's respect for his legal obligations, I renewed my motor-driving licence for a further period of twelve months, and I now take the liberty of forwarding the booklet which I received on that occasion from the Registration Authorities, together with some comments made by me to the publishers thereof and their reply (3 Enclosures).

As you will see, the response to my suggestions has been far from satisfactory, and it is in the confident hope that you, Sir, will be able to bring about a reform which I, an unknown licencee, have not the means to press further, that I surrender the whole matter into your hands.

I trust that you will keep me notified of any developments as they occur.

Ministry of Transport to Self.

DEAR SIR,—All correspondence relating to the issue or renewal of Motor Driving Licences should be addressed to the Local Taxation Officer for the district in which the applicant resides.

Self to Local Taxation Officer (by telegram).

Please supply licence to drive horse-drawn vehicle comma complete with whip comma suitable for harrying local taxation officers comma ministers of transport etc on their way to and from work stop and don't send booklet stop.

H. F. E.



Benighted Householder (family away on holiday). "I SAY, WHERE DID YOU MANAGE TO DIG OUT THAT MUSTARD?"

Nasal Occasions.

". . . the result of a blow which he received on the nose whilst playing cricket. —— has been missed at the Parish Church, where he blows the organ for his mother."
Local Paper.

Mother used to do it for us in the dear old days.

Simple Story.

THE INVISIBLE CAP.

ONCE there was an editor of a newspaper who was good at getting hold of secrets, because he paid so well for them that people were always bringing them to him, and he didn't much mind what he put into his newspaper as long as it was interesting and he could be sure he wouldn't be sent to prison for it or anything like that.

Well one morning a card was brought up to him in his office with "DUC DE BOULOGNE" on it, and he liked titles so he said show him in.

So they showed him in, and he was a young man rather shabbily dressed carrying a checked cloth cap in his hand who didn't look like a Frenchman at all. And the editor said Bon jour, which was about all the French he knew, and then he said in English I didn't know there was such a person as the Duc de Boulogne.

And the young man said well there isn't, my name is really Mr. Budget Berry, but I thought if I sent in that name you might not see me, now let us come to business, I want a job.

Well the editor was annoyed, and he said how dare you come here under false pretences? And Budget Berry said don't get hot about it, I can find out any secrets you want for you and it is just a question of how much money you will pay me for it, because I am in love with a very nice girl called Mimi Credible, but her mother, Mrs. Credible, won't hear of our getting married until I get some regular occupation.

The editor said I am not interested in your matrimonial prospects but as I never turn down anyone who has a secret to sell please explain further. And Budget Berry said oh with pleasure, you see this cap, don't you? And the editor said yes I do and I don't think much of it, it would make anybody who wore it look like a cad.

Budget Berry said oh no it wouldn't, because anybody who wears it becomes invisible, so nobody would see what he looked like, and if you can't see how useful a reporter on your paper would be who could go anywhere without being seen all I can say is that you must be a rotten editor and I will try another one.

Well the editor didn't quite believe him but he said put on the cap, and he put it on, and directly he did that he was invisible. And the editor said where are you, I can't see you, and then he jumped and said how dare you tickle my bald head? And there was a laugh behind him and directly afterwards Budget Berry was sitting in the armchair in which he had been before with the awful-looking cap in his hand.

So then the editor knew it was true, and he said how did you get the cap? And he said I bought it in a shop, and I didn't know it was an invisible cap until I went to see Mimi. She was in the shop and when I kissed her she nearly had a fit, because there was nobody there, but when I took off the cap she came to, and said it was very extraordinary.



"AND HE SAID HOW DID YOU GET THE CAP?"

The editor said of course you ought to have taken off your cap before you kissed her, but young men don't know how to behave nowadays, now let us come to business. There is a Cabinet Meeting going on now and I should like to know what is happening there, go and find out.

Well in about an hour Budget Berry came back, and he didn't trouble to send up his name, but kept on his cap and walked straight into the editor's room and sat down in a chair before he took it off. And the editor got quite a start as he had been having a little nap which he didn't like people seeing him do, and he said you can't come in here like that, cap or no cap, but we will settle that later, did you get into the Cabinet Meeting?

And he said oh yes, it was quite easy, and I recognised a lot of them from their pictures in the papers, I didn't know that the Prime Minister had such wavy hair before.

The editor said never mind about the Prime Minister's wavy hair, what were they talking about? And he said oh it was about a gold standard or something like that, but it was so uninteresting that I upset one of the inkstands on the table and came away.

And the editor said well if that is the way you are going to behave you are no good to me, and Budget Berry said no I dare say not, and now I have had time to think it over I don't see what good you are to me either, I don't really want to work, I have never cared much about that, and with this invisible cap all I have to do is to take anything I may happen to want and nobody will see me doing it, so I can marry Mimi and I don't see why either of us should ever have to work again.

The editor was quite shocked at that, because he knew that honesty was the best policy if you didn't carry it too far, and he said do you mean that you would steal things out of shops? And he said oh not only shops, now for instance I have always thought I should like a silver cigarette-box, so I will take this one, good morning. And then there was nobody in the room except the editor, and a large silver cigarette-box that he kept by him on his table, because he smoked cigarettes all the time and the doctor had often warned him against it, had disappeared under his very eyes. And he knew that it was no good ringing the bell and telling them to stop Budget Berry going out of the building because he would have gone out of it by that time and nobody would have seen him.

Well you might have thought that the editor couldn't do anything, but he was very resourceful or he wouldn't have been such a good editor, and he remembered the name of Credible and that Mrs. Credible kept a shop, so he sent for a Directory and then took a taxi and went round to all the shops kept by people with that name, and the third one he came to was a shop where they sold cigarettes and sweets and paper-patterns and things like that and there was a nice-looking girl with reddish hair behind the counter and he said to her are you Mimi? She said Miss Credible to you please, so he knew she

was a girl who could respect herself, and he said to her I don't suppose you want to marry a thief, but that is what will happen to you if you don't pay attention to me.

So then he told her about Budget Berry, and she was surprised and rather shocked, but not very because she said there is no harm in him really, but his father was a cat-burglar and his mother was a shoplifter, it is heredity coming out, if I marry him I shall soon stop all that, and I will see that you get your silver cigarette-box back.

The editor was pleased with her, and he said if I had married a girl like you I could have become a HITLER, but my wife is not much good for anything but herbaceous borders, was it you who told Budget Berry to come to me for a job and call himself the Duc de Boulogne?

And she said yes it was, he is not clever enough to think of those things for himself, but if I marry him he will have to keep honest.

Well the editor had already made up his mind what he wanted and he said to her you need not mind about the cigarette-box, I will give you that for a wedding-present, and I will buy the invisible cap for a thousand pounds if you can get it out of him. And she said trust me for that.

So the editor bought the invisible cap but the first time he put it on and went down the stairs of his office the porter said you can't go out with a thing like that on your head, Sir, so he knew it had lost its virtue, or else Mimi Credible had sold him another one that had never had any. A. M.

August the Eleventh.

St. Pancras Station waits for me,
And I 'll be there again,
From stocks and shares and sterling free,
With guns and Labrador you 'll see
This portly man of fifty-three
Embarking on the train

That carries me in careful dress,
With loader, magazines
Of cartridges and published Press;
The guard salutes me, I confess
I am, as all the porters guess,
A City man of means.

And after lunch I 'll sit and puff,
Replete with food and wine,
And wonder if he knows enough
To treat the market hard and rough—
My partner—has he got the bluff
To play that hand of mine?

But then, as Grantham passes by,
I 'll let my papers fall,
And wish for 'ninety-two, when I
Took out an airgun on the sly
By Bolton Abbey in July
And shot him sitting through the eye—
A grouse upon the wall;

When I was first on Strathdale Chase,
Where I 'd no right to be,
I only gathered half a brace,
And combed the heath to leave no trace
Of hypothetical disgrace,
That still is pride to me.

A lot of servants do my will
In Town and Country house,
And yet to-morrow up the hill
I know that I 'll be thinking still
Of that illegal splendid kill—
My air-gun and the grouse.



"I'M GETTING A BIT OLD TO PLAY CAPTAIN'S INNINGS, BUT THANK GOODNESS I CAN STILL EAT A CAPTAIN'S LUNCH!"

"The length of the ship from the fore part of the stern under the bowsprit to the aft side of the head of the sternpost was 276 feet."—*Australian Paper.*

Yes, yes; but what was her width from the back part of the bowsprit to the outside of the top of the mainmast?



"I SAY, THAT'S A BIT DARING, ISN'T IT?"

Fresh Hope For Criticism.

THAT book-reviewers and dramatic critics are as subject as other men to the ravages of headaches, indigestion and natural prejudices seems to be a point generally overlooked by an intelligent but trustful public, whose attitude to the whole machinery of criticism is the same as it would be to the calculating machine at their bank, which, registering automatically the good and the bad, delivers, after certain whirrings and cogitations, an infallible estimate of their assets.

The human element, or the element of digestion or whatever you like to call it, is ignored. There is no clear reason why this should be so, and it is the odder in a public which in its business-, love- and sporting-life is habitually on its guard against discrepancy of any kind. Yet the notion remains firmly rooted that the critic is just a robot of unvarying sensitiveness.

And this is a good thing neither for the critic nor for the public. The critic is unable to write what he feels, but is always, out of fairness, trying to adjust his impressions to what he imagines they would be if he were unswayed by health or temporary bias; while the public, as a result, is apt to get what is in effect a purely artificial summing-up.

Why not make it possible for the critic to be quite honest? What a relief it would be to come upon a review like this:—

". . . While not debating the interest which would naturally attach to such a book as *Seventy Years Among the Ice-Floes*, I cannot help feeling that its author, Mr. Septua Crevasse, has approached his subject from an angle which suggests that his chief desire is to be original rather than sincere; for throughout the book he harps upon the hardships, as he calls them, of being for so long a time in such close proximity to such a large quantity of ice. If indeed he did suffer a little occasional discomfort it would have been sufficient to have remarked upon it once, or at most twice. But to me the undoubted merits of the book were constantly being obscured by his tiresome insistence on this small matter of cold."

—with its little footnote, so eloquent, so illuminating—

"*N.B. Reviewed (unavoidably) in an attic, in August, in Rome.*"

Quite often we read reviews as silly as this, but we have to guess for ourselves whether the fault lies with the author or the reviewer. By my footnote formula the reviewer is enabled to record his exact personal feelings, which is what he should do, and we all know just where we are, or, at any rate, where we should be if he happened to be a slightly better reviewer than the one I quote.

How refreshing to read a dramatic criticism like this:—

". . . Miss Berta Darling may remain the idol of the stalls, but each time I see her her mannerisms infuriate me more. That little rasp of the larynx, that nervous twitch of the eyebrow (now happily perpetuated for an avid nation in somewhere around a million photographs) grow less and less endurable. Only courtesy restrains me from being reminded of a clockwork doll with a slipping cog. . . . Mr. Algernon Bifbat has been O.K. with the gallery and the Vicarious Gigolo of the Masses for so long that it would be mere waste of my proprietor's good paper and ink to assert that he continues to give me a cervical ache. . . . In a kind moment I may recently have spoken amiably of

the settings of M. Alex Daub, but it is now my irrevocable opinion that he would do well to transfer his talents to house-decoration, and exterior decoration at that. . . ."—with its footnote:

"*N.B. Report on Critic's condition Critical. At dinner in strange house before the show politeness forced him to consume* Homard St. Jacques, *a dish which in* 1907 *involved him in a costly lawsuit by inspiring a savage criticism of the acting of Miss Pansy Diabolo, and in* 1921 *very nearly involved him in death. Arrived at the theatre, the management had placed him so that his view was practically obscured by a rococo pillar and a stout lady wearing* a toupee, *on lines of Taj Mahal, which she declined to remove. Mean temperature of theatre,* 95 *degrees. Owing to prank of laundry, collar too embracing by one inch. Neighbour on left, drunk. Neighbour on right, drunk, and in addition friend of neighbour on left. Man behind incinerator for black cigars.*"

Once we grew accustomed to them there would be no end to the footnotes we should get; and a specially wide field for them would be that of humour, which more than any other demands a reasonably unjaundiced outlook on the part of the reader.

We might get this:—

"It would go against my literary conscience to declare this latest novel from the pen of Mr. P. G. Roadhouse in any way a scholarly work. It contains at least three errors in regard to the menial hierarchy of a country-house, and porciculturally it is ludicrously inaccurate, the study of the prize sow being a very amateurish essay in animal psychology. As a piece of writing, *Bother at Blandings* is lamentably sullied by innumerable clichés of alien origin."

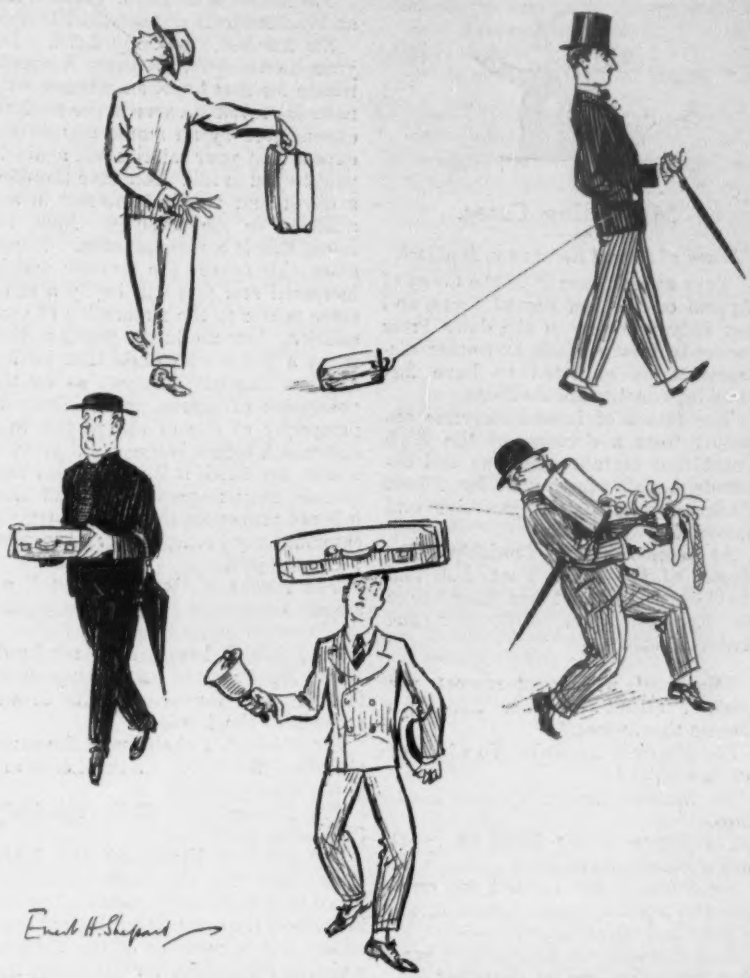
Followed by:—

"It is the greatest pleasure to welcome Professor Updust to the little band of English humorists, for his book, *Actualism in the Orient*, is so funny that I sat up all night over it, splitting my sides over the ineffable waggeries which tumble over each other throughout its 1,200 pages of revelry. Here at last is subtle humour which gets home with the certainty of a piston-rod."

"*N.B. As both these books are topical we publish the reviews as we received them, regretting the error by which each book went to the wrong reviewer.*"

The publishing world is unlikely to be far behind in its variations on the method. Splayed across some livid jacket we shall soon read the blurb:—

"*Our Managing Director says this is the feeblest novel we have yet published. We have persuaded him to take a month's holiday, and we append a medical report on his condition.*" ERIC.



"CARRYING A SUIT-CASE IN AN UNSUSPICIOUS MANNER."

The Heart Specialists.

[At the Government Experimental Station at Cheshunt, Herts, British scientists have discovered a new lettuce, which will mature in time for the February market. The lettuce has been named the "Cheshunt Early Giant."]

At the Government Experi-
Mental Station they are very
Scientific in their way of growing
greens;
With retorts and other "Lab-age"
They can constitute a cabbage
Or precipitate the birth of runner-
beans.

The success they've had with peas is
Quite astonishing. Diseases
Of the carrot which are chronic
they can cure,
And, when things are looking baddish
For the beetroot or the radish,
Can they put a new complexion
on them? Sure.

If they find they are not able
To invest a vegetable
With a nature that is radically
new,
They don't give in at Cheshunt
But engage upon a fresh hunt
And continue persevering till they
do.

And so when asked to get us
An entirely British lettuce
Which would flourish when the
snow was on the ground,
They were perfectly compliant
And produced the "Early Giant"
Just to demonstrate that British
hearts are sound.



Misleading Cases.

Board of Inland Revenue v. *Haddock.*

THIS appeal, heard* in the Court of Appeal on the last day of Term, and not fully reported in the daily Press owing to Cowes Week and other distractions, is expected to have far-reaching constitutional effects.

The Board of Inland Revenue appealed from a decision of the High Court that certain exactions and demands made by them upon Mr. Albert Haddock were harsh, excessive and unlawful.

As soon as their Lordships (the Master of the Rolls, Foot, L.J. and Rowlock, L.J.) had taken their places Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C. (for Mr. Haddock) said:—

"My Lord, with great respect, my Lord, I object to your Lordships hearing this appeal."

The Master of the Rolls. To which of our Lordships?

Sir Ethelred. To all of your Lordships.

The Master of the Rolls. Oh, yes? And upon what grounds?

Sir Ethelred. My Lord, I am compelled to touch upon the painful theme of your Lordships' salaries——

Lord Justice Foot. I think they have been touched enough. (*Laughter.*)

Sir Ethelred. My Lord, it has been established by question and answer in the House of Commons that in the opinion of His Majesty's Ministers the reductions in your Lordships' salaries were made, and are to be continued, upon the same footing as the reductions suffered by the ordinary servants of the Crown. That is to say, they were made in the interests of economy at a time of national stress, and will be removed in common fairness when the times are better, the revenue more buoyant and the national finances more sound.

Lord Justice Rowlock. We hope so, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred. Exactly, my Lord; that is my point.

Lord Justice Rowlock. I beg your pardon?

Sir Ethelred. You hope that the revenue will increase.

The Master of the Rolls. I take it that all loyal subjects do that, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred. Yes, my Lord. But your Lordships have now a special reason for that hope, for whenever the national revenue exceeds the national expenditure by an ample margin you expect that your salaries will again be paid to you in full. You have therefore a direct and personal interest in any addition to the revenue. Now, my Lord, this is a revenue case. If you allow this appeal the revenue will be increased and you will be by a small stage nearer to the restoration of your salaries. You are in the position, that is, of a judge who finds that he has a direct financial interest, as by the possession of shares, in the financial prosperity of one of the parties to a suit which comes before him. In such a case, my Lord, it is well settled that counsel may respectfully object that it is not proper for the judge to try the case; and, my Lords, with great respect, I do so object.

The Master of the Rolls. But if we are not competent to hear this appeal, Sir Ethelred, what judges are?

Sir Ethelred. I cannot tell, my Lord.

The Master of the Rolls. Suppose we find in your favour and the Crown appeals to the Lords?

Sir Ethelred. I shall make the same objection, my Lord, for the Lords are in the same position.

The Master of the Rolls. The Lady Chancellor too?

Sir Ethelred. Especially the Lady Chancellor. For the Lady Chancellor is not only personally interested in the increase of the revenue but is a political officer and a member of the Cabinet which is responsible for balancing the Budget.

The Master of the Rolls. Then how is the point at issue to be determined?

Sir Ethelred. My Lord, I see no difficulty there. Mr. Haddock was successful in the Court below, and the matter may well be allowed to rest where it lies.

The Master of the Rolls. Sir Ethelred, the Court will retire for private consultation.

When their Lordships returned to court the Master of the Rolls said: "Sir Ethelred, we think with some reluctance that the objection you have taken is a good one. His Majesty's Judges are incorruptible in fact, and it is generally assumed that they are incorruptible. But this assumption is subject to qualification. It is recognised that we are human; and therefore certain precautions are taken, not so much to prevent corruption among us (which is in fact impossible) but to prevent our being placed in situations where, corruption being in theory a possibility, the malicious and ignorant may be tempted to suggest that it is a fact.

"If Mr. Haddock were a limited company in which my learned brethren and myself held substantial blocks of shares no one, I think, would seriously suggest that that fact would be likely to influence by one jot or tittle our decision upon the point at issue between the Crown and the Company, though, if the sums at stake were large and our decision adverse to the Company, the result might be that our dividends ceased, our shares became unmarketable, and our capital was lost. Not even Sir Ethelred, I think, would——"

Sir Ethelred. Certainly not, my Lord. My Lord, I do hope——

The Master of the Rolls. Be at ease, Sir Ethelred. We understand you perfectly. Yet it would be most improper for us to try such a case, and we should certainly decline to do so. It would be improper, for one thing, because in our anxiety to do justice without regard to our own interests we might, being human, be unduly swayed by the arguments of the Crown and so in the event do injustice to the Company.

The investments of their Lordships, such as they are, are so widely distributed that such a situation has never in practice arisen—until to-day.

For Sir Ethelred is clearly right. The State, as to matters of revenue, is in essence a vast trading concern the prosperity of which depends upon keeping its revenue at a figure slightly in advance of its expenditure. Before the year 1931, for more than two centuries His Majesty's Judges were personally uninterested in the success or failure of this operation. Whether trade was good or bad, whether the flow of revenue was lively or sluggish, whether the Budget was balanced or not, they received the same salaries, fixed and certain. But now by the rash act of His Majesty's Ministers it has been established that the amount of our salaries must rise and fall, *pari passu*, with the rise and fall of the national fortune in a financial sense. We are, as it were, not shareholders but directors in the Crown trading concern, anxiously waiting for the Crown to show a profit that we may draw our fees in full; and therefore we cannot be judges in a case where the Crown claims money from a private citizen. In the present case there is at stake only a few thousand pounds claimed by Mr. Haddock for late suppers and other professional expenses. But it often happens that a

* Or rather, not heard.—ED.

revenue case concerns a sum amounting to millions—a sum sufficient to pay the Judges' salaries ten times over. In present conditions it is putting too much of a strain not upon us but upon the public confidence in us to expect us to decide such a case. The learned Judge in the Court below decided in Mr. Haddock's favour. But it may well be that, unconsciously, his mind was swayed towards Mr. Haddock by the fear that it might be said that he favoured the Crown.

The practical conclusion of all this must be that until the old conditions of our remuneration (or, as it is better described in America, "compensation") are restored His Majesty's Judges must refuse to hear revenue cases or any case in which the Crown claims money. This means that Mr. Haddock and others will be able to snap their fingers at the revenue authorities and pay nothing by way of taxation except what they consider to be just and right. This may prove to be embarrassing to the Crown, but the Crown is responsible for the mess, and the remedy is in the Crown's own hands. Meanwhile, Mr. Attorney-General, we cannot hear you. Good morning. A. P. H.

A Lover's Lament.

HER eye was glad, but not for me,
And yet I loved her well
For two good weeks or nearly three,
That girl in the hotel.

She had a soul, if soul she had,
For sport, and sport alone;
I've seen her hop around like mad
For hours, and not get blown.

On fatheads who could hit a ball
And share her idle games
She lavished smiles and used to call
Them Bill, perhaps, or James,

While me, a devotee of Art,
A brainy card, I trust,
She treated as a thing apart
With withering disgust.

Yet somehow Cytherea's brat
Had caught me in his spell,
Though why I loved a girl like that
Is more than I can tell.

There came a day—the sun was high—
The world lay half asleep
With very heat—and even I,
For once, was in the deep.

And she was there with George and Joe
And others of that stamp,
And I, all lonely, got a go,
When some way out, of cramp.

Feebly I raised a spluttering shout,
And feebly seemed to hear
A sharp voice, "If you kick about,
I'll land you on the car,"

And strong hands grabbed me by the hair,
An aching tuft in each,
And tugged; and I was next aware
Of lying on the beach.

Her hands. 'Twas that which filled my cup;
To think that she should be
Picked out to turn me wrong way up
And empty out the sea.

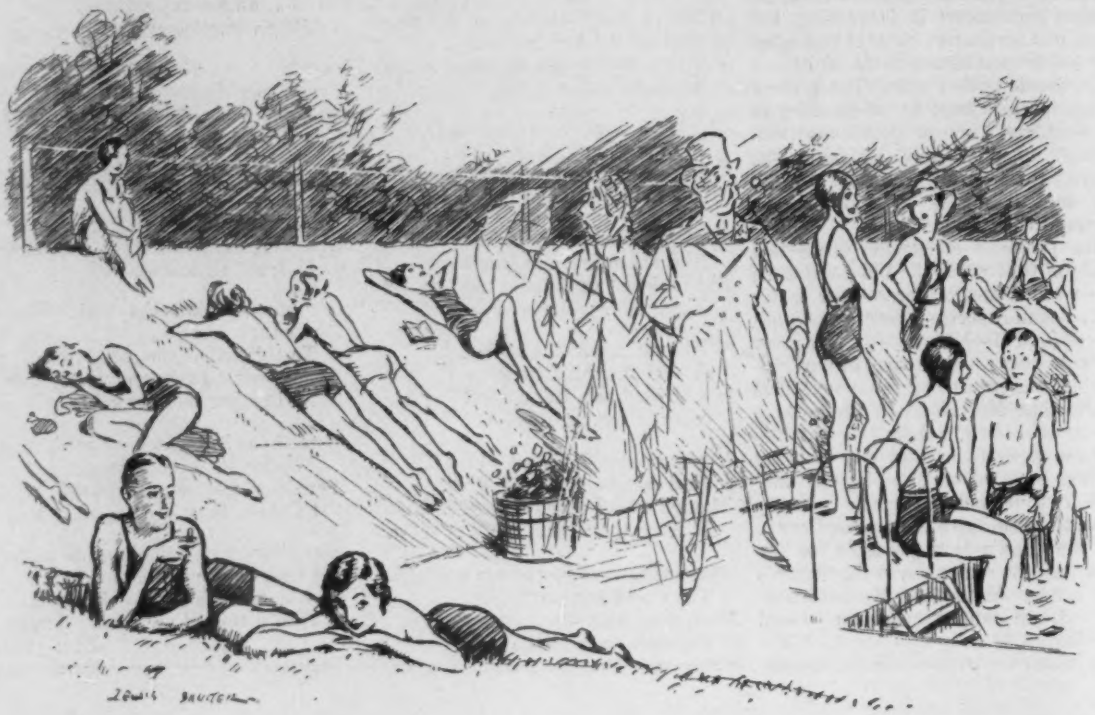
Some hold it might have made a bond
Betwixt us, even more,
For often rescuers grow fond
Of those they lug ashore.

But all such questionings are vain;
I fled, that eve, for town;
How could I face that girl again
Who'd turned me upside down?

DUM-DUM.



A DISTINGUISHED NUMISMATIST ON HOLIDAY HONOURS THE VILLAGE CLUB BY SHOVING THE FIRST HA'PENNY IN THE INTER-COUNTY MATCH.



SHADES OF ORIGINAL MEMBERS VISIT RANELAGH.

T. H.

TRUTH no doubt is great and will prevail, but there are occasions when disillusionment is a mistake.

Or so I think, but you will correct me if I am wrong.

One of these occasions was on Portland Bill on a hot Sunday of this very summer, when One-who-knows was being more than usually inaccurate in his exposition to One-who-asks.

For the benefit of the unblessed who have never explored Portland Bill, or "the Dorset Gibraltar," as THOMAS HARDY called it, I should explain that at its southern extremity, on the point between the lighthouse and the sea, there is a pyramid built of the indigenous stone, bearing the inscription "T. H. 1844." Nothing else. There it stands, solid and immutable, while at its very feet the eternal conflict between the sea and the rock is being waged. Upon one of the great slabs that have been tumbled hereabouts I was basking and thinking of the Lorelei in a similar state of indolence and ease (except that she had a little coifing to do), when I overheard a cultured penetrating voice engaged in promulgating error; but for three reasons I forbore to interfere. One reason was that to interfere is not my nature; another is that a hot July sun is the death of impulse; and the third—well, we will come to that.

The speaker was our old friend, One-who-knows, and he was telling his companion, One-who-asks, who obviously had just inquired the history of the pyramid, all about it.

"The initials 'T. H.'" he was saying, "stand for those of THOMAS HARDY the great Dorsetshire novelist and poet, who was born in 1844 and died at Dorchester in 1928. His work is so identified with the county where he was born and lived and which he loved so deeply that this monument to his genius was erected here. A wonderful place for it—the very extremity of his homeland! His story, *The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved*, is all about a Portland man—a 'fantast,' he calls him—while you will find scattered about his writings references to this extraordinary peninsula and to the stone-quarriers with their strange antiquated customs, their jealousy of strangers, their primitive nature. To have set this pyramid here in HARDY'S honour seems to me to have been a stroke of genius, and my only regret is that a little more information was not added, so that everyone coming here might do proper reverence."

"Very interesting," said One-who-asks; "but I'm glad that I wasn't told more, because then"—here I feel sure she bent a glowing look on One-who-knows—"I should not have had the pleasure of hearing it from you."

And they moved away.

Now, knowing that HARDY was born in 1840, and that he is honoured by two monuments elsewhere in the county, one at Dorchester and one at Higher Bockhampton, and knowing that the letters "T. H." on the pyramid stand for "Trinity House," and that it is merely a boundary mark set up in 1844—knowing all this, what ought I to have done? Should I have put the matter right?

Anyway, I did not, and, thinking it over since, I have come to the conclusion that this is a case where error is justified. The pyramid ought to be Portland Bill's memorial to THOMAS HARDY, and therefore let it be thought so.

E. V. L.

"Luxurious Pram, genuine bargain, suit doctor, solicitor."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.* Those bald heads and chubby faces *are* very deceptive.



AN UNLOOKED-FOR SANCTUARY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "FINE BIRDS, BUT WE ARE NOT SHOOTING JUST NOW."



Hostess. "GOOD MORNING, DEAR. I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD LONG SLEEP."
Niece. "WELL, THE PIGEONS WOKE ME UP *VERY* EARLY. THEY *SNORED* SO LOUD."

The Brute Bird.

I MAY be lynched, but I must say it. I may be blackballed by the night-clubs, but I face it. I am (and have been for a long time) a little tired of all this Flying The Atlantic.

What is more, I believe that most people are as bored with the business as I am, only the papers have not yet discovered it.

To be frank, I should not care two hoots if the Atlantic weather became so obstinately foul that nobody ever flew the Atlantic again.

Do not think that I am one of those volatile fellows who applaud a new thing with enthusiasm but weary of it quickly. From the very first I was unexcited by Atlantic flights. I thought then, as I think now, that *there is absolutely* NO POINT *in flying the Atlantic.* But I nobly endured them because I was assured by wiser and better (or so I thought) men—

(1) That they demonstrated British pluck;

(2) That they demonstrated the British carburettor and all that;

(3) That they were blazing the trail for mail-routes.

Well, well. The men of our race have now been flying the Atlantic for (I think) fifteen years: sometimes from west to east, sometimes from east to west, sometimes alone, sometimes with company, sometimes with women, sometimes with chaperons, once with a wife, and once with a family (no, that was an American), but always with acute discomfort and fatigue.

Fifteen years. Quite a long time. Yet the air-mail between America and Britain is as far away as ever; and I for one don't worry. Bring America nearer? What's the point of that? The whole trouble of the present time is that America is much too near already.

In the old days, when America was away over there, everything, you remember, was fine. We wrote each other letters at good long intervals, and had a good long time to think over the answers before the mail went. But now Mr. MACDONALD can pop across in five days and have a heart-to-heart talk with the American President, and the result of that is that neither of them has the faintest idea what the other fellow is talking about. The result of that is that they call a World Economic Conference at the wrong time; and the result of that is that everyone telephones madly across the Atlantic, and nobody has the faintest idea who he is, what he means, and which he represents. To add an air-mail to the facilities at this juncture would only intensify the general confusion.

But I need not seriously discuss that point, because everyone else has ceased to discuss it. Not even the People Who Keep On Flying The Atlantic any longer pretend that they are blazing the trail for a mail-route. They never mention a mail-route. But they still insist, with a strange lack of originality, that they are flying the Atlantic—

(1) To demonstrate British pluck, and

(2) To demonstrate the British car-

burettor, sparking-plug, lubricating-oil, magneto and whatnot.

I want to say quite frankly (though I may be lynched) that that cock will not fight much longer. As a patriotic Briton I want to say—

(1) That I am quite satisfied that British pluck is as grand as ever, that our Youth is magnificent and absolutely up to the NELSON - DRAKE - BLAKE-EFFINGHAM standard; and

(2) That I am persuaded that the British carburettor, sparking-plug, lubricating oil and magneto are *quite* marvellous and the finest in the world.

And if the foreigner is not persuaded of that after the last fifteen years, then nothing in this world will ever persuade him.

In other words, before I queue up to see the next person who flies the Atlantic I want to be given a good new reason for his action. And I shall not be drawn in by the information that he is the first man to fly the Atlantic accompanied by a baby or a performing seal.

The next thing, I suppose, will be (4) To show how easy it will be for us all to fly the Atlantic very soon.

Heaven forbid!

If it ever becomes really easy to fly the Atlantic we shall have Mr. MACDONALD and Professor MOLEY popping across every week-end, and then the world will become even more confused than it is already.

But, thank Heaven, after fifteen years this method of crossing the Atlantic seems to be just as slow, uncomfortable, expensive and uncertain as it ever was.

Slow, Daddy? Yes, my son, slow, *darned* slow. You read these superficial figures of the actual passage—forty hours, fifty hours, thirty-six hours and so forth (records, of course, in every case); but I must point out that nearly always it takes *three months* to fly the Atlantic—that is if you include the trial trips, the false starts, the waiting for full moons, anticyclones and whatnot. Nearly everyone who has flown the Atlantic would have got across two or three months earlier if he had gone in a cheap one-class steamer. Why, the little sailing-boats do it quicker! Little private sailing-boats keep on sneaking across the Atlantic in two or three weeks and get no more than a small-print paragraph. No crowds, no photographers, no films, no leading articles about British or American pluck, nothing about the British sail-maker or the American rudder.

If two men at a dinner-party to-night suddenly agreed to race across the Atlantic, one in a great aeroplane and one in a small sailing-vessel, I would put my money on the sailor every time. Slow? It's the slowest way of crossing the Atlantic that anyone has thought of yet.

And, I gather, the dullest. The Atlantic is seldom a very jolly ocean; but in a ship at least one does get some fresh air and a view of the sea. But flying the Atlantic, it seems, one spends the whole time in fog and cloud. I may be wrong, but that is not my fault; for I have read all the reports, and no Atlantic flyer, to my recollection, has ever admitted that he caught more than a momentary glimpse of the sea between two clouds of hail or two flashes of lightning. You fly "blind," you arrive blind—sometimes deaf as well, and always exhausted. You spend a month or two recuperating and come home quietly in a ship.



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.
UNCLE ARTHUR RE-ARMS.

And meanwhile you have had to buy a complete new outfit, because when you fly the Atlantic you never can take anything with you but two sandwiches and a lipstick. That 's another extraordinary thing. You 'd think that after fifteen years of flying the Atlantic, with British engineering doing so well and everything, they would have worked out some method by which the traveller could take a little personal luggage with him, if only a razor, a book and a sponge-bag. But no, the only things you can safely take are two sandwiches, a flask of tea and a lipstick.

And all this flying about the world seems to give a man a narrow outlook. That is understandable; for as a rule he sees nothing of the world but aerodromes. People crossing the Atlantic by sea generally pretend at least to have some interest in the country they are visiting, and very often have something of interest to say about it. But when a man flies to England or America the first thought, indeed the only thought, in his head seems to be how soon he can fly back or fly somewhere else. And he never has anything to say but "The engine was splendid," "We flew through a lot of clouds," or "Say 'Cheer-o!' to the folks at home."

Captain SLOCUM was the first man to sail round the world in a small boat by himself. It took him three years; but he wrote one of the best books in the world about it. A man who flies round the world in seven days will not, I think, write a really good book about it. For (judging from the evidence available) he will have nothing to write about except his engine, the clouds and the aerodromes.

The faster you go the less you see. And when we all go about the world in this way we shall, I suppose, see just as little of it, and have just as little to say about it. The only real defence for rapid locomotion is that by diminishing a given journey we have more time, before and after, to do, think or say something valuable. And on the evidence so far that defence is not made out. We have more time, but we do less with it. The faster we go the slower we think. It is no mere coincidence, my son, that since the internal combustion engine was invented the World has gradually got itself into more and more of a muddle.

No, lynch me if you like, but the romance of Atlantic flights has missed me.

But then I never saw anything particularly romantic in flying. If Man started going about like a cow on all-fours we shouldn't say that it was romantic; we should say that it was rather primitive, that Man had long since left behind the methods of the brute beast, and that one especially. Then why is it romantic to go about like a brute bird? The bird, if you come to think of it, is just as primitive as the cow—and far less useful. A. P. H.

The Scarer.

SOMEWHERE within our grounds is the residence of Joe the blackbird. He has made the kitchen-garden his summer camping-ground for some years, and every season, with a lady-help, produces a large and predatory family. We have no strong objection to Joe. He is a friendly fellow, and a grey patch of plumage on his head gives him an air of dignity which adds distinction to his environment. But his family is another matter. It is an annual affair and arrives in two instalments—the first in April and the second in July. In a normal year the first lot just miss the strawberries, but by red-currant and raspberry time they are fully cognisant of the slogan, "Eat More Fruit" and all that it implies. But it is the greengage that really gets it in the neck. By the time the greengage season arrives Joe's second instalment has joined up; and should anyone desire to witness the quick method of bumping off a greengage he has only to come along to "Sunnyside" when the greengage is ripe upon the bough.

At "Sunnyside" we have two specimen greengage trees. They are named Cleopatra and Venus because they are loved so greatly by all. The wasp family provides the majority of lovers, but Joe's contingent have got a kind of sweep-you-off-your-feet manner of wooing that leaves all other admirers comatose. Last year, Margery and I got fourteen, which, considering the warmth of our affection, was quite inadequate. This season, with the aid of our neighbour, Dogberry Smith, we took extraordinary precautions to get better figures.

Dogberry Smith, as a stockbroker and erstwhile Candidate for an agricultural constituency, poses as an authority on all matters concerning farm, fruit and stock—livestock.

"It's sheer nonsense," he said, "to resign yourself to the loss of a crop if you haven't taken every possible step to preserve it."

"That's exactly what we wish," said Margery, "in a jam-pot."

"Or," I added, "even a few in the raw would be acceptable."

"Have you tried an automatic scarer?" said Dogberry Smith.

We had not tried an automatic scarer. We had not even heard of it.

The following week I visited a gentleman who sells accessories to market-gardeners. Had he an automatic scarer? He had. It was a cross between a grandfather-clock and a gramophone. Firstly it had to be wound up; then a hand had to be set to the hour of explosion; then another hand denoted the strength of the explosion. You could have anything between a moderate atmospheric and a high C blasting; all at minute intervals until either the clockwork ran down or you switched the thing off. A very ingenious contrivance. I bought it.

I now felt armed against Joe's early-morning attack, which delivered, as it is, about 5 A.M., hits us at a particularly unprotected hour.

One evening a few weeks later, Margery said, "I saw Joe looking over the greengages this afternoon. How about trying out the scarer?"

I carried it out and placed it in a strategic position. Then I wound it up and arranged for the programme to start at 4.30 A.M. Punctually at 4.30 on the following morning all the inhabitants of "Sunnyside" were hurled from their beds by a devastating explosion. Whilst I was collecting my wits a second explosion occurred. I hustled downstairs, unbolted the door and rushed out. But before I got to the machine to switch it off it had done it again. The pre-dawn era in our village is, as a rule, one of uninterrupted quiet until the first cock starts crowing. On this morning it was otherwise. Every cock (and hen) was chanting a song to the dawn; every dog within a radius of a mile was barking. In fact everything that was capable of making a noise was



Wealthy Novice. "THIRTY POUNDS! WELL, COST ME TEN QUID A POUND THAT BLINKIN' FISH 'AS!"

Scotch Chauffeur. "MAN! IS THAT A FACT? IT'S A MERCY YE DIDNA CATCH MONNY O' THEM."

doing it, and the Dogberry Smiths' windows were being slammed—probably down. Feeling in my pyjamas a little self-conscious in the midst of this public acclamation, I retreated hastily to my room. At 7.45 A.M. I looked forth from my bedroom window to perceive Joe and his family getting on with their third course.

"I don't think," said Margery, referring to the explosions, "we can do that sort of thing even for greengages."

"It was my mistake," I replied. "I tuned it in a bit too high."

On the followng evening I set the sound-dial on the low G. At 7.45 the next morning I looked forth from my bedroom window and saw Joe cleaning his beak on the cloth which covered the scarer. It was still articulating gruffly, but Joe didn't seem to care, and his families, satiated, I presume, had evidently disappeared to digest their breakfasts. For our family two-hundred-and-fourteen greengages remained as possible food. Obviously we were passing through a crisis.

I consulted Hoppy Jim, who as the village poacher is deeply versed in the ways of dealing with predatory creatures. I showed him the scarer, also perforce the greengages, and explained my difficulties.

"You set 'un noisy," said Hoppy. "You got to tarrafy they birds. Don't 'ee worry 'bout no noise, but set 'un six o'clock; that be soon enough fer any gallus 'ole blackbird."

The next night I set the sound-dial at the high C blasting. I felt rather like the Navy—I didn't care. After all the beastly thing was there to save the greengages.

At six o'clock the following morning (one thing in favour of the machine was its deadly punctuality) came the first explosion. I decided to ignore it and turned over for further rest. After half-a-dozen outbursts I tried to regain unconsciousness by placing the pillow firmly upon my upper ear. But it was no use. Nothing could shut out that shattering sound. So I clutched some garments and crawled to the bathroom. I wondered what Dogberry Smith was doing.

It was 7 A.M. when I went forth into the garden. Except for the blast of the scarer the world was dumb. The cocks were dumb; the dogs were dumb; the Dogberry Smiths were dumb—probably from exhaustion. I proceeded to take stock, and after much search was able to discern seventeen greengages. They were upon high and inaccessible branches. It was amazing. I switched off the abominable machine and looked round for Joe. But there was no sign of bird-life in the garden. Probably they were all in the next county. I went indoors to get a fishing-rod with which to deal with the remaining greengages. Anyhow there were seventeen, which made us three up on last year.

It is an unsolved mystery. The only clue we have had was a small hand-written notice in the window of Hoppy Jim's cottage. It read: "HOME-MADE GREENGAGE JAM FOR SALE." But it's very difficult to recognise your greengage—especially when it is jam.

Learned Counsel.

NOT long ago, at a famous university, a young orphan obtained a good degree. Having got it he, being a seriously-minded young man, immediately began to wonder to what advantage he could put his knowledge.

"For," he reflected, "although my mother always told me that money does not create happiness, it seems to me that it makes a difference—the kind of difference which exists between a mass-production baby-car and one of those long low racers with silent gears and a snooty horn."

After he had pondered the subject for some time he decided to refer the matter to his two uncles.

"I have heard," he explained to a friend, "that whereas Youth thinks that Age is wrong, Age knows that Youth is wrong; and, though the aphorism sounds to me like the worst kind of gup, there may be something in it. Let, therefore, my Uncles David and Thomas do their stuff in an advisory capacity."

He first approached his Uncle David, who had sailed the Seven Seas as master of a tramp, acquiring thereby a wide knowledge of the world, a pair of eyes which looked as though they had come from Iceland in a refrigerator, and an artificial leg.

"What you want to do, my boy," said Uncle David, "is to take up some steady job ashore. Look at your Uncle Thomas. What a chap! Worth thousands where I've got hundreds. Settled down and married, with a mansion of his own and a bank-manager who is always pleased to see him. Plays golf——"

"When his indigestion allows him," interrupted the young man.

"Don't argue, you mutinous young dog!" yelled the other in a voice that hitherto he had kept solely for conversations between the bridge and the fore-top. "Here have I wasted the whole of my life paddling a blistering iron hulk over the face of the globe, and when I try to give you the benefit——"

"But you must have had more fun out of life than Uncle Thomas," remarked the nephew.

"Fun!" repeated the other—"FUN! Do you think it's fun to be grilled alive in the Tropics, frozen in the Antarctic, stricken with cholera in the East and malaria in——"

"Yes," said his nephew somewhat unexpectedly.

The uncle turned the colour of a ripe Victoria plum.

"Well, you're right. It is," he said, "damned good fun. But there's no money in it—and money counts above everything."

With a word of thanks the young man rose and sought out his Uncle Thomas. He found him drinking Vichy-water and adding up his bank-book.

"Do not," advised Uncle Thomas in reply to his nephew's question, "make the mistake that I made. Don't take a job that ties you to a desk from morning till night. Get out and see the world as your Uncle David did. He's seen everything and done everything. In the War your Uncle David sank a submarine, whereas I. . . . The only thing I ever killed, my boy, was a sitting thrush, with a catapult when I was twelve, and even then I cried about it."

"But nowadays there's no money in sinking submarines," objected his nephew, to whom the trend of conversation was becoming somewhat obscure.

"Money!" snorted Uncle Thomas contemptuously. "What is money? Nothing, my boy. I've got stacks of it, and what good does it do me? I can't eat a decent meal without praying for death an hour afterwards. I can't travel fast in a car because my nerves won't let me. I can't talk to men who've done things because I myself have done nothing except earn money. Pah!"

"But Uncle David says——" began the young man.

"Ah!" said Uncle Thomas, "David. There's a man! The things he's seen and done. Some time you must get him to tell you about that time when his lascars mutinied. He never worried about money in his life. Took his fun as it came, like a man should."

The young man sighed and bade his uncle farewell. Reviewing the advice he had received he felt vaguely that, although his uncles had not been very helpful, their verdict had, on the whole, been in favour of an active open-air life rather than of a sedentary occupation. So, after thinking the matter over carefully for some time, he enrolled in the Police Force for a period of years.

On account of his advanced education the authorities gave him a position as clerk in a stuffy office.



"ARE YOU MEETING YOUR YOUNG MAN TO-NIGHT, LIZZIE?"
"YES, I'VE GOT TO BE ON HIS ARM BY SEVEN O'CLOCK."

The Prophets.

DEAR Isabel, when last we were together,
The hours before the hour you sailed away,
We talked on subjects ranging from the weather
To purple pasts and futures dull and grey;
And letter-writing was amongst the topics
We touched upon and left still incomplete.
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At the Play.

MISS MIRA DEVI (Q THEATRE).

THE statement on her playbills that Miss DEVI is the Indian PAVLOVA is a most misleading piece of publicity. It is like saying that TAGORE, because he is a well-known writer, is the Indian DICKENS. Nothing could be further removed from PAVLOVA than the medium in which Miss DEVI works.

In the first place this is not ballet as we know it, but a much more primitive rhythm; in the second it contains no highly-polished *tours-de-force* of grace or balance; and in the third it is essentially the interpretation, through a complex code of gestures, of an ancient and beautiful mythology.

The last point is where the difficulty comes in for a Western audience, accustomed to spectacular dancing and unversed in traditional Indian gestures. I do not mean to say that many of the dances have not an appeal of their own apart altogether from their meaning, but to me watching them was like seeing a play acted in a foreign language. By the exercise of commonsense and the programme (which might have been much more helpful) we picked up clues; and occasionally, as when illustrating some universal passion, the intention of the dancers was perfectly clear. But more often one lost the full pleasure through not having the slightest comprehension of what Miss DEVI was telling us by the symbolic movements of her hands.

These hand gestures are the chief characteristic of Indian dancing; others being a heavy foot accompaniment to the music, in this case supplied by a small orchestra, and, on the stage, by a native drummer, only part of whom was visible, who gave the dancers their time by soft finger-beats on odd little Indian drums; a snake-like suppleness of waist, and bare feet.

I can well believe that Miss DEVI is technically extremely skilful, and certainly she is pleasing to watch. She is completely at home on the stage, and the turns do not outlast our interest (the whole programme is brief—eight-fifteen to ten). Two men-dancers assist her, Mr. SRI NIVAS and Mr. RAME. Both are accomplished and varied, though they do not possess Miss DEVI's manual skill.

I liked best *Laila Majnun* (described as the *Romeo and Juliet* of the East), a simple and moving little story which comes nearer a ballet than any of the others and ends in a fine dance of frenzy by Mr. SRI NIVAS; the *Savitri Ballet*, where the faithful wife gives the Death-god no peace until he has returned her



THE MYSTERY OF THE EAST.

OUR VIEW OF THE DRUMMER.

stricken husband to life; the *Warrior's Dance*, an enthralling contortion by Mr. RAME; and *Naga Nritya*, in which *King Cobra* (Miss DEVI) dances to the flute (one of those vicarious flutes, which seemed a pity) of the charmer. At the insistence of the House this item was repeated at the end.



LURE.

A TOUGH PROPOSITION.

Siva . . . . . MR. SRI NIVAS.
Parvati . . . . . MISS MIRA DEVI.

I hope I have made it clear that here is a performance of distinct artistic interest, but which is not likely to appeal very widely. Many theatre-goers would find it slow and of too amateur a quality, especially as the best things come towards the end. If the order of the turns is not dependent in any way on some traditional cycle, a surer and earlier grip on the audience could be obtained by drastic reshuffling. ERIC.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XIII.—I Built Me a Nest in an Elm-Tree High.

I BUILT me a nest in an elm-tree high
To watch the billowy clouds go by;
Alone with the breeze and the sky-lark's song
I thought to be merry the whole day long;
But Major "Polly" McClintoch-Bell
Potted at me with a rook-rifle.
I broke my collar-bone in the fall
And I spent the summer in hospital.

I built me a nest in a reed-girt bank
To watch the moon through the osiers dank
And see the stars in the darkness cool
Drowning their fires in the fringy pool;
But Colonel "Bollinger" Lindsay-Todd
Hooked me, alas! with a dry-fly rod.
I took the point of it in the eye
And they sent me to an infirmary.

I built me a nest in a coal-hole warm;
I fancied that there I'd be safe from harm,
As snug as a squirrel I looked to be
That garners its nuts in a warm beech-tree;
But the District Council of Camden Hill
Got at me with an electric-drill.
I found the manner of life unpleasant,
And now I am living in Wilton Crescent.

Barberous Tactics.

"Diagonal bangs across the forehead are another form of original twist to the bob."
Irish Paper.

The usual straight clip is good enough for us.

"Trapped when the door slammed shut and he was working inside a large ice box, W. W. Harris managed to dig a hole in the wall with a screw driver and release himself. 'I just kept cool and dug away,' said Harris."
U.S. Paper.

And very nice, too, in this sultry weather.

Over the House.

It is always unpleasant to be shown up; it is often unpleasant to be shown out; but neither process, however painful, can compare with the misery of being "shown over," whether the scene of the outrage is the latest ancestral castle of the MacIsaacsteins in the Highlands or the Bloomsbury-Browns' week-end cottage in Sussex.

Doubtless the germ has always been latent in the human constitution, but in happier times, when people for the most part were content to stay put, the disease had little chance to develop. We are not told that either Adam or Eve made any attempt to show the Archangel Raphael over their "shadie lodge," though Adam, as portrayed by Milton, is just the sort of person one would have expected to revel in it. To come to a later period of history, although the proud proprietor of a Norman castle no doubt insisted on showing his visitors the dungeons, the working of the oubliettes and the latest improvements in the rack and thumbscrews, at least he spared them any demands for fulsome appreciation. It is only in these days of incessant building and social upheavals that the curse has attained alarming proportions. And the curious thing is that those who have exchanged a mansion for a maisonette are no less eager to show their victims over their new abode than their supplanters.

It is a moot point whether it is more intolerable to be shown over the skeleton of a house only half-finished or the completed article in full occupation. On the one hand it is perhaps even more impossible to find any suitable come-back to the remark, "This will be the bathroom" or "Evadne's room" or "the coal-hole," as the case may be —they all look very much alike in embryo to the wretched listener—than it is when informed, "This is the bathroom." (The temptation in the latter case to reply, "I thought it was," should be firmly resisted and recourse had for the fifteenth time to an enthusiastic murmur of "*What* a jolly room!") On the other hand, while few spectacles could be less attractive than the future scene of Henry's hog-like slumbers, it is possibly less repulsive than Henry's bedroom *in esse*; and, since there are fewer gadgets to linger over, the torture is less protracted. For in this age of unreserve "going over the house" does not merely mean a cursory glance into the principal rooms, but includes the detailed examination of cupboards, baths and other intimate domestic minutiæ, down to the texts (mostly wisecracks from Henry Ford or the Marx Brothers) in the maids' bedrooms.

If sufficiently interested in the subject, the visitor could easily make an accurate census of Henry's lounge-suits or socks. Every moment one expects one's guide to announce, flinging open yet another cupboard, "And here is the family skeleton!"

The natural result of course is that such disclosures are robbed of all the charm that might otherwise have alleviated the investigator's boredom. The mystery of one's hostess's schoolgirl complexion ceases to hold any fascination when the ingredients may be seen openly displayed on her dressing-table.

And when it is all over how one sympathises with the Queen of Sheba!



"She must be staying at a topping place—tennis, squash, dancing, golf, gymnasium, solarium. What's a solarium?"

"Oh, you know—fishes and all that!"



Driver of Big Car (to ditto of crushed Midget). "WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE IT SQUEAK OR WHATEVER IT DOES?"

A Guide to Best-Sellers.

GLANCING the other day through the synopsis of a manual devoted to hints to the would-be author, I was slightly astounded to see that one portion of the course was devoted to plots.

Now plots, I had hitherto preferred to believe, are a private matter between the author and his conscience. No writer, thought I, would deliberately perpetrate a set of known and listed situations upon his typewriter for the benefit of his readers.

I was wrong. Plots, it appears, have now been organised and marshalled and tamed and tabulated until they eat out of your hand, so to speak, and if you prefer that they should.

Well, well, it is a labour-saving age, and why should literature escape being brought into line? My only wonder is that, having promised the would-be novelist a range of ready-made plots, the synopsis didn't go a little further and outline a selection of those which at present are sure best-sellers.

I therefore draw the attention of the beginner to the following modes of making money by his pen (and in his spare time, of course).

1.—THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL PLOT.

Here the writer will endeavour to upset every long-cherished illusion which parents of boys of public-school age stand up in. The school food must be totally inadequate, the upper forms specimens of extreme precocity of every type, the prevalent extravagance in the boys' hobbies, clubs, living, clothes and extras must never fall below several hundreds a year; the wife of some housemaster should certainly make at least one unfortunate selection in the object of her affections; there should be a fine scene in which a fag is parboiled in the bath; and the book will end with the breakdown through overwork of the most brilliant scholar (whose parents depend upon his success for his future).

Closing chapter: The boy lies listless in the sanatorium, bursts into tears at sight of stray volume of CICERO, and plays eagerly with toy rabbit (pink plush and property of Matron's small visiting nephew).

Probable title of book: "*Forcing House.*"

2.—THE FAMILY MILL PLOT.

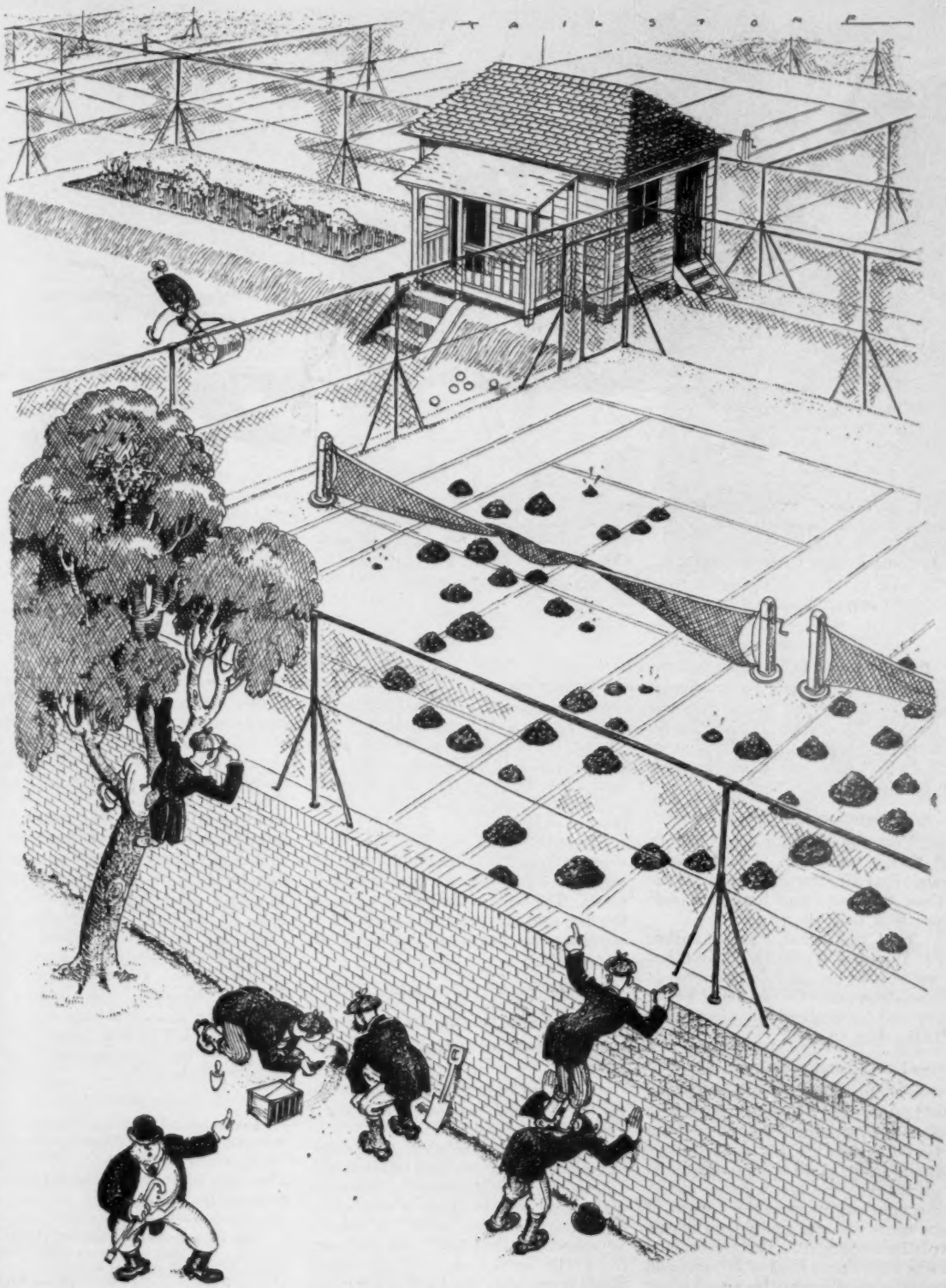
Here begin book in the 1850's, with the "old" Ezekiel Rammedge, founder of the firm of blast-furnaces in Wigan. (N.B.—In case of libel actions from possible existing interests call it Slagley.) Ezekiel marries early a small wistful woman who has nine children, and dies. He blasts his way to 1890, when his eldest son, Wesley, takes command and invents the Rammedge Suction Rackscrew. (N.B.—Here consult an elementary text-book on engineering and hydraulics, or some genuine expert will bring you to nought.) In 1902 Wesley, whose brain is softening through heavy business cares and the refusal of his eldest son, Habakkuk, to enter the firm, is crushed to death in the suction of the rackscrew when making an eccentric and solitary tour of the works, and his wandering and uncertain fingers pull the wrong lever which heaves the bed-plate into the hippogriff. His second son, Thaliah, patents a compressed air axle-shank with ball-bearing ratchets, and the plans are stolen by Robert, his son, while on the way to a night-club where he is heavily involved, financially and otherwise, with one of those ladies who in other walks of life are dismissed in the illustrated Press as "and friend." A post-War slump is followed by an ugly strike, but the plans are returned by the lady, who (N.B.—Here is a nasty ironic touch) cannot obtain her price for them from Robert's rival, and makes marriage a condition of returning them to the Rammedge family.

The writer who chooses this plot must realise that it is not so much the writing which will sell the book as the machinery and the length of the volume. Very few reviewers know the difference between a bed-plate and a suction-pump, but they have the highest respect for those who do, and, as their criticism is thereby silenced, they fall back willy-nilly upon unstinted praise—

"This powerful novel——"

3.—THE BRONTË BOOK.

At the moment almost anything about the BRONTËS will sell. The only conditions are that the author shall have read one standard biography and either *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights*, and that, the BRONTË biography market being flooded, the beginner must



UNDERGROUND SABOTAGE BY SINISTER GROUP OF DISGRUNTLED MOLE-FANCIERS.



Owner. "DON'T BE ALARMED DURING THE NEXT TWO OR THREE MINUTES, OLD MAN; WE'RE COMING TO A ROUGH PATCH."

then realise that he must expound an Original Theory about the family. Nobody can disprove it, and the more unlikely it "reads" the more the work will be discussed and bought.

Suggestions for Theory.

(*a*) That the Mr. BRONTË of history and EMILY were one and the same person; that Mr. BRONTË died after the birth of ANNE and that EMILY, in male attire, took over the parish.

(*b*) That BRANWELL was the author of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, and that he wrote it in an agony of remorse at his own debauched life, and that he *did* marry and his descendants are "living in Derbyshire to-day."

4.—THE PURELY BRUTAL PLOT.

This is quite easy. There must be a cowed family and a violent father, who combines a fanatic form of hell-fire piety with ducking his consumptive daughter in the pond because she acted as go-between for her younger sister, who sought escape from the horrors of home-life in an admittedly poor match involving elopement. Having brained his wife with *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* and shot his favourite mare because his son was fond of the animal and was discovered feeding her with apples from his favourite russet tree, the father sets fire to his house and hangs himself in the pantry. (N.B.—Here sketch some grotesque additional touch, such as the flames scorching the rope, which breaks and precipitates the suicide into a vast bowl of junket.)

About this book only Mr. AGATE will venture to be facetious, and refer to the tragedy as *dommage* (or *hommage*) *à la crème*. The bulk of the critics will take the line that it is as grimly powerful as anything we have had since EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Finally, there is of course—

5.—THE CHARLES THE SECOND BOOK.

Here the author can take one of three lines:—

(*a*) That CHARLES sold England to the French and was easily the worst ruler we have ever had; or

(*b*) That under the guise of lap-dogs, cut-velvets, epigrams and minuets was concealed a statesman of singular astuteness, who in point of fact saved England from "the yoke" of France between one "Oddsfish!" and the next.

(*c*) The writer in this, the third, mode is probably dead sick of CHARLES THE SECOND and is actually thirsting to inform the world about someone totally different, such as ROCHESTER, BUCKINGHAM, CROWNE (the writings of), CHIFFINCH (home life of), or even about WILLIAM and MARY (England under). But he must positively realise that only a title which hints very strongly of CHARLES THE SECOND will sell, because nearly everyone alive will confidently expect purple patches and regrettable (but very, very readable) incidents. Therefore choose some such title as *The Unconscionable Time*, *Don't Let Poor Nelly Starve* (which everyone will recognise as Carolean quotation), or *Charles Stuart: The Rakehell Monarch*, and, having dismissed him in as few lines as possible, the author will be free to get down to the person the book is actually about and all will be well. RACHEL.

"Breakfast.—Grapefruit (canned)—fresh is better, but it adds to your refuse, always a nuisance when camping."—*Evening Paper.*

The cans, of course, make an excellent savoury for dinner.

"The bottom literally fell out of the Stock Market, and leading shares were dumped overboard at bargain prices."

Daily Paper.

To save them, no doubt, when the bottom fell out.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hagiology.

Over a modest signature that arch-benefactor Mr. J. B. Morton has added gaiety to countless breakfast-tables and innumerable vehicles of matutinal transport. As a sprinting humorist he has hardly a rival. Now, in *Hag's Harvest* (Heinemann, 8/6), he proves that he can stay a longer course, and, after traversing several hundred crowded pages, passes the post in triumph and not noticeably out of breath. The goal to which he races is an unusual one—a woman of transcendent ugliness, and, in a quest which in the end proves vain, his hero, the outrageous *Shindillar*, combs a score of beaches, including those of Thélème and Bellocistan. *Shindillar's* course, however, matters less than the posters which adorn it. These are the advertisements, some brilliant and some blatant, of Mr. Morton's sympathies and antipathies. Among the former, in more solemn company, the grape and the fruit thereof stand prominent; and to some readers it may seem that the song of the vine is a thought too persistently plugged. The latter include plucked eyebrows, company-promoters, Calvinists, politicians and Colonial wines, against which, *inter alia et enormia*, Mr. Morton's *sæva indignatio* is directed sometimes a little clumsily and sometimes with a touch which Swift himself might have acknowledged.

Heather and White Cockade.

Admirers of *Alan Breck*, that characteristic Scots blend of punctilio and resource, will rejoice to encounter another Jacobite of the breed in the hero of *Almond, Wild Almond* (Heinemann, 7/6). We first come across *Ranald Maclean* at Dunkirk, where an inopportune storm hinders a second Armada—this time a French one—from getting in a blow for the Pretender. *Ranald*, however, is only incidentally involved in the affair, his presence on the Continent being due to the exacting conditions of a French inheritance. How these, his sole chance of a fortune, conflict with the claims of Charles Edward and how both must be equated if he is to wed the Stuart heiress whose flower-sweet disposition gives the book its title, is the theme of Miss D. K. Broster's latest romance of the '45. I am not out to maintain that the adventures of *Bride* and her four suitors attain, either in invention or telling, the supreme heights of the school to which they belong, but their high-water-mark—the English search for *Ranald* in the bed-chamber at Inchrannoch—is one of those dramatic seventh waves that carry a story superbly into the realms of the memorable.



"Ah tell thee, Joe, it's no good. T' Japanese is gettin' t' world's markets because they can live on two pennuth o' rice a day, but to me an' thee rice, as grub, is about as much use as confetti."

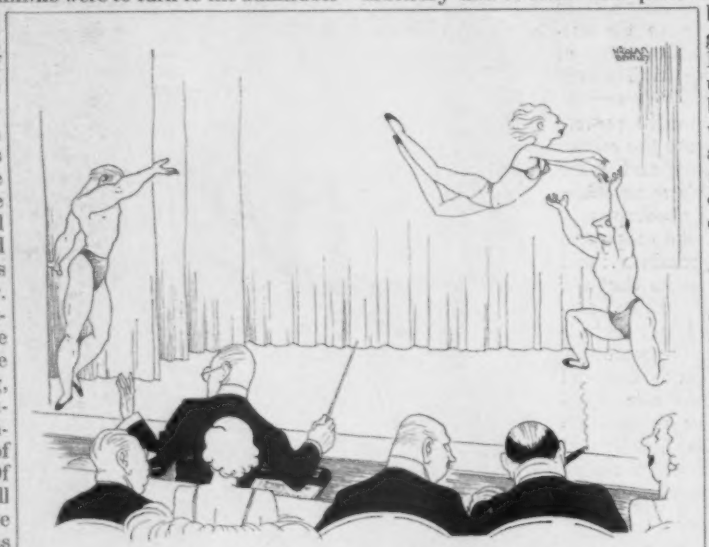
The Complete Pacifist?

Mr. Beverley Nichols is the author, and *Cry Havoc!* is the arresting name of his book (Cape, 7/6), and on the cover is a fearsome red object that may be a gigantic squid or octopus. Certainly Mr. Nichols sets out to cry havoc in no uncertain voice. He has been roused to hysteria by tales of what is likely to happen in the next war; and one day, in the course of his travels in search of pacifist propaganda, he put on a gas-mask as an experiment and found it definitely displeasing. So did most of us during the Great War, and we have no illusions that they will be any pleasanter wear during the next; but I do not know that because of poison-gas I should sweep away all our officers' training corps and throw into the dust-bin all our history-books. Still, this need not prevent us from agreeing with a great deal that Mr. Nichols writes. He visited several armament factory

centres, for example, and is properly indignant that Death should be run on a commercial basis. He has a good journalistic sketch of Geneva, and a really excellent chapter describing a debate between YEATS BROWN and ROBERT MENNELL, which he calls rather provocatively "Skunk *versus* Bengal Lancer." To my jaundiced mind the Bengal Lancer does not get much the worse of the encounter. But Mr. NICHOLS tells us that he wrote this book in order to make up his mind whether he was the complete non-resisting pacifist or not; and there are signs here and there that he can still see the other side of the question.

Poems of Head and Heart.

In an interesting little preface to his collected *Poems* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) Mr. EDWARD SHANKS deplores the dwindling of his poetic faculty while claiming that poetry is produced by "an effort of the mind." Yet it seems to me that if you are, as the French say, to *poétiser en raisonneur*, there is no reason why the poetry should stop so long as the mind works. If Mr. SHANKS were to turn to the admirable satiric vein of "Armistice Day, 1921," I feel sure that an effort of mind would still produce it; but the fitly-incarnated emotion which makes his finest poems memorable will not come at call. Many of these are in fact indebted to such transient and passionate experiences as courtship and war. From "Drilling in Russell Square" to the "Elegy for J. N." all the war-poems are moving, and I particularly commend the graceful bantering HERRICK touch of "Leaving the Billet." Of the love-poems, a small "Song" on p. 158 gave me as much pleasure as many nobler numbers; while "The Return to Campden" celebrates a love of place which proves in many a poet the most enduring inspiration of all.



"I ONCE SAW SUTCLIFFE DROP ONE LIKE THAT."

You and Me.

Miss E. ARNOT ROBERTSON'S fourth novel is based on nothing so dramatic as the alarming tropical adventure of her *Four Frightened People*. The scene is a small riverside village in Suffolk and the theme a cynical but honest dissection of the relationships which, binding together, at the same time disintegrate *Ordinary Families* (CAPE, 7/6). The four *Rush* children are untidily brought up with the idea that hardiness and Englishness are what matter at all costs. Most of their time is spent in manœuvring the decrepit yachts in which their father, a domesticated buccaneer, deals for a living. Their mother is of that amiable class, county gone unconventional. And, while the three other children are reasonably normal, *Lallie*, who writes the book, lives a complicated and doubting life inside herself, being clever enough to realise her family's shortcomings and subtle enough to mind them. Her real interest, before *Gordon Summers* comes to Pin Mill, is ornithology, a thing not at all understood by her hearty brethren. Miss ROBERTSON'S writing has a charmingly dry quality which fits her admirably for her subject; she is witty and ironical and understanding and never soggy. If sometimes she lingers where she might have turned away you will forgive this in such an entertaining book.

Modern Faëry.

Herr ERICH KÄSTNER, whose *Emil and the Detectives*, having had much success as a book, has lately been translated to the brighter world of the films, is the author of *The 35th of May; or, Conrad's Ride to the South Seas* (CAPE, 6/-). It might be described as a modern fairy story, for there is any amount of rather mechanical magic in it as well as hens that trail little frying-pans behind them and lay eggs-and-bacon on request; a talking horse which travels on roller-skates; a little girl (with a South Sea Islander for a father and a Dutch mother) patterned all over in black and white squares; and a place in which whatever you think materialises. *Conrad*, his *Uncle Ringel* and the horse sometimes talk amusingly, but the action of the story is rather arbitrary and it lacks that perfect alignment with reality, however distant, which gives fantasy a meaning. It is all very bright and up-to-date but a little bewildering, and I doubt whether many children are modern enough to appreciate it, though no doubt some of their elders will.

A Snake in the Grass.

When *Ned Jeffson* died suddenly in *Carmen Gayland's* studio both she and her friends quickly found themselves at the mercy of *Chief Detective-Inspector Webley*. And although the *Inspector* becomes more human as *A Case for the C.I.D.* (CASSELL, 7/6) draws to a close, he emphatically did not strain the quality of mercy at the outset. Indeed it is possible to think that he and an asinine sleuth of the amateur brand are slightly over-drawn; but in spite of them Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY has organised a hunt that is exciting from start to finish, and I think that its followers will thank her for giving them a straight and fair run.

Family Jewels.

Mr. J. S. FLETCHER'S detectives, *Camberwell* and *Chaney*, received a considerable surprise when the thief of the Ellingshurst diamonds was at last hunted down. Indeed *Murder of the Only Witness* (HARRAP, 7/6) would be a more attractive story if Mr. FLETCHER had given his readers a fairer chance to discover the culprit. Otherwise not a vestige of complaint can be made against a tale which is packed with mystery and alarms. *Camberwell* and *Chaney* possess no uncanny powers of deduction and are even human enough to behave on occasions with real lack of judgment, which is so unusual in the detectives of fiction that it prepossesses me strongly in their favour. This is the sixth case from *Camberwell's* notebook, and in some respects it is the best. Recommended with a deck-chair in the sun.

Charivaria.

FOOTBALL begins this month. If this weather holds, the teams will be glad to be surrounded by large numbers of wildly waving fans.

***

A sinking feeling, according to a medical writer, is sometimes the effect of bathing too soon after a meal. Another explanation is that the bather can't swim.

***

"Seaside Bravery," says a headline. Apparently some dare-devil amongst the guests of a boarding-house cut into the permanent pineapple at dessert.

***

Three hundred Scottish schoolboys were shown over the Houses of Parliament the other day; and it is believed that they have decided to sit there.

***

A charabanc tripper has been summoned for taking flowers from a garden near Loch Lomond. All that visitors in that part of the country are supposed to take is the high road.

***

After a severe storm in Saxony Storm Troopers were summoned to clear the road of débris. At last we understand why Storm Troops are so called.

***

Boxing contests between girls are the latest craze in Mexico. Mexicans of the old school maintain that revolutions were more entertaining.

***

A doctor practising in a London suburb listens to a patient's heart over the telephone. A difficulty in sounding chests by this means is that patients would be apt to say "Double-nine."

***

It has been suggested that Mr. WILLY CLARKSON could deliver as interesting a lecture as anybody in London. We heartily agree, and propose the Wigmore Hall as a suitable venue.

***

A Lowestoft angler fell into the sea whilst attempting to land a large cod. Latest reports state that the fish in question is now boasting that the man weighed twenty stones if he weighed a pound.

***

There is no truth in the rumour that certain roads are to be fitted with zip-fasteners to facilitate frequent openings by the local authorities.

***

We hear of an agitation for a minimum wage for curates. According to the majority of those we have met, they are already in receipt of it.



Really Long-Distance Swimmer. "BUT LET ME EXPLAIN, MADAM—IT WAS MY RIGHT NUMBER, BUT I'VE LANDED AT THE WRONG SEASIDE RESORT."

A trained spider in a side-show at Vienna is said to wear a ballet-dress. We can believe it; for only the other day we saw a moth in our winter overcoat.

***

An American negro trumpeter now performing in London can hold a high F. The trouble is that he doesn't; he lets it go into the auditorium.

***

There is an angling club in Surrey for bachelor girls only. Now and then a member lands some poor fish and has to resign.

***

Londoners are being asked to assist in the filming of daybreak scenes in the City. But surely they will object to being shot at dawn!

***

"The memory of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is not so much revered as it ought to be," says an historian. Some people think that he went too far.

***

Dangerous drugs belonging to a Birmingham nurse are believed to have been stolen, although they were labelled "Not to be Taken."

***

A Berwick man claims to have a vegetable marrow which grew so fast that it entered his front-door. Marrows of course should use the tradesmen's entrance.

***

"Women's hats are to be very queer this winter," we read. But wouldn't it be very queer if they weren't?

***

According to a scientist, legs will disappear altogether in a few thousand years. Revue producers will then starve.

***

Most seaside places in England on a Sunday, compared with French ones, are regular Dodovilles.

***

"The modern flapper is a creature of mystery," observes a writer. In fact, more MASKELYNE than feminine.

***

The news that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR has taken his Pilot's Licence has given rise to the hope that the distinguished pilot may now establish a claim to an exclusive use of the Londonderry Air and so relieve the sufferings of many hundreds of Londoners.

***

In a London park recently a bird was seen to pick up a hairpin and carry it off to his nest. It is not known what explanation he offered to his wife.

***

Applause recently broke out at a draughts tournament. Draughts devotees fear that the spirit of some of our more brutal pastimes is creeping into the game.

Remnants Half-Price.

SALE-TIME! Sale-time between the seasons—the time when the remnants of yesteryear are brought forth tenderly to the light again by the Oldest Salesman, who knew them in their youth; who thinks of the number the Department first thought of, doubles it, writes it down in black ink, scratches it out again, halves it, writes it down in red ink—and tosses the Seven-Eighths-Silver-Tissue-Slightly-Tarnished back to the counter she adorns biannually. Frayed débutante of 1926! Will she go off this year? Good luck to her!

I too have my stock of pre-War débutantes; and why should *I* not sell it between the seasons, even as drapers sell their drapery? My need is greater than theirs, because drapers *do* sell their goods at other seasons and, judging by the uniforms of the lift-lassies, make a handsome living at it. Whereas we poets——

However, I am not here to air a grievance but to offer my left-over stock cheap.

DO NOT MISS THIS!

Somebody will be Sorry if You Do! (*me*).

THE POETRY SALE OF THE CENTURY!

Two Rolls Good Durable Epics to be sold by the yard at greatly reduced rates in lengths suitable for making-up into Elegies and Epithalamiums. Cutting-out Patterns by five of our best Publishing Houses supplied on receipt of *stamped and addressed envelope*.

Numerous Oddments, returned by our leading editors as misfits, at Bargain Prices. Catalogue, with Index of First Lines, forwarded in Plain Unstamped Wrapper to all Genuine Applicants.

Three Gross Notebooks, Modern Epithets and Metaphors, in Fast Unprintable Colours. *Personal Shoppers Only.*

You catch the idea, brother-poets? It's money for margarine!

Turning over my old stock I find that by far the greatest portion of it consists of Remnants. In the course of my career my teeming Muse has inspired me with more openings than I could ever hope to complete, more endings than I could ever wish to begin. I have always laid them by on the chance, so to speak; but the lady continues to teem in other directions and is strangely indifferent when I produce one of her ancient moments of frenzy and propose to polish it off. I myself have always forgotten what they were going to be about; I sometimes suspect that they were going to be about nothing at all. Anyhow, they are useless to me, so—

LET THEM BE USEFUL TO YOU!

Do You Yearn to Write a
Sonnet?
Nature Poem?
Popular Recitation?
Ode?
Love Lyric?
Pantomime Winner?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING

Easier than Torquemada!
More intriguing than Everyman.

SONNET.

Whenas the . . . . . .
Perchance . . . . . .
What time . . . . . .
(10 *lines wanting.*)
The undecipherable scroll of Fate.

NATURE POEM.

Frail butterfly, at rest
Upon the thistle-crest,
How comes it that unscathed
You sit upon . . . . . .
(*Two syllables wanting.*)

A POPULAR RECITATION.

Gentleman Jim? Lor love yer! The Pride
o' the Life Brigade!
The Ideal of all the Nursemaids what strolled
the Marine Parade.
There wasn't a British seaman (they said)
could hold a candle to him—
But the Handsomest Nursemaid cast in vain
Sheep's Eyes at Gentleman Jim!

It chanced one Epiphany Monday . . . .
(3½ *lines*, 17 *verses and* 2 *more lines wanting.*)
And his Mates on the Wedding Morning presented a full Canteen,
Which as it turned out was Spoons and Forks
—but think what it *might* have been!

ODE TO MY SOUL.

O Soul! . . . . . .
(*Something wanting.*)

LOVE LYRIC.

Doubt not that I adore thee,
Star of the Shah's Hareem!
In the first hour I saw thee
I knew my Fate I'd seen!
. . . . . my Arab steed
. . . . . piercing shriek
. . . Bosphorus . . . . bleed
. . . . . Shiek. (Sheik?)

PANTOMIME WINNER.

(*Two lead-ups wanting to*)

REFRAIN.

I do like sugar in my tea!
'Ow I *do* like sugar in my tea!
My surname isn't Kruger,
And I am not keen on nougat,
But
I DO like sugar in my teadle-eedle-ee!

Don't *you*, kiddies? Speak up; don't be shy. Aha, aha, I *thought* so. Very WELL then. *all together now*—

I DO like sugar, etc., etc., etc., etc.

THE ABOVE REMNANTS
and Many Others *Equally Attractive*

HALF-PRICE ON FRIDAYS!

Till the End of the Month. No Two Patterns Alike. Don't Miss This, or SOMEBODY WILL BE SORRY (*me*).

August 5, 6 and 7.

I FOUND that people everywhere,
Shedding their waistcoats and their care,
Assumed the unimpassioned air
Fitting a holiday.
Cars, two and sometimes three abreast,
Tore down the hill or topped the crest
To give their occupants a rest
Some eighty miles away.

They of St. John had kindly sent,
In case of any accident,
An ambulance, a little tent.
I did not wait to see
How many customers they got,
Because the road was very hot;
The total, I believe, was not
Much in excess of three.

Hikers revealed their hiking powers
Where rustic maidens through the hours
Their local fruit and local flowers
Attractively displayed.
But, as the road resembled hell,
Such maids did not do quite so well
As those who were inspired to sell
Synthetic lemonade.

Thus everybody fled away
To make a temporary stay
By stream or woodland, heath or bay
Until the evening came;
And with its coming those concerned,
Casting their litter forth, returned
Under a gallant sky that burned
With clear unclouded flame.

Their cars came swinging three abreast
Down the incline or up the crest
As they went happy to their rest
With the first pallid star.
So for three days, which, I confess,
Achieved some casualty and mess,
But demonstrated none the less
What decent folk we are. VERGES.

Facilis Descensus Averno.

"DON'T WORRY.

We stock elegant Coffin of sound craftsmanship different patterns, fitted with modern artistic handles and ornaments at rock bottom prices to suit all pockets."
Advt. in Lagos Paper.

Fashions at Auteuil.

"Austin and Merlin, both in shorts, . . . ; F. J. Perry, playing brilliantly in patches."
Daily Paper.

"OFFICIAL SCRATCHINGS.

Stanford Maiden Plate.—Peggy's Leg."
Daily Paper.

Tut! tut!



A SOP TO CERBERUS;

OR, THE DOGS' CHANCE.

[Uncensored talks by political leaders will be broadcast by the B.B.C. on nine consecutive Thursdays, beginning next month.]



"NOW, MR. JONES, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT BREED MY DOG IS?"
"WELL, I'M AFRAID I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT PORTMANTEAU WORDS."

Pleasures in Store.

THE autumn publishing season is almost upon us, and in a few short weeks from now a stream of books will come bubbling in full spate over the countryside, flooding into the lending libraries, lapping up over the station bookstalls and finding its way by tenuous and erratic channels to the shelves of a million defenceless house-holders. It is a solemn thought, and still more solemn is the reflection that out of this turbid and essentially muddy river you and I, if we are to maintain our reputation as progressive people, will have to select the titles that are going to be read and talked about this coming winter. To order *before publication* a book that afterwards forms the main topic of conversation in every drawing-room where men and women of taste foregather is, as I expect you know, the hall-mark of the true *littérateur*. Let it never be said that *we* delayed our purchase of *Sickening Thimbles* until its sales had passed the two-hundred-thousand mark!

Here, then, are a few titles from the publishers' autumn announcement lists which I can recommend you to order at once in the confident expectation that you are doing now what thousands of the less well informed will be doing in a few weeks' time.

Slumbering Hogs, by Miss Elizabeth Entropy, is due from the house of Clutter and Dillwash on the first Wednesday in September. The talented authoress of *Troughs of Desire* (34th thousand) has again taken the life-story of a repressed pig-breeder as the central theme of her latest book, and she brings to her task a depth of understanding and a knowledge of pig-sty lore that have never, even in her own earlier masterpiece, *I Take This Sow*, been surpassed. The character of primitive brutish *Jem Scowby* is delicately and beautifully drawn; and nothing finer than the scene in which the ruined *Nellie* sets the pigs on him has ever been written. A frank brave book by a writer who knows how to handle a muckrake with sympathy and skill. It should command a ready sale.

H.Q. and I, by Joseph Sock—the diary of a man who was caretaker at the War Office during the most critical years of the War. Mr. Sock's position brought him into contact with all the most distinguished actors in the great European drama, and he writes of them with a naïveté of style and a sureness of touch which prove irresistible in combination. "No one," as he himself says in an Introduction, "was more regular-like at the Office than wot I was," and that he made the best use of his time there every reader of this astounding revelation of life behind the scenes in Whitehall will agree. His estimate of Lord KITCHENER—"a tallish sort of a bloke with a pot-at on the back of is ead"—will certainly provoke a lot of discussion, as will the brilliant description of his first meeting with FOCH outside the Ministry of Fisheries. On that occasion he wrote in his diary: "Saw Foch coming out of the M.O.F., and you could of knocked me down with a feather. What did *e* want with the fisheries, I should like to know? Owever, I goes up to him and says respectful, Why not have a go at them Boches, I says, sted of wasting your

time here with fish and suchlike? I says"—a remark which. the author claims, directly inspired the great Allied offensive of July, 1918. This is a book which no student of the Great War can afford to miss, and it is to be published at the end of the present month by Messrs. Clutter and Dillwash, price 10/6 net.

The wife of Ulysses has always been regarded as a pattern of faithfulness and the domestic virtues, and it is therefore with peculiar satisfaction that Clutter and Dillwash are able to announce the forthcoming publication of *Penelope's Letters*, which effectively dispose of the old-fashioned and misguided notion that this lady was any better than she ought to have been. The letters, which have recently been unearthed in Ithaca, form a complete and unrestrained record of a hitherto unsuspected intrigue with the swine-herd Eumæus, and make, as may readily be supposed, extremely interesting reading. It is not every day that a publishing house finds itself in a position to take away the characters of two dead people at a single swoop, and if only for this reason the book should be hailed by all thinking men and women as the outstanding event of the autumn publishing season. Thin-skinned folk who disapprove of the publication for mercenary ends of the love-letters of the departed should remember that truth, however unpleasant, must be served, and that it is a solemn duty whenever an opportunity occurs for blasting a good name to blast it good and hearty.

Hashish, Hashish, All Fall Down! which the same publishers promise early in September, is an extraordinarily profound and stimulating study of the pleasures of drug-taking, by Montague Cheeper. This brilliant young author, whose *Recollections*, published in the spring, led to his expulsion from his public-school, has since then travelled extensively in the East, and he writes of his subject from first-hand knowledge. This is a decadent book, a disgusting book, a thoroughly nauseating and nasty book, and Mr. Montague Cheeper is to be congratulated on a *tour de force* such as many of our most prolific writers have for years been vainly trying to achieve. It will not be long before he takes his place (if he can find room) in the front rank of English novelists.

Foul! by Frank Gooch, a booking-clerk at Bowl-head Green, is a scathing indictment of unfair tactics in village cricket which will be read with interest by everyone whose faith in the future of the game has been shaken by the "body-line" controversy between this country and Australia. It is to be published this autumn by Postle-thwaite and Thrup at 3/6.

* * * * *

IMPORTANT. The slight preponderance of the publications of Messrs. Clutter and Dillwash in the above list is due entirely to the excellence of their productions and has no relation to the cheque which I recently received from that firm. Thank goodness the business of book-production is still free from the abominable charge of corruption!

H. F. E.



Short-sighted Lady (a new tenant). "I THINK, AFTER ALL, I 'LL HAVE TEA IN THE HOUSE, MARY. IF THERE 'S ONE THING I DISLIKE IT 'S BEING OVERLOOKED."

"HAMLET BOMBED."
Headline in Daily Paper.

That will teach him to complain of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Ruth.

I SAW her deep in the stubble's screening,
Watching the world from a bright brown eye,
A stranger come to the fields for gleaning
After the reapers had long gone by.
She reached for a golden straw and bent it,
Then nibbled it through with a tiny tooth—
A little fieldmouse for a day contented
To play in the rôle of RUTH.

W. H. O.

"GLASGOW PANTS WITH SHIRT SLEEVES AND ICE CREAM."
Scots Paper.

They sound delightfully cool and sensible.

Court Scene.

"COMMANDER of the Faithful," exclaimed the Grand Vizier, "I beg to call your august attention to the case of Fatima, your fifty-seventh. She is suspected of an intrigue with the young porter, Rustum, who delivers silks for Suleimans."

"It would contribute to a clearer enunciation, Giafar," replied the Caliph, "if you were to conclude your prostrations before beginning to speak."

"Master of the World, the news was urgent and I was in haste to convey it; but at the same time it has always been customary on approaching the throne to inhale a certain amount of dust as a mark of respect."

"You invariably fall back upon tradition and drag me with you. But I warn you, Giafar, I shall one day rebel. I begin to associate the sight of you grovelling on the floor with Conformity and Usualness. On the day of my rebellion I shall tread on the three of you together."

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Vizier. "It is nevertheless my duty to point out that Fatima is behaving in a manner which casts no credit upon the royal house."

"Well, what do you expect me to do? I will not have any of this bow-string business; it is highly inartistic, and it affects the household with fear neuroses which are disturbing in the extreme. Better let the girl get rid of her inhibitions and diffuse a free aura."

"But, your Loftiness, a certain amount of disgrace is supposed to fall upon you as head of the house. You ought to make a display of rage; it is expected of you. You might at least draw your scimitar in public and flash it royally. I think that would make a good impression."

"Giafar, you habitually fail to understand me. I and my generation are less concerned with prestige than you and yours. I really cannot spend my life in maintaining and improving my personal status. You know I can do that only by performing exploits which are generally considered creditable. Most of these appear to me ridiculous. So what is the use of being Master of the World if I allow the world to master me? And what is the use of being Commander of the Faithful if I can do only what the Faithful command?"

"Ah, Vicar of the Prophet, you want to lead your own life. This is worse than I thought. You want greatness and importance without paying their price."

"I have no use for importance, Giafar, and greatness has been thrust upon me. Though intellectually opposed to the hereditary principle, I accepted the throne. I should have thought that was sufficient concession to tradition. And even now I am prepared to declare mosques open and to grace the inaugurations of new caravanserais, though I personally have no taste for ritual. But at that point I dig in my toes. Understand finally, I will not do any scimitar-work."

"Then how will your Highness deal with the erring pair?"

"The obvious plan is to allow them to elope. Actually Fatima is not very attractive, though doubtless Rustum finds her so. The loss to me is negligible because my shelves are full."

"But, Commander of the Faithful, they ought to be punished in a suitable manner."

"Really, Giafar, you are very dull. That is exactly what I am doing."

"The alternative method, Master of the World, is for me to have a quiet talk with Rustum and show him he is making a big mistake."

"In order to make it more certain that he takes the plunge? Very good, Giafar, you are more subtle than I thought."

"Peacock of the Golden Throne, you mistake me. I want Rustum also to conform to what is usual."

"It is known to me that nowadays sport ranks above politics and religion, but, after all, though Rustum is a shining light among the dart-hurlers at the tavern of the 'Three Palms,' I am the Caliph. Rustum has not my position to keep up. Surely you demand a lower standard of conduct from him?"

"Lord of the Seven Paradises——"

"Come, Giafar, we have wasted a great deal of time over a trifle. Clap hands for the chessmen, and do try to beat me this time. But first there is a slave behind the curtain obviously trying to attract your attention."

The Vizier withdrew to hear the slave's communication and then returned to the Presence. He again fell on his face, a prey to horror and indignation.

"Shadow of Heaven, Rustum and Fatima have already absconded."

"Your turn for black, Giafar," replied the Caliph.

E. P. W.

The Old Game-Book.

(*Eve of the "Twelfth."*)

COME, hand me again my old Game-Book close-written;
Let the pages recall the full count of my score,
Of the fun I have had on the hills of North Britain,
Of those "Twelfths" long departed, of friends now no more.
'02 was the year that we rented Glen Garry;
'13 we took Morven, a fine place for teal—
Yes, and that was the last time I shot with young Harry,
For the War years come next, and he crashed outside Lille.

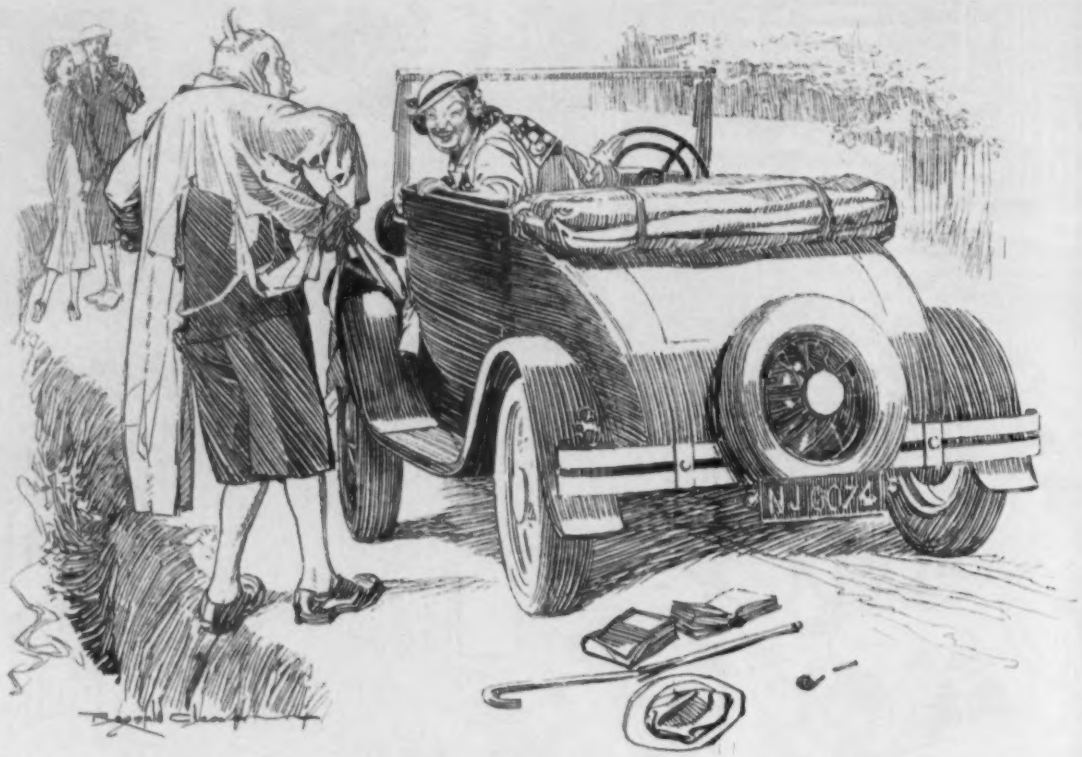
But look—here's an entry: *The "tops" near Drumochter. Over dogs. Phil and Ronny. We stopped after tea.*
And then in the margin: *At dusk with the Doctor. Killed a grilse on the Spey, silver-fresh from the sea.*
Ah! long days of August, dear days bronze and golden,
When the hill-stream falls softly, a scarf down the glen;
For your wide purple moors I am ever beholden,
For the reek of your peat-smoke by burn and by ben.

Turn back, there's a note here: *First "Twelfth" with my Father.*
I had just turned fifteen then. How time slips away!
My bag but one cheeper. A poor effort rather,
Yet I walked on the top of the world for that day.
First Woodcock. First Mallard. They all have their entry—
A new Pair of Guns—and the date just pre-War . . .
Then this was the time when old Hamish McQuentry
Helped me bag the lone stag near the cairn on Ben More.

Oh, worn faded pages, what mem'ries you bring me!
Through your leaves I can see the rich drift of the thyme,
Watch the eagle sweep sunwards, so virile and kingly,
Catch the scent of the spruce on the slopes of Loch Fyne.
For the "Twelfth" falls to-morrow. Great day—grand and peerless,
When the dogs leave their kennels with keen steadfast eyes,
And the cock-grouse (God bless him!) crows gallant and fearless,
And the corries re-echo "Go back!" to the skies.



THE LAST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE



Lady in Car (to Pedestrian). "My fault, of course. But obviously a case of 'Least said soonest mended.' What?"

An Author at Work.

"The difficulties of construction presented by the plot of my first mystery novel," observed Mr. Shagreen, "were very great."

I hung upon his words. I said they must have been.

Mr. Shagreen said they were. "You may remember," he proceeded, "the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the body."

I regretted that I was unable to make use of this permission, for the offer of which, however, I was obliged. Mr. Shagreen then explained that the body in question had been so disposed of that the characters in the story were walking about on it for some time before the fact was discovered. "It was, to put it briefly," Mr. Shagreen said, "completely flat. It had length and breadth, but its depth was negligible. Small wonder that it was for days assumed to be a figure in a mosaic pavement of consummate artistry! But this fool's paradise could not last. There had to come a time when a mind more powerful than the rest put the crucial question: By whose formidable eccentricity has such a thing as a mosaic pavement been laid down here? For it was in the middle—I omitted to tell you—it was in the middle of the Brighton Road. And as there had to come a time when this question was put, so there had to come a time (shortly afterwards) when it was answered. That time came. The question was answered in the negative."

"The negative?" I repeated, startled.

"The negative," said Mr. Shagreen firmly. "Or the affirmative; no matter. Suffice it that the point was established that this so-called—this, if I may so designate it, erstwhile mosaic pavement was a body."

He paused to reflect.

"I pass over the investigations conducted by the police, none of which," Mr. Shagreen averred, "is ever of importance. I pass over the inquest at which several doctors, who had been reading up queer cases in *The Lancet*, gave it as their opinion that the former tenant of the body had taken drugs, which so weakened his interior economy that he was subsequently flattened by the pressure of the air, and at which the coroner also made the customary use of his opportunities. I pass even," said Mr. Shagreen with regret, "over the five chapters in which I focussed the reader's suspicions on a man named Jasper, who possessed elaborate apparatus for exhausting the air from electric-light bulbs. No, the murder had been committed, as my detective in due course found out, by means of a steam-roller. Here it was that my difficulties of construction became extreme."

Mr. Shagreen held up a finger. "For observe: how was the steam-roller which had done the deed to be traced to the murderer? Indeed, how was he to get hold of it in the first place? It is impossible for a man to buy a steam-roller in a small town without exciting remark. . . . Faced by this dilemma, I went for a walk. And it was this walk which gave me my solution."

I continued to hang upon the words which followed.

"It so happened that I encountered a steam-roller," Mr. Shagreen said, "on a scrap-heap. I had never before supposed that steam-rollers were left on scrap-heaps; but here was evidence. Instantly the idea flashed into my mind: My murderer should be an amateur of engineering. Finding a steam-roller on a scrap-heap, he should take it unobtrusively home and renovate it. There was the weapon satis-

factorily provided. I was overjoyed, finding my difficulties vanish thus, and I stayed for some time in a golden daze contemplating the steam-roller and reflecting that a time would come when it would be able to say, '*Shagreen me celebroit du temps que j'estois belle.*' But, alas! as I stood there an incident occurred that brought my imaginative edifice down in ruins about my ears. A man came along smoking a pipe, and drove the steam-roller away. It had not been derelict at all."

I expressed my sympathy.

"It was a staggering blow," Mr. Shagreen agreed. "I reeled for some time. But I survived it. I resumed my intensive thinking about the problem. And in the end I found a solution, not, I admit, so artistically satisfying as the first, but workable. I gave my murderer a brother who drove a steam-roller."

I could not restrain a gasp of admiration.

"This brother was a simple-minded man," went on Mr. Shagreen, turning up his coat-collar (for he thought I was about to sneeze), "and it was easy for my murderer to impose on his credulity sufficiently to be taken for a ride over that portion of the Brighton Road whereon he had previously persuaded his victim to lie down on the pretext of doing homage to a number of Sussex poets by whom it had recently, in error, been trod. Such was the idea of my first novel."

We both remained for a time lost in contemplation.

"Your later mystery novels——?" I began at length.

"The difficulties of construction presented by those were very great," Mr. Shagreen said, turning his coat-collar down again, "too."

I said they must have been.

Unrest in the Animal World.

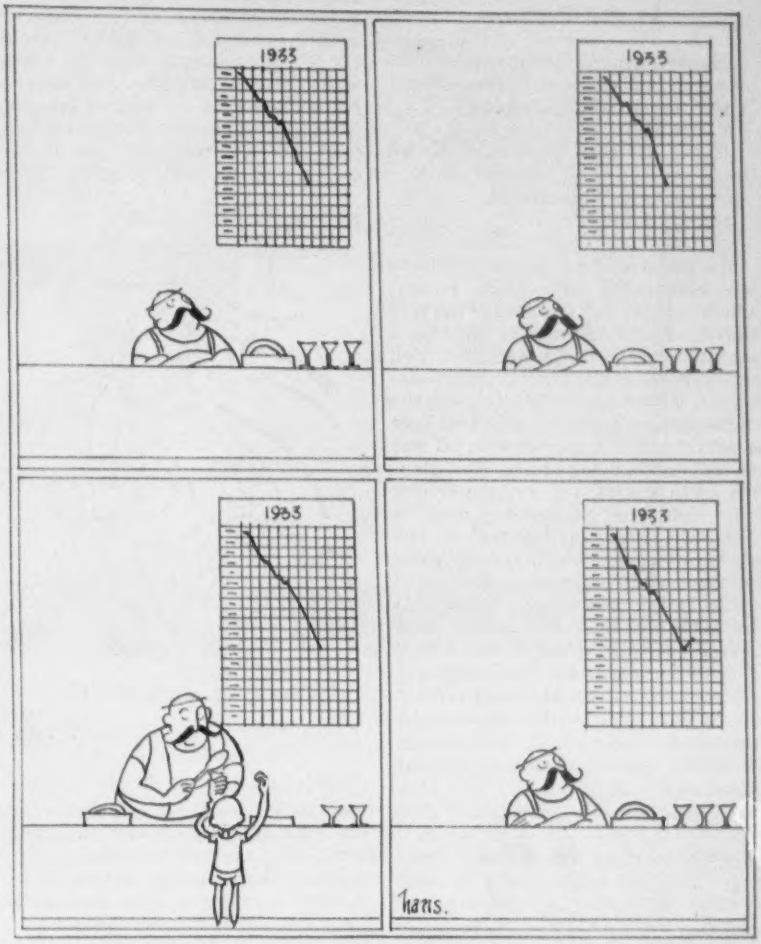
"The inspector received 11 complaints of nuisance, including 2 from pigs."
Local Paper.

"As for the men, never can there have been so many drill suits, tropical outfits, and open shirts seen in the august Whitehall and City neighbourhoods as there were to-day. And I didn't see a single spat anywhere."—*Evening Paper.*

It's only bridegrooms who forget to put the second one on.

"The bride's little sister was a charming maid of honour at the ceremony. She was attired in blue best man. Later a reception was held in Smith, brother of the bridegroom, was the georgette and carried a muff."
Durham Paper.

The champagne was evidently held in the reporter.



TRADE REVIVAL.

Good News for Anglers.

(*A sturgeon weighing over* 300 *lbs. has been recently caught in the River Towy, in Wales.*)

THOUGH the devotees of angling
Find little use in dangling
Bait and flies so long as Sirius prevails,
Wondrous prospects bloom and burgeon
With the coming of the sturgeon
In the waterways of gallant little Wales.

For the prodigy of Towy—
Which is neither large nor showy—
Excites a not unreasonable hope
That the Itchen may be raided
And the Evenlode invaded
By the tunny and the tarpon and the tope.

Once the ball is set a-rolling
Under capable controlling
It may help to stop the rot of British rule;
Life needs the spur of dangers,
And these huge and scaly strangers
Must prove a most invigorating school.

Instead of catching tiddlers,
Or booming famous fiddlers,
Or "plugging" some infernal song or tune,
Or golfing at Gleneagles,
Our youth will spear porbeagles
Or hunt the kraken in the Crook of Lune.

The ills that baffle curing
We *must* go on enduring,
But I can't conceive a happier anodyne
For the pains that clutch and cramp us
Than to hook and land a grampus
On the margin of the silvery Serpentine.

C. L. G.

At the Pictures.

Myself (after three wrong numbers, culminating in a crèche at Parsons Green). Is that my Kind Collaborator?

He. It is.

Myself. Of what then shall we tell them? Of cabbages, of——?

He. Of exiled princelings.

Myself. All right.

We found that at the Empire there is a film, called *Reunion in Vienna*, which is above the standard of the silly season. It is a comedy, in parts quite an intelligent comedy, and it is well acted. Some of the photography is excellent. That it sags a little towards the end is nothing beside the fact that here is actually a Viennese film based not on copious draughts of The Blue Danube (with sugar), but on the crisper life which must presumably exist in that city, even in defiance of the saccharine mirage which appears to be the fondest of Hollywood's illusions.

The exiled princeling? I come to that in my own time. He was the *Grand Duke Rudolf* (Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE), by birth the head of the Hapsburgs and by trade a taxi-driver in Nice. His early life, in fact until the revolution, had been an unbroken chronicle of whoopee, coloured by just those shades of scandal



THE PSYCHIATRIST GETS A HUNCH.

Elena (DIANA WYNYARD). "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR BREAKFAST, DEAR?"

Anton (FRANK MORGAN). "MY SUB-CONSCIOUS EGO SAYS KIDNEYS."

most endearing to his simple but imaginative subjects.

When exile put an end to his *affaire* with *Elena* (Miss DIANA WYNYARD), a lady of the Court, she had very sensibly settled down to bourgeois domesticity, going so far in this direction as to link herself with a man named *Krug* (Mr. FRANK MORGAN). A noted psychiatrist, he believed in his patients working things out for themselves; but when a Hapsburg anniversary brought the Royalists flocking back to Vienna, and with them *Rudolf*, anxious to resume his old relations with *Elena*, poor *Krug* was in an awkward fix. As a scientist he revolted from the idea of behaving like a jealous husband, but as a husband (and a jealous one) he was equally averse from his wife going off, even



EXILED ROYALTY AMONGST THE CROCKERY. No. 1.

Rudolf . . . . . JOHN BARRYMORE.

temporarily, with an old flame who was both intoxicated and in fancy-dress. *Elena* herself was torn.

From this triangle spring some amusing situations, the best being when the three of them discuss their difficulties with honesty and considerable humour. The end is a triumph for the principles of science, and we leave *Elena* content to be a *Krug*, and *Rudolf*, disillusioned about the value of his Hapsburg rank, returning to his more profitable rank at Nice.

Apart from a distinct tendency in Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE to over-act, the work of the principals was good; and the minor characters were skilfully selected and produced, with the exception of *Father Krug*, a buffoon too stridently Middle-West to have any possible connection with Vienna.

The other exiled princeling? Mr. IVOR NOVELLO, at the New Gallery, in the screen version of *I Lived With You*, one of the silliest films it has ever been my misfortune to witness. I did not see the play, but as it survived 120 performances it must have had something more to it than this, which is enough to impel any intelligent person to call for a dry handkerchief and his hat.

The story is a series of slender opportunities for Mr. NOVELLO to run through the traditionally childish emotions of the traditionally idiotic Russian nobleman. *Prince Felix* is preparing to sleep out in a bus-conductor's hat and a polo-jumper in the middle of the Maze at Hampton Court, when he is persuaded by *Gladys* (Miss URSULA JEANS, doing her best in her original part) to go and stay with her people, prominent amongst whom is a fat mother, a rapid sister and a decent little clerk of a father. Unaccustomed as they are to Slavonic charm, their happiness is quickly wrecked; for slung conveniently around the *Prince's* neck is a gem-encrusted present from the Tsar which fetches a sum sufficient to undermine the good sense and morality of any small suburban home. At the *Prince's* instigation Mother takes to vodka, an extremely unsightly proceeding, Father to bad women and theft, and Sister surrenders to the advances of her employer. But despite all this appalling mess, *Gladys*, who is a good but stupid girl, continues to love her *Prince*, and eventually agrees to marry him, which I suppose some would consider a happy ending. The brightest thing about this film was the acting of Miss CECILY OATES as the strong-minded *Aunt*—a delightful sketch.

On a higher plane than either of



EXILED ROYALTY AMONGST THE CROCKERY. No. 2.

Prince Felix . . . . . IVOR NOVELLO.

these and much nearer to the true sphere of the cinema was a *Mickey Mouse* which I saw the other night at the Tivoli—*The Mad Doctor*. From beginning to end it was a piece of pure imaginative creation, brilliantly adapted to the screen, and so consistently ingenious that it left one breathless.

ERIC.



Slum Boy. "THAT'S THE ANIMAL OUR MILKMAN WORKS FOR."

Telling the Bees.

I FOUND old Reuben in the orchard contemplating the row of bee-hives that were his especial pride. I was rather surprised to find him alone, because I had heard his voice only a few moments ago, and I knew him too well to suppose that he had been talking to himself. I should as soon have expected him to stand on his head. But certainly he had been talking.

"Hullo, Reuben," I said as I came up, "I thought I heard your voice." He looked at me in a doubtful kind of way, gave a glance at the neat row of skeps, and then said reluctantly, "Ay, Master George, that was me a-talkin', that was; but I didn't want to lose 'em."

"Did you think you were likely to lose them?" I said.

"Likely!" he answered indignantly. "Certain sure I was to lose 'em if I 'adn't come along to 'em this very afternoon. Careless I was to leave it so late, an' me kept bees these fifty years."

"Why, what was going to happen to them?" I said.

"They'd 'ave gone away, o' course," he said, "all along o' me not tellin' 'em."

"Telling them?" I said blankly.

"Why, Master George," he said, "surely you know that much! Ain't there a weddin' to-morrow, what with Miss Mary gettin' married an' all, an' 'aven't you come special from Lunnon to be 'ere for it?"

"Well, yes, of course I know about the wedding," I said in some perplexity, "but what's that got to do with the bees?"

"An' you born in the country!" said old Reuben.

"I don't get much chance of keeping bees in London," I said humbly, "and I'm afraid I must have forgotten a good deal about it. Please tell me what it was you had to tell the bees, and why it was so important."

"You mark my words," he said impressively. "If you wants to keep your bees you must tell 'em what's 'appenin' in the family—weddin's an' buryin's an' suchlike, or they'll leave you, they will. They ain't the same as pigs an' 'ens, what don't care whether you treats 'em respectful or not. They've got their feelin's, bees 'as, an' they likes to be told, ah, an' in good time too; an' if they're not told, why, they'll go off, that they will, an' no blame to 'em. Many a time I've seen it."

"But——" I said.

"An' now I've put that to rights," he added in the tone of one who wishes to close the conversation, "I'll be gettin' back to my work, clippin' that there 'edge."

He left me standing by the hives, and within a few minutes I could hear the sound of his shears on the old yew-hedge. But I stayed where I was, the prey to a ridiculous fear. Was it possible that the old man was right, and, if so, hadn't he left things dangerously late? It would be a disaster if the bees were offended at any neglect of ours and went away. Speaking only for myself, I should miss the ten pounds of golden honey that came every year from these hives to my suburban home. I looked anxiously at the bees as they went in and out of the skeps, and it seemed to me that there was a certain restlessness about them. I began to feel sure that old Reuben's visit had not completely satisfied their thirst for news; perhaps he hadn't told them enough—that was probably the trouble. Clearly something more must be done, and quickly; but what? Taking off my hat, I stooped down by the nearest hive and said rapidly but with becoming respect, "I hope I'm not disturbing you, but I don't think Reuben mentioned that the Bishop himself is coming to take the service. And talking of weddings, there's likely to be another one within a year or so, because Miss Joan has just told me that she is engaged to young Mr. Edwards over at Shallowford."

The bees were working contentedly next morning, but it was a near thing. I feel sure that it was my stop-press news which decided them to stay.

The Cinema Afloat.

A Naval Entertainment.

THE party began, after the manner of most Maltese revels, at the Customs House. That haunt of adamant officialdom, dreaded by travellers who might or might not have hidden contraband drugs and ammunition among their intimate underwear, was transformed by darkness into the jumping-off place for romance. Its doorway framed a familiar view of the Grand Harbour, now ruffled by a "gregale" or north-easterly gale. Spindrift almost obscured the background of frowning fortresses. Through the murk loomed majestic wraiths of the anchored Fleet, their lights doubled by quivering reflections that resembled a drowned galaxy. At intervals a wave lipped over the steps, tossing the crowd of boats that waited alongside. Their oilskinned crews rose and fell giddily.

Evidently the party spirit was abroad that night, for rival flocks of guests stampeded out of the quarantine room where they had been penned and peered timorously into the heaving darkness. Burly coxswains stemmed the rush and cut out the highbrow sheep from the frivolous goats with the sagacity of sheepdogs at a championship trial. The male escorts, unhampered by blown tresses and billowing skirts, assisted rather callously at the embarkation of their loved ones, hurling them from hand to hand with the dexterity born of practice.

Breathless and dishevelled, we sped into the comparative shelter of a creek. The cruiser's steep flank towered above us. After a perilous negotiation of her accommodation-ladder and a headlong descent from the quarterdeck, we found ourselves in the warmth and comfort of the Commander's cabin. Dinner was ended not by the withdrawal of the cloth but the deferential removal of the chairs.

We followed them to the sheltered side of the deck. It had been disguised as a cinema with awnings and canvas screens. On one hand was the gleaming grey paint of gun-turrets, and on the other a glimpse of the adjacent destroyers riding at their buoys. The wind carried that faint thrilling whiff of mingled ozone, steam and oil which, to a landsman's nose, is characteristic of a warship. Accustomed as we were to the impersonality of performances ashore, it was flattering to discover that this one was delayed until we had been enveloped in rugs and borrowed overcoats, surrounded by electric radiators and provided with cigarettes. When we were ensconced in the position of honour a beam of light shot overhead, played upon the Navigator's ear as he inclined it towards his affianced, then sank on to the silver backcloth. The audience settled itself expectantly, senior officers crouching low so that their venerable heads should not overshadow the drama, junior officers canvassing the charms of their favourite film-stars in whispers, and the ship's company breathing heavily yet respectfully.



"MY WIFE BOUGHT THIS JUMPER HERE LAST WEEK. NOW SHE WANTS ANOTHER LIKE IT."

"YES, SIR. WHAT BUST?"

"OH, NOTHING—SHE TORE IT ON A NAIL."

"The regular hands are on leave tonight, so you must not be surprised at any little hitches," explained the Torpedo-Lieutenant, who for some reason obscure to the civilian intellect was responsible for this branch of the cruiser's efficiency. "Their understudies are keen but inexperienced."

"They once gave us an epic display of a gangster film back to front," added our host, the Commander. "Curiously enough, it seemed just as incomprehensible when they eventually ran it off the right way. Afraid I haven't got a flair for crime. A good rousing deathbed scene or a slapstick comedy are more in my line. I warn you that Torps gets rather up-stage, as we say in dramatic circles, if you are too jocular about the show."

A gasp of astonishment, quickly suppressed, greeted the appearance of the Big Picture. The lower half of the heroine tripped lightly across a baronial hall dogged by her head. A backward glance from the Commander, more powerful than many candle-power, extinguished the lamp. With disciplined promptitude an unseen gramophone began to play, announcing to irate authority and flustered operators alike that "Love Is The Sweetest Thing." Those of the front rank who were of the same way of thought resolved themselves into confidential couples. One of the belated rear rank tip-toed stealthily to his seat in time to have a close-up of his silhouette superimposed upon the heroine's, now articulated and in her right mind. The gramophone halted smartly; the Navigator remembered that his profile was visible to the ribald midshipmen behind; the guests yielded to the appreciative mood begotten of an excellent dinner; the Commander, very probably, closed his eyes.

True love ran its complicated course unchecked until the hero, having reached his beloved by means of an aeroplane, the roof of an express train and a stolen car, was drawing her into his invincible arms. Their lips met, rose gradually into the awning under stress of the operator's emotion, then parted with a loud appropriate pop.

"That's the end of Reel I.," announced the Torpedo Lieutenant. "Unfortunately we don't possess one of those jolly little gadgets for rewinding the film, so there will be a short interval while it is done by hand."

The gramophone plunged fervently into that lyric called "I've Got a Date with an Angel," while the Navigator communed with his particular specimen. The rest of the spectators lounged in a companionable contentment, watching the moon break through flying cloud-wrack and illumine the fierce and beautiful symmetry of the battleships. Cracked bells jangled plaintively in distant Valetta. A muffled clanging of watertight-doors reminded us of the imminent dawn when our hosts would steam out to sea, leaving behind them love-affairs as tangled and poignant as any figment of a film-producer's imagination. Too soon we were roused from pondering the problem of their several solutions

by the entrance of the villain. Throughout one spell-bound reel, worked at lightning speed to atone for previous delays, we watched his struggle with the hero. It ended with a whirr of machinery like the groan of a noble soul in torment. Simultaneously a bare hirsute leg projected beneath the screen swung into a hammock.

"This is a short topical incident entitled 'Home Life in the Navy,'" said the Commander. "Now, whatever you may lack in the way of plush seats and panotropes you wouldn't see that at an ordinary cinema."

Half the audience became conscious of a laudable concern for duty. They crept away to the wardroom, from whence drifted a heartening gurgle of siphons (OFF). The more romantically minded divided their attention between each other and the following reels. The increasing wind derisively howled down the hero's vows of adoration. The backcloth shuddered with a realistic effect as he, by incredible daring, outwitted the villain; it fluttered in time to the heroine's tender heart when she tripped up the aisle. The final close-up, dated a year later, showed her bending over the cradle of their first-born. A rope-lashing, strained to bursting-point, gave way. There was a rending crack as the screen split. Its lower half blew overboard. The upper part waved like a banner and revealed the heroine, with a wealth of mother-love in her dewy eyes, gazing at the portly stoker who was snugly tucked up and slumbering like a little child in his hammock.

Quack Shot.

A Rhyme of the White Man's Grave.

James Gordon Stanley Mungo Purvis
Had entered the Colonial Service
When he was very young.
The saga of his first adventure,
Which earned for James a certain censure,
Has not, I think, been sung.

James was proceeding under orders
To join his station on the borders
Of the wild hinterland,
Borne by an ancient stern-wheel craft,
Whose engineer and captain laughed
Each time they hit the sand.

While they were hard-and-fast aground,
James took a dekko, or look round,
For fauna he might slaughter.
Like most young gentlemen of leisure
He felt an overwhelming pleasure
In making life much shorter.

Far on the bank, so runs the ballad,
James spied the common wild-duck, mallard,
Attended by his wives.
Taking his very sporting rifle,
Allowing for the wind a trifle,
He finalised their lives.

That curious verb must be excused.
I find that it is often used
Freed from syntactic fetters
Along with "same" and "even date,"
By business-men in letters.

The bag collected, and the boat
Persuaded once again to float
Upon the turgid flood,
James Gordon was surprised to view,
Thronging the shore, a naked crew
Of pagans out for blood.
A horrid horde of niggers (bucks)
Demanding (and here lies the crux):
"Where are the village ducks?"



CONSTERNATION OF JONES ON ARRIVING AT BLANKVILLE-ON-SEA IN AN EFFORT TO RECUPERATE FROM THE MONOTONY OF OFFICE ROUTINE.

The Girl Who Couldn't Take the Wrong Turning.

"This story, which is set in Malaya, tells how a girl is held back by some psychic irresistible force at each turning-point in her life."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

"Doctors make good artists. . . . One retired doctor is attending the club's life classes. Another medical man does very fine interiors."—*Daily Paper.*

Which he simplifies as he goes along.

"The State office for racial affairs opened under the Nazi régime in Thuringia offers free advice to those about to marry."
Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch has no intention at present of offering his services to this establishment.



"WHAT IS IT, DARLING?"

The Joke.

IT was quite by mistake that I found myself in Pansy Street. Discovering that I had not enough money in my pocket to get back to the West End after delivering my lecture on "Beetles" at the Croxton Hall in the Mile End Road, I had taken a short cut.

Pansy Street is long and narrow, with high buildings on each side which seem to shut out the air. The roadway is littered with garbage and children, women and dogs. I felt embarrassed, especially as my silk-hat and white spats were attracting a good deal of comment, mostly adverse.

"'E's one of the idle rich," said one woman.

"Blarsted capitalist!" said another.

"*I* reckon," said a third, "that 'e was on 'is wy to get married and 'is 'eart failed 'im at the last moment. Lucky for the gel, if you arsk me!"

I hurried on, but presently found my way blocked by a procession of children, all carrying little bags and looking amazingly clean and cheerful. I guessed that they were going away as guests of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. One little girl seemed to have more than she could carry, and I offered to take one of her bags. She assented rather haughtily, and the crowd of us proceeded in silence.

I noticed one boy, a very small fellow with a thin white face, who seemed positively *covered* with parcels and bags of various kinds. He had two cases in each hand, a cricket-bat under one arm and a semi-strung tennis racket under the other. Hanging from his belt were various parcels, a bottle of lemonade and a sun-hat.

"Looks as if you're going to have decent weather," I said. "It'll be grand fun down in the country, won't it? I suppose you'll play in the hay and have glorious games of cricket in the meadows. Match the village boys perhaps and lick 'em hollow! Then there will be bathing on a sheltered bit of the coast and long walks over the downs. . . . How long are you going for?"

The laden boy did not answer, but one of the other children promptly yelled, "A fortnight—a whole fourteen days. . . ."

Presently we came to the station and a capable-looking woman began to count them. Then they passed through the barrier one by one, and I was surprised to see that *my* boy was handing over the parcels to his friends. Presently they had all passed through the barrier except him.

"Hurry up," I said, "or you'll miss the train."

He looked at me, and I noticed that the corners of his impish mouth were turned down. "I ain't goin'," he said, and his voice was shrill and exaggeratedly cheerful. "They 'adn't so much money as they used to 'ave, so someone 'ad to be left be'ind, and it 'appened to be me. . . . I 'ad you on a piece of string proper, didn't I? It isn't *arf* a good joke!"

And he swaggered off towards the street, his head held high and his hands stuck in his ragged pockets. His cap was on the side of his head and an unmusical whistle came from between his lips. . . .

The train puffed out of the station.

One Pound—One Child.

Mr. Punch desires gratefully to acknowledge the generous response made by his readers to his appeal on behalf of the Children's Country Holidays Fund in the issue of August 2nd. At the moment of our going to press, 803 contributions have been received amounting to £1,327 2*s*. 7*d*. Cheques should be made payable to the Secretary of the Children's Country Holidays Fund at the Offices of *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



FALSE ECONOMY.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "I'M *SO* DISAPPOINTED, MR. MACDONALD. JUST WHEN MY LITTLE JOHNNY WAS GETTING SO INTERESTED IN HIS GEOGRAPHY LESSONS I HEAR YOU ARE GOING TO DISCONTINUE THEM NEXT TERM."



"It 's only right that you should know that I love your wife."
"There you go, trying to put me off my game!"

"Get."

"Get!"

What a word!

One of the most wonderful words in the language; certainly the most industrious and obliging. We use it all day with a rich variety of meaning. But how it worries me!

In all the long years of my school career no one, so far as I know, attempted to teach me anything about the English language. I spent years upon the grammar of Latin, Greek and even French, but never an hour upon the rules of English grammar. I believe that things are different now; but in those days the English language was supposed to come to an English gentleman naturally, without effort, like clean-living or an aptitude for ball-games. We picked up the rules of composition casually while we studied chemistry or practised fielding.

But I know that somewhere, sometime, some pastor or master did sternly remark to me that the popular word "get" means "acquire or obtain," and that to use it with the sense of "become" or "go," for example, was slang, slovenly and horrible.

That was all the instruction I ever had in the English tongue, and it has worried me ever since.

Only the other day, in the august *Observer*, a distinguished literary critic said that the Thames "is getting cleaner." This spoiled my Sunday.

A literary critic must be right; but I know that my pastor and master would have said he was wrong.

I will get up and get my dictionary. Also, those boys as usual are getting fresh with my boat, and I must tell them to get to ——.

What a word!

My dictionary is old, tattered and cheap, and rather reticent about most words. But there is nearly a column about "get."

I am right.

"Get, *v.t.* [Anglo-Saxon—*gitan*]. To procure, to obtain, to gain possession of by any means, to acquire . . . .

But stay, what is all this?

". . . to deserve; to meet with; to possess, to have; to beget, to procreate; to earn, to gain by labour; to win, to induce; to put or cause to be in any state or condition; to receive, to obtain; to learn, to commit to memory."

What a word! But imagine the feelings of a Frenchman who looks up "get" in the dictionary and reads that!

And what about the Thames "getting cleaner"? How can the Thames acquire, procure or obtain cleaner? Unless we are to understand a what-is-it—an ellipse—"acquiring cleaner [water]." But the literary critic does not mean that. He meant that the water the Thames had got (correct use) already was becoming cleaner. Anyhow, I don't believe that the literary critic meant it to be a what-is-it at all. And what is the missing word in "getting rich"?

What a word!

My dictionary, I fancy, began with the same austere theories about "get" that I hold myself. The verb is transitive only, and "get out," for example, means only "to draw out, to extract."

But I see now that halfway down the column the lexicographer abandons the struggle. "Get" suddenly becomes a "*v.i.*" and means almost anything:—

"To be a gainer, to profit; to arrive at any place, state, condition or posture; to go, to remove, to depart; to find the way."

I hope that no Frenchman will ever get—read as far as that, for if he does he will get—become—or go balmy.

And in my judgment my dictionary has weakly surrendered to slang.

What about "to get at"?

"To be able to reach," says my dictionary.

And then there is this:—

"§ To banter, to tease; to corrupt (a jockey); to hocus (a horse)."

That little § means "figurative." But I maintain that there should be some other sign meaning "slang, slovenly and incorrect" before "To be able to reach." For "to get at a Member of Parliament" seems to me to be an expression no less irregular than "to get at a horse."

But waiving all that and admitting or not that every time we use it we use it disgracefully—what a word!

Put it with any preposition and it is happy. "Get on, in, off, out, under, through, over, past, by, beyond, between, at, after, away, to, up, down, back, round, about, ahead, among, before, behind." (Yes, I know that some of these are not prepositions, but I have forgotten what their right description is.)

Only two prepositions, I think, defeat "get." You can "go for" or "go with" a man, but you cannot "get for" or "get with" him.

And think of the enormous and various meanings that this little word with a preposition (or two) can compass!

"To get off (with)."—To excite the affections of another person and establish satisfactory communication with the same.

"To get on."—To be successful in some trade, business or calling.

"To get at."—To mock a person with words or expressions which do not appear to be addressed to him or refer to him directly.

"To get (the wind) up."—To be influenced by the emotion of fear, but, as a rule, in such circumstances as to excite small sympathy among impartial observers.

"To get about" (of a rumour or story).—To be circulated, not through the ordinary channels of public information, but quietly and, as a rule, by verbal gossip.

"To get (the hang) of."—To acquire the art or knack of some difficult feat or, after an effort, to begin to understand something which has appeared mysterious, complex or obscure.

"To get (the better) of."—To vanquish, to overcome an adversary, generally one who seems to have some advantage or superiority.

"To get round."—To evade some law or regulation, but in such a way as to avoid committing any legal or technical offence; to wheedle or persuade a person into some action to which that person was at first unfavourable.

"To get across (or over)" (of a theatrical performer or performance).—To convince, amuse, or satisfy thoroughly an audience, as opposed to a praiseworthy attempt which fails to secure the full effect desired.

"To get down to."—To begin to work hard and seriously, generally at a task which has received only half-hearted attention before.

"To get (the right side) of."—To obtain by taking pains the goodwill or approval of a person to such an extent that in due course he may be considered likely to grant a favour.



"Don't bow, darling. He's only trying to pretend we know him."

"To get away with."—To pursue with impunity and success some course of action which might normally be expected to result in misfortune, punishment or blame.

"To get through to."—To establish telephonic communication with.

"To get in."—To be elected to the House of Commons, Westminster.

"To get away."—To leave the scene of a crime unaccompanied by a police-officer.

"To get above (oneself)."—To develop a sense of self-satisfaction which is not in strict proportion to one's merits.

The above rough interpretations are my own, and I make no claim to be a lexicographer; but they do show, I think, how many long words this little word saves us, how manifold are its riches. Indeed, if it does not drive him crazy, the best way for a Frenchman in a hurry to visit England might be to begin with "get" and a few prepositions and things. He would, I think, get along very well. "Get up—get about—get off—get together—get drunk—get away—get home." There is a full day for you, packed with drama.

Yes, life must be easy for you wise folk who do not write and can use this expansive little word without a qualm, this skeleton-key, this universal store, this monstrosity, this chameleon of a word. How you must love "get"!

But for a poor scribe who still has a conscience, imagine the temptations, the agonies of "get"! How I detest "get"! "Get" gets my goat. Whenever I write "get" I get thinking of my pastor or master and wonder if he was right. And then as a rule I scratch out "get" and have to write about fifteen other words instead. I believe he was right; and whatever the literary critics may do I shall never desert the old man. For he was the only man who taught me anything about English; and that was the one thing he taught me. But he may have been wrong. So, whenever I get to "get" I get worried; and in future I hope you thoughtless hounds will get worried too.

A. P. H.

"She was wearing a vivid scarlet wrap over a river frock. In her hand was clasped the front door of a house in West Cromwell-road, Earl's Court."—*Sunday Paper.*

It must have made a charming *ensemble.*

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XIV.—Down Golden Beams I Slide Aslant.

Down golden beams I slide aslant
From regions blue and airy;
My mother was a Wireless Aunt,
My father was a Fairy.

For earthly joys my soul is dry,
But oh! I am forbidden 'em,
For I was bred in Faëry,
Though born in Lower Sydenham.

My spurious birth I deeply rue;
I would, could I be re-born,
Be either elfin-bred all through
Or wholly B.B.C.-born.

But now I fall between two stools,
And oh! it gets me down, Sir,
To be the butt of clowns and fools,
Half Elf and half Announcer.

The Diver.

"TALKING of swimming," he said, "it's funny how proficiency in that art in a certain kind of person always comes as a surprise. It is expected from some, but never from others. Most particularly not from such people as—but I'll tell you.

"A party of us were staying in Dieppe a few summers ago—two or three families—and one evening the older ones among us had the impulse to go over to Pourville for dinner. So we found a taxi with a smiling and exceedingly untidy man on the box and packed into it, seven all told, and rattled off, the driver doing astonishing things with gears and brakes as we went up and down the hills and, in the cheerful French way, never saying a word about extras.

"When we got to Pourville I was deputed to order dinner for eight o'clock while the others sat by the sea; and there later, when I joined them, I found them enthralled by the grace and courage of one of the bathers, a short dark man to whom the waves of the Channel seemed as natural a home as to a school of porpoises just breaking up for the holidays. There was no diving trick of which he was not capable, even back somersaults, and he had all the strokes.

"'I expect he's the professional,' I said. 'In fact I feel sure he is. Probably goes round the watering-places teaching kids. I've seen him before somewhere, I know. In the Isle of Wight probably.'

"'That's what Gwen was saying,' said another of the party. 'She was sure she'd seen him before.'

"'Yes,' said Gwen, 'I couldn't forget a fine head like that; but I've never been in the Isle of Wight. Somewhere quite recently, I thought.'

"'He is handsome, isn't he?' said Audrey. 'Do you think he's English?'

"'I hope so,' said Alan. 'It wouldn't do for a Frenchman to swim as well as that or attract so much attention. But he might be taller.'

"'Still,' said Audrey, 'there are short Englishmen. I wish I could place him. There's something familiar about him, and yet I can't remember meeting anyone who was such a swell as that. He's an absolute seal.'

"'Yes,' said Alan, after a long look through the binoculars he always carries at the seaside. 'I know that face. But how, when or where beats me.'

"'Let me look,' said Gwen. 'Yes, how interesting! I don't believe he's English though. A French writer probably. Wasn't DE MAUPASSANT a great swimmer? Or was it LOTI? Anyhow, I think he's French.'

"'Englishmen can be dark,' said Audrey; 'I daresay it was in Chelsea that we met and not by the sea at all. In a studio very likely. He looks to me like an artist.'

"Meanwhile the paragon was beginning a final series of evolutions astonishing in their perfection and address.

"I looked at my watch. 'Ten to eight,' I said. 'Come along. There's a canteloupe to begin with.' And we all made for the hotel terrace.

"It was about half-past nine when our little untidy taxi-driver approached the table to ask at what hour it would please the gentlemen and ladies to return.

"We looked at each other with a startled air and burst into the joyful laughter of sudden illumination.

"'Where,' I asked him, 'did you learn to swim so wonderfully?'"

E. V. L.



"SUCH A PAIN IN MY 'EART, BERT!"
"I KNOW—LOVE TAKES ME THAT WAY SOMETIMES."
"I DON'T KNOW IF IT *IS* LOVE. WE 'AD STOO FOR TEA, AND STOO ALWAYS GIVES ME 'EARTBURN."

The Unwritten Amendment.

I HAVE lived four years in Chicago and I am about to read my first paper. Thus I assume the full responsibility of American citizenship. The renunciation of His Majesty KING GEORGE, the acceptance of the Constitution—all these gestures seem to me to fade into insignificance beside this great unwritten amendment graven upon our mothers' hearts and bound about our daughters' foreheads. The American woman shall both read and write papers on divers and sundry topics in and out of season, and this without the slightest interference whatsoever from any males of her household. It is this last understanding that exhilarates such Englishwomen as myself. We remember an island where the men would not stand for it for a moment, and we rise to the occasion as a trout to the evening fly.

Moreover, it is a question of *noblesse oblige*. Though there may be some women who have neither produced nor listened to these compositions, they undoubtedly dwell in the underworld, just arrived from Eastern Europe and as yet unaware of the glorious cultural freedom of their American heritage. They sit about sadly with shawls around their heads whilst their husbands throw bombs. But soon the idea will dawn upon them, the shawls will turn to hats, the bombs to papers, and they will join a women's club.

There is not a woman in my circle who is not writing a paper. While the socks go unmended and the family lives on canned tomatoes and spaghetti the pretty creatures are preparing themselves for some tremendous effort in history, anthropology, literature or economics. They are also wondering if their husbands are quite the same men they took them for before they understood about bimetallism or the hereditary sex-urge of the Nordics. The high divorce rate in America is not, as is generally understood, due to Hollywood or the tired business-man or apartment-dwelling. It is caused by the subtle and insidious suggestion of a well-written paper. The household goes to the dogs—that is the inevitable consequence—but, more dangerous still, our husbands won't listen to our papers or if they listen don't understand them, and we get a superiority complex. I have never felt so clever in my life as last fall. Lying in a canoe up in Michigan I prepared a very challenging composition upon the spiritual alliance between America and France. It is dotted with cute little French quotations, working up through a crescendo of charming allusions to Paris and New Orleans, and the Spirit of St. Louis to a tremendous climax: "Lafayette, we are here!" At the time I composed this I was not aware of the impending debt negotiations and fear my paper may be fourteen years too late. But my belief is that my audience will fling away reason or passing prejudice and, intoxicated by my spirit and technique, will rise to the *grand finale*. After that I shall have arrived; they will know what to expect of me next time; my line will be marked, for there are only three types of papers and three invariable responses to them.

The first is the paper highbrow, intellectual, ultra-modern. The writer of this type of paper, though to all appearances in Chicago shopping at Marshall Field's and patronising our *delicatessens*, dwells a little apart. Her *bene esse* is with VIRGINIA WOOLF, the SITWELLS and T. S. ELIOT, and she writes her paper accordingly. I have listened to many papers of this kind read by dreamy women with half-closed eyes. They are of a subterranean appearance and talk about the stream of consciousness, the ego and the libido. Neither cute nor cunning is exactly the word for the stream of consciousness series. There is a stunned but none the less appreciative silence, and we feel we've gotten a lot out of the entertainment. Such papers make their mark afterwards in a hundred little ways. Our dinner-table conversation develops a deeper note, our husbands a more worried look, and psycho-analysis stalks unashamed in the nursery.

The second type of paper, my own speciality, is the artistic, sentimental and humanitarian type, and all good Chicagoans eat it up. It may range from MICHAEL ANGELO to Boy Scouts, but it must be decorated with a hundred quotations from major and minor poets, a hundred noble sayings from noble men, relevant or irrelevant to the subject, and finally a slight personal note, perhaps a quaint saying of one's child. One arrives thus not in the shattered silence of the stream of consciousness, but in a torrent of sympathetic understanding. There is question and surmise upon the creative urge. We agree that the artist feeds his inspiration upon the flickering flame, the breaking wave, on everything beautiful and good. In our frenzy we forget O'NEILL and HEMINGWAY, or rather we consign them to the introvert with half-closed eyes in the corner who does not enjoy this sort of thing and is thinking out a rarer and still more devastating antidote.

The third type of paper is given almost entirely by our visiting English cousins, male and female, who, having been impressed with our delight in all forms of oratory, have developed a lecture or paper in the form of invective against America and the American system. This may be referred to as the Stream of Viciousness series. It is a more professional type of entertainment, and we feel that it is good enough to be amply rewarded. The lecturer gets angrier and angrier and more and more abusive. "Where is America leading us?" he or she demands. We don't know; we sit in sad and serried rows less than the dust, humble, repentant, apologetic, and finally our visitor departs in a cloud of smoke, a hundred to five hundred dollars in pocket. This is a morbid and expensive kind of pleasure, but I have as yet only met one woman who did not appreciate it. She had attended every lecture and heard every paper given in Chicago since the Great Fire, save only, of course, those which overlapped; and inadvertently she had paid three dollars to hear the same rampant lecturer three times over at three different clubs. Depression descended upon her, she felt resentful. She remarked that she didn't see why a crowd of good American women paid to be mortified and embarrassed and told how a lot of low-living writers in Bloomsbury carry on.

That is not how we look at it, however. We are out for Uplift, Information, Culture at all costs, and the paper is the surest way of attaining that desirable consummation. It is thrice blessed; it blesseth them that give and them that take, and them that tour and take away. 'Tis mightiest in the mighty; in one reading it ensures social success and the serenity enjoyed by the truly cultured. I am about to read my first paper. Chicago, I am here!

Some Useful Phrases.

HITHERTO our phrase-books have been invaluable to the poor foreigners, but this year they need revising. Who wants to be able to say, for instance, "Is it a wet day? Shall I take a mackintosh?" in this weather? Or again: "Why is there no fire in my bedroom (the lounge, the hall, the dining-room, the waiting-room)?" or, "Doctor, I have a cold (bronchitis, influenza, a chill, pneumonia)." We have not catered at all so far for "Doctor, I have sunstroke (sunburn, sun-blindness)," and for this reason my little handbook will prove beyond price—quite beyond any price, most likely—to every foreigner. Not only does it give the phrases which the astounded, bewildered and hot Continental will cer-



"You signalled for help, Miss."
"Sure! I'm still waiting."

tainly need, but it also gives the answers (with their probable meanings) which he is almost certain to get.

For example:—

On Arrival.

Q. Is this England?

A. Wacherthingitis? Egypt? (*Tr.* Yes, this is England.)

Q. Why, then, is it so hot?

A. Seat wave. (On account of the anticyclone.)

Q. Has it been very hot?

A. Otasell. (Very hot indeed.)

Q. Is this the hotel?

A. Yep.

Q. Where is the bar?

A. 'Sclosed. (It is not open.)

Q. Why is it not open?

A. 'Sclosingars. (A Government restriction.)

Q. When will it be open?

A. Six. (Eighteen hours.)

Q. And then I can get a drink?

A. Yessir.

Q. But it will be cool by then and I shall not need one.

A. Cool! (It will still be hot.)

Q. Can I get anything to drink now?

A. Tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, water. (No.)

Q. Why is this water not cold?

A. Runnuterice. (We have no ice left.)

Q. Is this coffee?

A. Yeh, 'tsright. (Yes, this is coffee.)

Q. Where can I get some thin shirts (vests, pants, blouses)?

A. Drapers; but they're sold out. (You cannot.)

Q. Do you sell straw-hats?

A. Sorry, but we're sold right out. (No.)

Q. Where can I get a bathing-suit?

A. At the baths; but they have none left.

Q. Can one swim in the baths?

A. Yes; but just now there is no room.

Q. Why are they so full?

A. 'S 'ot. (On account of the heat.)

Q. Why may I not undress on the beach?

A. 'Sindecent. (A local restriction.)

Q. Where, then, may I undress?

A. In the bathing-huts provided for the purpose.

Q. But they are all full.

A. You don't say! (They always are.)

Q. Can I have some ice in my water?

A. 'Sall melted. (We have none.)

Q. Why have you none?

A. 'S 'ot.

Q. What is there for lunch?

A. Rosbeef, horseradish, potatoes, cabbage and a sweet.

Q. Is there no lettuce, no cucumber, no tomatoes?

A. No; but there is some Yorkshire-pudding. (A hot sweet food.)

Q. When is the next boat-train?

A. I dunno. Gotter time-table. (I will find out for you.)

Q. Are the English always like this or has something happened?

A. 'S 'ot. 'Stoo 'ot. 'Smuch too 'ot. (They are not generally like this, but the heat is very trying.)

All the same I know a village on the West coast where—where no foreigners come, so it needs no phrase-book.

At the Play.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" (GARRICK).

THERE must be a certain endearing human quality in *The Belle of New York* which has enabled it to survive for thirty-five years—this is its sixth revival in London. It has been helped, I should guess, by the enduring legend of EDNA MAY'S piquant beauty and demure innocent airs. I never had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that famous lady, but have always been impressed by the legend; and I rather gather from my colleague, "W. K. H.," that romantic memories still stir within his seemingly austere breast.

The present revival at popular prices dispenses with the expensive settings and general glitter which I privily confess to finding an indispensable mitigation of the crudities of this particular art-form. The patronage of our gilded youth, disdainful of economy, has been withheld—a pity, as I have always considered them an essential part of the setting. Instead a comfortable bourgeois audience, quite content to take the affair on its merits, enjoys it wholeheartedly.

Miss KATHLEEN BURGIS, the Salvation Army lass, has just the right quality of beauty, an attractive voice, a mischievous twinkle in star-bright eyes and a tactful sense of the incongruities of the situation—which thirty and more years ago would have seemed more daring than they do to this irreverent age. The little Parisienne, *Fifi* (Miss BERTHA RICCARDO), steps daintily down from the wedding-cake into the arms of the hero and presents a delightful picture of essential innocence and domestic virtue under the lightest possible veneer of the audacity supposed to be characteristic of her race and city. Mr. LAURIE WENSLEY'S interpretation of the *Polite Lunatic*, which is one of the author's best strokes of invention, is a really excellent piece of fantastic comedy. Mr. FRED RENE, dancer and *siffleur*, with his romping partner, Miss FREDA CONSTANCE, make lively enough nonsense for us as the Bowery pugilist and his "skoirt." Much of the humour allotted to the other characters is of a heavier quality than is now, happily, in fashion. Mr. GEORGE MORGAN (the millionaire father) contrives to lighten it with more success than some of his colleagues and has a confident genial air. The Chorus, whose action is largely confined to gentle swayings and meaningless and restless gestures, in sharp contrast to the vigorous athletic technique of the current mode, serves to date this comedy even more than the specific gravity of



MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS SCORES IN A GOOD "FOLLOW ON."

its humour and the comparatively high standard of its ethics.

The music stands the test of time remarkably well. Not often nowadays are such good honest melodies invented as "When We Are Married" and "They Call Me The Belle of New York." It is odd that the least informative programme I remember to have seen does not think it worth while to mention the names of the composer, GUSTAV KERKER, and the author, "HUGH MORTON." This is hard measure for creators of a classic in its kind. Nor were the authors of the contemporary jokes and allusions and of at least one syncopated melody referred to in any way. This by way of compensation perhaps. T.



A JOVIAL BLADE.

Count Ratsi Rattatoo . . . . . MR. RICHARD MILNER.
Count Patsi Rattatoo . . . . . MR. ALBERT GOODWIN.
The Polite Lunatic . . . . . MR. LAURIE WENSLEY.

The Grotto.

WE 've made a grotter, me and Jim,
There in the corner, be'ind the lamp;
"Must 'ave some brass," I says to 'im,
"To take to camp."
Jim pinched the shells from the fried-fish shop,
But I was the one as done the motter,
Set in bus-tickets round the top:
"Rem'ber the Grotter."

That 'ere lydy acrost the w'y
Give us a tanner to start us off;
"Season," she says as she goes by,
Like a City toff!
"Ought to wear a shell on 'is 'at,
Like St. James of sumpfin or uvver."
"Jim ain't no saint," I tells her flat,
"But he 's me bruvver."

Wot do we buy when we gets to camp?
(Most of 'em arsts that every year.)
"Miss," say I, "when you 're streaming damp
It 's gingerbeer.
Share alike? Why, in course we do!
Mayn't be a saint but 'e ain't a rotter.
Ladies and Gents, it 's up to you—
Rem'ber the Grotter!"

Fresh Jams in the Child-Mouth.

"I fear we in the smaller country parishes require some very big incentive to make us realize the bigger needs of the Diocese. I have just this moment returned from our school where the Medical Officer of Health was examining the teeth of the children and the crowding was dreadful."
Parish Magazine.

"Q.—I have a large block of me. Can you suggest some way of using this? It is very hard."—*Culinary column in Canadian Paper.*

We fear you will just have to lump it.

"Wanted—in private family—for two-four weeks by refined pretentious European couple, double bed-room, bath-room, sitting-room and verandah with full board. Must be very clean and very airy with good furniture and excellent cuisine. Owners of boarding-houses please abstain."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

There is something to be said for total abstinence.



"WELL, I'LL TAKE THAT PYJAMA SUIT, AND NOW I WANT A PAIR OF FUR GLOVES TO MATCH IT."
"I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MADAM."
"I WANT THEM FOR SHAKING ICED COCKTAILS AT A PYJAMA-PARTY."

The Serious Season.

(According to the British Travel Association there will be no "Silly Season" this year, as London will be full of foreign visitors in August.)

My heart aches, as in accents faint and chilly
I murmur, "Can these tidings then be true?
Must our alluring and time-honoured 'Silly
Season' be now taboo?"

For we were ever wont to look upon it
With fond indulgence, hail each hoary wheeze
And beam approval when some brand-new bonnet
Loosed a fresh batch of bees.

It was our tonic when the air grew solemn
And Mayfair's blinds were callously let down,
While the *élite* announced in Daily Column
That they were Out of Town.

In vain we'll hunger for the sea-born reptile
That oft would cause the hardiest "salt" to reel
And make a bee-line for our billow-swept isle
Off Dover, say, or Deal.

No longer, should we weary of tall sea-tales,
The gardener shall excite our ribald mirth
O'er his gigantic gooseberry, with fresh details
Of its astounding girth.

"MOTHER OF FIVE," with her engaging tattle,
No more will chirp on dieting or dress;
Nor "OLD ETONIAN" egg her on to battle
In a receptive Press.

We have no room, it seems, for idle capers;
London in August will be far from "dead,"
But live with aliens, who will give the papers
A serious turn instead.

What though they'll serve to swell the City's coffers,
Many must mourn the jokes of yesteryear,
While *Punch*, the very Prince of Folly, proffers
This tributary tear.

A. K.

A Star Gave a Party.

She had had a comfortable life on the "legitimate" in England for twenty years, belonging to her public for six nights weekly and for two matinées. When the films took her over she found that she belonged to her directors for twenty-four hours, seven days a week. She never knew when a call would come—or end.

She took a little house in Hollywood which the realtor called "uh vury lavely bunglow," and she engaged a cook-chauffeur, coloured, middle-aged, excellent references. He was also housekeeper; he said he always hud bin. She dusted.

She was asked to parties; and in Hollywood going *to* a party and going *on* a party* mean different things. And after some time she thought she would like to give a return party—a little dinner-party.

She invited her guests to dine with her "on Thursday week, at seven-thirty for quarter to eight," and she did so by telephone. They all accepted when they discovered what "Thursday week" meant. And then she told Clive.

And Clive could not believe his big black ears. He said dat de lady evidently didn't know dat awhl ovah 'Merka T'ursday wuz de help's night awt; dat in awhl his experience—here he mentioned a list of employers who certainly had not figured in the references he had produced—in awhl his experience, then, he hud never come acrost de like. So the lady, who was quite unaware of the weekly exodus of servants every Thursday all over the United States of America, gave him two dollars to himself, said he could go out all day on the Wednesday before and the Friday after the party, that she would take taxis to and from the studio, and make her own supper. She was that kind of a lady.

Then she said pleasant things about his cooking, asked him if he would make one of his wonderful chiffon-lemon-meringue pies, and pretended not to hear when he grunted.

She rang him up from the studio at four o'clock on the party-day for him to fetch her, but as there was no answer she took a taxi. There were no signs of Clive and none of dinner at the bungalow. But on the kitchen-table there was a note. And before she knew what had happened she had read it:—

"Dear Luver,—I wisht that you come out with me this afternun. i'll honk.—your loven Leah."

She made herself a cup of tea and was just going to ring up the Ambassador Hotel to arrange to have her party there when Clive came in. He said, before she had time to ask, that he always paid his debts Thursdays, and that he felt gud. And he told her that his hend didn't feel like whuppin' no chiffon-pies, so he hud bought a swell one frum the li'l shap at de corner. And there it was, sitting on a plate looking at her. And she thought it scowled. So she made herself another cup of tea and began to set the table and to wonder where the meat was. Then she heard voices in the kitchen; and Clive explained he was de li'l cull'd bootblack frum de fur end uv de street who hud come ti clean de silber as he (Clive) cudn't passibly wuk day an' night like dis. It took the Star fifty cents to induce the bootblack to go back to his boots, and she cleaned the silver. And then Clive went out and came in with two swell chickens, all cooked and ready to heat up. And Clive was smelling them.

And finally the party arrived, and the door was opened, sometimes by Clive and sometimes by a coloured man in pure white. And the English Star was anxious to know about her new butler, so she slipped out to the kitchen and asked Clive very softly who he was. And she came at an unfortunate moment, for two of her men-guests—there were only six people in all—had each brought a cocktail-shaker full of rather potent shakings; incautiously one had been left in the hall, but it was in the kitchen when the Star got there; and it was empty, so there was nothing to be done about that.

And Clive said he wuz a great friend of his, a mason of the thirty-second degree, but was quite willing to help wait for five dawlers. And the mason said that his employers wuz Real Folks wot went awt ti their denner every Thusday night. And he said he might'z well mention dat hired help wuz awlways paid in advence in Hawllywud.

So she gave him five dollars, and he began to waver round the table with the soup, which had portions of the tin from which it came at the bottom of each plate. And the dinner, which was vile, was finally finished.

One of the ladies was a soothsayer, and a man Star asked to have his hand read; so they stayed on in the dining-room. But they came out almost at once, explaining that Clive and the mason had shooed them away, saying they cudn't wuk awhl day an' awhl night, and mus' do some clearin' up. And finally the party went home.

And the telephone rang. And it had two receivers. And Clive lifted one and the Star lifted the other.

And a voice said, "Luver, Roof said ye wuz lukin' awful sad this efternoon. But Ah said, 'Nut when he wuz wiv me.'"

And Clive said, "Say, lis'en, honey. Dis 'ere's a dawg's life. Come up in yer cawr an' we'll go an' dence at Shippey's. Honk, will yer?"

And Honey honked, and Clive slipped out. And the English Star made a bundle of all the clothes she could find in Clive's room and shoved it outside the front-door, locked it and all the windows. Then she ordered a taxi for half-past seven next morning and went to bed.

* Hollywoodian "on a bust."

Eve the Artist.

(A vicar is quoted as having expressed his admiration of women for giving play to their artistic feeling by making up their faces instead of joining "stupid men" in painting on canvas. Men, he adds, could never compete.)

When Delia gilds her loveliness
With such unnecessary pains
Her aim is merely to express
The artist latent in her veins;
The glories of her finger-nail
Put Rubens' fiery tints to shame,
And Turner's vaunted sunsets pale
Before her lips of living flame.

Poor helpless man! a sorry fate
Would overwhelm him if he tried
With studious brush to emulate
The beauties of a painted hide;
He would besmear his lips with blue
And clothe his nose in coat of red;
He could not know what subtle hue
Might best adorn a hairless head.

So, anxious still to prove his worth,
He turns to canvas and to wood,
Though there's no medium on earth
At which he could be any good;
This too is most obtuse of him,
A senseless waste of £ *s. d.*,
For, be its merits ne'er so dim,
One's face, when all is said, is free.

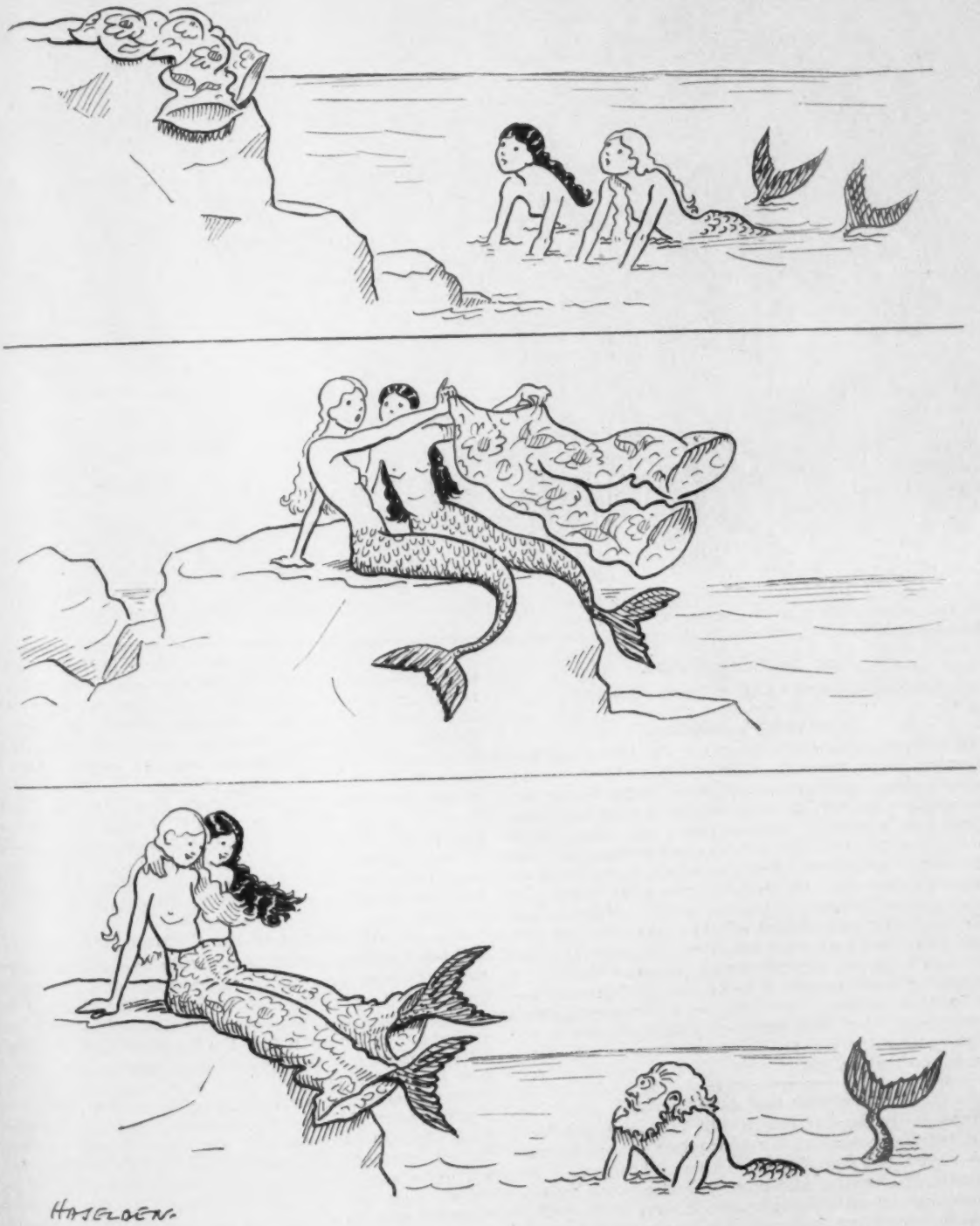
On one small point and one alone
He yet may claim the better part:
His feeble work is rarely shown
Except in galleries of art;
Though its demands upon our praise
Are still pathetically few,
At least it does not strike our gaze
Unless we really want it to.

An Impending Apology.

"Hunstanton Bathing Pool. Some Extraordinary Figures."
Local Paper.

"Prohibitionists Considering Taking Active Port in Provincial Election."
Headlines in Canadian Paper.

But only medicinally, of course.



MERMAIDS À LA MODE.



"It was touch and go. Gave me a frightful jar. I had just jumped clear of a motor-van at Bond Street corner when a 96 General missed me by inches!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Everybody's Reading."

Miss Margery Sharp's new novel, *The Flowering Thorn* (Barker, 7/6), is, according to its publisher's blurb, "everybody's reading," and it very nearly deserves the description. The younger set will like it because its attractive heroine is recruited from their foremost ranks, the older because she discovers that their point of view has something in it; and most people will enjoy the way in which, though it is not a distinguished piece of literature, the story flows gaily on and carries the reader's attention with it. *Lesley Frewen*, who in a disgruntled moment adopts a small boy and then is too decent to do anything but bring him up as she might have had he been—as most people thought—her own, is a charming young person. The Vicarage children and one or two other people are charming too, and some of *Lesley's* friends from Town and some of her neighbours in the country, who are not charming at all, are even more amusing on that account.

Espionage and Espièglerie.

Water on the Brain (Cassell, 7/6) is a happy title for a farce, but the book which it adorns might as appropriately have been called *The Author's Revenge*. For with it Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who recently had a not altogether lucky encounter with authority, gets his own back—and no doubt in more senses than one. Not that in this fantasy on the theme of secret service any assignable leg has been pulled. Mr. Mackenzie is careful to explain how baseless is the fabric of his airy structure. But you cannot caricature the absolutely non-existent; and it seems likely, therefore, that somewhere might be found a very remote counterpart to the surreptitious solemnities and ingenuous ingenuities of M.Q. 99 (E). Be that as it may, the book is a trifle in Mr. Mackenzie's most excellent manner, and it would be to skim the cream from a delicious jest even to hint at the nature of the adventures undergone by *Major Arthur Blenkinsop* on his country's behalf. One point must, however, be noted. Mr. Mackenzie is, I think, the first to explore the reactions of wives to the mysterious activities of husbands sworn to a not even conjugally violable secrecy—activities in which intimacies with other fascinating ladies are, it would seem, inevitably involved.

Adventures in the Picturesque.

When Carlyle averred that buff-belts and jerkins were transitory and men eternal, he was not only having an unmerited thrust at Sir Walter Scott but indicating the possible weakness of all historical fiction. Buff-belts and jerkins are undoubtedly half the fun-of-the-fair, but their wearers must not decline into period-pieces; and this I feel to be the tendency (now and again) in George Preedy's otherwise accomplished short stories. *The Knot Garden* (Lane, 7/6) is a far pleasanter and more original book than its conventionally suggestive jacket assumes, for, far from confining itself, in Arnold Bennett's phrase, to "feeble naughtiness concerning kings' mistresses," these ardent tales not infrequently concern themselves with royalty's would-be assassins and even with its possible consorts. "Hurry, Hurry" admirably fulfils the first condition and "Sonata for an Ugly Princess," the second, while the entirely charming "Group in Porcelain" settles the domestic dilemmas of two eighteenth-century Parisians.

Grimmer fare, compounded of war, poison and plague, is provided by "Crab-apple Harvest," "Mother-o'-Pearl," and "Heroic Landscape." Altogether a varied and vivid parterre in which exotic and native picturesqueness flourishes as to the manner born.

Record of a Search.

Mr. FLEMING (christened PETER)
Publishes, with CAPE,
An adventure—seldom meeter
Motive such did shape.
Attic salt he takes to sauce it;
With a style his pen he primes;
And he goes to look for FAWCETT,
Representing thus *The Times*.

To this end the author travels
Tropical Brazil,
Claims, I think, that he unravels
(If one ever will)
Yet another jungle secret,
One more dead *voorlooper's* doom
In the smoke, the camp-fire's reek, writ
In the green and feral gloom.

So *Brazilian Adventure*
Certainly I'd choose
As a book that will content your
Most exacting views;
For you'll find that Mr. FLEMING
Strikes the rightful rover key—
Strikes (a key there's no condemning)
Laughter out of Tragedy.

History with Jam.

The series of *Great Occasions* (PETER DAVIES, 5/- each) reaches a high level with *The Spanish Marriage*, by HELEN SIMPSON. The events which preceded and culminated in the marriage of PHILIP and MARY are narrated in excellent style. The historical characters, especially QUEEN MARY, are real persons. They are reasonably quaint, for some measure is set to their *grotesquerie*. Wit and satire illuminate the pages; there are some delicious comments on English national traits and the crazy materialism of earlier days. The description of the rising of Sir THOMAS WYAT is a beautiful piece of work. I find this book strikes exactly the right balance between history and fiction, and with all restraint I acclaim it a genuine achievement and a splendid bargain at the price.



Tourist (after two miles of it). "LOOK HERE, ALFONSO, LET'S GET THIS RIGHT. HAVE YOU ADOPTED US OR HAVE WE ADOPTED YOU?"

Adventures in Contraband.

Below Bridges (CONSTABLE, 7/6) strikes me as rather scrappily put together but admirably told, with an excellent eye for character and a memorable gift for dialogue. Once you have its narrator ushered on to a docked windjammer to which he does not belong (by a constable who mistakes a fall on a dirty night for the belated revels of a member of the crew) you will not desert him until he leaves the last of his seafaring friends to the sound of an ultimate chanty. In the interval you can make the acquaintance of *Joe*, whose skipper scuttled his first ship in a tempest; of *Paddy*, who sailed for a pearl-fishery under sealed orders; of a mid-ocean shindy begun and sustained by gin; and of the chivalrous rescue of a landlady beset by bailiffs. The pick of the tales, however, is the story of *Mahoney, alias Widnagrotski*, who specialises in smuggling Chinamen into California and has a delightful house and housekeeper off the East India Dock Road to retire to when off duty. *Mahoney's* odyssey is a wholly fascinating epic, and shows what Mr. PETER BELLOC can (and I hope will) do when he produces a successor to this promising first volume.

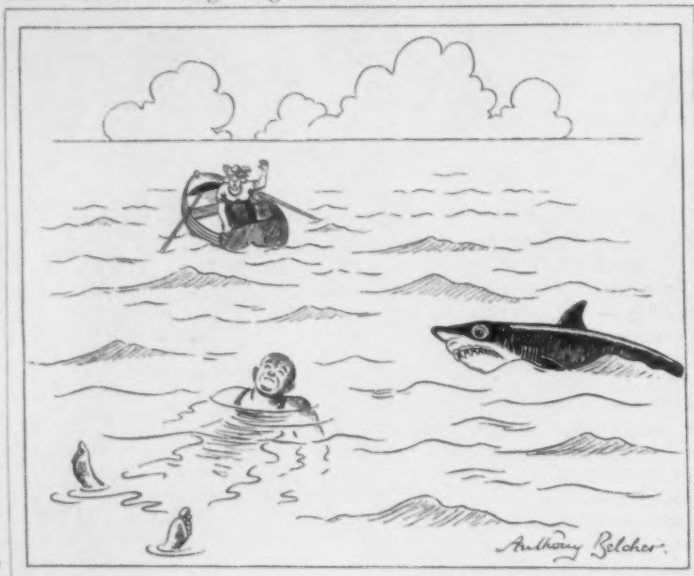
For Seasoning.

Sour and salt is not for every palate, but for those whose taste in pickles is not dashed by the modern vogue for sweet sauces one may commend *More From a Lawyer's Notebook* (SECKER, 5/-). Here behind a lightly-held screen of anonymity a somewhat disillusioned professional adviser has compounded together in one jar hot little peppercorn

epigrams and verses in half-a-dozen languages, smoking-room sallies almost more pungent than savoury, and discourses succulent or stringy, so that one may pass lightly from divorce law reform to a problem in English grammar, from the profession of astrology to snails as a cure for asthma, from comments on Dora to sponge-cakes or the ethics of reviewing. Pessimism as an aid to national digestion may not commend itself to those who do not despair of their day and generation; and it is perhaps a fair criticism that the writer's charges of loose thinking and mass psychology may be turned back on himself. Speaking personally, his vinegar screws me all up when he crabs Mr. BALDWIN, for instance; but I forgive him everything when he rails against negroid noises and plucked eyebrows.

Soufflé for a Holiday Menu.

To one of the many sparrows twittering so fatuously on the machicolations of Blandings Castle life within that ancient pile must have seemed to be bowling along with its customary feudal calm. *Lord Emsworth* pottered to and fro, ministering to his gigantic pig; *Beach* did the same, his solicitude centring upon the *Hon. Galahad Threepwood's* thirst; while in their closets the *Ladies Julia* and *Constance* jousted happily with barbed tongues. But, unknown to our sparrow, *there were wheels within wheels*, as *Monty Bodkin*, an unerring philosopher, continually observed—wheels which got into gear with alarming rapidity and enmeshed a large bag of notabilities, including our old friends *Sue Brown*, *Ronnie Fish* and the blister *Pilbeam*. Motive power was supplied by the impending marriage of *Sue* and *Ronnie* on the one hand and on the other by the impending publication of the *Hon. Galahad's* Reminiscences, purple all through. And naturally the pig did its bit. Admittedly this is an old, old bottle, but Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE's new wine is sufficiently mellow not to harm it. Dr. Punch recommends that *Heavy Weather* (JENKINS, 7/6) should be absorbed at bedtime in large doses.



"DUCK, ALBERT! THERE'S A SHARK!"

More about Russia.

Under Soviet as under Tsarist tyranny Russia continues to be a land of mystery and contrast. Liberty that many would call licence exists side by side with ruthless political oppression. After reading Mr. HINDUS' account of *The Great Offensive* (GOLLANCZ, 5/-), that is the Bolshevist experiment in State capitalism, I am more than ever convinced that the Slav excels all other races in his capacity for uncomplaining endurance. Neither war nor famine nor mass executions have been able to rouse him to revolt. Mr. HINDUS believes that nothing can stop the irresistible progress of the Soviet experiment within Russia short of armed interference from without that is for the present unlikely to take place. At the same time Mr. HINDUS is in agreement with LENIN in thinking that the Bolshevist dream of a world revolution is an illusion that is no longer entertained by serious Russian politicians. His account of the many aspects of the Bolshevist experiment is both entertaining and sympathetic. Perhaps too sympathetic to be wholly impartial.

Round the Garden Paths.

Mrs. MURIEL MARSTON, in *A Garden by the Avon* (METHUEN, 7/6), has succeeded in bringing off a double event. She has introduced her readers to a delightful home and she has written a book about gardening that cannot fail to be useful. The reasons for her success are not far to seek. She loves beautiful things as much as she likes to be undisturbed while collecting and distributing them; she writes spontaneously; and, starting gardening from the beginning, she has learned her lessons thoroughly in the school of experience. It is on the banks of the Warwickshire Avon that Mrs. MARSTON, with the help of her husband (*Himself*) and her delightfully obstinate gardener, has realised her visions of beauty. Carefully selected illustrations add to the pleasure of reading this intimate and, from a garden-lover's point of view, valuable record.

Secret Service.

When *Lord* and *Lady Blackburgh* opened a beauty-parlour and scent-shop in Bond Street they were heading for trouble; for he, without his wife's knowledge, tried his hand at a little smuggling. But while he was cheating the Customs, cunning people were using him as their puppet. The position, as you will find in *False Scent* (BENN, 7/6), was all the more piquant because *Lady Blackburgh's* brother was "Head of the Secret Service." The yarn as it develops is both exciting and gruesome. But, although Mr. IAN GRIEG's climax is most ingenious, I am not prepared to say that it will be generally accepted as justification for his Lordship's serious misdemeanours.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, will be on view at The Pump Room, Bath, August 26 to September 20.

A separate Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient is on view at Moss Bank House, Bolton, until September 2; and will be at Whitby, September 16 to October 14; and at Hull, November 1 to 30. Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

CROSSINGS of chess-board design are to be tried in London, with the object, it is understood, of inducing pedestrians to think out their moves.

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Vegetables are growing on the roof of a London house. A correspondent who has recently acquired a new villa says that apparently all he can cultivate is leeks.

***

Main-crop potatoes are said to be plentiful this year, but very small. We must be thankful for small murphies.

***

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE has expressed his disapproval of body-line bowling. As a batsman Mr. ASCHE would be in danger of being hit by a wide.

***

"He said I had a face that would stop a clock," complained a man in a London police-court. That kind of face would be very useful to an economical taxi-passenger.

***

A horticultural society is to hold a contest for old-fashioned scented plants. Several correspondents write urging the claims of their respective gasworks.

***

We sympathise with the Leicester gentleman who lost a brand-new motor-car last week, but our heart really goes out to a Woodford resident who actually lost two trains during the same period.

***

Epicures were relieved that the threatened general strike in Strasbourg was averted before the geese engaged in the *pâté-de-foie-gras* industry went on hunger-strike.

***

The seizure of General O'DUFFY'S revolvers is believed to have strengthened his determination to stick to his guns.

***

"Craters into which St. Paul's Cathedral could easily be placed are quite common in the volcanic region of South America," states an authority. Why not test them with the Houses of Parliament first?

***

After travelling all night to play in a match an eminent golfer had no time to shave. Golfers who shave in a hurry are apt to slice.

***

It seems opportune to remind visitors to the Highlands that it is incorrect to speak of "The" COMPTON MACKENZIE.

***

They say that a single map showing the travelling facilities of London would completely cover the Albert Memorial—and a number of people are in favour of the proposition.

***

Yachting visitors in scanty clothing complain that Norfolk isn't Broad-minded.

***

The prohibition of hooting after 10 P.M., which is advocated, would not of course apply to owls.

***

According to a musician, owing to the mechanisation of music, composers will soon have to write inferior compositions. It is feared that this will prove very difficult.

***

"Until women learn the art of 'volleying,'" says a tennis expert, "they will never equal men at the game." Lovely woman, in fact, must stoop to volley.

***

"With all her faults," says a writer, "we love the modern girl still." But of course that is just what she very seldom is.

***

A cow bit a golf-ball in two during a tournament at Knebworth. Saying to itself, "This for a half."

***

When an undergraduate was recently charged with stealing three bicycles he was found to be suffering from psychasthenia. Only a university town is capable of accurately describing a weakness for psycles.

***

A footballer declares that he could kick a golf-ball round the links in less strokes than the average player. He must be club-footed.

***

The question has been raised whether poets get their deserts in their lifetime. Some are lucky if they don't.

***

A comedian recently appeared in spite of a heavy cold. Hoarse chestnuts.

***

According to a trainer, keen sprinters should invariably train on grape-fruit. Just to get that extra spurt, we suppose.



Holiday-maker. "WHY DON'T THEY SCRAP THAT OLD JETTY?"
Old Salt. "SCRAP IT, SIR! WHY, THE COUNCIL 'AVE JUST DECIDED TO PUT A SLOT-MACHINE ON IT AND CALL IT THE PALACE PIER."

Bredon.

ALLONS!
Chantons
Une chanson
De Bredon!
Tout près
De Malvern est
La colline
Voisine
De Bredon.
Elle se dresse
Parmi les prés,
Comme une fée,
Enchanteresse.
Tout le monde,
Ému,
À la ronde
Crie "Salut"
À Bredon,
Mignon!

Aunt Anne Prepares to Cruise.

"SHIPPING," wrote Aunt Anne in such space as a picture-postcard of the Giant's Causeway would permit, "is in a parlous state. It is the solemn duty of every British citizen to take at least one cruise. I therefore propose to cruise in Northern waters and visit the Northern capitals of Europe, including Leningrad. I have *no* intention of being massacred, and I am prepared for espionage *to any extent*."

Her opinion of the present rulers of Russia was mixed up with some of the stones of the Giant's Causeway, but it was underlined and undoubtedly unfavourable.

The card from Ballycastle requested me to meet her at Euston. "I am making the crossing on a C.P.R. liner," wrote Aunt Anne. "I must have space to think in. There is much to be done before I start on my cruise."

I met the boat-train at Euston. Half Canada seemed to pour out of the train, but I located Aunt Anne without difficulty

"We must surely meet again," a genial Canadian was saying to her. "I have given your grip to that porter. I thank you again, Ma'am, for your conversation."

* * * * *

"Cruising trousers I will *not* wear!" said Aunt Anne, examining a shop-window in Oxford Street which seemed full of nothing else, all in the gaudiest colours. "Monkeys on sticks! I met a young woman on the boat wearing them, and I asked her if her mother knew she had taken the bedroom curtains. The manufacturers have evidently got a lot of odd pieces of curtain material and they have made them up into these atrocities. And those basket-trays for the head are only meant to make young women look conspicuous."

She entered the shop, and I left her demanding to be shown the latest cruising garments, on the understanding that she would buy nothing that was not womanly and becoming.

When we met at lunch Aunt Anne was quietly triumphant.

"My cruising outfit will be bright and becoming," she said, "but I could sit next the Archbishop of Canterbury in it. I shall now have time to prepare for the serious part of the cruise."

She consulted a Cruise-Book with gay illustrations. One picture showed the passengers swimming gaily beside the ship, with parti-coloured swimming costumes half out of the water, and apparently making good speed. Other pictures were equally exciting.

"Hamburg, thirty hours," she said. "I understand that foreign visitors to Germany are compelled to swing their arms about in Swedish exercises whenever the name of HITLER is mentioned —'Hello, HITLER!' I think they say— or a band plays a tune they connect with him. I shall have nothing to do with that foolishness except to reprove it. *'Hitler ist nur ein Mann, und ein Dummkopf'*—a Jewish gentleman on the boat helped me with that phrase."

"You'd better be careful," I said. "You don't want to spend the rest of the time in a German prison."

"Anything I have to say will be said in the middle of the other passengers," said Aunt Anne sagaciously, "so if they want to arrest one they will have to arrest all. They won't want to fill their prisons with people dressed like that shop-window in Oxford Street."

"Well, be very cautious," I begged her.

"Then I see that we spend eighteen hours at Leningrad," continued Aunt Anne. "I am preparing a notebook for Russia."

"A notebook?" I inquired.

"You can't tell me anything about Russian espionage," said Aunt Anne firmly. "I have read a great deal on the subject. I am told they have spy-holes in their hotel dining-rooms where spies listen to the conversation of travellers. I may even have a special spy allotted to me—Ivan or Petrovitch or some name like that. The very trunk-stand in your bedroom may be a spy on all-fours covered with a rug. Well, I shall simply drop a little notebook, which I am preparing, under the dining-room table so that my spy may find it."

"What will be in the notebook?" I asked, bewildered.

"Much that will interest and instruct," said Aunt Anne. "My Stores ticket number, my electric voltage, the address of my chimney-sweep, a plan of my new summer-house and a few choice quotations."

"Such as——?" I asked.

"Magna Carta," said Aunt Anne firmly. "'*To none will we deny, to none will we delay, to none will we sell truth or justice.—June 15th*, 1215.' Then, as a Gladstonian Liberal, I shall add Mr. GLADSTONE'S noble programme: '*Peace, Retrenchment and Reform.*' And of course, first of all, the KING'S Speech to his People at Christmas. I shall write the whole of that. During the meal I shall complain to the management or the Commissar or the Comrade-in-Charge, or whatever they call hotel managers now, about the draught from the spy-holes. Simple statements of fact are always paralysing to the guilty. I shall insist also on the chambermaid searching my room for mice and spies before I retire to rest. Ghosts, alas! there will be in plenty, but I am quite prepared to see and converse with them. I have nothing but sympathy for them, and any statements they may care to make, if spoken slowly in English or simple French, will be carefully stored in my memory for reproduction in letters to *The Times* when we are in our native land once more. It will indeed be a full and colourful experience," she added. "I hope to return home healthily tanned and with my mind stored with instructive memories."

* * * * *

"Leave it to the Captain," counselled a wise-looking travel-agent at the shipping-office when I confided my fears to him. "There's nothing he doesn't know about passengers and their little ways. Besides, there's a ship's hostess who will make things very safe and comfortable for ladies going ashore. She'll whisk your aunt into a shop before the Germans start their HITLER 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' or whatever the tune is. And as for Leningrad, just leave it to the Captain. When you've handled thousands of ladies you know something about them. Leave it to the Captain."

* * * * *

I am leaving Aunt Anne to the Captain.

Highland Names.

THERE'S music in the Highland names
Sweeter than Highland wind
Sweeping the rain-washed bracken edge
From heather glens behind.

The names go singing through my head
When I am far away,
Till like the lilting of the pipes
The Scottish places play.

Craigellachie and Tomintoul,
Blair Atholl, Lochnagar,
Schiehallion, Moidart, Rannoch moor,
Blairgowrie and Braemar.

Their cadence marches through my heart
Like tartan kilts asway,
Like shadow clansmen striding on
Through hills of yesterday.

Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui too,
Glen Affric and Glen Shiel,
Dalwhinnie, Dalnaspidal Pass,
Loch Laggan and Lochiel.

When I'm a wanderer wearying
Of alien roads and sore,
Wind of the Highlands, wake my soul
Whispering "*Aviemore!*"



ANOTHER LABOUR FOR HERCULES.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "GOOD! AND NOW TO END THIS TYRANNY OF NOISE AND MAKE ROME AS PEACEFUL AS SHE IS GREAT."

[According to a recent article in *The Times* on "Noise in Rome," the din of motor-traffic among the Seven Hills is intolerable and calls for drastic regulation.]



ATTACHMENT.

Marriott the Master.

THERE are times when one's inability to write noble verse sears the soul and eats like a canker into the mind—occasions that cry aloud for thundering odes and seem to scorn the miserable medium of prose for their commemoration. And here is one of them. The extraordinary performance of Mr. C. S. MARRIOTT, who in his first appearance in a Test Match took 11 West Indian wickets for 96 runs—and that too by the exercise of skill and cunning, not through the sheer speed of his deliveries or the terror excited in his opponents by some furious method of approach to the bowling-crease—merits at least a dozen stanzas in the best heroic manner. They should tell, these stanzas, how in his country's hour of need, when not only ALLEN THE SWIFT and BOLD LARWOOD OF NOTTINGHAM, but those doughty fighters also, Esquires VERITY, ROBINS and MACAULAY, had perforce withdrawn their lances from the fray, an old man rose stiffly from the text-books over which he had pored so long and went out to do great and glorious battle with the enemy. They should tell of the weary years he had waited, wasting his sweetness on the county grounds, for such an opportunity as this, and of his ultimate triumphant vindication—if the metre would stand for such a phrase—of the selectors' choice. The thing would be an epic.

But, alas! when it comes to heroic stanzas my pen refuses its accustomed office; the nib, weary of being held aloft in sterile, if splendid, isolation, falls sadly to the floor, and on the virgin paper only the great tears of a fettered genius reveal the might-have-been.

"Why not, then," you may say, "some light verse in honour of the occasion since impassioned poetry seems so clearly outside the scope of your threadbare and uninstructed Muse? Surely this is better than mere dull prose?"

Am I to understand that you would seriously have me write—

Less (if you'll pardon the metaphor)
Than the dust 'neath the wheels of his chariot
Are the men who attempted to get a four
Off the bowling of Schoolmaster MARRIOTT?

Or, still more unpardonably—

'Arriet says to 'Erb,
A-standin' on the kerb,
"Oo's the man there's all the fuss abaht?"
And 'Erb says to 'Arriet,
"Why, that's Mr. MARRIOTT
Wot's been an' bowled them perishin'
Indians aht"?

Because those are the only two rhymes to "MARRIOTT" I can think of, and everybody knows that light verse which fails to bring in an ingeniously-rhymed proper name is not, properly speaking, light verse at all. Or have you decided now that perhaps after all prose would be the more fitting medium? Very well then.

Had it been my good fortune to attend the third Test Match I could have entertained you at some length with a description of Mr. MARRIOTT'S arm-action and the behaviour of some of his more remarkable balls, all in the best manner of the professional cricket correspondent. "On no account," I should have said, "be led astray by *The Daily Cry*, which tells you that the ball which disturbed the stumps of MERRY (or maybe GRANT) in the first innings went with the bowler's arm,

hung for an appreciable second, and then, dropping a trifle short, broke back sharply on to the leg stump in a way that would not have disgraced HUGH TRUMBLE in his best days. From where I was sitting it was quite clear that the ball left the bowler's hand at right angles, came up into the wind at the halfway mark and, spinning at a tremendous pace with the stitches pointing N.N.E., completely deceived the batsman into making a strong forcing shot off his pads some time after his middle stump was lying on the ground—the whole performance reminding me far more forcibly of a ball that that great cricketer, ALBERT CRABBE, bowled to me in the '60's than anything I ever saw TRUMBLE do." And I should probably have added that one of his balls "came quickly up the hill"—unless that happens to be a phenomenon that only occurs at Lord's.

But as an unwilling absentee one must forgo all this and content oneself with remarks of a more general nature, such as—

"ELDERLY BOWLER'S TRIUMPH,"

or, better—

"VETERAN'S AMAZING TEST DÉBUT."

You may object to "elderly" and cry out against "veteran" as vehemently as you wish; I shall take no notice whatever. It is an accepted fact in the journalistic world that anyone who continues to play games over the age of thirty is a veteran, and you ought to know it. In private life Mr. MARRIOTT (who is, I believe, thirty-eight) may be counted as still quite young in years and, I have no doubt, in spirit; but once let him set foot on the cricket-field and he is an old, old man—and I shall say so. In fact, when I come to think of it, "veteran" is not enough. When a man is a veteran at thirty, what stage of white-bearded venerability has he not reached at the age of thirty-eight—what hoary word will be too strong to describe his tottering decrepitude?

Allow me, then, to take off my disreputable hat in honour of an

ANCIENT SCHOOLMASTER'S SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT,

and to bid "Gaffer" MARRIOTT take things very easy—till the Australians come!

H. F. E.

"Full-lengths also appear, and one excellent model in the new lighter dark blue has a side leather barrel button body fastening."
Daily Paper.

All those with side leather barrel button bodies should lose no time in securing it.



Motorist (annoyed). "WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Boy. "WANT TO SEE YOU START THE CAR."
Mother. "DON'T YOU DO IT, MISTER, UNTIL HE SAYS PLEASE."

A Londoner's Lament.

To-DAY on each and every beach
All round our English land,
With pail and spade they come arrayed,
The architects of sand;
Each builds with small presumptuous pride
Castle or tower or tump,
To stand its hour against the tide,
Crowned with its cricket-stump.

They build; and I, who fain would try
My skill as engineer,
Find all around encumbered ground
Thwarting my fancy here.
I mayn't sail boats in Fleet Street or
Build ramparts in the Strand;
Unlike the Walrus I deplore
A scarcity of sand.

I feel the urge within me surge
To sun-bathe in the nude,
But those who share my office—they 're
In quite another mood.
I dream of doughty battles fought
With stick and tennis-ball;
And I 'm within (fond impious thought)
A stone's-throw of Whitehall.

Full Marks for Miss Smith.

Q. Who said "Kiss me, HARDY"?
A. LAUREL.
Schoolgirl's reply.

"PERSONAL.
Author two plays, redolent S.A. soil, seeks producer."—*South African Paper.*

A bath appears to be the greater need.

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"S-S-S-H! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! HE HATES HAVING HIS ECCENTRICITIES NOTICED."

For Jonahs.

OUT of evil good may come. This would no doubt be more striking if expressed in Latin, but I am not out to delight readers with the glamour of fine literature, but rather to indicate to the unfortunate a way by which they can get even with Destiny.

There must be many who, like myself, find that their purchase of shares in a company is a prelude to the downfall of that company, and that their betting on a horse always affects the order of precedence on the racecourse to the disadvantage of that horse.

I append a couple of letters which will, I hope, clearly explain a system which I have evolved.

To the Hon. Secretary, Bank of England.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that you have a considerable sum of money stored in the coffers of your Bank, and I write to mention that I, on the contrary, am possessed of a quite negligible amount, and in fact have never even bothered to get a coffer for its accommodation. Now, Sir, *I want one thousand pounds.* You say you are sorry, but, really—Why should you sorrow? Let me have a cheque for the amount. You ask why? I will tell you, Sir.

I contemplate instructing my broker to purchase on my behalf a share—or stock, whichever is the cheaper—in your Bank. You do not perhaps take very much interest in my affairs. Nevertheless allow me to tell you the history of my previous adventures in Finance.

On the first of June, 1921, I invested £1 10*s.* in Consolidated Nuggets, Ltd., whose barns were at that time bursting with gold. On June 3rd a party of miscreants attacked the store, overpowered the caretaker, got away with every ounce of gold, and, not content with this, wantonly destroyed all the pickaxes, shovels and other implements that were on the premises. The Manager threw himself into the mine and was smashed to fragments at the bottom. The Directors shot themselves in rotation. Consolidated Nuggets was ruined. I believe an effort was made—presumably by the Chairman, Accountant and Solicitor—to wind it up again, but apparently it was not successful, for nobody ever returned to me any of my capital.

A few years later I found that I had £1 3*s.* 9*d.* lying idle, and so put it into the firm of Ninon et Cie—a very flourishing business entirely concerned with the production of the less apparent articles of feminine covering. Almost immediately Fashion declared that underclothing was superfluous and should not be worn. This was, of course, disastrous to the company, and I never got any return for the sum with which I entrusted it. On my inquiring about it I got very little satisfaction, merely being told, to the best of my recollection, that it was being liquefied. I don't know much about such matters, but I suppose this was necessary in order to convert it into francs.

My next choice of investment was a direct result of my second misfortune. Having amassed £2 1*s.* 6*d.* I, rashly I admit, put every penny of it into "Frocks, Ltd." This impulsive act was followed by a decree that ladies should in future wear nothing but

underclothing. I am told that I can now purchase "Frocks" shares for a song. If you had ever heard me sing you would realise the desperate position of this company.

I now beg to inform you, Sir, that unless I receive from you a cheque for one thousand pounds on or before this day week I will buy a stock (or a share, as the case may be) in the Bank of England. This is no idle threat, for I have in my pocket at this moment £2 8*s*. 4*d*., my absolute property.

I am, Yours truly.

A. McJonah.

You see, I have the man at my mercy. I could of course have made it five thousand, but I do not wish to embarrass the goose upon whom I may have to call in the future.

Again—

To the Earl of Paddock.

My Lord,—I see by the newspapers that your horse Perambulator is favourite for the Derby this year.

I may or may not put two-and-sixpence on him. You smile. If I wish to run risks it is none of your business. Wait a moment, my lord.

Three years ago I backed Plus Fours, the favourite for the Tin-Tack Stakes. The day before the race he developed a large glander on one of his rear legs and was obliged to stay in bed. I was strongly of the opinion that my stake should have been returned, but was unable to get in touch with the bookmaker to whom I had entrusted it.

Luckily the sum was a comparatively small one, and after a short period of discouragement I travelled to Ascot, but, having had my lesson, only ventured one shilling on Stirabout, who was a very hot favourite for the 2.30. Stirabout fell at the last fence, injured his spavin (I think it was) and had to be assisted off the course.

This did not hit me so hard, and at Manchester a few months later, having been successful in a crossword competition, I laid a wager of five shillings on Follow my Leader, who was considered to be a certainty for the Barndoor Plate. He had only gone a hundred yards when he burst a tendon—at mid-off or somewhere—and had to be poisoned.

For a considerable time after this disaster I succeeded in curbing my passion for gambling, but at the last Newmarket meeting I laid two shillings on Anthropoid Lass for the Week-End Handicap. When leading by several lengths and within a few yards of her goal she put her foot in a rabbit-hole and turned a complete somersault, the tip of her tail actually displacing the tape. A win was claimed, but the stewards decided that a winner must arrive head foremost, and so the race was awarded to the second horse.

And now, my lord, unless you remit one thousand pounds within a week I will positively put a shilling on Perambulator. I am,

Yours truly,

A. McJonah.

What can his lordship do? There appears to be only one course open to a man of honour who does not wish to see thousands of people backing his horse that *he knows cannot win*.

I may have the evil eye, but this ocular defect does not prevent my seeing a profitable way of turning bad luck to good account, and I will be glad if some poor wretch to whom it may give new courage will try the system and let me know the result.

Talking of bad luck, I might mention, although it is not relevant either to Finance or the Turf, another recent experience.

I submitted this article to a well-known paper a short time ago.

The Editor rejected it.

That afternoon news came to the office which rendered necessary the insertion of a smudge in a blank column reserved for that purpose. The Editor ordered the press to be stopped, but something having gone wrong with the machinery the printers were unable to carry out the order, and the Editor went himself to see what was the matter. Approaching too near, he was caught in the whirling press, and portions of his silhouette were recognisable in some copies of the evening edition.



Little Smithson (who has consented to make up card-party on race-train). "I hope you won't mind—I only play for nuts or sweets."



Misleading Cases.

Oley v. *Posh.*

JUDGMENT was delivered by the House of Lords to-day in the "Slander of Men" case.

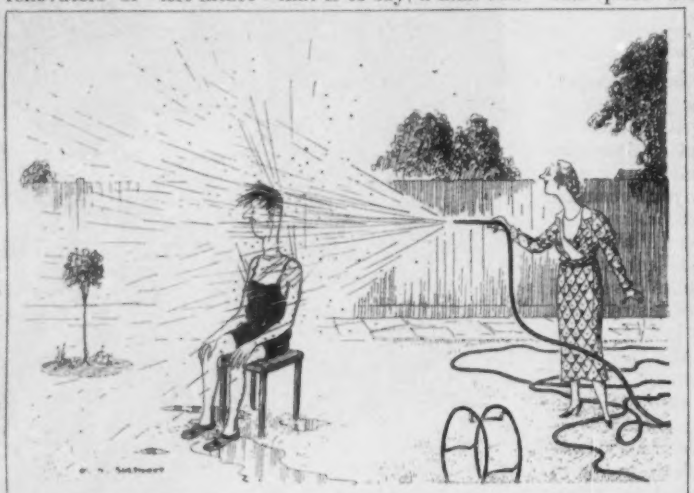
The Lord Chancellor said:—

"This is one of those cases in which, in my judgment, your Lordships' House should be ready to act not only as interpreters but as renovators of the Common Law. The appellant, Mr. Oley, brought an unsuccessful suit for slander in the High Court (which held that there was no case to go to the jury), and he appealed in vain to the Court of Appeal; but, following the example of the good Mr. Haddock, he has refused to accept as final the precedents and authorities which were, very properly, considered binding by the Courts below, and has now come to the ultimate fount of justice for refreshment.

"The facts are these. In the course of a verbal controversy concerning the Origins of Music, the respondent, who is a musical critic, said to Mr. Oley, who is a composer, 'You are a rip,' a word which is generally considered to impute immoral conduct, though its etymological origin has never been clear to me. Mr. Posh has made no attempt to show that the accusation was founded on fact; indeed in his pleading he put forward the queer defence that the word was used in an affectionate manner and might almost be regarded as a term of endearment. Mr. Oley, on the other hand, does not claim that he has suffered any particular damage; he has not, for example, been requested to resign from his clubs; the music which he writes is still classed as 'good' music and therefore is not much performed; but this was the case before. Nevertheless the accusation appears to have rankled, and Mr. Oley sued for damages.

"Now, according to the fantastic law of libel and slander, though a person wounded by the written word may recover damages without proof that he has in fact suffered any material loss, in an action for slander he must establish special or actual damage—except in four cases. One of these exceptions (to which I shall return) is the case where the man is slandered as a professional or business man. Another was grafted on to the Common Law by an extraordinary statute—the Slander of Women Act, 1891. By that Act it was enacted that spoken words imputing a lack of virtue to any woman or girl shall not require special damage to render them actionable. But this Act does not apply to Scotland.

"As to men, the old rule of law was left intact—that is to say, a man can-



"I TELL YOU QUITE FRANKLY, OLIVE, IF IT WERE NOT FOR LEAVING YOU AND ONE OR TWO FELLOWS AT THE OFFICE, I'D BE A PORPOISE TO-MORROW."

not complain of such words, if they do no damage, unless he is a beneficed clergyman.

"We have, then, this somewhat startling position. In the absence of proof of special damage—

(1) it is not dangerous, at law, to say in public to a judge, 'You are a rip;'

(2) it is dangerous to say to a beneficed clergyman, 'You are a rip' (but not, it would appear, to a retired bishop);

(3) it is dangerous to say to a woman, 'You are a rip,' but not in Scotland, where such an assertion, presumably, would not be resented, or, to adopt a more agreeable alternative, is so unlikely to be made that the protection of the Act was not considered necessary.

"My Lords, you are acquainted with the earnest efforts of the past fifty years to secure what is called the Equality of the Sexes and to raise the female to the same status as the male. It would be as simple and as sensible to provide by Act of Parliament that the moon, as from a given date, shall be the same size as the sun. But let that pass. There is here one of the numerous instances in which during the course of this clumsy agitation the balance has been tipped in the opposite direction and the male transferred to an unnatural position of subjection. It was well observed by our learned brother, Marrow L.J., in the celebrated case of *Fardell* v. *Potts*, that at Common Law there was no such thing as a reasonable woman, though that austere conception has suffered considerable attrition during recent years. But, just as under the old law a woman was held to have no sense, a man under the new law, it appears, is held to have no morals. Or, to use the fine old expression of our forefathers, 'honour,' a woman's 'honour,' is a precious and delicate thing (except in Scotland), but not a man's (unless he be a beneficed clergyman).

"My Lords, there are matters here for your consideration of much deeper importance than the question whether Mr. Posh did right to say that Mr. Oley was a rip. It is the constant hope of all good citizens that the race is continually improving upon the achievements of its fathers, and to this hope we cling, even where the evidence is least encouraging. In the sphere of art or literature, for example, it may by some be regarded as a forlorn and even a presumptuous hope. But surely in the sphere of morals we do right to entertain it. It may be difficult to paint, to write, to design great buildings as nobly as our forefathers did; but who will take so low a view of his own generation as to say that we cannot hope to behave as well as they did? And I would remind your Lordships that we have enjoyed, as they did not, the advantages of fifty years of free public elementary education, and may therefore, without arrogance, expect to behave even better.

"Very well, then. Now, one of the favourite aims of those reformers who labour to improve the lot of the female

and the morals of the male is the extinction of the old idea that there may be one canon of moral behaviour for women and another for men. To these reformers we owe a recent statute in the department of Divorce. Before that Act a single unauthorised embrace was sufficient foundation for the divorce of a wife; but a husband, to render himself liable to a decree, must not only transfer his affections to another lady but give clear proof that he had done so by knocking his wife about or leaving her defenceless for two years or more; the idea being that for a woman to be unfaithful was a rare, shocking and definitive event (even in Scotland), but was a normal proceeding in the life of a man and proved nothing of any importance.

"This idea, no doubt, had some correspondence with the facts in the far-off century which gave it birth, when men were less domestic and women more neglected, and even members of your Lordships' House were not ashamed of a certain irresponsibility in the distribution of their affections. There may be those—but not, I hope, in this House—who will maintain that the idea has reason behind it still. Be that as it may, it has been deliberately renounced by the nation in the Act of Parliament already mentioned. And here in this appeal we are confronted with a forgotten fragment of it still adhering to the Common Law. What are your Lordships to do? If the authorities of the past be still respected Mr. Oley's appeal must be dismissed; and to-morrow the news will be flashed across the world that, by the laws of England, in the judgment of your Lordships' House, a man, as such, has no virtue to speak of—or not, at least, in the sense that merely to deny it is to damage him. The libertines in our midst will be rejoiced to hear that the law at least has one foot still in the eighteenth century; and the forces of morality will be correspondingly cast down. The young student, bending over his law reports, will be shocked to learn that there are still two standards of morality before the law, that enemies will speak at their peril against his mother's honour but may say what they like about his father's (unless his mother is a resident in Scotland or his father be expelled from his clubs). And he will be yet more horrified when he turns to the third exception to the rule we are considering; for this suggests—nay, clearly shows—that the law sets a higher value upon professional than upon moral reputation. For if you say of a man 'He is an unfaithful solicitor' he may mulct you in damages without proof of damage, but not if you say 'He is an unfaithful husband.'"



THE OLD-FASHIONED COUPLE GO TO A PYJAMA-PARTY.

The Lord Chancellor, who seemed to be deeply moved, gulped and continued:—

"My Lords, this is too much. We are not competent to pass a Slander of Men Act; but we can in this case do what amounts to the same thing: we can abandon precedent and amend the Common Law. The law must march with the times. Mr. Oley's appeal must succeed and a new trial be ordered."

Their Lordships concurred. A. P. H.

"Where Britain's Real Heat Waves Come From
From Our Weather Expert."
Evening Paper.

Who spends much of his time, of course, hovering over Iceland.

"Luxury Coachwork on the New Tiger."
Motor Paper.

If only the young lady of Riga had waited.

"We have had a hard roe to hoe."
Local Paper.

You should take a fork to it like the rest of us.



COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

"THE USE OF WHIPS OR STICKS BY RIDERS ON THE BEACH IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN, BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL."
Winkletown-on-Sea.

"A Noisy Noise. . . ."

HUMAN beings are in many ways very like oysters. They can all, though some of them do not like it, be described as natives; they are apt, though not so apt as they used to be, to have beards; their everyday value when happy and healthy is high enough, but their most precious contributions to the universe (such as poetry and music) are accidental by-products thrown off in moments of irritation, frustration or stress.

There is, however, no real danger of the two species getting confused, for they differ irreconcilably on one important point, namely, their reaction to noise.

It was Professor Heffeldinger of Heidelberg (1838–1902) who originated, in his monumental work, *A Note on the Effects of Phonic Stimuli upon the Auditory Organs of the Bivalve* (Zwingler, 2 vols., £3 3*s*.), that profound axiom which has been so widely accepted that it is now a household word. I refer, of course, to "A Noisy Noise Annoys an Oyster Most." What, I wonder, would Heffeldinger's thoughts be if he knew that this cherished scientific formula of his, arrived at after years of untiring research in the laboratory, had become a nursery commonplace, a pendant to "Peter Piper"? Much the same, no doubt, as JONATHAN SWIFT'S, could he see his savage political satire lapped up as a schoolroom classic. But I digress. . . .

To question the Heffeldinger theory would be not only impertinent but a waste of time. His experiments (involving as they did the employment of no fewer than 9,157 different varieties of noise-producer, from a woodpecker to a ship's rivetter) were exhaustive and exhausting, both to himself and to the oysters; and, since oyster nature does not change perceptibly, what was true of it in 1896 is likely to be true of it to-day. All we need to do is to accept his dictum and to compare it with the findings of the Noise Abatement Commission, which has recently been investigating the auditory reactions of the human race.

Tchah! It is too hot for this high-falutin' language. Let us drop it and shove Heffeldinger back into his cobwebby pigeon-hole and get down to brass tacks.

The whole thing is, I have been thinking a lot lately about noise. We chose our present house principally because it stands between one *cul-de-sac* and another *cul-de-sac* (I put it that way to avoid having to spell the plural). Sycamore Square in front, where the dining-room is, is quiet enough; but Pump Lane at the back, on which the drawing-room looks out, has been until recently as silent as the grave, for it consists of a little low row of workmen's cottages which have stood empty and derelict for nearly two years. Now, however, they have all been bought up by the enterprising Mr. Tarquin, who by means of lavish plumbing and insecticide has converted them into the bijouest of bijou residences. These are eagerly inspected one afternoon by rapturous engaged couples and firmly vetoed the next morning by their parents, who are longer-sighted and avid for grandchildren.

Anyway, the Borough Council has now decided that Pump Lane is a grand enough street to deserve taking up and putting down again, so for the last three days there has been an automatic drill under our drawing-room windows. Hence my interest in noise.

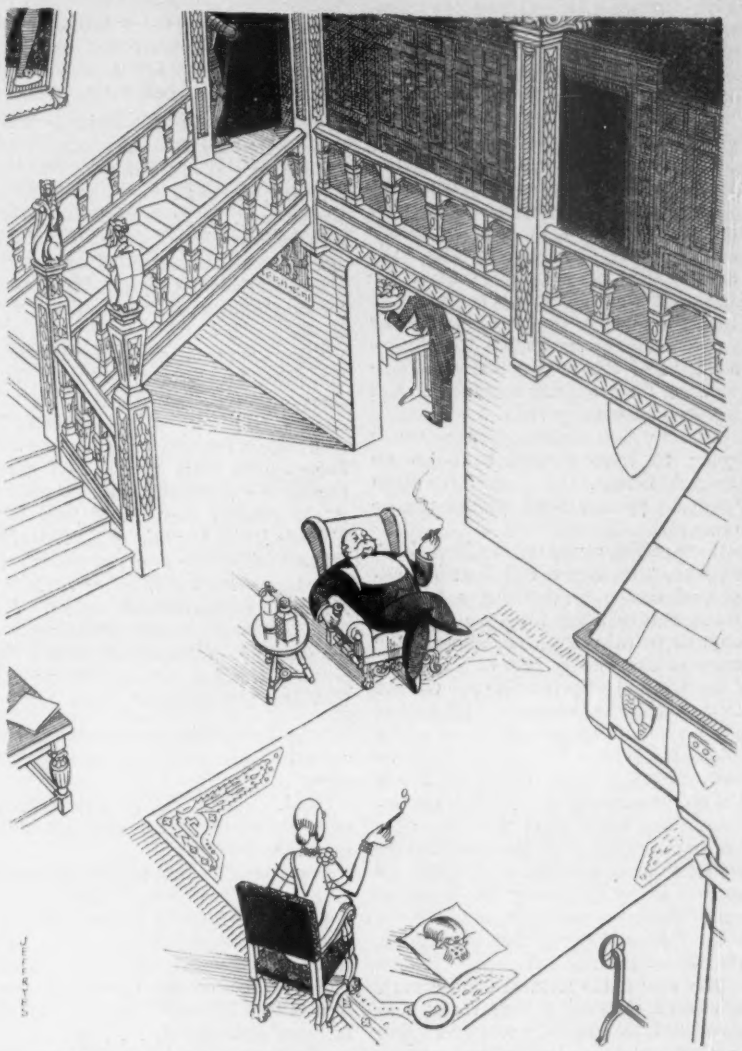
At first of course I fled from the back of the house altogether and tried to work in the dining-room. But Marmaduke Fawcett was riding up and down the Square on his new tricycle, ringing at intervals a small maddening bell. After he had passed for the sixth time I went to the window determined to intercept him at his next appearance; but when I saw how his already blissful face lit up with redoubled ecstasy every time he flipped the bell-lever I hadn't the heart to speak. After a while, luckily, his nurse came out and swept him away for a walk. But almost at once a barrel-organ materialised out of thin air and crashed into—

"Ta-*ra*-ta-ta-TUM (tum-*tum*, tum-*tum*),
Ta-*ra*-ta-ta-TUM (tum-*tum*, tum-*tum*)."

Now I don't mind "The Blue Danube," but I knew from experience that it would be remorselessly followed by "The Girl in the Little Green Hat," "Young and Healthy," "You Got Me Crying Again," "Pink Elephants" and (need I add?) "Stormy Weather." I could of course ask him or even bribe him to go away; but the poor man had his living to earn—and besides he was evidently giving several people a great deal of pleasure, judging by the hail of pennies which had begun to tinkle on the pavement. After some minutes of internal debate I decided not to do anything about him, but merely to read a book until he had gone, since even light verse is almost impossible to write against a cross-rhythm of dance-music.

"Stormy Weather" was reached, mangled and finished, at last, ending with a frantic and quite apocryphal *glissando*; and the barrel-organ trundled away to burst into "The Blue Danube" again at a more bearable distance.

For perhaps ten minutes there was peace. Then the Pennyfeathers' Sealyham at No. 41 came out on to his balcony and began to yipe. He yiped at the milkman, he yiped at the postman, he yiped at the black cat (No. 40), at the tabby cat (No. 42), and at the Great Dane (No. 43). After that he yiped at Life. Now I know Mrs. Pennyfeather slightly, that is to say we smile at one another when we meet at the greengrocer's and our children go to each other's Christmas parties. So I began to toy with the idea of ringing her up about the Sealyham: "Oh, Mrs. Pennyfeather, it's Jane Moffat-Grimes speaking. I *wonder* whether you could possibly . . . ?" Or, "I say, I'm *terribly* sorry to be such a tiresome neighbour, but . . ." Or perhaps a note would be better, sent across the Square by hand: "Nobody is fonder of dogs than I am, but I *do* feel . . ." Or was I making an absurd fuss over a trifle? Would it be wiser to take no action at all?



"HENRY, I BELIEVE I SAW THE FAMILY GHOST WALK ACROSS THE GALLERY."
"NONSENSE, MY DEAR; A REAL SMUGWORTHY NEVER WALKS SO SOON AFTER DINNER."

In the end, worn out by the strain of indecision, I went back to the horrifying uproar, the comfortable inevitability of the automatic drill. And the conclusion I have come to about noises is this: That the most annoying kind is not (as might seem probable) the noisy noise, or even (as some contend) the irregularly intermittent noise, but the noise which it is remotely possible, though either unpopular or fatiguing, to put an end to. If you hear a door banging at night you may lie awake for hours in a fury of vacillation, weighing the nuisance of enduring it against the effort of getting up and going downstairs to stop it. But if you hear a road-drill or a thunderstorm—well, there is just nothing to be done about it. Your ears may be split, but your mind is undivided, for the forces of nature are as inexorable and as little to be parleyed with as the Chelsea Borough Council.

Whether this theory of mine will be of any use to the Noise Abatement Commission I do not know. Probably they are too much occupied with the minute measurement of decibels to take any notice of it. Anyway, I offer it to them for what it is worth. JAN.

High Expletives for Hire.

"Golfers!—Don't swear, engage expert; 2s. 6d. per round; satisfaction."
Evening Paper.

Sylvan Peep.

THIS being the season of the year in which my public maim one another in a foolish but flattering stampede to discover the subject of my next novel, I am happy to inform them that this time I am on to a peculiarly good egg.

It is not often suggested that our novelists are slow in spotting a new sphere of action; but one they have unaccountably missed, and that is the fact that the motor-car is beginning to take the place of the horse not merely for vehicular purposes but socially, as a friend of the family and a reliable medium for providing spectacular and totally unnecessary risks.

Clearly such a vital change-over is going to have profound effects on English fiction, and I see no reason why the pioneer work should not be mine.

I am calling my novel *Big Ends Meet*, and the dust-cover will bear an advanced design symbolising a tubular robot hunter being filled up at a triangular petrol-pump. The scene of the story is the country seat of Sir Harry ("Gudgeon") Pyston-Slapp, Gasket Dell, famed for the beauty of its mellow car-park and the proud record of its celebrated garage. You will not perhaps be surprised to learn that Sir Harry is the quintessence of the English gentleman, the kind of man who takes his bends full out and always has a kindly spanner in his pocket, with which he is not above tinkering the meanest cars. Much respected throughout the county, he is of course the local M.R.H. (Master of the Road-Hogs).

His wife is his natural counterpart, a woman possessing that rarest and most enviable quality, a really sensitive accelerator toe; but unfortunately, while their daughter Mary does them ample credit by hurtling noisily to the forefront of all the more perilous international contests (besides being Captain of the Girton Auto-Polo Nine), they somehow possess a son named Edward who is, despite his charm—and as the part-author of his being I am sorry to have to say it—seemingly a cad. A throw-back to some ancestor who had boggled at his fences and gone round by the gate, it is common knowledge that he applies such discreditable pressure to his brake-pedal that the rubber pad is not merely worn but has constantly to be renewed. He is, in fact, not constructed of the usual Pyston-Slapp alloy. The most moving thing about my novel, apart from Sir Harry's cars, will be the tremendous efforts which Edward makes to overcome his inability to drive like a gentleman; but in the meantime you can readily see what a wart the poor boy seems to his parents.

One brief extract will indicate what kind of treat lies before you:—

(The Gasket Point-to-Point is in progress round the five lanes which bound the village. It is Edward's twenty-first birthday, and in the second race, which is nearly over, he is driving his father's gift, an over-charged treble-epileptic bifurcating Bolloni, a glittering poem in chromium, with the Pyston-Slapp motto, "Floreat Daytona," enamelled on its bonnet.

The cream of the county is gathered on the vital double-corner—lying between those celebrated hostelries, "The Plug and Cut-Out" and "The Oiled Spark"—where races are won or lost. The large house-party from Gasket Dell cranes eagerly over the ropes, prominent amongst it the bronzed streamlined features of Belinda Hubb, Captain of the Newnham Hill-Climbing Seven, a girl whose every movement strikes a chord of rapture in Edward's impressionable bosom. It is time for the cars to come round again on the last lap, and everyone knows that, properly handled, Edward's cannot lose. Will he make the tape? Read on.)

". . . The tension was terrific as they waited for the great cars to zoom into view.

'Gad,' cried Lady Pyston-Slapp maternally, 'how I hope that boy's sprockets don't seize!'

The fine old squire was too moved to reply as like twin comets the two cars appeared—Edward's Bolloni and Lord ffanbelt's Mercury. They were bonnet-to-bonnet, wheel-to-wheel in a crazy race for the corner when, his tyres screaming, Edward braked and the Mercury shot ahead. . . .

'The unspeakable young coward!' Sir Harry gargled through his knotted throat. 'That they should say—a son of mine—braked!'

'We can never live this down, Harry,' murmured his stricken wife with the instant frankness of a woman. 'Perhaps some other county,' she added softly, 'in time.'

At that moment, his foot hard on the brake-pedal, Edward happened to encounter the refrigerating eye of Belinda Hubb. In a split second that eye said a lidful. It told him that at Newnham on the first night of Term the brakes were wrenched off the new girls' cars by the senior students. And it told him that unless he won the race. . . .

A moment later those who stood between the two corners were amazed to see the Bolloni give a great quiver and, as if suddenly unleashed, hurl itself after the Mercury. At the corner the cars were level again, two deafening hell-cats clawing for advantage. . . . Ten seconds after they had gone out of sight a blue rocket went up to give the victory to the Bolloni."

You see the trend of the story and its social significance? I think you will be bound to like my description of the Road-Hogs' Ball, which the male Hogs decorate so effectively in their pink overalls; my treatment of the motor-car as a partially-dumb friend, and my little essay on the hydrogenated spirit of old England. But whether you do or don't, please remember, when the bookstalls are groaning under such stuff, that I was the first in the field. ERIC.

O Praise Indeed.

["Visitors who have recently flocked to London from other lands have been loud in their praise of our weather."—*Daily Paper.*]

CAN it be true, as here I read,
That foreigners—O praise indeed!—
Have lauded London weather?
That they pronounce her skies divine,
As good as Pau or Argentine?
Mon chapeau! What a feather!

Then why assume the martyr pose
And tell these friends, beneath the rose,
Of weather we've "been getting,"
And warn them, though no fog's about,
They may expect a waterspout
Or something still more wetting?

Why should we search the daily Press
For "still more rain"—but seldom less—
"With likelihood of thunder,"
And, should a gleam of bashful sun
Surprise us ere the day is done,
Say Old Sol's made a blunder?

E'en when St. Paul's great golden ball
Glints back his rays at evenfall
And pessimism's waning,
We wag our heads with chastened joy—
E'en gold is subject to alloy—
And say, "'Twill soon be raining."

To us the weather 's just a minx
Whose tears and frowns spoil our high jinks,
Who is at best hysterical;
We miss the glamour of the mist,
Of steeples tipped with amethyst,
Of marvels atmospherical.

Yet visitors from foreign lands,
Dutch, French, Italian, German bands,
Not one of them a "kidder,"
Say London weather is all right;
And, if that's so, methinks we might
Our verdict reconsider.

Preserve Our Posters.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I own some property in the West Country. For about two miles of its length it borders on the Great West Country Railway.

For many years my particular stretch has been the object of much admiration from people using the railway. Let me describe it to you.

There is first a field used for pasturage. Along the side near the railway is a large hoarding on which appears a poster advertising a well-known brand of whisky.

It shows a gentleman in evening-dress taking a glass of this excellent stuff. Two of my cows, Roberta and Augusta, often use the ends of the hoarding as rubbing-posts, and, as you may imagine, it presents a really delightful picture.

Last Friday I found that Roberta and Augusta had forsaken their favourite haunt and were actually rubbing themselves against an old elm at the other end of the field. This was most unusual, because the elm virtually belongs to a pony, Josephine.

Of course I investigated, and what did I find? The gentleman in evening-dress still sat with his glass, but UPON HIS HEAD WAS A BOWLER-HAT. I was amazed. That the thing was roughly drawn by an obvious amateur was bad enough, but you will remember he is wearing *full evening-dress*.

Highly concerned, I visited the rest of my property. A small wood fringes the railway at one point, and the rather apt remark, "Seven Years in the Wood," appears below a picture of two men. A fierce sun blazes down on them and one is perspiring prone on the ground. The other stands upright looking fit and strong, and in his hand is a glass, half-empty, of Barker's Beer. Under the prone figure had been written (in a most vulgar hand) the words: "What! No bier?"

It was the same everywhere. Three sheep standing under a charming young lady wearing all-wool underwear had been given (in spite of the poverty of craftsmanship) the unmistakable faces of three of our most prominent Cabinet Ministers. And lastly an alluring picture of a girl in a sun-bathing suit had been most undeservedly ravaged (or is it ravished?).

First, a moustache with hideously curly ends had been drawn on her upper lip; and, second, a distinctly old-fashioned bathing-costume had been daubed on her, paying no attention to the waist-line and giving the impression that originally she might have been wearing *nothing at all*.

This vandalism must stop. It may be all very well in the towns, but is the English countryside thus to be allowed to be spoiled? Are we to stand by passively and see our most beautiful sites æsthetically ruined? No, a thousand times no!

I suggest the formation of a Society for the Protection and Preservation of our Posters in order that we may fight this serious menace by concerted action.

Should you be so public-spirited as to publish this letter, may I express the hope that readers will communicate with me at their earliest opportunity, stating in what practical way they are willing to assist? At the same time, if anyone requires particulars of a few super sites, which fortunately I have still available, will they write to me before they are snapped up?

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
WILLIAM MOGG.

Centaur Lodge, Minecombe.



Sea Rover (shyly). "YOU MAY CALL ME 'SIGURD.'"



"*Do* HURRY UP, MUM. SURELY BY NOW YOU CAN PUT YOUR HAT ON BY HEART—*I* CAN."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XV.—I Had a Duck-Billed Platypus.

I HAD a duck-billed platypus when I was up at Trinity,
With whom I soon discovered a remarkable affinity.
He used to live in lodgings with myself and Arthur Purvis,
And we all went up together for the Diplomatic Service.
I had a certain confidence, I own, in his ability;
He mastered all the subjects with remarkable facility;
And Purvis, though more dubious, agreed that he was clever.
But no one else imagined he had any chance whatever.

I failed to pass the interview. The Board with wry grimaces
Objected to my boots and took exception to my braces;
And Purvis too was failed by an intolerant examiner,
Who said he had his doubts as to his sock-suspenders' stamina.
Our summary rejection, though we took it with urbanity,
Was naturally wounding in some measure to our vanity.
The bitterness of failure was considerably mollified,
However, by the ease with which our platypus had qualified.

The wisdom of the choice, it soon appeared, was undeniable,
There never was a diplomat more thoroughly reliable.
The creature never acted with undue precipitation O,
But gave to every question his mature consideration O.
He never made rash statements that his enemies might hold him to;
He never stated anything, for no one ever told him to;
And soon he was appointed, so correct was his behaviour,
Our Minister (without portfolio) in Trans Moravia.

My friend was loved and honoured from the Andes to Esthonia;
He soon achieved a pact between Peru and Patagonia;
He never vexed the Russians or offended the Rumanians;
He pacified the Letts and he appeased the Lithuanians.
No Minister has ever worked more cautiously or slowly O;
In fact they had decided to award him a portfolio,
When, on the anniversary of Greek Emancipation,
Alas! he laid an egg in the Bulgarian Legation.

This unexpected action caused unheard-of inconvenience,
A breach at once occurred between the Turks and the Armenians;
The Greeks poured ultimata, quite unhinged by the mishap, at him;
The Poles began to threaten and the Finns began to flap at him;
The Swedes withdrew entirely from the Anglo-Saxon dailies
The right of photographing the Aurora Borealis;
And, all attempts to come to a *rapprochement* proving barren,
The Japanese in self-defence annexed the Isle of Arran.

My platypus, once thought to be more cautious and more tentative
Than any other living diplomatic representative,
Was now a sort of warning to all diplomatic students—
The perfect incarnation of the perils of imprudence.
Beset and persecuted by the forces of reaction O,
He reaped the consequences of his ill-considered action O;
And, branded in the Honours List as Platypus, Dame Vera,
Retired, a lonely figure, to lay eggs at Bordighera.



THE EXPERT'S OPINION.

MR. DE VALERA (*to* ST. PATRICK). "HERE, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THIS ONE."
ST. PATRICK. "WELL, I DIDN'T THINK HE LOOKED PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS."



The Visitor. "AND HOW HAS THE DEPRESSION AFFECTED YOUR VILLAGE?"
The Native. "I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, ZUR. I HAVEN'T SEEN THE LUNNON PAPERS THIS WEEK."

A Brush With Cupid.

LATTERLY our village has been thrilled by what our Vicar's wife, who speaks French with a sublime disregard for grammar, christened "*l'affaire du queue*." From first to last it was a local matter, for Jane is the Squire's only child and George Neames the sailor son of our Master of Hounds. They fell in love with each other while George, who had a shore appointment, was acting as whip to his father during the week-ends. Their courtship took place in the intervals of rating babblers, collecting stragglers and glaring at over-impetuous subscribers. When, after a notable run which pounded all but the hard riders, George and Jane became engaged, the whole county declared that it had been the day of the season. Jane was one of the few ladies present at the kill, and George supplemented the offer of his hand with that of the brush.

For a time all went as merrily as the marriage-bell which imaginative neighbours thought they heard chiming in the distance. Then George was sent to the China Station. As both he and Jane were very young, it was arranged that they should not wed until he returned. Meanwhile they could learn that beautiful aspect of each other's characters which is only revealed by love-letters. Alas! George's soul seethed with tenderness but it revolted from ink. He vanished into an adoring silence that was punctuated by gifts—rolls of silk, lacquer and Chinese embroideries upon which Jane had to pay a small fortune in Customs duties. She imagined these were sops to a guilty conscience and nearly broke her heart. Then she steeled that lacerated organ, pined to a shadow and broke off the engagement.

George, genuinely amazed, burst into a spate of cablegrams, wireless messages and even letters; but it was too late. When his protestations of eternal affection had dwindled into miserable acquiescence on a postcard, each settled down to the difficult task of forgetting one another. Jane returned his ring. She softened the blow by reminding him that after they had chosen it together the jeweller had assured them it was a bargain; and if he read the newspaper he would notice that the price of diamonds was rising. George sent back the cigarette-case which had been her engagement-present, regretting the wear and tear incidental to an active life (for she knew that he had carried it *everywhere*). He observed bravely that she would be able to have the scratches erased before giving it to her next *fiancé*.

They agreed not to exchange all their tokens. The postage would have been too costly; for George, besides a loving nature, possessed an aptitude for fretwork, and had filled the Manor with brackets and bookshelves; and Jane had expressed an adoration for those feet which (she was convinced) had strayed after other females, by knitting them countless pairs of socks. While their mutual wounds were still half-healed George came home on leave. Living in the same place, it was inevitable that they should meet. At last,

when searching for a lost tennis-ball in the Vicarage shrubberies, he dared to touch upon the painful past.

"I can quite understand how tiresome it must be for you, having ordered all the trousseau," he said with pathetic rationality. "Especially as you had everything marked 'J. N.' However, no doubt they 'll come in handy. There are lots of names beginning with N, as you 'll notice if you look through a telephone-directory. Besides, I 've been thinking that you could easily embroider another leg and make it into M. That would give you a bit more latitude."

Jane answered sadly that to the next aspirant who demanded her hand she would reply with a question from the Catechism: "What is your name? N or M?"

While playing bridge at the Manor George caught sight of the famous trophy dangling from a hook. After deep reflection, during which he revoked twice, he tackled his despondent partner.

"About that brush," he began briskly. "I was wondering whether you 'd like to turn it over to me. I haven't got a single memento of the season when I helped Father. After all, I actually saw hounds breaking up their fox, and you didn't arrive until later."

Jane gave him a wounded look, remembering the glamorous dusk as they rode home with the brush hanging on her saddle-bow and his arm round her waist. Words were wasted upon such a callous creature. Silently she handed it to him. Then she fled sobbing to her bedroom.

When they ran across each other at the Jumble Sale she took the initiative. "I don't wish to be grasping," she said rather unsteadily, "but you 've forgotten that you owe me five shillings for having the brush mounted."

George fumbled in his pockets. "Dash! I haven't any change on me. I tell you what—you can have back this notecase. I had to spend three-and-six on having it relined, so that will almost cancel the debt."

She fingered the leather wallet which used to contain who knows what loving thoughts of its donor, as well as her miniature, a lock of her hair and the more pressing of her beloved's bills. "I suppose I had better send over my hunting-crop?" she whispered with a catch in her voice.

"Yes, do," exclaimed George heartily. "It will be awfully useful when we start hound exercise again."

Afterwards they never met without some treasured relic of the past changing hands. Once it was the silver frame which, when it contained her portrait, had been the light of his cabin. He remarked that it would just fit a photograph of her favourite hunter. Later on she restored the spurs that he had buckled upon her pretty feet at a Boxing Day meet. An inquiry after the time-keeping of a wrist-watch which had been a surprise for his birthday elicited the embarrassing fact that he had lost it overboard. Jane was not astonished. A man who was so careless of others' feelings would naturally take no account of mere jewellery. With scornful generosity she refused to let him buy another. It seemed rather cold-blooded, so they compromised over the return of a fountain-pen which had been a delicate reminder of unanswered letters and had not worked very well.

George entered into the spirit of barter with deplorable gusto. Jane used to feel nervous every time she displayed the vanity-case that had marked the anniversary of their engagement. Although it bore a "J" in brilliants, yet at any moment his wayward fancy might light upon some fairer and wiser girl called Jennifer or Josephine or Janet. He had warned her that he would not always remain a bachelor. Sometimes, when in the gloaming she repaired her complexion, she sighed to think that the puff might powder another nose that had not been turned up at George. Then, remembering his neglect, she looked every inch (and the mirror only reflected two-and-a-half) an unrepentant spinster. On one subject she was adamant. She would never, never return her hunting-flask. It was indispensable; besides, it was almost sacred, for they had plighted their troth in its content of cherry-brandy. When she saw an acquisitive gleam in George's eye she steered him off the subject of drinking-vessels.

Finally he broached the unspoken question between them. "When I gave you the flask it was only on loan," he said, swallowing his emotion as so often he had gulped refreshment from it. "I thought that you and I would soon be one—what 's yours is mine sort of business. Will you swap it for this brush?"

Jane buried her face in the proffered remnant of a fox who, like herself, had been sacrificed to Cupid. "I can't bear it any longer," she cried. "Take back everything—me included."

Now they are busy choosing each other's wedding-presents.



Old Gentleman. "DEAR, DEAR! I HAD NO IDEA SEA-BIRDS LAID THEIR EGGS LIKE THAT."

Pessimism.

"LAGOS BOXING CLUB.

"In connection with the contests which are to take place this evening the —— Company have kindly presented two solid silver containers for the Bantam and Middle-weight champions."—*Nigerian Paper.*

New Gadget for Motorists.

"When they eventually succeeded in getting into their cars three policemen were posted on each dashboard as a safeguard."
Daily Paper.

Against overcrowding?

"Huge wages on those days washed ashore and alarmed bathers, and prevented Weymouth boatmen from letting any craft to leave the beach."—*West-Country Paper.*

So the public remained on the rocks.

"Notice is hereby given that forehead, hind fetlocks white, ne forehead, hind fetlocks white, no brands, about six years old, impounded on the 25th March, 1933, will be sold at the Pound on the 15th April, 1933, at 10 a.m., if not released."
S. African Paper.

No bidders, hind fetlocks white.

The Viva-Voce.

NOTHING is more remarkable—or anyway, only a few things are, say six at the outside—than the difference between the sexes when engaged in tennis singles.

We are not, as you will see, thinking about the Centre Court at Wimbledon or anywhere like that. No, just the ordinary grass court at home, with the hole in the netting mended with string and the well-known corner near the base-line where the ball never rises because of the ground, and strangers to the court always think it's a particularly good shot. . . .

How many times has not the following dialogue, or one extraordinarily like it, rung through the clear summer air!

"Well, are we going to or not?"

"Oh, yes, let's. It's good practice. Rough or smooth?"

"Oh—rough. Isn't it funny how one always says 'rough'?"

"Yes, doesn't one? It *is* rough too. I suppose you want your back to the sun?"

"No, I don't really mind, darling. You have it because of serving overhead."

"No, no; I don't mind. You can have it."

"No, you—really."

"No, really not. I'd *rather* not."

"Well, all right then. Thanks awfully. Oh! was that a fault?"

"I'm not sure; I wasn't looking. Have it again."

"All right; thanks very much."

"Oh, good serve!"

"Are you sure you were ready?"

"Absolutely. That's fifteen–love."

And so on. It would be idle to pretend that you have not heard this kind of thing. Also the following, at a rather later stage—and the interval, mark you, has not been a silent one either.

"What's the score now?"

"Deuce or something, isn't it?"

"It can't be deuce because deuce is always in the right-hand court."

"Oh, well, I'm serving in the wrong court then. I know I served from this court last time because, don't you remember, I stopped to put my handkerchief on the top of the bay bush."

"Oh, yes, so you did. All right, deuce, then. What are the games?"

"Either five–four or three–all."

"Oh, I'm *sure* it wasn't three-all. I know you were leading. Listen—isn't that the telephone?"

"I don't think so; but if it is they'll come and say. It might be Mrs. Fletcher about tea to-morrow. Oh, good shot!"

"Love-fifteen. Must we really have tea with the Fletchers?"

"It's a tennis-party. Well tried!"

"What's the score now? Are they frightfully good?"

"Not frightfully. Was mine out?"

"I *think* it was *just* in."

"Oh, I'm sure it wasn't. Call it out."

"No, call it in."

"No, really; I'm sure it was out."

"Well, look here—have it again. Will there be crowds of people there? What had I better wear?"

"Good shot! Oh, bad luck! I thought it was coming over the net."

"That's game, isn't it?"

"Oh, is it? So it is. That ball isn't much use. It won't bounce. I think it's the one the dogs always play with. Are you ready? Love-all."

"Oh, good shot!"

"Well taken!"

"Oh, good! It's a rally."

"My dear, absolutely Wimbledon!"

"Wasn't it?"

Well, there you are. We will leave it to you, reader, to determine the sex of the players. Solutions to be sent in on a postcard; entries not to exceed 365 words; the Editor's decision to be absolutely final and given *in camerâ*

E. M. D.



Tripper. "WHAT THE DEUCE IS HARRIET SIGNALLING FOR NOW? SOMETHING SHE'S FORGOTTEN, I'LL BET."

Culture on the Kerb.

(A pavement-artist was recently observed whose output showed affinity with "Pointillism," "Cubism" and other forms of technique familiar in loftier artistic circles.) ——

THE mood of the militant medley
Of outlook in up-to-date Art—
Where Force plays a frequent and deadly,
And Beauty a dwindling part—
Expounded in practice and preaching
By all our authentic *élite*,
Now, filtering downwards, is reaching
The man on the street.

He too has his moment of vision
Which lifts the illumined to see
The Past as a theme for derision
If Art would be vital and free;
No more the traditional fetters,
The fly-blown conventions for him;
He, like his Olympian betters,
Would be in the swim.

Old salmon and mackerel "features"
He gives an extremely wide berth
In favour of nondescript creatures
With kinship to nothing on earth;
Expunged is the prim "pretty-pretty"
Thatched cottage with Noah's-Ark cow
For scenes like a splash of confetti
Hurled any old how.

The "crazy-quilt" type of creation
He finds he can do "on his head";
His feats of "non-representation"
Are stuff whereof nightmares are bred;
Triangle to endless triangle
In dizzying sequence he'll add,
Till all the grey pavement's a-jangle
With jig-saws gone mad.

Those darlings of popular favour,
Fair Stars of the Stage or the Screen,
Acquire an additional savour
When through his new spectacles seen.
All bow, though the vulgar may chuckle,
To one irresistible law—
That hands consist chiefly of knuckle
And faces of jaw.

Abjuring meticulous finish
And royally reckless of pelf—
Be blowed if his takings diminish!—
At last he's expressing himself.
Though meagre the meed of his merit
The ampler elation is his
Of breathing the "Modernist spirit,"
Whatever that is.

Dress Reform at the Oval.

"SHORT STAYS
MARRIOTT FAIRLY PAYS HIS WAY."
Evening Paper.

We Collaborate.

"THE body," began my wife starkly, "is that of Henry Tupp, the famous artist."

"Must we have an artist?"

"Why not? They don't often murder artists, do they?"

"Not often enough," I said. "By the way, how have you murdered poor old Tupp?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind," said Patricia, rubbing her nose; "and unfortunately there are no clues. No footmarks, no finger-prints, no anything. We start from zero. Rather exciting, isn't it?"

"Wildly. But naturally Inspector Frazzle was puzzled."

Patricia raised her eyebrows.

"My first contribution," I explained; "but carry on."

"'It nearly has us beat, Sir,' said the Inspector, addressing Mr. Dazzle of the Chancery Bar."

I thought this a little unkind—to the Temple.

"But, darling, why the Chancery Bar?"

"Why not?" asked Patricia airily. "Was not Charles Dazzle the finest criminologist in Lincoln's Inn?"

"I never thought of that."

"A moment later, however," continued Patricia, "Frazzle scored with a clue I've only just thought of. 'What about this little bit of stuff, Sir?' he inquired throatily, holding up a small object to Dazzle."

"Yes, Patricia," I murmured, a little intrigued.

"With a suave smile Dazzle took the piece of stuff from the Inspector and examined it closely. 'Found near the body, Inspector?'—'Matter of a foot or two, Sir.' 'Looks uncommonly like a piece of red tape, Inspector.'—'It *is* a piece of red tape, Mr. Dazzle.' 'As used in Whitehall, Inspector.'—'Likewise in Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Dazzle.'"

Patricia paused for breath. It was fairly my turn.

"'You haven't cautioned me yet, Inspector,' said Charles pleasantly. The Inspector laughed a little uncomfortably. 'Ha, ha! that's a good joke,' he said; 'but just now I'm shadowing Jalempo.'"

"Expand Jalempo, please," said Patricia.

"Aloysius Jalempo. Well-known artist. Rival of Tupp. But a Rhomboidist, whereas Tupp was of course pure Triangular."

"What's the difference?"

"I don't know; it's immaterial. But the Rhomboids and the Triangles quarrel dreadfully. Tupp and Jalempo quarrelled a few nights before Tupp's death. I'll tell you about it if you like."

"Please don't. I want to tell you about Myra Tupp."

I lit a cigarette. "Yes, I'd like to hear about little Myra."

"She wasn't little," snapped Patricia, "and I think her eyes were green. Temperamental. On the films. Niece to Henry Tupp. She too had words with Henry on the night before he went and got murdered. Henry said she hadn't a film face. 'Not a film face!' she screamed. 'Certainly not,' said Henry. Myra's green eyes flashed fire. Henry was slightly singed——"

"How do you know?"

"Henry's housekeeper said so. Name of Sarah Blink. She was looking through the keyhole. Read her evidence at the trial, if you get the chance. 'Beware!' cried Myra, striking an attitude. 'Of whom, my dear?' cooed her uncle. 'Beware of Padger!' On hearing the name of Padger Henry Tupp fell in a dead faint on the carpet. Thereupon Mrs. Blink rushed into the room crying, 'You have killed my master, you wicked woman!'"

"But of course she hadn't. That was a mistake on Mrs. Blink's part?"

"Certainly it was," agreed Patricia. "Henry soon came round, moaning 'Padger! Padger!'"

"Peter Padger painted pictures?" I hazarded.

"Yes—Tupp's. Indeed I believe it was Padger who first painted in triangles."

"Then you made a mistake, darling; you ought to have murdered Padger."

"I almost wish I had. But silence for Charles. We are now in his chambers in Old Square. All the characters are assembled: Frazzle, Dazzle, Jalempo, Myra Tupp, Mrs. Blink, Padger. How they got there I don't know."

"But Dazzle's clerk, John Doe, is extremely annoyed at the intrusion. Still, he is helpless; he is only a minor character."

Patricia looked thoughtful. "Thank you for John Doe," she said. "I like John."

"He is yours," I said carelessly.

"By a splendid effort of deduction," she continued—"or is it induction? I can never remember—Dazzle has solved the Great Tupp Mystery."

"It's more than I have, Patricia."

"Be quiet. 'It's really very simple,' says Dazzle, stifling a yawn. 'Thank you for those kind words,' says Inspector Frazzle with heavy sarcasm. 'Do I understand, Mr. Dazzle, that you know the murderer of Henry Tupp?'—'I have known him all along,' says Charles as he endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to balance *The Annual Practice* on his fountain-pen."



Wee Janie. "GIE ME A BAWBEE'S WORTH O' BERRIES, AN' GIN YE HAVNA BERRIES GIE ME CHERRIES, AN' GIN YE HAVNA CHERRIES GIE ME ROCK, AN' GIN YE HAVNA ROCK GIE ME BACK MA BAWBEE."

"Doubtless the characters were as astonished as I am."

"They were; but Dazzle reassures them. 'You are all false clues,' he says pleasantly. 'Then perhaps,' says the Inspector, 'you will be good enough to produce the murderer?'—'Certainly,' cries Dazzle. Then follows a dramatic moment. Dazzle touches a bell on his desk and a second or two later John Doe glides into the room."

I did not like the word "glides." It had a sinister sound. But Patricia swept on.

"He glances round the circle of faces; his jaw drops——"

It was at this point that the collaboration broke down.

"Patricia," I said firmly, "I don't like this jaw-dropping business. Not that I have ever seen a jaw drop, mark you, but I have a sort of feeling that jaws don't drop for nothing."

"Well," murmured Patricia coolly, "why not John Doe? I can provide an excellent motive. You see, Dazzle had not had a decent murder to solve for quite a long time. He grew thin and peaky. 'Any murders this morning, Doe?' he would ask on entering chambers, as other men ask about briefs. And always Doe had to shake his head mournfully. So at last one night——"

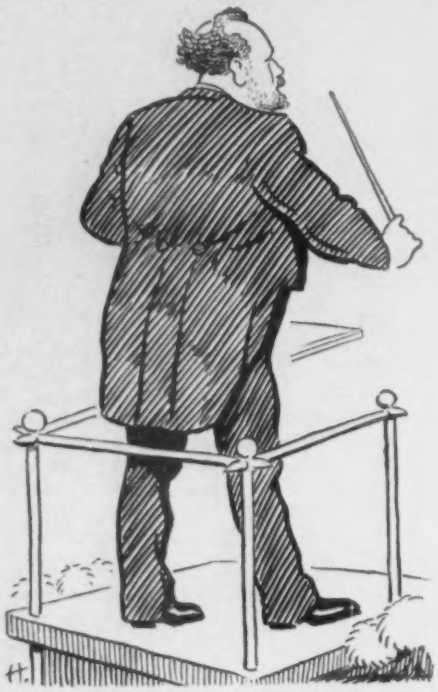
But I was adamant. "No, Patricia; not John Doe. Not dear old John. Think of his years of faithful service! Think of the number of briefs marked three and one which he had carried into Court for Charles Dazzle! Remember the unsullied reputation of Lincoln's Inn!"

The argument proceeded—is still proceeding. That is why I am as yet unable with any certainty to indicate the murderer of Henry Tupp. I fear I must leave it to Inspector Frazzle.

The Promenade Concerts.

(39th Season.)

THOUGH gossip-mongers may bewail their fate,
Robbed of the presence of the truly great,
When Mayfair to the moors and lochs has flown
The Promenaders come into their own—
A curious class, who neither cough nor chatter,
Intent upon the things that really matter;



THE NICE CONDUCT OF AN UNCLOUDED CANE.
(*Pore slightly altered.*)
SIR HENRY WOOD.

The truest music-lovers in the land,
The perfect listeners, content to stand
For hours like living statues or sardines,
Matrons and maids and schoolboys in their teens,
Save when the ending of a masterpiece
To their pent-up emotions grants release.

Though on the opening night I was not there,
I listened to the concert on the air
Somewhere in Surrey in an easy-chair,
And joined in the prolonged tumultuous shout
Greeting Sir HENRY'S "39 not out."

Although the opening "fragments" by RAVEL
Some critics thought had not been chosen well,
The rest went happy as a marriage bell.
DEBUSSY'S "Faun" was delicately dreamy;
DORA LABBETTE delighted us as *Mimi*;
And BROSA'S violin in LALO'S strain
Revealed the rhythmic sorceries of Spain.
Tannhäuser's Vorspiel raised the veil between us
And the enchanted citadel of Venus.
HANDEL'S concerto, freely decorated
With new orchestral frills, seemed overweighted;
But the long programme's rich and varied plenty
With ELGAR'S March concluded *nobilmente*.

Still while our debt must gratefully be paid
To wireless for its wide and welcome aid,
It cannot be too strenuously averred
"Proms" gain by being seen as well as heard.
This better part on Tuesday night was ours,
Watching, around the fountain and the flowers,
The so-called promenaders, lured by "TCHAI,"
By freakish GOOSSENS and by NICOLAI.
The B.B.C.'s great band, ninety in all,
Responded nobly to Sir HENRY'S call
And made a gorgeous and stupendous roar
In the Finale of "TCHAI'S" No. 4;
While at the keyboard BENNO MOISEIVITCH,
Potent at will to startle or bewitch,
In the robust Concerto (No 1)
Deserved the very largest buttered bun.

Though some varieties of the modern "fan"
Invite the imposition of a ban,
The "Proms" and the enthusiasts they breed *
Demand the homage of this doggerel screed.
They are the Paradise of the blesséd young,
Cheered and refreshed by Music's golden tongue.



STATIONARY PROMENADERS.

Year after year; insatiably keen
And eager, though their purses may be lean,
To buy, in solace for a hard day's job,
Two hours of rapture, standing, for two bob.

C. L. G.

Unseemly Behaviour in St. George's Chapel.

"YOUNG NATIVE BEATEN BY THE FONT AT WINDSOR."
Sporting Paper.

An Amazing Escape.

"A few weeks after they had got clear the petrol tank exploded and a sheet of flame shot high in the sky."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"He gave his signal when about 25 yards from Co-operative Street, and kept his right arm extended for a distance of five yards. He did not give any further signal before turning into Co-operative Street."—*Daily Paper.*

Feeling, no doubt, that his first signal could hardly be overlooked.

* *See* the late A. H. SIDGWICK'S charming study, *The Promenade Ticket.*

The Non-Paying Guest.

When George rang up and asked if I would take Rameses for three weeks in September I agreed, thinking that one more dog about the place would not really matter. But when a small boy arrived leading a goat by a long chain I began to wish I had refused. I tried to persuade the boy to take him back again, but he made such funny noises in his throat when I spoke to him that, fearing he might have a fit, I gave him a tip and he departed.

Rameses was a goat of the hornless variety, but he had a neat beard which made him look almost human at times. I led him to the orchard, hammered the long spike attached to his chain into the ground, and left him. At five o'clock he began to bleat in an agonised way, and going out I found him gazing sadly at a plum-tree, from which he had nibbled every bit of bark within reach. It was a rather special dessert plum and would probably die after this rough treatment.

I moved Rameses to another patch, carefully measured his chain, and returned to tea. There was a hedge between orchard and garden through which he immediately began to eat his way, emerging triumphantly into a bed of dahlias.

Quite pleased to find tea in progress, he proceeded to finish up everything we had not eaten, giving a satisfied bleat and tossing his beard about in what journalists call "carefree mood."

I borrowed some hay from the man next-door and put Rameses to bed in the tool-shed. Next morning the hay was untouched, but a bundle of pea-sticks, a lot of bulbs, cokernut fibre, raffia, dried herbs and shallots had all disappeared.

Next day he slipped his collar and enjoyed several hours in the kitchen-garden. The beans suffered badly, the carrots were reduced to a minimum, the winter greens irretrievably ruined. I felt inadequate to deal with the situation and invoked the man next-door, who lured him into a corner with bran while I advanced cautiously and fastened his collar on firmly.

Rameses thought this a great joke and butted us playfully with his hornless head. Then he executed a war-dance among the spring onions and laid out a whole bed of young cabbages. Taking a mouthful of bran, he sprang into the air, kicking out his hind-legs in an abandonment of high spirits. Finally he broke loose and careered round and round the garden, leaping lightly across the celery-trench, poising chamois-like upon a cucumber-frame, and, becoming hopelessly entangled in the strawberry-netting, was secured once more.

This time I took and tethered him on the common, and all might have been well had not a woman elected to hang out some washing within his reach. I had to pay a terrible lot for that washing. Surely no goat could have eaten so much and survived.

For two days I walked Rameses up and down the hedgerows, letting him nibble the succulent herbage while I marked time in the ditch. I tried having two hourly shifts, one off and one on, but he bleated so long and so loudly when I attempted to curtail his nourishment that I had to spend the whole time with him.

I brought food with me, but Rameses always managed to eat it first, beginning with the paper and string, afterwards returning to his grass with avidity.

I could not keep on like this, the strain was too great. I invoked the man next-door, and he agreed to board and lodge Rameses for a pound a week. I am looking forward to giving the bill to George.



"No, it ain't 'is teeth, Miss; it 's them pesky bees—they thought 'is 'at was a 'ive."



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Careless Helmsman. "A LEETLE PIECE OF WATER ON A 'OT DAY VERY REFRESHING—YES?"

Another British Triumph.

(That the primary cause of influenza is a filter-passing virus is the conclusion reached as a result of striking experiments carried out by three British doctors, who discovered that ferrets, which were used for the first time in this line of research, are susceptible to infection with human influenza.)

So they have got you! Yes, my little virus,
British research has captured you at last,
And your vile antics will no more require us
To ache and suck thermometers and fast,
As we were wont to do. The world seems brighter
Now they have snaffled you, you little blighter.

They used to hunt for you with filters, hoping
To find you when the water had escaped.
But no! you were quite capable of coping
With filters, being slightly spindle shaped
And well adapted by your size for sliding
Through apertures. So you remained in hiding.

They studied pigs; for it is undeniable
That pigs in many ways resemble men,
And that, like many people, pigs are liable
To catch the influenza now and then.
Again they hoped; again they were mistaken.
You were too quick for them and saved your bacon.

And then by chance a ferret was selected
To undergo a hypodermic test;
And when the little creature was inspected,
You were discovered sitting on his chest,
And proved to be the very same bacillus
That all last winter did its best to kill us.

The honour of the medical profession
Depended upon finding out your name,
And they deserve a very warm expression
Of gratitude for having done the same.
Here's to the doctors!—though a certain merit
Attaches, we consider, to the ferret.

ASSISTED TRAVEL.



"I ONLY WANTED TO KISS MY COUSIN SOPHIE GOOD-BYE."



"CLUMSY' WHY, ONLY LARST WEEK 'E BROKE 'IS SHOVEL."

The Scoop.

THIS is a Fleet Street story, and so you cannot say I did not warn you.

Once upon a time—and not so very long ago either—there was a box-tricyclist named Ernie Marks. Nobody regarded Ernie very seriously, even in his native Camberwell, and a suggestion that the lad might be instrumental in putting up the circulation of a great national newspaper by several thousand copies would have evoked loud guffaws in any Fleet Street tavern.

Yet it so happened that one morning while Ernie was box-tricycling along with his head screwed round the wrong way as usual, a stout lady stepped off the pavement into his path. This was Mrs. Felix Much, the staff cookery expert of *The Daily Wire*, a woman whose origina' recipes caused rival Women's Page editresses to clench their hands and grind their teeth.

The meeting of Ernie Marks and Mrs. Much gave rise to a good deal of commotion. Passers-by paused to look into it, and a conscientious young constable from Clare came up anxiously to disperse them. Ernie declared that it was not his fault. Mrs. Much also declined to take the blame. Possibly she had been seeking to decide between banana mash and squashed melon *soufflé* for the morrow's breakfast menu, but at the same time, unlike Ernie, she had been looking where she was going.

The incident closed at long last, and Ernie went on his way whistling nonchalantly. Mrs. Much, on the other hand, was decidedly the worse for wear. Breathing with some difficulty she tottered along to the office and sank into a chair. For a time she was unable to take up her pen. When at length she did so she scarcely knew what she was writing.

Two mornings later *The Daily Wire's* mail, always bulky, was treble its normal size. It was bigger by far even than some weeks previously when they had decided to print the paper throughout in block capitals. Letters poured in from all over the kingdom, deeply gratifying the circulation manager, who, however, could not understand it. He never read the Women's Page.

"What's it all about?" he inquired of the day-editor.

"Mrs. Much," was the beaming reply. "I always said that woman was worth her weight in gold."

"But what has she done?"

"Done? My boy, she's got us the scoop of the year! She's told the British housewife to have porridge and bacon-and-eggs for breakfast, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and golden roll for lunch——"

"Well, they all do, don't they?"

The editor slapped his thigh. "Of course they do. But it never occurred to any cookery expert before."

So they gave Mrs. Much another hundred a year, and Ernie Marks, whose weekly wage was seven-and-sixpence, went box-tricycling on.

Plain Words from the Pastures.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE COW.
DEFENDANT'S REPLY TO LOCAL MILK ALLEGATION."
Yorkshire Paper.

"I know not where the white road runs,
nor what the blue jills are."
Quotation in Motoring Journal.

Neither do we.

"Miss —— sang 'How Beautiful Upon the Mountains' and 'Legend,' by Tchaikowsky. The afternoon was made more enjoyable by the orchestra playing an excerpt from Haydn's 7th Symphony."—*Croydon Paper.*

All things have their compensations.

"Edward —— was fined 10s. at Ealing Police Court on Tuesday, for allowing two houses to stray in Greenford Avenue, Hanwell."—*Local Paper.*

It would have served him right if they had been painlessly demolished.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Holiday House.

HERE is a book on rural sport
And Nature, meant for boys,
By Mr. ARTHUR DAVENPORT,
Whose pleasant pen employs
Itself with creatures great and small
And things that are manorial.

Young *Noel Steele*'s bred to the street
Till *Anthony Carr*, his friend,
Invites him down to Bramstock Leet
A holiday to spend,
Where *Noel* enters, like a knife,
Into the joys of country life.

He learns of feather, also fur
And fin—both game and coarse—
From water-bailiff, gamekeeper
And many another source;
And MORTON SALE, in lines and hues,
Depicts for us their points and views.

This very jolly book, I'd guess,
Will be by boyhood read;
It smacks of *Peter Penniless*,
On which our fathers fed.
A Country Holiday is its name;
HODDER AND STOUGHTON sell the same.

Nine-Days Wonderland.

Length without tedium has recently been Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S strong suit; but he can also pack much entertaining matter into a comparatively little space. From the moment when, by the fortunate and fortuitous concurrence of a potentially devastating fire and an actually devastating journalist, *Charlie Habble*, a humble cog in the great industrial machine, finds himself a nine-days' *Wonder Hero* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), his story never lets up or lets its readers down. It is a fine farrago of the pranks and fantasies of Fleet Street and Mayfair, effectively contrasted with the grim realities of industrial stagnation. Hurried to London and made free of a super-deluxe hotel, *Charlie* is fee'd and fêted, filmed, broadcast and forgotten. But, though bewildered, his hard North-Country head, the bumps of which Mr. PRIESTLEY has a native talent for telling, is proof against intoxication, and he returns whence he came a good deal wiser but hardly any sadder, and accompanied by the opposite number—the wonder heroine—with whom his kindly creator has with shameless but most commendable artifice supplied him; leaving us thankful for a rattling good story admirably told, full of fun and satire leavened with seriousness and a little discreetly-handled sentiment.

A Provençal "Aucassin."

It was Professor SAINTSBURY, if I remember rightly, who remarked of mediæval Provençal verse that it landed you either in the schoolroom or on the playground. Of the playground trophies, the incomplete narrative poem, *Flamenca* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), is one of the most charming; and it has now been delightfully translated into sensitive, vivid and unaffected prose by Miss H. F. M. PRESCOTT. Typical enough of the flowery decadence of its kind to constitute a period-piece, the tale has a pleasant fashion of dropping into almost Chaucerian raillery. This is particularly true of the wedding of its Flemish heroine and the Bourbonnais *Sir Archambaut*, who, irritated by his sovereign's attentions to his bride, becomes that common mediæval figure of fun, a jealous husband. Legitimate cause for this attitude enters with the Burgundian *Guillaume*, a youth so genteel that he only prays to saints "who had once been knights and gentlemen." The loves of *Guillaume* and *Flamenca*, plus the complementary passions of *Flamenca's* maids and *Guillaume's* squires, remind me a trifle uneasily of the antics of *Tilburina* and



"HEY, SAM, I'VE GIVEN 'EE GUARD THREE TIMES."
"I KNOWS, GEORGE, BUT I STANDS THIS WAY TO FAST 'UNS."

her *confidante*; but even here the enchantment of the telling condones the absurdity of the design.

Beachcombings.

It is no light task to review adequately a book which on page after page trounces in biting parody the contemporary reviewer's relentless eulogies; but, greatly daring, I will say that *Morton's Folly* (SHEED AND WARD, 6/-) is a variety entertainment which no one can afford to miss. Collected from Mr. J. B. MORTON'S daily utterances, these brief items cover an extraordinarily wide field, for here is a jester whose store of erudition it would be difficult to exhaust, and who at the same time is cruelly well-informed about the latest foibles and pretensions of his fellows. There is a gusty wind of intolerance blowing through this book which will infuriate a good many, as it was meant to do, but which is tempered by humour and often by inspired lunacy; and so much of Mr. MORTON'S satire is directed with deadly aim at targets of which we must all disapprove, that no one should be permanently offended. I think I enjoyed the diary of a blustering tramp through Northumbria as much as anything in this medley; but it is hard to say, when *Strabismus* and *Smart-Allick* and the rest are also on the bill. Mr. NICOLAS BENTLEY'S drawings are exactly right. His *Prodnose* is masterly.

A Packet of Matches.

Forthcoming Marriages (MURRAY, 7/6) is in effect nine short studies, on nine texts from an imagined issue of *The Times* announcing or cancelling arrangements to marry, of the way men and women (maids, widows or neither) face the impending crisis—romantic, flippant, apprehensive, calculating, perverse or cynical. MARY LUTYENS shows herself inventive in her variations of situation and character and shrewdly observant of significant detail. It is perhaps natural that her women are more convincing than her men. There is sound criticism of both as well as understanding of their better qualities. It is a candid and serious approach, and the only grievance I have is that one wanted to know much more of her brides and bridegrooms, especially of that jolly little kitten *Amanda* and the staunch *Eve*, than her scheme allows her space to tell us.



"AFTER ALL, WE 'RE NOT HURTING YOUR GRASS. WE 'VE EVEN PUT CORK MATS UNDER ALL THE HOT DISHES."

The Seer.

The extremes of conventionality and original genius meet in the life of a British inventor—*Baird of Television* (SEELEY SERVICE, 10/6). Nothing could well be more humdrum and stereotyped—except of course for the inventor himself—than semi-starvation in an attic, years of experimentation with primitive apparatus, blank walls of unreasoning opposition and final triumphant recognition; while, on the other hand, it would be hard to find anything more magically brilliant than the series of mechanical and physical syntheses eventually achieved. If it is already nearly true to say that the most convenient place from which to see the Derby being actually run is a London picture-theatre, this is almost wholly due to the prophetic insight of one man—the man who has been the first to give television colour, to store it up for future reproduction, and even to make it operate out of darkness. Mr. RONALD F. TILTMAN'S account of the inventor and his work, though almost too slight in substance for a whole volume—not lacking indeed in indications that the writer found difficulty in expanding his material beyond a few chapters—is well-merited homage to a valorous pioneer.

Those Acid Tests.

No batsman of to-day has more right to discuss body-line bowling than Mr. D. R. JARDINE. So it is not surprising that in *In Quest of the Ashes* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), a book that is frankly and carefully written, he expresses his opinion, and in no uncertain manner, upon this very controversial subject. After reading what Mr. JARDINE has to say, I am left with the impression that it was more his misfortune than his fault that the atmosphere of the Test matches was so excessively tense. He was given a job to do and did it thoroughly in the face of great difficulties. And when he states that it is easy to attach too much importance to Test matches and that club and village cricket are "infinitely more vital to the true interests of the game," he shows that England's captaincy is in safe and sensible hands. Excellent illustrations and a bountiful crop of statistics are included in this instructive volume.

A Minx's Sister.

Stella Broomfield cancelled her engagement to marry her "distantly removed" cousin, *George*, at a most inconvenient moment. For the "head of the family," *Granny Broomfield*, was due to inspect *George's fiancée*, and if *Stella's* younger sister had not been available to act as *Understudy* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) the stage would have been occupied solely by a rejected and dejected male. It is not difficult to guess in what way the complications that follow will be unravelled, but the tale of *George's* escape from the hands of a minx is gaily and pleasantly told.

The Lost Pibroch.

(A memorial was unveiled recently to the MACRIMMONS, *the great family of pipers in Skye.)*

IN Boreraig MACRIMMON played,
And yonder hollow caught the sound
And treasured up the tune he made
And stored the secret in the ground.
Through centuries the island slept;
Age laid no hand upon the hill;
And Patrick Og's Lament it kept,
And yonder hollow has it still.
No man has heard that pibroch; yet
In some lost island far away
Shall these dry eyes with tears be wet,
For I shall hear MACRIMMON play.

Charivaria.

A LECTURER of the Pennsylvania State College has discovered that it is possible to tell the time by volcanoes. The well-dressed man will, however, still prefer to carry a wrist-watch.

***

Hailstones that fell during a recent storm at Geneva are said to have been the size of peace-dove's eggs.

***

Whether she is winning or losing, we are told, Miss BETTY NUTHALL is the darling of American spectators. With all her double-faults they love her still.

***

Fishermen in the Red Sea often see what they imagine to be mermaids, it is stated. Another theory is that the creatures are merely Channel-swimmers who have lost their bearings.

***

A railway-porter is to retire after working fifty years. We understand that on his particular station only a few of the older sandwiches hold seniority of service over him.

***

"Every advertisement will do some good," says a publicity expert. What about a fountain-pen-ink advertisement in an Aberdeen post-office?

***

Efforts are being made to encourage the banking habit. It is rumoured that rival banks are to issue slogans such as: "Keep Your Overdraft With Us."

***

"Pyjamas should be quiet," says an authority on men's wear. Especially those worn by light sleepers.

***

A man was fined for kissing a girl on an Underground moving stairway. There should surely be a warning notice: "It is forbidden to osculate on the escalator."

***

Milkmen are now taking the place of policemen as the sweethearts of cooks. Evidently the feminine heart is more responsive to a passionate yodel than to a soulless whistle.

***

"The worst thing that can happen to a man," says a Judge, "is for him to come into a lot of money suddenly." We are quite prepared for the worst.

***

A man charged with being intoxicated appeared in court with a black eye. The mourning after the night before.

***

"Every woman should cling to her youth," declares a beauty-specialist. In the cinema we notice she usually does.

***

A well-known author says that he is going to live on a South Sea island among the natives. We can only hope that he will endeavour to find a tribe of vegetarians.

***

Sixty whiting were found in a tunny-fish caught off Scarborough. As the victims all had their tails in their mouths it is thought that they had a premonition that something was going to happen.

***

An American producer says that if he had his way he could make Elstree into an English Hollywood. The Hellywood.

***

The scenes of a new film are laid on an ocean liner. All bunk.

***

Nazi doctors are understood to take the view that non-Aryans are not entitled to contract German measles.

***

"Many Scots are born in England," says a critic. It saves, of course, the fare.



Holiday-maker. "IF THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST, MADAM, I DON'T MIND SLEEPING IN THE BATH."

Landlady. "I'M AFRAID I'VE ALREADY LET THAT, SIR. BUT AS YOU 'RE A LITTLE ON THE SMALL SIDE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX YOU UP IN THE SINK."

Plus Fours Reformed.

If by the Row of Savile
The long plus-fours are banned
I do not carp or cavil
But gladly take my stand
With those august professors
And arbiters of mode
Who castigate transgressors
That violate their code.

In new sartorial channels
The tides of fashion flow,
Brown jackets (sports), grey flannels
To-day are all the go;
But though they give the scoffer
Less chance, for this relief
The thanks I'm moved to offer
Are very few and brief.

Admitting that brown jackets
Are better than brown shirts,
That flannels for squash-rackets
Surpass divided skirts,
I have no keen affection
For hues that are subfusc,
While grey gives no protection
To walkers in the dusk.

I cannot praise with unction
This drab and dull array,
This commonplace conjunction
Of dingy brown and grey;
And yet 'tis rather silly
To quarrel with a kit
When now in Piccadilly
One pound will purchase it.

C. L. G.

Our Garage.

The City Assessor to R. Royce, Esq.

12*th August*, 1933.

SIR,— 23, *Vauxhall Terrace.*

I am informed by the Surveyor for your district that you have built a garage in your back-garden at the above address. I refer you to Section 999 of the Local Government Act, 1923, and beg to notify you that the assessment of the annual value of your premises to local rates will be increased forthwith by £15.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
K. PINCHING,
City Assessor.

R. Royce to the City Assessor.

14*th August*, 1933.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and beg to inform you that your information as to my recent architectural activities is entirely incorrect. I have built no garage. I have merely dumped a second-hand shed in my back-garden to keep the worst of the rain off an ancient motor-car which I have recently acquired. When I tell you that the purchase-price of the car was £9 15*s.* you will, I trust, appreciate the absurdity of the suggestion that I have erected over it a garage capable of being assessed at an annual rental of £15.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
R. ROYCE.

The City Assessor to R. Royce, Esq.

21*st August*, 1933.

SIR,— 23, *Vauxhall Terrace.*

In reply to yours of the 14th inst., I have to inform you that the purchase-price of your motor-car is totally irrelevant to the assessment of the annual value of the garage which I am informed that you have built at the above premises, and that the increased assessment intimated to you in my letter of 12th August cannot be revised.

I am, &c., K. PINCHING,
City Assessor.

R. Royce to the City Assessor.

22*nd August*, 1933.

SIR,—I have yours of yesterday's date. I am sorry you don't see my point about the cost of my motor-car. I have now taken Counsel's opinion upon the whole matter, and as the result I have attached four metal discs or wheels to the four lower corners of the shed recently placed in my back-garden. I feel certain that you will admit that the shed is now not a building or structure in terms of the relevant statutes, private Acts of Parliament and City bye-laws, but on the contrary a vehicle, and therefore not liable to assessment. I have not yet applied my mind to the question whether I have become liable to Road Tax under the Motor Car Acts; but in any case that is not a matter for your Department.

I am, &c., R. ROYCE.

The City Assessor to R. Royce, Esq.

24*th August*, 1933.

SIR,— 23, *Vauxhall Terrace.*

My Surveyor has again visited the above premises, and I have to inform you that I cannot assent to your proposition that your garage is a vehicle and therefore not liable to assessment. I am informed that the wheels to which you refer are incapable of revolving upon their axles or of supporting the weight of the garage.

In the absence of propelling machinery it would appear impossible that your garage could be described as a motor-car in the sense of the Motor Car Acts.

I am, &c., K. PINCHING,
City Assessor.

R. Royce to the City Assessor.

25*th August*, 1933.

SIR,—Thanks for yours of yesterday's date. I regret to have to tell you that you have again been completely misinformed about my shed. That the shed is in fact and in law a vehicle was demonstrated to my entire satisfaction yesterday when my wife put the car away for the night. Whether the wheels revolved upon their axles or merely skidded I might find it difficult to assert upon oath, but an inspection of the *locus* in the clearer light of day proves conclusively that the shed has moved about twenty-seven inches in a north-easterly direction. I am advised on the best authority that this degree of mobility satisfies the relevant statutes.

I agree with you, for the purposes of this correspondence, that the shed is not a motor-car.

I am, &c., R. ROYCE.

The City Assessor to R. Royce, Esq.

26*th August*, 1933.

SIR,— 23, *Vauxhall Terrace.*

I am to notify you without prejudice that the increase of assessment upon the above premises will not be imposed in the meantime.

I am, &c.,
p.p. K. PINCHING,
City Assessor.
J. W.

R. Royce to the City Assessor.

28*th August*, 1933.

SIR,—Many thanks for yours received this morning. I felt sure that sooner or later you would agree with me about our garage, as we now call it.

There is a further point upon which I should greatly value your opinion. I have been advised that if I habitually go about on roller-skates I shall be exempt from income-tax. Will you be so kind as to tell me if this is correct?

I am, &c.,
R. ROYCE.

[Up to the moment of going to press no reply has been received to this inquiry.]



Mr. Punch wishes to thank again the generous readers who have responded to his appeal for the Children's Country Holidays Fund. The amount subscribed by them has now reached a total of £2,000, and the sum of happiness purchased is far too high to estimate.



ROBIN HOOD HITS THE MARK

(In the good old Sherwood way).

[The City of Nottingham has submitted to the Ministry of Health a complete programme for the abolition of its slum areas by 1938.]



"WOT ABOUT THIS 'ERE LARGE CHECK 'OLD-ALL? IS IT YOURS, LADY?"

The Gadget and the Pullet.

"IT'S all these 'ere gadgets what's our undoin'," said old Sam, emptying his tankard. "You mark my words."

George put the offending instrument back in his pocket and used an ordinary match instead. "It works as a rule," he explained.

"Maybe it do," murmured old Sam, peering into his tankard to see if he'd done all that a good man could do—"maybe it do; but it don't work as a pipe-lighter. Well, thank you, p'raps I *will* just 'ave another. No, to my way of thinkin' some of these 'ere so-called improvements ain't improvements at all, not like what you'd call improvements when you come to speak of improvements."

"You mean to say," said George attentively, "you don't think as 'ow as they're any better like."

"That's what I were really tryin' to get at," said old Sam. "They're no better nor nothin'—in fact they're worse. Gadgets for this, gadgets for that—you can't get away from 'em."

"No," said George thoughtfully, 'it's true is that it is—it is it's true is that."

Sam took a deep drink. "Take 'ens," he said.

"It's funny you should mention 'ens," said George (though their conversation seldom touched on any other topic); "I was just goin' to tell you about a new patent sleepin' perch what's come out, so that if a 'en overbalances 'erself in 'er sleep this 'ere thing props 'er up again automatic."

"Don't 'ave nothin' to do with it," said old Sam fiercely; "'ens wants to sleep natural same as they wants to eat natural and drink natural—an' if yours is the kind of 'ens what overbalances theirselves in their sleep, take it from me they wants to overbalance natural. I've 'ad my lesson."

"You speak like as if you'd 'ad an unfortunate experience," said George, his eyes kindling as the eyes of an egg-fancier will when he hears of the troubles of a brother egg-fancier.

"Yes," said Sam, shaking his head, "it's not like me to be persuaded contrary to me own way of thinkin', but a feller from London got round me.

"'"Try one,' 'e says, 'try a couple, you'll be surprised; you'll soon 'ave one for every 'en you've got; and you know what that'll mean.'

"'"No,' I says, truthful like, 'what'll that mean?'

"'"It'll mean,' he says, 'your egg-production'll be doubled, your 'ens'll be delighted, an' every farmin' man in these 'ere parts'll be flabbergasted.'

"'"You're sayin' a deal,' I says; 'it takes a lot to flabbergast a farmer.'

"'"Look 'ere,' 'e says—'you use trap-nests so's you can tell which 'en lays most eggs, don't you? Well, this 'ere device does away with all that there.'

"'"'Ow?' I says, not bandyin' words.

"'"Easy,' 'e says; 'this 'ere contrivance is a sort of an affixment what clips on to the actual 'en all nice and comfortable like, and when she lays, the weight of the egg works a sort o' rubber stamp what stamps the egg with the date and the number of the 'en.'

"'Go on,' I says.

"'It's right,' he says, 'no fuss, an' the 'ens loves it; it smartens 'em up, increases their self-respect and stimulates competition in the 'en-run.'

"I knew I were a idiot at the time, but I says (not to offend the fellow), 'All right,' I says, 'I'll 'ave one.'

"'One!' 'e says, 'and you keep a thousand 'ens; 'ave a couple—you won't regret it.'

"So 'e fits 'em on to two o' my best layers, a Barnevelder and a White Wyandotte. The Barnevelder boggles a bit and flutters 'er feathers at first, but the Wyandotte seems to take to it right away, and it isn't long before she lays 'er first egg. Young Tom were standin' by at the time, and when 'e 'ears 'er cacklin' 'e calls to me to come. We opens the lid together and peeps in, and there's the egg all dated right and proper and numbered in purple.

"'What d' you think of that, Tom?' I says.

"'Very fair, that is,' 'e says, proper 'mazed with it, 'very fair.'

"It were interestin' to see 'ow many eggs them there 'ens laid. Seven from the Wyandotte first week were good, and eight in the second were better. Twenty-five next week were a bloomin' miracle.

"'There you are, Tom,' I says, 'yon chap what sold us thus 'ere were right. He said it 'd stimulate effort among the 'ens, an' it 'as.'

"'Nay,' says Tom, 'I'm not 'avin' that. Looks like to me as if there's somethin' fishy about this 'ere.'

"I must say it looked a bit queer to me too when we got a egg what 'ad been stamped by both 'ens. I've 'eard of a 'en layin' two eggs in a day, I've even 'eard of a 'en-and-a-'alf layin' a egg-and-a-'alf in a day-and-a-'alf, but I've never 'eard of two 'ens both layin' the same egg.

"So Tom and me crep' up to the nestin'-boxes and watched to see what were up. And well it were we done so, for it were a strange sight what met our eyes.

"'Feller from London can keep 'is gadgets,' I says to Tom, 'we want our 'ens to be egg-layers, not bloomin' printin' machines.'

"This 'ere gadget 'ad turned out a bit too much for the Wyandotte—gone to 'er 'ead. Instead o' layin' eggs she were goin' round the nest-boxes a-stampin' of all the eggs what she could find an' cacklin' as pleased as Punch."

Great Expectorations in Suburbia.

"WILLESDEN SPIT AT TOLLINGTON."
Local Paper.



"OUR NEW BOWLER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE COMING OFF, SKIPPER?"
"DOESN'T HE? YOU WATCH HIM AT THE END OF THIS OVER."

A bogus spiritualist admitted in court that he was once a travelling showman. From fair to medium.

"I have walked all over Sussex," says a novelist. Has he ever hopped in Kent?

The Search for News.

"England, my England! The sun shining down from a sky of Canaletto blue, and the scented Channel breeze, and the castle on its green-girt eminence.

But two miles of stuccoed architectural drabness called 'the Parade,' along which move thousands of human chameleons in drab tweed caps and bowlers, drab gabardines, drab striped trousers and drab frocks—why, oh why, this fear of colour?"

"*The Daily Express*," *August* 23, 1933.

"MRS. GRUNDY BEATEN.

The effect of this climatic change upon the English holiday-maker is striking indeed. He has shed his superfluous clothing, and in so doing has shed his superfluous prejudices. In place of drab, buttoned suits, tight collars and ties, he wears flannel trousers or shorts and a gaily coloured sports shirt, open at the neck. Often a bathing costume suffices for most of his activities."

"*The Daily Mail*," *August* 23, 1933.

So now you know.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XVI.—In Bootle.

In Bootle, in Bootle, the town where I was bred,
There's comfort for the weary heart and the weary head;
There is youth and happiness, melody and song,
Fun and dance and jollity all the summer long.
I will go to Bootle, the town of endless mirth,
And build my home in Bootle, the Garden of the Earth;
And I will live contentedly and die without a fuss
In Bootle, in Bootle, beneath a motor-bus.

In Bootle, in Bootle the folk are always well;
They live on liquid paraffin and prunes and calomel.
All the men are merry there and all the maids are fair;
The old have artificial legs, the bald synthetic hair.
The young have nimble figures there, the stout have nimble wits;
They have no kidney-trouble there nor apoplectic fits;
They drink no alcoholic drinks that turn men's faces puce;
In Bootle, in Bootle they keep to turnip-juice.

In Bootle, in Bootle there's jollity and fun,
Laughter and frivolity and joy for everyone;
Plumbers all the summer through carol to their mates,
Merchants down the ample streets glide on roller-skates.
Spinsters there sing madrigals, colonels practise putts,
Grocers in the market-place shy for cokernuts,
And chemists give their wares away and never ask a price
In Bootle, in Bootle, the earthly Paradise.

In Bootle, in Bootle there's wisdom and there's wit;
All the jokes were ever made testify to it.
And there is wealth in Bootle and prosperity untold;
All their plates are silver there and all their teeth are gold.
Fabrics of the richest dye hang in every room;
Aspidistras far and wide spread their leafy gloom;
Omnibuses through the streets never cease to roll
In Bootle, in Bootle, the Garden of the Soul.

In Bootle, in Bootle the sky is always blue,
Or would be if the fog would lift and let the daylight through.
In Bootle, in Bootle the merry bells they ring;
In Bootle, in Bootle the year is always Spring;
For there are plants in Bootle with dividends for fruits,
And there are trees in Bootle to put in people's boots,
And there are streams in Bootle of traffic broad and strong
That tootle in Bootle the merry summer long.

In Bootle, in Bootle when day begins to wane
Spectral figures, dead and gone, come to life again;
Silent through the silent streets, in the moonlight clear,
Arthur walks and Lancelot, Gawain and Guinevere.
Slowly in the dreaming town History awakes—
Henry and the Cloth of Gold, Alfred and the Cakes;
Memories of days long dead quicken as they throng
In Bootle, in Bootle—or have I got it wrong?

In Bootle, in Bootle, the town where I was bred,
There's comfort for the aching heart and the aching head;
And there is strong endeavour there, romance and high emprise,
And folk with kindly simple hearts and gently popping eyes.
In Bootle, in Bootle, the Garden of the Free,
In Bootle, in Bootle it's fain that I would be.
I will live in joy and peace until my dying day
In Bootle, in Bootle—or shall I keep away?

Circulation.

The Feature Editor looked up from his desk at the pale sad face of the News Editor.

"Reginald," he said kindly, "you look wan."

The News Editor sank into a chair with a dry sob.

"Algernon," he said brokenly, "I feel wan. 'Twas a dream I dreamed last night. You have read that Herr Dollfuss has issued a decree that large-type headings must no longer be used in Austrian newspapers."

"I have."

"Well, I dreamed that Ramsay MacDonald, egged on by the Editor of *The Times*, began to issue similar decrees. At first he confined himself to the size of type, then, the craving for issuing decrees growing on him, he began to take more drastic steps. He forbade asterisks."

"What was the effect upon our circulation?"

"It remained at two million. But you have not heard all. From asterisks he turned to punctuation. Commas, full-stops, colons and semi-colons were forbidden on pain of death."

"What was the effect upon our circulation?"

"It remained at a steady two million. But, not satisfied, he then forbade all Literary articles, all Woman's-page features, all cartoons."

"What was the effect upon our circulation?"

"It remained at a steady two million. Then he issued a decree forbidding the publication of any news or news-pictures whatever, so that the greater part of the paper appeared in virgin whiteness."

"What was the effect upon our circulation?"

"It remained at a steady two million. But . . ." The News Editor covered his head in his hands and groaned. "He did not stop there. He issued a final decree, forbidding Free Insurance, Crossword Puzzles, Picture Competitions, Distribution of Encyclopædias . . ."

"What was the effect upon our circulation?"

The News Editor rose and whispered in the other's ear.

"Fancy that!" said the Feature Editor thoughtfully.

Carving.

Think, you who grapple with the Sunday joint
And know that you must conquer it or starve,
That here our ancestors could score a point,
For they knew all the proper ways to carve.

They'd "thigh" a woodcock with the utmost ease
Or "reve" a goose, whatever that may mean,
"Unbrace" a mallard (duck) complete with peas,
And "lift" a swan—a dish now rarely seen.

How deftly then would they "display" a crane,
With what a careless hand they'd "breal" a teal!
They never seemed to suffer mental strain,
But then of course they practised a good deal.

They'd "wing" a partridge, pheasants they'd "alay,"
"Dismember" herons, "unjoint" bitterns too,
"Disfigure" peacocks any time of day
(Seen on the terrace then—now at the Zoo).

Our forebears also coped with fishy meals;
They'd "tush" a barbel or they'd "fin" a chub,
Or sit quite calmly "trounchening" their eels;
They seemed to have some rummy kinds of grub.

Can we to-day in "splating" pike engage?
Or "splay" a bream or even "gobbet" trout?
No; but with chickens of uncertain age
Our skill surpasses theirs beyond a doubt.

RATIONAL DRESS.



THOUGH THERE IS STILL A MILD CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE NEW INFANTRY UNIFORM—



AND THOUGH ANY ALTERATION IN THE DRESS OF THE SENIOR SERVICE SEEMS RIDICULOUS—



AND THOUGH IT APPEARS IMPOSSIBLE TO CREATE A HYGIENIC YET A DIGNIFIED UNIFORM FOR POLICEMEN—



AND GRANTING THAT A LOT OF THE SUCCESS OF A RATIONAL UNIFORM DEPENDS ON THE WEARER—



AND NOT FORGETTING THAT A UNIFORM WHICH LOOKED ABSOLUTELY "RIGHT" AT THE GARE ST. LAZARE MAY LOOK RATHER SILLY AT ST. PANCRAS—



STILL, THERE SEEMS TO BE NO SNAG AT ALL ABOUT THIS RATIONAL UNIFORM FOR TAXI-DRIVERS. JUST A WARM QUILTED ONE-PIECE GARMENT WITH ONLY ONE PROMINENT ZIPP-FASTENED OUTSIDE POCKET TO KEEP THEIR MONEY IN.



"I THINK HE'D BE ALL RIGHT LEFT IN THE FIELD, MABEL. IT SEEMS A BIT DAFT TAKING A HORSE TO THE PIERROTS."

One of the Twenty-Thousand.

THERE may be more, and very likely are; but let us leave it at the moment at that number, referring of course to the hotels in France that are called Hôtel de France. For there is one in every town, whereas in our own country, in which I have travelled not a little, if there is an Hotel of England or England Hotel or Hotel of Great Britain or Great Britain Hotel I have never seen one. It is left for France to make up for our modesty by its numberless Hôtel d'Angleterres, and Grande Bretagnes not a few: a compliment which, I fear, we seldom return; for even when we first began to call hotels Grand, after our neighbours, we meant grand and not great. As for calling in the Universe too, as the French do, and combining it with a town of our own, that, on this side of the Channel, would be an unthinkable proceeding. The Hotel of Woking and the Universe—no, that is not found here.

The particular Hôtel de France of which I am thinking remains in the mind not so much because of the excellence of its food and cooking, the variety and profusion of its shellfish, (from the lordly langouste and those bivalves that have to be fought and vanquished before you can eat them, to the winkle with his attendant pin), nor even because of its position on a quiet square—too many of the Hôtels de France being in noisy streets—but because of the strangeness of the management. Most French hotels are under the nominal control of a landlord who bows and smiles and shuffles about in slippers and talks to his friends, leaving the actual work of supervision to one or two clever women in black, who not only have an eye for everything but keep the books and make out the bills and never by any chance add up the total wrongly—although you often think you have got them. But once again it is those tricky "sevens."

Well, the landlord at my Hôtel de France is true to type, although a little younger than most of them, and a little more active, since he personally brings the bottles from the cellar; and there is the usual woman in black, also not quite so old as most of them, and with the much-advertised *bon accueil* really there and very charmingly exhibited, and with her another young woman not in black, whom I guess to be Madame Boniface, a blonde. But—and this is the peculiarity of my chosen specimen of the twenty-thousand—it is not the landlord seeking the bottles, or his wife with the flaxen hair, or the capable reception clerk with her quick smile, who really runs the hotel, but a small Pomeranian dog.

You perhaps know the way in which a schipperke takes charge of a barge on a Dutch canal. Well, this Pom is as conscientiously and vigilantly the master of the Hôtel de France. All day long he sits on the *caisse* in the entrance-hall scrutinising arrivals and departures, receiving the homage that all pet dogs enjoy in France, accepting it but surrendering no independence. As you inquire terms he exchanges glances with the clever woman, indicating the results of his own appraisement of your finances. As you fill up the foolish form that is still demanded of every traveller, or rather as you decide what sections of it to disregard, such as place of birth and the date of that too distant event, you find his nose, hardly less sharp, following the pointed French pen stroke for stroke.

But if I seem to be suggesting that this little creature is too suspicious to be agreeable I am wrong, for he has an attraction that very few try to withstand. During two or three hours after dinner I watched him being caressed

by a dozen or more habitués from the town, none with more than a word for his mistress, who under ordinary French conditions would and should, for she is quite pretty, have been the magnet. That is to say, the Pom brought customers for casual *consommations* as well as for beds and dinners.

And as to this word "brought," I have something more to say; for the reason that so many of those who were there for dinners and beds had canine company. At one time during the evening there were in this lounge-hall, the property of various travelling guests, no fewer than seven other dogs. I counted them. There were two Pekinese, one French bulldog, one Sealyham, one wire-haired fox-terrier, one dachshund and one Dandie Dinmont; and to each of them the deputy manager, or real manager, jumping down from his perch on the *caisse*, had a word to say. This surely sounds like an unduly large number of dogs for one small French hotel. But I think I understand it. There is a mysterious bond in the world of dogs: they have a clairvoyance, a radio, of their own; and I am in no doubt whatever that the travelling guests owning those two Pekinese, one French bulldog, one Sealyham, one wire-haired fox-terrier, one dachshund and one Dandie Dinmont were all staying at the Hôtel de France, and not at any other of the hotels in the town, entirely because the little manager had so willed it. He had sent out the influence.

E. V. L.

Down to the Sea in Slips.

THERE in front of me lies the sea. It is flat and oily, and profitless as a 1932 balance-sheet. It glitters so much that it is impossible either to look at it or to read or write in its vicinity without the irritating assistance of dark glasses. Along its edge, disturbed occasionally by a weary ripple, lies a weird agglomeration of flotsam and jetsam (alternately), consisting of orange-peel, small bits of wood, large bits of paper and the seaweed crop of 1919. It is easy to see why HOMER called it "the unharvested deep."

On my side of the dust-bin is a sight reminiscent of a mortuary. On the sand, littered with stones, paper-bags and pieces of glass, lie nine thousand bodies, clad for the most part—or perhaps one should say the least—in "slips." (I am sure of my figures, because the papers say there are ten thousand visitors in this festering plague-spot.) None of these bodies ever makes a move, and I am beginning to wonder whether they are waiting for the Last Trump.



THE HOLLYHOCK SEASON.

GENTLEMAN TRYING TO INDICATE TO HIS FRIENDS THE HEIGHT OF THE GIANT SPECIMEN HE HAS GROWN THIS SUMMER.

On the far side of the refuse-tip is a sight almost more nauseating. Nine hundred-and-ninety-nine creatures in approximately human shape are leaping up and down in an idiotic sort of way, making strange noises suggestive of enjoyment. Curiously enough, these latter are more completely covered than those on the beach. They must of course be suffering from delusions, but they seem to be deluding themselves pretty thoroughly.

What is the use of the sea, anyhow? If fish could be trained to live on land there wouldn't be any. As a beverage (I speak from experience) it is indifferent; for washing purposes poor. I grant you that it keeps England apart from the Continent—yet we still talk of it as binding together the Empire. It is directly responsible for navies and disarmament conferences, and, even worse than that, for seaside towns like this eyesore. A violent and disgusting affliction is induced by it. What's the good of it? I repeat.

* * * * *

I've just been in the sea. Jolly good place this, isn't it? Now for a spot of sun-bathing before lunch.

You know, I always say there's nothing like the sea.

Ding-Dong Bell.

"In his dong career for Sutton, R. M. Bell has taken well over 2,000 wickets."
Evening Paper.

". . . then we can properly discuss a better distribution of the world's gold and liver supply."—*Daily Paper.*

"One man, one liver" will always be our slogan.

At the Pictures.

ANOTHER COWARD PRODUCTION.

BEFORE we were allowed a glimpse of the film version of *Bitter Sweet* we had to sit through a dramatic prologue as mountainously silly as any I have yet seen. A gentleman in fancy-dress, who had recurring trouble with his shoulder-straps, marched about the stage declaiming inferior couplets which



BITTER SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

Sarah Millick . . ANNA NEAGLE.
Carl Linden . . . FERNAND GRAAVEY.

eulogised Mr. COWARD and made disconnected references to the story, while behind him the pages of an immense programme were slowly turned over by unseen engines, exposing brief tableaux from the film. The male ushers of the Carlton Theatre, clad as Austrian soldiers, then came on and expressed their undying affection for Tokay. Why we should be subjected to this kind of solemn humbug I cannot see, and, all else aside, it seems excessively bad luck on Mr. COWARD, whose reputation is far too well established to gain anything from pseudo-artistic ballyhoo.

If one had never seen *Bitter Sweet* on the stage it would be much easier to criticise the film, for it is almost impossible not to indulge in comparisons which are interesting but scarcely fair. So perhaps I had better compare and get it over.

First of all, then, the story has more continuity than the original, and is broken less often for the purposes of light opera. I suppose that in some ways this is a good thing, for the bane of a producer's life must be an irrelevant Chorus which needs welding into the story at each end; but I must say that I missed the songs of the "Footmen" and the "Naughty Boys," and a fuller treatment of the "Ladies of the Town."

There are two main deviations. One is that we spend a good deal of time in the *Lindens'* flat in Vienna (it was never shown on the stage), which seems a pity, seeing that this means correspondingly less time in *Schlick's* café, and also the inclusion of some close-ups of connubial bliss so protracted that they can only be regarded as box-office bait—and as such surely unnecessary in a COWARD film; the other is that the film ends with *Sari's* description to the lovers of *Carl's* death, so that we miss the charming episodes of her return to London and marriage to *Lord Shane*, as well as the haunting Zigeuner song.

In addition there is of course the loss of colour (to anyone who remembers how excellent were the stage settings for the café and the ball-room) and, in the café, of atmosphere, owing to the fact that since our last visit *Herr Schlick* has redecorated on a duller though more lavish scale.

But perhaps it would be fairer to pretend that the film has no glorious antecedents and comes fresh; and, that



THE FAIRY GODFATHER.

Herr Schlick . . CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.

being done, let me hasten to say that here is a film of which the British industry may well be proud. Mr. HERBERT WILCOX, its director, has skilfully overcome the difficulties of adaptation and has achieved an artistic whole. The photography is good, without being exceptional, and the musical reproduction is nearly perfect.

The dual parts of *Sarah* and *Sari* are admirably taken by Miss ANNA NEAGLE; she might perhaps have disguised her youth a little more as *Sarah*, but that is a small point. Her selection was fully justified, and so also was that of Mr. FERNAND GRAAVEY as *Carl*, whom he made rather more boyish than the *Carl* of Mr. METAXA, but none the less romantic.

In her original part Miss IVY ST. HELIER is as good as ever, and I cannot praise her more than that. *Manon la Crevette* is infinitely pathetic as the



ALL GLOVES AND STOCKINGS.

Manon la Crevette . . . IVY ST. HELIER.

ageing woman who is alone in the world but who is yet making a good fight of it. There is no shadow of gush or exaggeration in Miss ST. HELIER'S acting, but only the working of a magnetic personality and a vivid humour.

As the fetching villain, *Captain Lutte*, Mr. MILES MANDER could easily wreck the peace of any café; and as *Herr Schlick* Mr. CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY, in his original part, would be capable of dealing immediately with any wreck, however advanced.

Mr. ESME PERCY deserves special mention for his *Hugh Devon*, *Sarah's fiancé*, a young man of exquisite propriety. I wished she could have brought him with her when she ran away.

ERIC.

No Flies on Germany.

"A swastika is a thing you kill flies with."
Schoolgirl's Answer.

"WOMEN FAVOURITES WIN.

Lady Margaret B.C., who were the favourites, won the Ladies' Challenge Plate."
Singapore Paper.

What will the Dons of St. Johns say to this?



Visitor (to wife of hypochondriac). "DO THUNDERSTORMS AFFECT YOUR HUSBAND AT ALL?"
She. "ONLY IF THEY HIT HIM."

Bread.

PARDON me, brother-Aryans, but I think I can help with this world-crisis.

Wheat, I see, is still giving trouble. We have been long familiar with wheat-trouble in this country. We wanted wheat, but we didn't want wheat enough to pay the wheat-man enough to make it worth while for the wheat-man to grow wheat. (I commend the style of that sentence to all Prime Ministers; if they explained things as clearly as that, things would be in less of a muddle.) So, practically, we gave up growing wheat and bought what wheat we wanted from people who could grow it cheaper—from Australia, Canada, Russia, the Argentine, old Uncle Sam and all. And now they are all having wheat-trouble too. Even France, I see, has more wheat then she knows what to do with. In America, though more people are being employed and have money to buy wheat, the price of wheat continues to fall. President ROOSEVELT cannot understand it, and statesmen are constantly exclaiming against the paradox that half the world is crying out for wheat and the other half cannot get rid of its wheat.

There is, in fact, no such paradox. The statesmen's reasoning is based upon a gigantic fallacy—the belief that *bread is a good thing, and that above all things the people want bread.*

The people do not want bread.

I am not going to say that bread is wholly redundant; but to say, as my encyclopedia says, that "bread is the chief food of civilised peoples," is to say that which is clearly erroneous.

Every class is agreed about this, though I am the first person who has the courage to express the truth. Begin at the nursery. The pampered child of the rich does not want bread; he wants jam and cake. And when he is ordered to eat two slices of bread before passing to cake he does so with extreme reluctance.

Nor does the child of the poor want bread. Invite some slum-child into your house, offer him a nice hunk of bread, and see what he says.

Nor does the indigent adult want bread. He wants fried fish and sausages and steak and vegetables and beer. Offer the next poor tramp who calls at your door a nice half-loaf and see what *he* says. No doubt, if he is really starving and you have nothing more to offer, he will wolf the bread. But in those circumstances he would wolf Brazil-nuts and potato-skins. We should not on that account say that Brazil-nuts or potato-skins were the chief food of civilised peoples. It is an obvious blunder to assess the value of a food-stuff to the civilised world by reference to the willingness of a starving man to eat it. We must assume that in the civilised world the great majority of the people are not starving, which happily is still the case.

For a fair test go to any public eating-place and see the proportionate part that bread plays in any given meal. It is amazingly small. Bread, you will find, is the only food left behind on the tables and plates (except some little heaps of mustard and salt). Indeed I should describe bread not as "the staple food" of Man but as the Principal Condiment of Man. It is an admirable adjunct to almost every food. It is (in the form of toast) the perfect platform for an egg, a mushroom or a kidney. It is excellent (crumbled) as the decent covering of a sole or as companion to a grouse. For such purposes as the mopping-up of delicious gravy its value is undeniable. It is a useful ingredient in a sauce or a fishcake. It serves as the machinery of a sandwich or the basis of a primitive poultice. But a platform, an ingredient,

a gravy-mop, a poultice—how can such an article be described as our chief food?

Note at the end of your next picnic what food it is you throw away or give to the birds. The bread. You do not throw the cold tongue and ham, the potato-salad or galantine to the birds. You pack them up carefully and take them home.

Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it will return to you. Nobody wants it. But cast a case of kippers or a barrel of beer on the waters and see how soon they return to you.

What is the traditional thing that (besides the shilling) the angry father cuts off his erring child with when he turns her out of the home? A crust of bread—the most contemptuous form of nourishment that he can think of.

Bread, in short, has no independent existence of its own. By itself it is just the dullest thing you can eat. You cannot persuade the rich to eat it at all unless it is done up or disguised in some fancy fashion as French rolls, or toast, or bread-crumbs, or soup-billets, or prepared in some patent way that is alleged to do them good. And the poor won't eat it if they can get anything better.

In a world, then, the main purpose of which is to raise the standard of life of the poor to the level of the rich it is absurd to go on saying that bread is the really important food. And anyone who is still surprised about the wheat-trouble is merely showing his ignorance of modern tendencies.

There was once a similar tradition about land. Certain political parties existed for decades on the assertion that the Land belonged to the People, that the People wanted the Land, and the Land ought to be given to them. I have often challenged persons holding this creed to go into the Bethnal Green Road and offer the first twenty citizens they saw nice pieces of land to look after and live on. It has never been done. The last thing the People want is Land. They want cinemas and greyhound-racing, naps in the morning and winners in the evening. There are few places in which there is so much land as Australia, but more than half the population are huddled together in a few towns at the seaside, where the cinemas are.

In the case of bread the cause of all this loose thinking is the longevity and power of words. Things change, but expressions remain—old phrases about "our daily bread," "the bread-winner," and so on. They date from times and stages of civilisation when bread was really important because most people could get very little else. I have no doubt that among certain remote and backward tribes bread is still "the staple food." I gather that it is in Russia. But in the civilised world bread is only one of many foods equally important. A man who won nothing but bread for his family to-day would be locked up for neglecting them. We ought, in short, to speak of the eggs-and-bacon-tea-milk-and-sugar-sausage-and-mash-kipper-meat-and-two-veg.-fish-and-chip-beer-butter-and-bread-winner. That shows bread in its right proportion and at once illuminates the whole wheat-problem. The people have grown out of bread; but the poor farmer away out in the Middle West has not yet discovered it. The only solution, therefore, if we want to keep the wheat-farmer going, is to force the people to eat more bread. President ROOSEVELT, so far as I know, is the only ruler who has the power to do this at present, and I invite him to add it to his courageous experiments. If every householder bought an extra half-loaf every day and gave it to the birds it might loosen the wheat-problem. Probably there would be a sad outbreak of mortality among the birds, if they ate all the bread, but I have noticed that even the birds soon tire of this food (yes, even swans); so perhaps they wouldn't. Anyhow, the price of bread would go up. But then, I suppose, there would be an outcry about "Hands Off the People's Food!" It is all very difficult.

A. P. H.



"I MEAN, WOTHERSPOON, I DON'T MIND A SPOT OF FOOLIN' ON HOLS. BUT DAD DEFINITELY OVERDOES IT."

The Love-Letter.

"WOULD your worship take an egg to your tea?"

"I would then, Agnes Paulina." I answered her question as I had done every day since my arrival in Ballymadreen; but I started to-day at something new, not in the question but in the tone of her soft voice, which somehow breathed of tears repressed.

"But what's the matter, Agnes Paulina?"

"Och, it's nothing at all then." She turned hurriedly to the dresser to hide her flushed face, taking down the big cup that was kept for "the gentleman." But there were tear-stains on the rosy face, and as she "set" the table I noticed unusual ink-stains on her fingers.

"You have been writing, Agnes Paulina?"

She looked guiltily over to the corner table where the "writing things," a small bottle of blue-black ink and a pen, were kept.

"Perhaps I could help you. Is it the spelling?"

"It is not then, but the speech itself."

"But, Agnes Paulina, that's the very thing I *can* do! Didn't I come down all the way from Dublin itself to write a whole book?"

She paused, one hand on a shapely hip, and regarded me thoughtfully, then remembered the egg.

"It's the grand themes about Ireland you do write in your book," she said shyly, putting the egg and a pot of tea on the table before me.

"And what, then, would you want me to write about, Agnes Paulina?"

"Did ye ever write a love-letter?" she asked in an awed voice, flushing crimson.

"I used to be considered rather good at love-letters," I said; "they're not really difficult."

I tackled the egg and a hot soda scone.

"What's the difficulty, Paulina?"

"It's on the subject of marriage," she said solemnly.

"I'll write it for you after tea; it's really an easy subject."

* * * * *

"Now," I began, taking up the pen while she "cleared away."

"It's an offer of marriage I had from Peglet of the timber-yard beyond."

"Oh!" I said, suddenly hating Peglet

of the timber-yard. "And did he write his proposal?"

"He did not. He's after asking me now, and he coming back from the fair. And I said, being wishful to get quit of him, that I must get the gentleman's tea and I'd write him an answer."

"Is this your first love-letter, Agnes Paulina?"

"It is. And a hard one it is, not wishing to offend him, and he in with the quality and as thick as thieves with Father Mulligan and Sam, and they all thinking it the elegant match."

"But, Paulina, I don't understand. I thought you said it was a love-letter."

"And sure isn't it a sort of a love-letter? But what to say at all is a puzzlement to me."

"DEAR MR. PEGLET," I began, secretly rejoicing at her decision to refuse the elegant match.

"How will this do?—

"'DEAR MR. PEGLET,—On thinking over the great honour you have done me in asking my hand in matrimony, I feel I am much too young and inexperienced to make you a good wife or adequately fill the high position it would give me in society.'"

"Oh, but isn't that the lovely commencement! But I'm feared he'll pick a quarrel with Sam, and me being young is no drawback to the likes of him. I'm feared greatly."

Here was a puzzlement surely.

"Peglet is pretty rich?" I suggested.

"Rich is it! And he with all his dead wife's fortune, and she only dead this three months or less, and he as mean as mean, with all the skimping and saving that ever was known."

"Look here, Paulina—have you got any friends in Dublin or anywhere that sometimes write to you?"

"I have. There's Kathleen that went to a hairdresser's in Mount Street, and Pegeen that's in a grand place in Clontarf with the Bishop's sister."

"Kathleen will do nicely. Now sit down here and write. Are you ready?

"'DEAR KATHLEEN,—Isn't it the great news you're after writing me about all your doings in Dublin and parties and balls like any royal lady, and proposals galore? Here there isn't even half a man. A small-sized pigmy has proposed to me, and I'm after writing an answer to him, so excuse the blots in this letter, which I add in haste to inform you of my plans. I'm wishful of having an easy life when I wed, and he has plenty of money put by. Sam has been ever a good Da to me, but I'm sick and tired of slaving here and the endlessness of the work and none of the grand ease-making contraptions you do have in Dublin. I'll have a girl to do all the work, a smart girl from Dublin with starched caps and frills and all. And I'm greatly set on having a side-car and a quick-stepping mare like the Reillys have.

I won't tell a soul but you, for it's himself that will be after telling all the countryside when once he has my answer.

I must quet now and get Sam's tea, for I hear him coming in the back-door, and it's he will be greatly pleased when the bridegroom tells him the elegant offer he's after making me.

Your loving
AGNES PAULINA.'

"Now here is an envelope, Paulina. Address it to Peglet quickly, for I hear your father coming down the boreen."

I folded the letter and put it in the envelope and was stamping it when Sam came in the back-door.



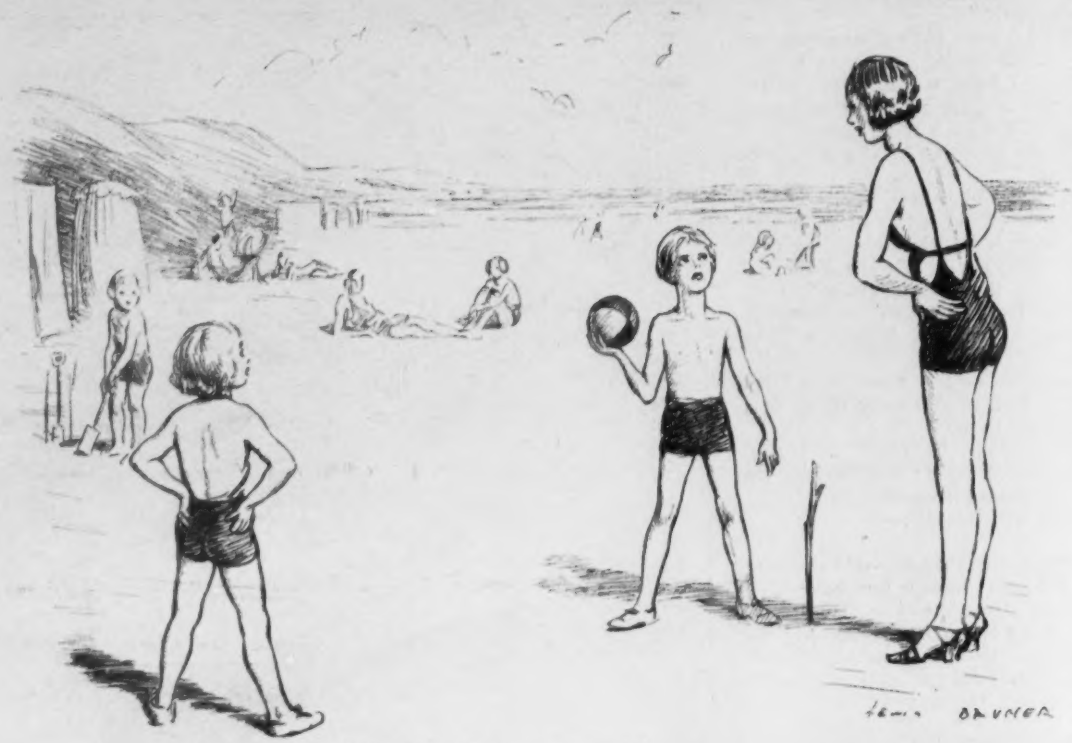
Wife. "THIS CRAZE FOR SPEED IS ALL VERY WELL, DARLING, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE PEACE AND QUIET OF A ROWING-BOAT."

Professional Football in a Nutshell.

"Liverpool are not content that Everton should steal the limelight. Their capture of English, the Irish international centre-forward from Glasgow Rangers is the chief change of the season in Lancashire."
Daily Paper.

"Washington, Saturday.—The latest code which has been accepted is that of the steel magnates, who have agreed to a 0-hours week for their workers with increased wages."
Sunday Paper.

It sounds fair enough.



Grown-up Young Lady. "MAY I PLAY WITH YOU?"
Small Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. CAN YOU STAND UP TO FAST BOWLING?"

Dog-Robbers.

THE sky was clear at three o'clock
And hounds will meet at four,
And I shall wear an ancient stock
I had before the War;
My polo-boots and breeches brown
(With patches on the seat),
My shooting-coat, a reach-me-down
I got from Isaacs up in Town
Will give the field a treat.

For there 's no need to dress in pink
Or don a waistcoat gay,
With boots that make spectators blink;
I 'm chasing cubs to-day.
My polished hat with crimson string,
My spotless Bedford pants
Are still in storage—not a thing
About me now can cause a ring
Of laughter or a comment bring
Concerning rats of Hants.

My horse is rising twenty-odd
And left the meadow-grass
A week ago. I had him shod
And now I see him pass
Beneath my window, tail on high,
His tummy full and fat,
A snaffle bridle, naughty eye;
He 'll buck when hounds are trotting by
And tilt my bowler-hat.

Questionnaire.

A FORTNIGHT or more ago, just as I was involved with one of the more devilish corners of TORQUEMADA, I was interrupted by Mr. MANNING FOSTER, who from his pontifical column of *The Observer* aimed a salvo of Contract Bridge questions at me and asked me to let him have my opinion.

It was with some reluctance that I abandoned the task a few days ago; but I had come to the conclusion that Mr. MANNING FOSTER and I could not be thinking of quite the same game. Try as I might I was utterly unable to think of anything like a snappy comeback to this sort of thing:—

> "Do you consider that the negative No-Trump response which sometimes places the declaration in the wrong hand operates against the use of this bid?"

He also asked me whether in my circle the rules were strictly enforced—a question, I think, which no man of honour would care to answer, involving as it does the reputation of three other people and depending entirely upon whom I am playing with (with Mrs. Kegbody, the autopsical old hag, the answer would be decidedly "Yes"), how the drink is lasting, and how much we are all hating each other at the particular stage of the game.

At the same time I should like to congratulate Mr. MANNING FOSTER on the initiative he has shown and to ask him whether I may copy his idea with certain modifications.

This is probably the last heat-wave before Christmas, which means that soon we shall be going to parties where the conventions of every game played differ in as many ways as the number of parties attended. I propose therefore to draw up a questionnaire on the following lines, so that we simpler souls may be able to enjoy our little pastimes without that waste of time which is now involved in the discussion of the rules and ethics of any game proposed.

Rummy.

1. Do you believe in being able to put down your sets and runs at once before Aunt Agatha with obscene glee catches you out with about a hundred in your hand?

2. Are you in agreement with Benefit of Clergy to the extent of allowing the Vicar to pick up a card although it has really been covered?



THE WHITE KNIGHT; OR, THE COME-BACK OF ARTHUR.



"WHAT IS IT, DARLING? WHAT IS IT?"
"HE'S B-BUMPING ME IN THE SAME PLACE HE B-BUMPED ME YESTERDAY!"

3. What seems to be the popular number of cards per person in your circle (exclusive of misdeals)?

Demon Patience.

4. Do you mind your wife's producing the best Bridge cards "so that everyone can play"?

5. Do you consider that it is in keeping with the ethics of the game to stamp deliberately on other people's fingers when placing a card?

Pelmanism.

6. Have you ever succeeded in collecting more than one pair? If so, how on earth did you do it?

Happy Families.

7. Is it considered *de rigueur* in your circle to make an opening bid for Mr. Bung the Brewer, holding no Bungs?

Chess.

8. When unfortunately doomed to play with the dotant Uncle Ebenezer (sometime opening pawn for England), do you think it better to pretend to understand about gambits and things, or to take as many of his men as possible before they wheel him away to bed?

Ludo.

9. Do you, when asked to play "just one game before bedtime" with tired and fractious brats, try to lose, or trust that they may overthrow the board in hysterical frenzy at an early reverse?

Corinthian Bagatelle.

10. Do you believe in pretending to have meant any particular shot?

11. Is a penny a hundred (*a*) too much? (*b*) too little?

Sardines.

12. Do you consider it morally right to miss the whole of the next person's turn to hide, provided that (*a*) you are in the right company; (*b*) the rest of the party are tactful enough not to make loud inquiries as to your whereabouts?

General.

13. Why not stop at home, anyhow?

"CASTLE BOMBARDED WITH WOMEN. ELABORATE PAGEANT AT PEMBROKE."
Local Paper.

Would this be the "Monstrous Regiment"?

"... He will be best remembered for the introduction of the raspberry named Lloyd George, which achieved very great popularity."—*Gardening Paper.*

Despite a tendency to change its hue.

On Fountain-Pens.

"Weep you no more, sad Fountains!
What need you flow so fast?"

I AM moved to cry out in bitterness and hatred against all fountain-pens. The fountain-pen is the invention of the Devil, who is himself the Fountain of all Evil. It is the snake in the grass of modern civilisation, the toad in the hole of twentieth-century culture. To compare it to a toad is to flatter it. The toad may or may not be as black at heart as tradition paints it. I don't know. I have never seen a toad's heart. Not being PASTEUR, I have no particular desire to. But however black its heart may be no toad has ever tried to pour it out over my shirt. No toad has ever attempted to wear it on my sleeve. That is what a fountain-pen has just done. And that is why, considered as an abomination of desolation, the fountain-pen may be said to begin where the toad leaves off.

The fault of course was mine. Nobody in possession of his five senses ought ever to dream of borrowing a fountain-pen. Certainly nobody in part-possession of a single sense would ever dream of owning one. I will go further. Nobody would ever dream of

owning a fountain-pen who had not definitely criminal tendencies. Look closely at the owner of any fountain-pen and you will find that the lobes of his ears are undeveloped, like those of an ape. Examine him through a microscope and as sure as so many beans make five you will discover that he has a prognathous jaw and a microcephalic cranium—also knock-knees, hammer-toes and a squint. To possess a fountain-pen is in itself a crime—a crime against society and the home, ranking in gravity above fraticide and the corruption of innocent minds. The fountain-pen is as much the implement of the criminal classes as the jemmy or the sawn-off shot-gun. It is the tool of journalists—men whose profession it is to pry into the squalid lives of others to earn their furtive bread. It is the weapon of high financiers who oppress the poor and use men's souls as pawns in the game of cornering aluminium. Tax-collectors use it, and the more progressive kind of don. Small boys give trouble with it in class-rooms, filling it with hideously-coloured inks and priming it with blotting-paper and sherbet. Modern statesmen affect it. The Treaty of Versailles was signed with a fountain-pen. So was the Defence of the Realm Act. Out of the mouth of the fountain-pen nothing but evil can ever spring; and when it springs the chances are a hundred to one that it springs all over me.



Optimist. "LET'S HOPE IT'S AN ALGEBRAIC SYMBOL FOR SOMETHING SMALL."

It has been maintained by some that the sword in history has been a less potent power for evil than the pen. That contention can only have been upheld before the fountain-pen was invented. There have been many ugly blots on the pages of history; but the fountain-pen, the begetter of blots, is the blackest and ugliest of all. The fountain-pen is more dangerous and deadly than the machine-gun, because, unlike the machine-gun, it masks its hostility under a veneer of pacificism. It poses as the friend of man, and as the friend of man it has wormed its way into the homes—nay, into the very bosoms of many guileless and unsuspecting men. I have seen these things, gaily decorated with gold and lacquer and sealing-wax, riding high in the breast-pockets of baronets. Men accord them honour and esteem, wearing them, as they wear their love-letters, next to their hearts. How they can bring themselves to do so is more than I can say. Nobody can feel affection for the cuttlefish, the odious squid, whose unpleasant habit it is to eject from its rectal gland clouds of a dense inky fluid into its next-door neighbour's face. Nobody, so far as I am aware, has ever made a pet of one of these creatures, wooing it with his constant companionship, carrying it about with him in his pocket, and allowing it to feed out of his hand. And yet this is what people do to their fountain-pens. And this in spite of the fact that the squid, which is, after all, one of God's creatures, cultivates the ink-slinging habit solely as a natural method of self-defence, whereas the fountain-pen, a creature of man's own making, indulges in the same odious practice in the spirit of the sheerest wantonness and spite. I would rather nurse a viper in my bosom than one of these. I would rather give my confidence to a man-eating shark. The Elemental, which throws clergymen downstairs and rolls psychic investigators up in hearth-rugs, is a safer companion for the unwary than this uncouth cell whence brooding darkness, to use MILTON'S expression, may at any moment spread its jealous wings over the wide world.

I am not aware who first invented the fountain-pen. Probably it was the same man who invented the deck-chair and the alarm-clock. We do not know who he was, or when or where he lived. It would be nice if we did, because then we could dig his body up and trample on it. Whoever he was he probably made his ill-fated discovery a goodish time ago. It is fairly safe to say that the fountain-pen was known to the ancient Egyptians. The sacred River Nile, which periodically overflows its banks and souses the whole neighbourhood, would have given them the idea for it. Besides, it is always safe to say that every modern invention was known to these men, from wireless-telegraphy to the pogo-stick. It is probable too that the Chaldeans, who were noted sorcerers and dealers in the Black Art, had something of the kind. It was a popular weapon among the assassins of mediæval Baghdad, as it is to-day among the gangsters of Chicago and the autograph-hunters of modern Bloomsbury; but it was less well-known in Europe, where it was used only in occult circles, not being recognised by the Roman Church as a legitimate contrivance. The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy was bent into a hoop, probably used a fountain-pen. So probably did GIL DE RAI, the French Bluebeard, whose crimes were too numerous and horrible to mention. LEONARDO DA VINCI is supposed to have designed a number of these instruments for the BORGIAS, who used them with deadly effect on contemporary Roman society. This tradition is substantiated by contemporary evidence, which asserts that the victims of many of that family's crimes were discovered after death "with their bodies and faces hideously blackened"—a likely enough condition for anyone who had been subjected to the ordeal of presentation with a fountain-pen.

In modern times the fountain-pen is at the root of all the misery and darkness and degradation in the world. It is more treacherous than woman and less attractive. It is the Arch-Hypocrite, the Hyper-Humbug, the symbol of man's slavery to convenience in its most inconvenient form. It is a prodigy, a monstrosity, an odious hybrid between the pencil and the pen. Try to write with it and it runs out of

ink. Try not to write with it and ink runs out of it. Look at it and it leaks. Look away from it and it gets lost. Tread on it and it explodes like a bomb. The man who becomes a slave to his fountain-pen is in danger of worse than damnation. Follow the history of such a man, and you will find that he will go from bad to worse as surely as the river flows towards the sea. He will grow wizened and weak and green. Before long he will take to drink and beat his children, and by-and-by his hair will fall out. In old age he will probably do unmentionable things with a fretsaw and eat rhubarb for his health; until finally he ends, where he ought to have started, in a madhouse. And serve him right.

And yet I don't know. On closer consideration the fountain-pen with which I have been writing this (borrowed from a god-child without his knowledge) has behaved well enough. Perhaps after all it is not the fountain-pen which is at the bottom of our present discontent. Perhaps the fountain-pen is really an instrument for good, and the cause of all our unhappiness is something quite different. Anyhow, I think I shall appropriate this one. I like the feel of it. Besides, it is safer with me than it would be in the hands of an innocent child.

Kindness.

We recognise the duty
  We owe to cats and dogs,
And understand the beauty
  Of being kind to frogs;
To animals we 're gentle,
  But have we tried to learn
To love the little lentil,
  The fuchsia and the fern?

If any stock or aster
  That in the garden grows
Should meet with a disaster,
  Who aids her in her woes?
Who strokes the sick schizanthus?
  Who pets the picotee?
Who takes the polyanthus
  To nurse upon his knee?

If beans be looking baddish
  Or peas seem poor and weak,
If pale appears a radish
  Or languishing a leek,
Who comes to their assistance
  Or tucks them up in bed?
Nay, rather, from a distance
  We say, "Those things are dead!"

Yet, if we cherish sparrows
  With those soft hearts of ours,
Why not be good to marrows
  And kind to cauliflowers?
And if our eyes make great O's
  To see a wounded hare,
Why not accept potatoes
  As worthy of our care? W. H. O.



"Well, Bert, sorry to 'ave to say 'Aw revoyer'!"

The Coal-Box of Asia?

"To talk of cultivating friendship with China is one thing, and to bring about friendship is another. The latest reports tell of China deciding to resist Japan with the support of foreign Pokers."—*Japanese Paper.*

We hoped that at any rate the hammer and tongs would be laid by.

"Patrons are requested to make use of the Ash-Trays provided in the Stalls."
Programme of Provincial Theatre.

Patrons in the Gallery will have to be good shots.

Our Good-Tempered Constabulary.

"On the very site of Verulamium, the 2,000-year-old Roman city which is being excavated at St. Albans, strange scenes will be watched on Monday.

Men will be seen precariously walking the greasy police."—*Provincial Paper.*

Horatio Feels the Heat.

"The artist has treated his subject with vigour, making the frail Nelson look almost as robust as his achievements. The telescope is there and the sleeveless arm."
Daily Paper.

The Films Go British.

THE feature about this article is that it's going to be absolutely true.

["*You can't let us in for a libel action, remember.*"—EDITOR.
"*Why can't I? Besides, ought you to take it for granted that the truth necessarily leads to libel actions?*"—AUTHOR.
"*It always has, in my experience. But carry on.*"—EDITOR.]

Very well. The feature about this article is that it's going to be absolutely true. One has become reckless. This happens to most authors sooner or later after all their friends have said to them: "We recognised *all* the people in your last book, and the Robinsons are never going to speak to you again as long as they live." And after their acquaintances have said: "And are you going to put us all into a book?" And their publishers have said—— (*See* Editor's note above.)

So as all this *badinage*, or, in the case of the Robinsons, *sabotage*, is going to take place anyway, one might as well give some grounds for it and release a few inhibitions and repressions in one's modern way.

A fortnight ago I was approached by telephone—this is an absolutely physical impossibility really, but one always says it—by a Film Magnate. We had communicated before, and I had written quite a good deal of dialogue for a terrific affair that he called a scenario and sent it to him by post. But he now felt that the time had come for a personal conference.

Perhaps this is the moment for adding that he wasn't a Hollywood Film Magnate, but just an English one, in an all-English studio, with an all-English cast, making a regular all-English picture—so the telephone-call didn't cost as much as it might have done. Nor was the journey to the studio—just outside London—quite what the journey to dear old Hollywood might have been.

But the atmosphere when I got there—O boy!

We sat round the table—the F.M. and myself and a bunch of tough guys. That's what he called them, and that's exactly what they looked like.

We referred a good deal to other tough guys not actually present to whom the scenario had been submitted for criticism.

Some of them had O.K.'d it.

One had said that it was jake by him.

Another had pronounced it to be swell.

So that one knew where one was. (Or didn't one? The playing-fields of Eton seemed a good long way off, one had to admit.)

Then we got down to the scenario.

It was a story of English life. One of those sharply-contrasted affairs, with a lovely Society girl who would really have liked to be quite poor—you know how these Society girls long for a few home-made clothes—and a young man who broke stones on the road just outside one of her father's lodge-gates. The gates of one of her father's lodges. The gates of one of the lodges belonging to the girl's father, is what we really meant.

Oke.

Jake by me.

We can now get on with it.

The girl, who was called Sadie, rode out of the father's lodge's gates, between the rose-bushes, the syringas, the snowdrops, primroses and violets, and many other beauties of the English summer, in order to attend a Meet of the Fox-hounds. She looked thoroughly cute in a long velvet habit with a cunning little horn slung over one shoulder and a three-cornered hat with a plume in it, and her hair in ringlets down her back.

The young man, who was called Hank, was working at his stone-breaking job, looking a regular guy if ever there was one, in a cowboy hat, a singlet open at the neck, a knotted handkerchief and shorts.

What I had to do—and you can see for yourself that it was practically a cinch—was to provide Hank and Sadie with a couple of lines of dialogue, just the kind of characteristic greeting that might be exchanged any day of the week between a lovely Society girl like Sadie, who was getting tired of high-balls, necking-parties and hot-dog, and a white-headed boy like Hank, who was a hundred-per-cent. he-man and got a real kick out of running on the level.

So I had Sadie say: "Why, Hank, it's great to see you!"

And Hank came right back at her with: "Gee, if that isn't my sweetie!"

And that, to me, seemed absolutely in the right tradition—O.K., in fact.

But the other guys wouldn't stand for it. No, *Sir*. The F.M. suggested that I was kind of a tough baby, wasn't I? and the bunch of guys evidently agreed with him to a man—or a guy.

So I made an alternative suggestion.

Sadie could say: "Good morning, Hank. Isn't it a fine day?"

"That's right, Miss," Hank would reply.

A piece of dialogue that in its simple English naturalness would go straight home to any British heart. Or so I should have thought.

And I should have been wrong.

The F.M., addressing me as "old boy," as he has done all along, although I am neither one nor the other, put his foot down.

"I don't care for it," he said firmly. "We've got to remember, folk, that this it to be a real English picture. And to my mind the expression 'That's right' is neither more nor less than an Americanism. Cut it right out."

As I said at the very beginning, the whole point about this article is that it's all true. And one could write a good deal more. But would that be jake, or even oke?

Take it from me, old boy, that the answer is "Nope."

E. M. D.

Items from Anywhere.

THE adjective "whimsical" had been applied to Sir JAMES BARRIE 834,637 times up to the end of March, 1933.

The Two-Beaked Tumwarbler made its bow to Nature last week. It can be recognised by its shrill plaintive call of "Etonandharrow." Its eggs of course bear the correct school colours.

Edward Pendragon, of Lesser Marlinspike, Beds, was fined forty shillings at Vineborough Police Court yesterday for setting fire to his neighbour's beetroot ranch.

Synthetic bootlaces are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned home-grown ones.

Gregory Hogge, of Conferenceville, Sus., used to play the triangle. He lost it eighteen years ago and it was found last week near a robin's nest in which were three triangular eggs. Is this a record?

A dainty Christmas gift for a near-sighted relative can be easily and economically made by dipping blotting-paper into molten sealing-wax. First cut your blotting-paper to the shape of a handy book-cover.

Grey hands can be rapidly cleaned by the application of a little soft-soap dipped in warm water. Any chemist will supply the soap.



ONCE IT WAS CONSIDERED RATHER DASHING TO BATHE FROM A CAVE.



THEN THE DRESSING-BAG WAS THOUGHT A BIT RISKY.



IT IS DIFFICULT TO FORESEE WHAT WILL BE THE NEXT MOVE.

At the Play.

"Is Life Worth Living?" (Ambassadors).

It is good to know that, despite all its grand preoccupation with shirts and nationality, the South of Ireland remains as funny as ever. Mr. Lennox Robinson has made the characters in this piece of frivolity ring reassuringly true, and, in an interview printed in the programme, he informs us that his play has no "purpose" whatever—an excellent beginning to the evening.

John Twohig owns the best hotel (though we can only award it half-a-star for guide-book use) in Inish, a small seaside town. The theatre on the pier is also his; and without knowing anything at all about the stage he somehow arranges with an aggressively highbrow though down-at-heel company to come there and try its luck.

Before the contented and unsuspecting populace of Inish can brace themselves against the onslaught they are up to their necks in the rising tide of Scandinavian doubt and Slavonic gloom which floods nightly from the pier. They do not protest, for this is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to them. Time after time they fling themselves into the turbid depths of Ibsen and the rest.

In the private sitting-room of the hotel, a pleasing Victorian compilation which is the real hub of Inish life, we are in the best position to observe the repercussions of the Drama, and we remain there all the time.

The proprietors of the touring company are *Hector de la Mare* and his wife *Constance*, who are staying at the hotel as *Twohig's* guests. They take a distinctly mouldy view of life. *Hector* is a cross between the old-fashioned actor and the sort of man who thinks that every work of art should have its mission. *Constance* just exudes temperament.

The first indication we get of the coming *débâcle* is shortly after their arrival at the hotel, when they rehearse a scene together in the sitting-room with the *Twohigs* as audience. *Constance's* cry (she is weeping over an empty cradle) of "Michael, give me back my baby!" awakes poignant memories in the maid-servant, who has hysterics.

The next thing we notice is the significant behaviour of young *Eddie Twohig*, son of the house and a normally callow young hearty. Heavy black glasses suddenly inject a mourning note into his face, he takes to carting the less optimistic dramatists about under his arm, and his manner becomes increasingly melodramatic and without hope. His simple-minded parents are naturally upset by these changes, though they themselves are in no way altered, for one visit to the pier has sickened his mother of the intellectual stage, and of all men his father is most proof against esoteric suggestion.



PEACEABLE DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE.

Constance Constantia . . Miss Esme Biddle.
Hector de la Mare . . . . Mr. Paul Farrell.

After that the little world of Inish begins to revolve madly. A young man, sadly the worse for Chekhov, leaps off the pier and can hardly be blamed for falling only on to soft sand, the sea being far out to sea. The much-respected butcher, having taken one Strindberg over the eight, shies a lamp at his wife. (He misses her.) We learn that all through Inish the queerest things are happening. The whole borough has gone introvert and is on the verge of suicide.

Two of these occurrences bring matters to a head. The first is that *Eddie*, disillusioned about Life and dispirited by the continued refusal of *Christine* to accept his hand, hurls himself fully clothed off the rocks into a foaming sea, and only rescues himself after a long and uncomfortable swim. The second is that, as a result of witnessing *An Enemy of the People*, the local Member develops a conscience, rushes to the Dail and defeats the Government. *John Twohig* is at last stirred to drastic action, buys out the *de la Mares* and telephones for a circus, which finally we hear bringing sunshine back to Inish.



LEGISLATIVE INTIMIDATION.

Peter Hurley . . . . . Mr. J. A. O'Rourke.
Mr. John Twohig . . . . . Mr. Harry Hutchinson.

A laudably irresponsible entertainment, which should be seen. Mr. Robinson has not bothered much to vary the standard characters of Irish humour, but his wit is fresh and his invention delightful. So far as the burlesque goes it is pretty fooling at the expense of all the clever people.

From a cast which was well up to its work, Mr. Paul Farrell was prominent as *de la Mare*, extracting the last ounce of absurdity from the excellent lines he was given. Miss Christine Hayden as the inhibited aunt, *Miss Twohig*; Mr. Harry Hutchinson as *Twohig* himself, and Mr. Joseph Linnane as *Eddie* were the best of a sound bunch.

Eric.



"Don't be so finicky, Mabel. Fingers were made before forks."
"Mine weren't, Mummy."

Innocent Johnnie.

In the farm kitchen at Logandilly
There's a brace of grouse. Who shot them?
Willie
Thinks it "aiblins micht hae been Sandy,
For he's handy wi' the gun, ye ken—real handy."
Sandy "seen Wullie daunderin' roon'
By the side o' the muir" last afternoon,
Though he "heard nae firin',"—he's sure o' that;
And Master Johnnie has a feather in his hat.

Cries Logandilly, "Wakin' or sleepin'
Me an' all hands is thrang wi' the reapin';
Gie us wur crops an' we'll leave the tenant
The heather an' ilkie cock an' hen in 't."

The herd sits whistling; *he* doesn't shoot;
The kitchen-lassikie's oyster-mute;
"As bonnie bit birdies as ever I seen,"
Says Innocent Johnnie, who's just thirteen.

A brace of grouse (a cock and a cheeper)
Hanging in the kitchen—and here's the keeper.
"Jist steppit ower"—the wily old stickler—
"Jist for a crack like—naethin' partic'lar."
His eyes are ready, his ears the same,
But he goes his ways as wise as he came.
Grouse in the kitchen? Never a one.
But Johnnie's at the back o' the chicken-run
Hard, hard at it—cleaning the gun.

H. B.

Billiards at its Best.

I AM not one of those who subscribe to the modern theory that village cricket is the only form of the game worth watching. I may be in a minority, but personally I consider that HAMMOND is a better and more attractive bat than our blacksmith, that G. O. ALLEN has a keener sense of direction and a less doubtful delivery than Jim Gubbins, and that for grace of motion and general effectiveness in the field the gardener at "The Towers" compares unfavourably with A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

But, though holding these somewhat heretical views about our national summer game, I am of a different opinion when we come to consider billiards, for as far as billiards is concerned I venture to assert that we have got them all beaten. To a frazzle—whatever that may be.

Just come along with me to the "Crown" and I will wager (though we must be careful about this, since the Passing and Receiving of Betting Slips is Prohibited) that you will rapidly become a convert to the game of billiards as played in these parts. When you sit at Thurston's you are conscious of nothing save a figure in immaculate shirt-sleeves industriously poking away, and the monotonous voice of the scorer reeling off the thousands. After a while you cease to be conscious even of these and are lulled into a kind of trance eliminating all human emotions. As a matter of fact this is a good thing, for should you so far retain your natural desires as to sneeze or talk to your neighbour or call for a window to be opened, Heaven knows what would happen.

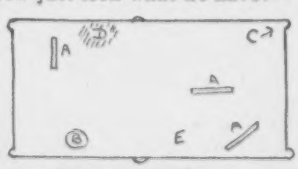
Here at the "Crown" it is all so different. In the first place you don't have to pay to go in, though it is true that this will be counterbalanced by a certain hospitality which you are expected to extend to spectators and players alike at least once during the session. Next time you are watching LINDRUM, go up and stop him in the middle of a break to ask him what he will take, and see what he says. Now go and ask Reuben Hunnybun over there, and see what *he* says. That is one of the ways in which we are different down here.

Nor do we loll about on padded benches, gradually relapsing into a state of coma. We know better than that. For one thing, many a good glass of beer has been lost that way, and for another—well, just look at Bill Hobson's eye. I believe that at Thurston's and suchlike places they have some ridiculous superstition about keeping the ball on the table. We don't hold with that kind of nonsense down here. "Hard, high and often" is our billiard-players' motto as much as our cricketers'. So, if anything should happen, don't say you haven't been warned.

You will notice that as far as the appurtenances of the game go we differ little, if at all, from any of the fashionable saloons. Our cue is very nearly as straight as any one of theirs, while not a table they possess, for all their fine graces and men standing about in livery, can boast of a greater number of pockets than ours. In fact we actually outdo any of them in total pocket area, for here are none of your mean skimpy little holes into which a ball may hardly penetrate, but fine, generous, all-embracing receptacles. Could you get a Number 11 boot into any pocket in London? Emphatically no. And yet when George Pettiver goes full length on our table to bring off a tricky bit of work at the spot end he invariably braces himself by wedging one foot in a pocket at the baulk end, and only once has there been any difficulty about getting it out again.

Where we definitely have the advantage over other places is in the great variety of stroke production that is called for by the conditions. After all, your pampered player in the big cities really has a very easy time of it. The only problems he has to consider are those of direction and distance, and as he bends to his paltry task he has a comforting view of a lone and level cloth stretching far away, with here and there a black spot or a geometrical design in chalk to give him the range.

Now just look what *we* have:—



A.A.A. Devastated areas.

B. The Devil's Punchbowl. (We never knew how this happened.)

C. Prothero's Corner. (So named after Matthew of that ilk, who won the 1931 Xmas handicap by the timely discovery that gravity was working very strongly in that particular quarter. We keep on putting wedges under the leg, but it looks as though it was the floor really.)

D. Here be great masses of lush herbage.

E. The Switchback. (Something seems to have got under the cloth somehow. We shall find out what it is next time Joe Wurzel plays a massé shot round about here.)

So, even without indicating other such features as the Oil Drippings, Massingberd's Folly, the Great Gusset or Where the Rainbow Ends, I hope that I have made it clear that to succeed at the "Crown" you must be master of a very extensive range of shots—the pitch-and-run, the boasted force, the slow creep that gives the bias plenty of time to work, the ricochet and (especially in the neighbourhood of D) the nearly-departed glory of the straight drive.

Positional play too must be considered very carefully. Much tactical advantage may be gained by leaving your opponent to play his next shot from the depths of the Devil's Punchbowl or by concealing your own ball behind the Switchback; but the excessive use of Prothero's Corner as a means of scoring is considered unsporting in friendlies and definitely barred by local rules in competition matches.

"LINDRUM then reached his points with 1465 unfinished." How inexpressibly tedious! Just watch the end of this game between George Pettiver and Joe Wurzel, and you will see a finish that *is* a finish. A few minutes ago George was leading by 97 to 95, but Joe levelled matters by a brilliant thin loser off the white. So thin indeed was it that the landlord was called to adjudicate whether the click was caused by the balls or by (as George asserted) Joe's false teeth. Decision was given in favour of the real over the artificial ivory, and the game proceeds.

At last George is left with a practical certainty. The red is over the south-west pocket, and George's ball lies well clear of interference by any impediment. It is an absolute sitter, or rather lier, since he will have to get on to the table to make the shot; but then, as I have told you, George is an adept at the prone position. He lowers himself upon the cloth slowly—for he is a man of bulk—and is taking careful aim when a strange thing happens. *The red begins rolling back towards him!* He struggles to rise. The red comes faster. His own ball passes down under his body. A glass of beer on the edge of the table tilts, totters and tumbles. There is a loud tearing noise and a cloud of dust rises as the leg of the table beneath Prothero's Corner disappears up to the hilt in the floor.

Now I bet you couldn't see anything like *that* at Thurston's.

Handy Bloomers.

"If you can buy or beg a root now and divide it into small pieces you will get a number of blooming pants for next summer."
Irish Paper.

Without Comment.

"'The Rivals' was famous for the presence of Mrs. Malaprop, the most celebrated of all misusers of the language, noteworthy for her fine derangement of epitaphs."
Australian Paper.

TRAVELLER'S BANE.



"Oh, are you going to Paris? Then do be an angel and get me a bottle of that 'Qu'as-tu-donc' scent; it's so much cheaper over there, and you can easily bring a bottle in your pocket."



"Going to Paris? I wish you'd get me some 'Nirvana' cigars. They're so much cheaper, and you can easily bring a box in your pocket."



"Going to Paris? Be a darling and get me a dozen 'Montrez-moi' silk stockings. . . . So much cheaper . . . easily bring them in your pocket."



"Going to Paris? Be a sweet and bring me a jar of 'Figure-toi' face-cream . . . cheaper . . . easily . . . in your pocket."



"Going to Paris? Be a love and get me ten metres of silk . . . cheaper . . . in your pocket."



"Paris? Then get me a book called 'Sale Type.' . . . Banned over here . . . your pocket."



"No, I will *not* go to Paris."



THE PARKS COMMITTEE OF OUR BOROUGH COUNCIL REFUSING THE GIFT OF A PENSACOLIAN GOAT, "BECAUSE OF ITS MOST UNFORTUNATE RESEMBLANCE TO ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED FELLOW-TOWNSMEN."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Rewards and Revenants.

THOSE who are still youthful-hearted enough to cherish a strain of the fairy-tale in their fiction will, I think, take to the marvels of Miss NETTA SYRETT's latest novel and their tender, unassuming and graceful expression. The obvious defect of *The House That Was* (RICH AND COWAN, 6/-) is its abuse of the beneficent coincidence. I should not like to tot up the sum of lucky chances that see *Maurice Clayton* safely reinstated as rightful heir to the inheritance of his grandfather, though undoubtedly Fate's method of procuring him admission to the house that shelters the family skeleton is both unforeseen and ingenious. Between this edifice—a haunted house in Bloomsbury—a country seat in Kent, and the Camden Town lodgings of the dispossessed *Maurice* the scene shifts with commendable vivacity, the faded splendours of the old mansion pleasantly contrasting with the bright bees-waxed linoleum and well-starched Nottingham lace curtains of *Maurice's* entertaining landlady, *Mrs. Coles*. Of the impostor who is finally brought to book and the ultimate compact over the inheritance I will only hint that all the best traditions of the immortal once-upon-a-time school are religiously observed.

Dura Noverca.

The misunderstood or maltreated orphan and the unkindly aunt *in loco parentis* make, in fiction at any rate, a not infrequent conjunction; but in *The Foster-Mother* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG has invested a somewhat hackneyed situation with an air of originality. For it is not on the unhappy child but on the adult cause of its unhappiness that he focusses our attention. The grim ungainly *Mrs. Murdle* is a striking and memorable study in character. Mr. ARMSTRONG has denied her every grace and all but the least amiable of virtues; and it is high evidence both of his humanity and of his skill that, by exhibiting her private conflicts and remorses, he has made this totally unattractive woman, equally with her victim, an object of pity. Her housemates—*Judith*, her special prey, and *Tom*, who so debonairly defies his aunt, and the old servant *Janet*, whose staunchness to *Judith* and the memory of *Judith's* mother makes her merciless to *Mrs. Murdle*—are drawn more lightly but with as firm a touch. The story, I think, would have benefited by a greater diversity of incident: wrangles over the multiplication-table grow a little wearisome with repetition. But its distinction in all other respects is undeniable.

Atonic Influences.

The book indicted in the above phrase for being the reverse of a pick-me-up was the selections from AMIEL's *Journal*, published in the 'eighties, and the phrase is MATTHEW ARNOLD's. AMIEL, a recluse Genevan professor of æsthetics who died in 1881, was unlucky in his public appearances, for he was known as an ineffectual drifter during his life and his famous journal (thanks to the scissors and paste of pious executors) presented him subsequently as an e lifying but inconclusive philosopher. Now appears M. BERNARD BOUVIER with the abhorréd shears of a grosser age, scissors out of the still unpublished *Journal Intime* a love-affair lasting fifteen years, and publishes it as *Philine* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), this being the *alias* of the romantic young divorcée to

whom AMIEL was "lay confessor" and very nearly husband. Scattered through the seventeen hundred pages of the original MS. this minute record of erotico-sentimental musings and the courtship they sustained and impeded might have a legitimate though always a minor importance. Here its interest is almost purely pathological; and not all the consideration with which AMIEL's own dialectic and Mr. D. M. MURRAY's graceful introduction seek to invest it can endow it with dignity or charm.

The Prim Adventuress.

With its sentimental cover
Autumn Leaf at 7/6
Might suggest the ardent lover
Up to all the usual tricks;
Such a picture is, however,
Most emphatically not
The aim of JOSEPH SHEARING's clever
And distinctly subtle plot.

First we're shown a prim young person,
Not so prim, though, as she looks
(But I've met with many a worse 'un
In the thriller story-books);
Next we get a glimpse of France's
Old nobility, and here
Primness bows to circumstances—
Otherwise a charming peer.

Prim to others still, her wooings
All discreetly put in hand
Land her unawares in doings
Which the BORGIAS might have planned;
Grim it is, but perfect telling
Lends it a seductive tint,
And HEINEMANN, I hope, is selling
Just as fast as he can print.



SYMPATHY.

Captain of subsidised foreign vessel. "AS A BRIDISH ZAILOR I'D BREAK MY HEARDT TO ZEE ZO MANY FINE BRIDISH SHIPS LAID UP AN' GOIN' TO RUIN."

Mechanism and Mysticism.

After a second reading of Mr. FRANCIS STUART's latest novel, *Glory* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), I feel as confused as *Little Wilhelmine* and impatient to find out "what 'twas all about." This being so, the only fair criticism (self-derogatory though it may be) that I can make about the book is that the author might have stated many things a little more clearly and explained what he meant by his suggestion that "a deep aloneness" is the chief glory of the "noble soul." The story itself is fairly simple. An aerodrome is set up in Ireland under the management of a brilliant and sardonic General, representing a company whose aim it is to set a girdle of air-routes round about the world. An Irish girl, yearning for fame, glory or whatnot, accompanies the General on his tours and becomes his inspiration. She also becomes a super-mistress and, a short time before she murders a Chinese brigand and is shot for that and other reasons of international importance, proves that she "has grown up a little." That is the bald outline of part of the story so far as I can make it out, and, though I can recognise the author's sincerity and appreciate the true beauty of his prose, I can only leave it to more sympathetic readers to understand the main motive.

The Sprightly 'Sixties.

Most of the "period" novelists take themselves and their period altogether too seriously. Not so Mr. JACK B. YEATS, who, in his book called *Sailing, Sailing Swiftly* (PUTNAM, 6/-), has stuffed a whole saga into a hundred-and-seventy pages and polished off the Great War in nine words. Even when one of Mr. YEATS's principal characters is falling into the sea and getting his death in the process he can't refrain from putting in a comic touch about a stoker whose dungaree trousers have floated away, "east or west, who cares?" There is nothing particularly nautical about the book except the passage just mentioned; in fact, some verb like "galloping" or "cantering" would have expressed its atmosphere rather better than "sailing." But of the swiftness there can be no question. Mr. YEATS bridges the gulf between bustles and bobs with an airy irresponsibility which occasionally disregards both grammar and sense, but his pages are enlivened by many entertaining figures of speech, and here and there one comes upon unexpected passages of real beauty, as in the description of the old "folded-up" ostler, last of the postboys, sitting among his mouldering bridles "thinking about a horse he once knew."

A Disappointing Duke.

In *William the Conqueror* (DAVIES, 5/-) I thought Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC had found a subject ready to his brilliant historical pen. Yet somehow the "short broad-shouldered Northern Frenchman, approaching his fortieth year,

powerfully built and famous for the strength of his hands," never quite comes to life. Amidst powerful and vivid descriptions of his great achievements WILLIAM himself moves like a bloodless shade. Perhaps Mr. BELLOC has allowed his enthusiasm for the mediæval order of society to divert his attention from the principal actor in a drama whose final act was staged at Hastings in a battle that determined "the destinies of England and, in great part, of the world." Of that great fight Mr. BELLOC writes so vividly that the scene almost materialises before his reader's eye. For long the issue remained doubtful and was only decided in that fateful "last quarter of an hour" that brought victory to WILLIAM with HAROLD'S death. In that hour the British Empire was born.

Superhuman Horses.

The science of meteorology has done grave disservice to Iceland by associating her exclusively with depressions, but she has many compensating advantages. She harbours neither reptiles nor batrachians, and, as we learn from this fascinating volume, breeds horses which are "little but good." The only fault I have to find with *The Wild Horses of Iceland*, by SVEND FLEURON (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6), is that the epithet is misleading. As revealed in these pages they are the greatest asset of the island in virtue not only of their commercial value but the devotion and understanding which bind them to their masters. So the *rôles* are inverted in the narrative—the humans, though sympathetic, are of minor importance, and *Flyga*, the gallant and lovable little mare, is the heroine of a story which belongs to the category of *Owd Bob* and Sir JOHN FORTESCUE'S *Story of a Red Deer*. SVEND FLEURON'S enthusiasm is infectious, and the final chapters strangely moving. The charm of the narrative is enhanced by Mr. CECIL ALDIN'S spirited illustrations, and the translation from the Danish by E. GEE NASH reproduces the vigour and simplicity of the original; but in three or four places "rams" are apparently put for "lambs." Cats *may* eat bats, but foxes certainly do not eat rams.



"TELL THE PRISONER TO REMOVE THAT SILLY HEADGEAR AT ONCE."
"HE SAYS, SIR, HE 'S BALD, AND IT WAS THE CHEAPEST SECOND-HAND WIG HE COULD BUY."

A Murder Jig-Saw.

If at the beginning of *Information Received* (BENN, 7/6) you think it a little too unlikely that *Sir Christoper Clarke* should be murdered at precisely the time that his safe was being burgled by another hand you will find that Mr. E. R. PUNSHON has a quite sufficient explanation for that as for other apparent lapses from plausibility. He does, in fact, weave his intricate plot very adroitly; the clues are fairly and squarely there to convict you of inadequacy when you have to wait—like kindly *Inspector Mitchell* and the eager young public-school constable, *Bobby Owen*—for a confession to give you the solution. I am, however, inclined to think that we are provided rather too generously with suspects and that the defaulting solicitor, *Marsden*, does step a little beyond the limits of credible characterisation even for this fantasticated type of yarn. But don't you go thinking *he* murdered *Sir Christopher*. He obviously looked much too guilty to have done that.

Domestic Duplicity.

It is distinctly a relief to read a mystery story not associated with murder, however cheerful. F. E. MILLS YOUNG, in *Missing* (LANE, 7/6), involves her readers, her publishers and herself in no small measure of mystification when she sets out to decide whether her *Robert Hastings* is really one person—a bored runaway husband who has immediately started respectable married life all over again—or two. *Robert Hastings* dead, and *Jim Smith* virile he-man. I decline, however, to believe that an omniscient daily Press would ever have allowed itself to be puzzled by the affair—which might quite easily have been resolved by even the most amateur of sleuths—much less have given it the publicity necessary for the development of the plot. In spite of some discrepancies and an occasional suggestion that the writer is not quite playing fair, *Missing* is a holiday yarn fully competent to keep one pleasantly if not too seriously engaged in watching for the outcome.

Pomp and Circumstance.

"When we know," *Philip Tolefree* said, "whether 'twas a crime of character or a crime of circumstance, we 'll have our thumbs on the criminal." Fortunately for those who *Follow the Blue Car* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) it took *Tolefree* some time to decide this momentous question, and Mr. R. A. J. WALLING conducts a really exciting hunt in which the scent is always strong. False trails are plentiful, and several innocent people suffered acute discomfort before *Tolefree's* thumb descended upon the man who had committed the crime. But Mr. WALLING'S story is neatly contrived, and the problem that he has set us to solve is fairly stated.

Perennial.

Being one among the many who accept Baroness ORCZY'S formula, I have found *The Way of the Scarlet Pimpernel* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) the easiest of easy going. *Sir Percy Blakeney*, far from wilting in the course of years, blooms as freely as ever, and his feats of valour are still performed with the customary nonchalance. Here he is mainly engaged in the pleasant, if dangerous, task of rescuing estimable French people from the hands of those to whom the Revolution had given a power that they were all too ready to abuse. Readers of adventurous stories will welcome the latest exploits of Baroness ORCZY'S evergreen hero.

A New Use For An Old Steak.

"The soil where the turves are to be put must be very loose, to allow of the turf being pounded well down into it by means of a block of food or some other suitable pounder."—*Local Paper.*

Charivaria.

A WRITER asserts that France and England are drawing perceptibly nearer. This should make things easier for the Channel-swimmers.

***

Channel-swimmers by the way do not bother about mascots. It would be rather a charming idea, however, if a lady-aspirant took a pet goldfish on a lead.

***

"Among the Eskimos," writes an Arctic rover, "a wife may be loaned to a friend for a week or a month." We much fear that there is no use in translating modern sex-novels into Eskimo. They would seem quite too Early-Victorian.

***

It appears that the cigarette celebrates its centenary this year. This will probably raise the question of which came first, the cigarette or the coupon.

***

The Nazi decree that film-stars' names shall not be billed in large letters is regarded as the latest move in the rivalry between Herr HITLER and Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN.

***

An octogenarian is said to spend his time sketching on blotting-paper. A very absorbing hobby, we should think.

***

An author declares that two-hundred-and-fifty cars passed him in ten minutes on the Colchester to Clacton road. That's the worst of those second-hand cars.

***

A new fish which stretches like elastic has been discovered in a small river in British Honduras. New, indeed!

***

And that reminds us that tunny fishers are believed to be in favour of the suggestion that little ones weighing less than six hundred pounds should be thrown back.

***

Attention is drawn to the iron colour of the Thames between Maidenhead and Staines. One theory is that it is caused by the tan coming off bathers.

A French detective now in London dilates on the fondness of Britishers for keeping their hands in their pockets. After all they haven't much else to put there, have they?

***

"City men," says a writer, "regard London's pigeons as their own." We can well believe this.

***

In a recent case a woman complained that her husband spent too much time studying the stars. It is generally the Chorus.

***

Football enthusiasts now want two referees for important matches, so that there will always be one on each half of the field. This prevents the official from being beyond a bottle-throw of the spectators.

***

A beauty-specialist recommends bathing in milk, but doesn't suggest that the much-discussed Milk Pool should be used for this purpose.

***

A free country seems to be one in which there is no particular individual to blame for the existing tyranny.

***

One London suburb has experienced seventeen burglaries in a week. It is thought that local cracksmen are holding some sort of Booty Competition.

***

In consequence of the drought many vegetarians are now being fed on winter fodder.

***

A new slumber-inducing machine which emits a monotonous droning sound is believed to be the outcome of careful observation of the effect of a club bore.

***

"A clergyman with a sense of humour is always popular," says a writer. In course of time a coy curate may become an arch bishop.

***

An analyst declares that he has found 3,000,000 germs in a teaspoonful of milk. We are inclined to demand a recount.

***

New wireless sets look like grandfather clocks, cocktail bars and bookcases. Some manufacturers have gone even further and made wireless sets resembling wireless sets.

***

Italian restaurant staffs have been instructed to receive guests with the Fascist salute. This doesn't apply to Soho.

***

A man has worked for a gas company for fifty years. He is said to have known every meter since it was a therm.

***

"The flat-iron is not the domestic weapon it used to be," says a magistrate. For one thing it can only be thrown the length of the electric cord.

***

How the Best Champagne is Kept is the title of a new interest film. The question "Why?" is of course still unsolved.

***

"Women will cling tenaciously to short hair," says a fashion-expert. Bald-headed husbands are everywhere congratulating themselves.

***

"Our boxers are upright men," says a writer. But only for a round or two.

***

The cost of living is still about the same—all a fellow has.



Keeper (to dud Shot). "I SHOULD JUST KEEP ON BLAZIN' AWAY AT REGULAR INTERVALS. ACCORDIN' TO THE LAW OF AVERAGES YOU 'RE BOUND TO 'IT SOMETHIN'."

"And there her sharp eyes took stock of the old house, of its notable smell which could be traced from story to story."—*Sunday Paper.*
"Faugh!" she exclaimed, wrinkling her eyelids in disgust.

This German Business.

If there is one thing more stale, flat and unavoidable than discussions on the Truth about Russia it is, to my mind, a discussion on the Truth about Germany, and when my only fellow-passenger laid his paper aside and observed that these Nazis were a queer lot of fellows I determined without delay to take the conduct of the affair into my own hands.

"People in this country," I said, tapping him on the knee, "have no idea how bad things are over there. Liberty is dead and terror stalks unbridled through the land. The Jews are flying for their lives. Thousands of Communists are strangled every day. In every nook and alley the minions of the Dictator lie in wait for any who by word or gesture may oppose his will. Scores of men, men of intellect and courage, have disappeared mysteriously because they ventured to express their views too openly. Where is Grossbaum? Where are Schnitzl and Heffelflinger? What has become of Munsch? I tell you, Hitler has swum to domination through a sea of blood."

He looked a little dubious, so I grasped him by one of his lapels.

"A friend of a man I know," I said, "who has just got back from Berlin told him that he was *appalled* by the pitiable condition of terror in which the inhabitants go about their work. At any moment their houses may be sacked, their goods confiscated and their wives and families driven with blows and contumely to prison. And all over the country the hideous work of rapine and slaughter goes on apace, grinding and crushing the miserable survivors into a state of apathetic slavery. Germany has retrograded at a single bound from civilisation to mediævalism."

"Then if Hitler is a failure——" he began.

"Failure?" I cried, taking him by the other lapel and rocking him to and fro. "Who spoke of failure? This is the dawn of a new era for the Germanic races. Germany has got back her soul. Once more her people walk the streets with heads erect, looking to the future with pride and confidence in their great destiny. What are a few disturbances or the incarceration here and there of some Communist agitator or unprincipled Jew compared with the re-birth of a mighty nation? What matter the private woes of an exiled scientist or conductor when in the great heart of the people despondency has given place to hope, and spirits long deadened by the sordid intrigues of corrupt politicians have risen again to greet the longed-for Leader?"

"But you said——"

I was amazed by the stupidity of the man. "Is it possible," I cried, "that you are unaware how exaggerated and in many cases how baseless are the reports of Nazi atrocities which reach this country? Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world has a revolution been carried through with so little suffering and bloodshed. A united Germany has arisen out of the melting-pot of political intrigue. Only the other day I met a man whose aunt had had a letter from a friend of her brother-in-law stationed in Cologne describing how peaceful and friendly the atmosphere was out there. It is no uncommon sight to see a Jew and a Brown-shirt playing chess together or helping some Communist visitor with his bag of seditious papers. It was quite pretty, so the letter said, to see them all so happy together, with their heads held high and their faces full of a new courage—a new *Verunsterschlichen*. One might laugh, living in this pleasant rejuvenated Germany, to think of the foolish tales reported in the English Press."

"Well, it's a relief to know that there is nothing to be alarmed about," my companion said.

I took a firmer hold of his coat with both hands and pulled him forward until his face was almost touching my own. "Is the imminence of a European cataclysm of unparalleled intensity nothing to be alarmed about, then?" I shouted. "Are we to sit calmly by while Hitler and his insane satellites kindle the flames of a holocaust such as will consume whole nations in its raging heat and reduce to charred embers the very framework of Western civilisation? Already Hitler's plans are far advanced. Steel and iron are pouring into the country. Poison gas under the guise of mineral water is being manufactured at Potsdam. Wurtemberg is a network of underground aerodromes. And all the time the work of incensing the surrounding nations goes steadily on. Belgium and Switzerland have been invaded; French nationals have been insulted in Berlin; English journalists——"

"Are you sure," he said (for he could still speak), "that these reports are true?"

"A cousin of a man in my office," I said, speaking with a slow deliberation that made him pale beneath his tan, "actually *saw* a party of twelve Czecho-Slovakians having their noses pulled by Storm Troopers for failing to take off their hats to a policeman. Does that suggest a policy of peace and amity with other nations?"

"Then this means——?"

"It means nothing," I said, releasing him suddenly so that he fell back and banged his head against the cushions. "A certain excitement, a little insubordination among over-enthusiastic supporters—what is more natural during the opening months of a new régime? An incident or two, followed by an apology and the punishment of the offenders—it is idle to exaggerate the importance of such diplomatic trifles. Do you suppose if I were to kick a German tourist for failing to get down on his hands and knees in front of the Admiralty Arch that my action would necessarily lead to a European war? You must be mad to suggest such a thing."

I hoicked him to his feet. "Come," I cried, "let us raise our right arms in the air and repeat together all that we know of the Truth about Germany. It will be a valuable exercise."

And thus it came about that, I leading and he following, we began to shout and roar on this wise, standing side by side on the floor of our third-class carriage:—

"Germany has regained her soul — Germany has gone back to barbarism — Her people are holding up their heads — Hitler is leading them to destruction — He has cleaned up Berlin — Hitler wants peace — Hitler wants stamping on — Germany means war — Berlin——"

"Stop!" yelled my companion wildly. "Stop! This can't *all* be true."

I took him by the throat.

"It must be, miserable man," I told him; "I have seen it all in the papers." After which for his own peace of mind I threw him lightly through the window.

H. F. E.



"You can buy . . . at Radiolympia . . . a radio installation that will bring, literally, the world to your armchair."—*Daily Paper.*

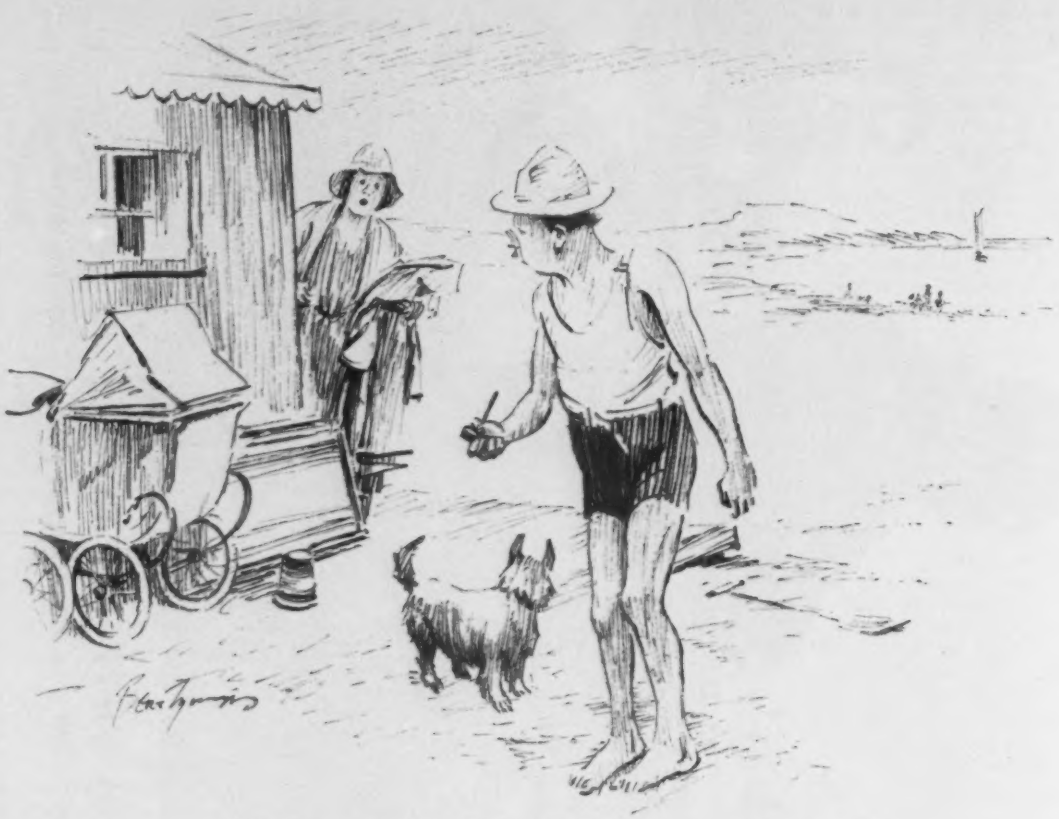
Punch, or the London Charivari—September 6, 1933



THE LOUGH THAT FAILED.

MR. COSGRAVE (*to President* DE VALERA). "YOU EMPTIED *THIS* LAKE YOURSELF. WHAT KIND OF MIRACLE DO YOU EXPECT TO BRING THE WATER BACK?"

[Lough na Suil, at Geevagh, Co. Sligo, from which the water mysteriously disappeared a month ago, leaving the bed dry, has begun to fill up again.]



"NOW, GEORGE, TAKE YOUR OVERCOAT IF YOU 'RE GOING SUN-BATHING."

Scottish September.

WHEN the moorlands are purple,
Red-purple and dun,
There 's some for the fishing
And some for the gun;
I 'll take a good stick
And follow the sun.

Follow him westward
By saddle and glen,
His shade in the corrie,
His light on the ben,
Till the moorlands dip downwards
To ocean again.

From the high tops of Dava
Westward away
By the cradle of Findhorn,
The sources of Spey,
To Kyle and the Coolins
And the set of the day.

By shieling and cottage,
By bothy and croft,
Where hill-tracks are stony,
Where bog-lands are soft,
Where the passes go winding
Away and aloft.

A wind on the heather,
A mist on the moss,
A mist out of Morven
A wind out of Ross,
The birches a-quiver,
The fir-trees a-toss.

The red deer, the roe deer,
The curlew, the crake,
The hawks drowsing over,
The grouse wide awake,
A hundred small creatures
For company's sake.

The long day before me,
The wide land my own—
Peat-mosses and bracken,
Bell-heather and stone;
While the sun wanders westward
He won't go alone!

There 's some 'll go fishing
And some take a gun;
I wish them good hunting,
I wish them good fun;
But—I 'll take a stout stick
And follow the sun. H. B.

The Holiday Bureau.

IT has occurred to me yet again this summer that there is something unoriginal, not to say radically wrong, about people's holidays. Doctors and psycho-analysts declare and recommend (£3 3*s*.) that the soul of man demands variety and complete change on a holiday. Yet what do we find? Millionaires going off to gambol (and even gamble) with other millionaires; coveys of curates on bicycles migrating to French cathedrals, and golf-maniacs spending the precious time with other golf-maniacs and gloomily discoursing on grips and stances every day. The result is that each returns—a wiser perhaps but not a better golfer—to the home course and slices at the Spinney Hole again. This is not what the doctor ordered.

So next year I propose to open a Bureau which will deal with this difficult question in an adequate manner. All you will have to do is to send in your name, occupation and hobbies, and I will do the rest.

The public will soon learn what a real change from their daily environment the right kind of holiday can be. Millionaires will be sent to lodgings by the seaside (with the back sitting-rooms); church-workers will be conveyed to Juan-les-Pins and forcibly sun-bathed, and film-stars will go to Alaska or the Gobi Desert or some place where there is a close-season for Press photographers. There they will lead the simple life without even being allowed a change of husband.

In this way, apart from the widened outlook and stimulus of novelty which my clients will gain, I hope some very happy times may be enjoyed.

I like to think, for instance, of a ducal family spending August at Southend. The fine old fighting spirit of the duke's ancestors will be called forth in the daily battle for the remaining square foot of unoccupied territory on the beach. His sporting instincts will be satisfied by shrimp-driving over some of the larger rocky pools—for a shrimp, swimming low, is as elusive as any grouse I know. Look at the duchess happily consuming a kipper and taking the bones out for little Plantagenet. The Earl of B——, who owns a neighbouring deck-chair, playfully throws a paper-streamer which hits her Grace on the ear, and she tosses back a winkle-shell from which with her diamond-and-platinum pin she has just extracted the contents. It is a pretty scene.

Another delightful picture is that of the tired and jaded London man, weary of Society and its daily round—how well he knows that round and how often does he have to stand the next one himself!—ensconced in our Farm Colony for Dissipated Roués. Let us suppose that the reader is such an one. Every morning you will rise with the lark (and in case the bird oversleeps itself a mechanical one is placed beside your camp-bed) and make your way down to the fields. At 5.30 A.M. the cowsheds open—earlier, my dear Sir, than you can get a drink in London! Here is your usual stool reserved for you (by courtesy of Farmer Giles) and a glass of fresh milk (by courtesy of the cow). How simple and satisfying are the pleasures of the country to your cynic soul! Listen to the cackling of those geese. Is it not music compared with the voice of Lady W——? See those sheep browsing beneath the hedge in the noonday sun. Are they not infinitely prettier than the members of your club after lunch? Look at that horse. What! It reminds you of a girl you met at a Hunt Ball? Well, well, these little mistakes will happen in the best organised undertakings, and there will be no harm done if you offer the horse some champagne cup. I should advise you, however, to recollect yourself when you next meet the lady and not say, "Come up, old girl!" or pat her neck.



WE ALREADY HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THIS PICTURESQUE PROPAGANDIST PAPER-SELLER.



WHY NOT THIS?—



OR THIS?—



OR EVEN THIS?

In this way and with these ideals before me I hope to metamorphose my clients' holidays in every walk of life. Are you a famous gourmet? I will arrange for you an interesting trip comprising all the lesser-known station buffets on the Southern Railway. Or a pugilist? You shall enjoy a temporary membership of the Dilettanti Society and spend your holiday making a special study of eighteenth-century piqué snuff-boxes. As for Members of Parliament, I have a very attractive offer for them of a solitary walking-tour accompanied only by deaf-mutes.

In short, I am convinced that, whoever you are, if you will place your holiday entirely in my hands you will find that you return from it feeling that there is nothing like work and no place like home. And that is such an additional advantage.

"HOME RAIL STOCKS JUMP POINTS."
Newspaper Headline.

We trust that the rolling stock will not follow suit.

"The bride was nattily attired in a beige gown with brown assessments and hat to match."—*American Paper.*

A sheaf of Income-tax Returns completed her snappy outfit.



"PERHAPS I'M A QUIXOTIC FOOL, GWENDOLEN, BUT I THINK BEAUTY LIKE YOURS SHOULD BE KEPT ON A PEDESTAL, TO BE HUMBLY WORSHIPPED BUT TO REMAIN UNCOARSENED BY TOUCH."

The Stamp.

ASKED to pronounce upon it, your philatelist would probably mutter something about "a common unused seventy-five centime Blue French." He would certainly shrug his shoulders. Yet as it lies before me, a fading splash of colour on a dog-eared postcard, I thrill again to the memory of that day when I bore it in triumph from the post-office—a symbol of sustained effort crowned with success.

I secured it on a Sunday morning in the spring of '30. And if any credit attaches to the manner in which the enterprise was pushed home, right willingly do I concede it to the good people of Ajaccio.

"Myself," said the waiter at whose table I had written my postcard, "I have no stamps. The Patron too is without. But that makes nothing. Always there is the post-office!"

Then he told me about the post-office. As far as I was able to gather, he told me where the post-office was and what it looked like, and when they opened it, and why it closed at certain times on certain days, and how to get there and which turnings to avoid. He concealed nothing. Licking a horny finger, he even offered to draw a map on the iron-topped table; but I stopped him. There are limits to the services one accepts from a comparative stranger. Besides, my ship was due to sail before one o'clock, and I was anxious to post my view of NAPOLEON'S birthplace.

"*Merci bien!*" I said firmly and went my way.

Continuing my appeals for supplementary detail in the street, I found a friend in every man to whom I applied—one in particular evincing so keen a desire to enrol for the duration that I fell back thereafter on a simple system of trial and error.

It was not, however, until I had found the post-office and was vainly trying the front-door that the good-fellowship of the citizens as a body became manifest. Some merely called to me in passing; others contented themselves with holding their watches aloft or pointing at the drawn blinds. But there were those who, setting aside their own private affairs, made it abundantly clear that they were there as counsellors and friends. They came to the foot of the steps and halted. They beckoned winningly. They smiled encouragement.

The position was delicate. To seek further guidance in an alien tongue, I told myself, might be to precipitate a very orgy of misunderstanding. On the other hand, to spurn the proffered aid might be to warp the judgment of a kindly people when Englishmen were in question.

Carefully polishing my phraseology as I came, I descended to the pavement and went into committee with those of the townspeople who awaited my coming.

"*J'ai besoin,*" I said simply, taking the opportunity when three men only were trying to explain some-

thing about somewhere, *"d'un timbre-poste."*

And as one man they ranged themselves under my banner. It wasn't so much what they did as the kindly enthusiasm with which they attempted to do it. With rough tenderness they smote me upon the shoulder as who should say "Attaboy!" Then those of them who were most conveniently situated for the purpose took me by the arms and led me gently away.

From the front of the building to the nearest corner of the block we moved in close order, talking wildly of this and that. Then, surging to the right and straggling into a deserted side-street, we advanced about ninety yards, slowed down before a gloomy-looking archway and came to a halt.

The manœuvre puzzled me. What about banditti, for example?

"Messieurs," I began, feeling that the time had come for me to assert myself, *"j'ai besoin——"*

But they were already steering me under the archway. And before I had recovered from the surprise they had shouted their last instructions—and were gone.

That was at eleven-thirty. At eleven-forty, wilting under the complex of the area sneak, I was back in the street again, straining every nerve to resemble a man who was trying to buy a postage-stamp merely. Thrice had I penetrated through the archway to the sun-baked courtyard beyond and thrice had I tried every likely-looking door. But the courtyard appeared to be surrounded by upstairs flats, and every ground-level door to give on domestic offices of the baser sort.

Then the unexpected happened. My nerve was fast going when a swarthy, fierce-looking man in a scarlet cummerbund swung out of the archway and came straight at me.

"J'ai besoin d'un timbre-poste!" I cried quickly, apprehensive lest he had been watching me and half-expecting to be met with the French or Italian equivalent for "Tell that to the marines!"

But my fears were groundless. Yet another citizen was hastening to my aid. And as I floundered after him into the gloom, obedient to his beckoning finger, he radiated goodwill at every pore.

At the far end of the archway he opened a door that I had previously tried, ushered me past a clutter of brooms and pails that I had recently overturned, led me up a flight of stone steps, drew me through a vague doorway at the top and cried *"Voilà!"*

The light here was just sufficient to reveal the interior of what appeared to be a vast warehouse. Boxes and packages of all shapes and sizes loomed up around. And I was about to protest that some misunderstanding had crept in, that what I required *really* was a postage-stamp, when my guide rapped knowingly on a partition, stepped aside and motioned me to take his place.

It was a glass partition, thickly coated with ancient whiting and showing a dim light on the far side—a partition suggestive of mice and cobwebs beyond. But even as I wondered a small shutter flew up and a hard-faced woman was peering out at me.

Then I understood. Aided by the good people of Ajaccio I had outflanked the Sunday morning defences of the post-office and taken the premises in the rear. We had penetrated to the very core of the Parcels Department!

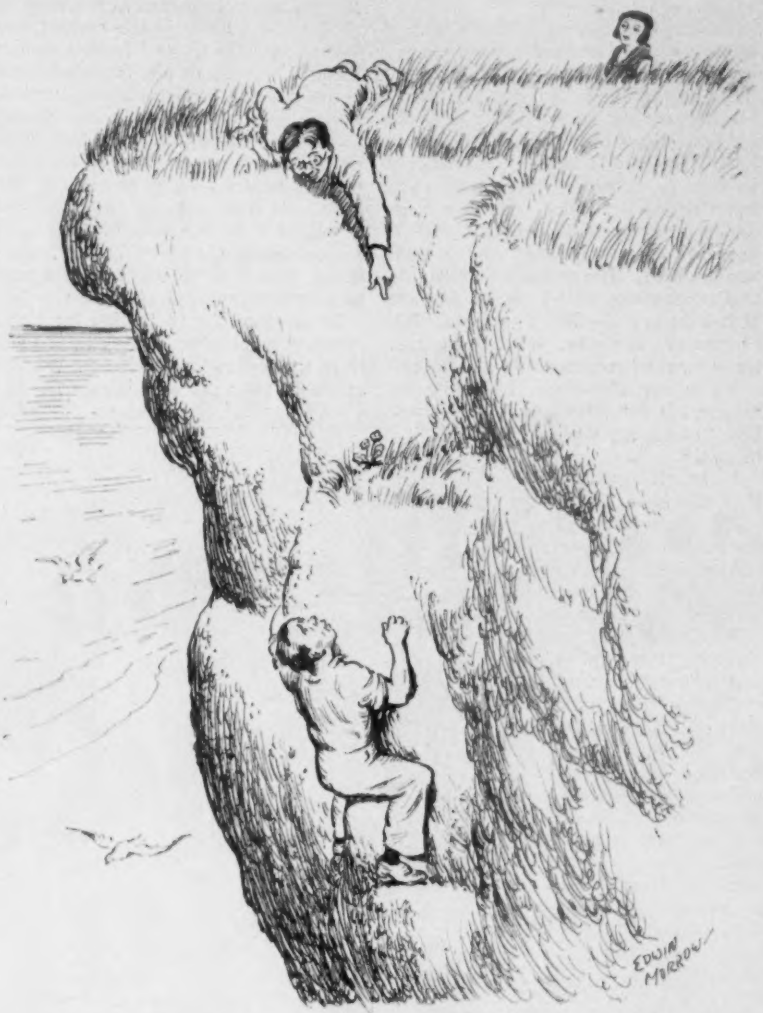
"J'ai besoin d'un timbre-poste pour Angleterre," I intoned with renewed hope.

And in a moment the lady was busy amongst the stamps at her elbow.

Little remains to be told. The Obvious Passenger told it in eight words shortly after we had sailed.

"Hullo," said he, grinning at the postcard I had just fished out of my pocket, "you forgot to post that in Ajaccio."

As if I didn't know!



"I SAY, OLD MAN, IF YOU 'RE COMING UP THIS WAY, DO YOU MIND HANDING ME THAT FLOWER?"

"DO I MIND? WHY, I 'VE JUST BEEN SENT UP FOR IT."

Brokers.

I HAVE been toying with the idea of buying a piece of land—not seriously contemplating purchase, but just toying with the idea. In Egypt, however, business is very keen. To toy with the idea of buying property is sufficient in itself to cause a broker immediately to appear. A broker accordingly waits upon me at my office. He is a large dusky broker called Shenouda, and he wears a large waistcoat and a gold watch-chain. His manner is intimate and mysterious, and I decide at once that I do not like Mr. Shenouda. Mr. Shenouda, however, sits down and leans forward confidentially.

"You are thinking," he whispers, raising his fat forefinger to his thick lips, "of buying a piece of land?"

I admit guardedly that this is so.

Mr. Shenouda places his hand on his heart. "Shenouda," he says majestically, "is a man of honour. In Cairo you will find many brokers who are men of no principle, but Shenouda is different. Shenouda's heart will never permit him to tell a lie. Money to Shenouda is nothing. If it comes Shenouda is pleased; if it does not come he smiles and says, 'Never mind, at least I have my honour.' To Shenouda honour is everything. His heart"—he thumps his chest—"will not permit him to tell a lie."

Such is the energy with which Mr. Shenouda has vindicated his honour that little beads of sweat are standing out on his brow. I have not warmed to Mr. Shenouda, but I have weakened. I have imperceptibly ceased to be a man toying with the idea of buying land. I have become a client of Mr. Shenouda. I describe to Mr. Shenouda the position of the piece of land. He affirms that he is familiar with it—had even had that very piece in mind as he came up the stairs. It is a good piece in an excellent position. He compliments me on my discrimination.

Mr. Shenouda now warns me that no time must be lost. This particular piece of land is naturally a great bargain, and he personally knows of several other men who are eager to purchase it. However, if he goes at once to the owner with a firm offer we may just succeed. We discuss the meaning of the term "firm offer" and Mr. Shenouda eventually convinces me that his definition is the correct one. But as he rises to go I have a sudden idea. I suggest to Mr. Shenouda that before actually closing the deal it would be prudent for the owner and myself to meet on the site in order that there should be no uncertainty as to which piece of land was being purchased. Mr. Shenouda does not like this idea. He is afraid that the loss of time may prejudice our chance of buying. As I insist, however, he reluctantly agrees to a rendezvous that afternoon.

If the thought of buying land will summon one broker, a visit to the site itself will call up half-a-dozen. When I arrive to keep my appointment I find a small crowd gathered on the plot.



"THE ORIGINAL, MADAM, IS OF COURSE CONSIDERABLY LARGER."

The only person missing is the owner himself. After several heated references to his heart and a short denunciation of other brokers, Mr. Shenouda admits that he has been unable to find the owner. The six other brokers take me simultaneously by the lapel. They are all on intimate terms with the owner. Some of them, it appears, are even his near relations. Each has a heart which will not permit him to lie, and each prefers honour to money. Seeing three more brokers hastening towards us down the road I become desperate. I heartily regret my impulse to buy land. I tear myself away from the six.

"To-morrow morning," I cry bitterly, "I shall be in my office. Let the strongest among you bring me the owner." I retreat to my car. When I look back the brokers have disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The next morning I go to my office as usual. The entrance is blocked by brokers. Brokers are surging round the door, brokers are swarming up the stairs. I enter secretly by a side-door and gain my private room. I will tell my clerk to inform the brokers that I have changed my mind—that I am too busy to see them. I turn round with a sigh of relief and am greeted effusively by Mr. Shenouda.

Mr. Shenouda reassures me at some length as to his honour, and as I listen I gradually dwindle once more into a client. He confides in me that, though he has not found the owner himself, he has found the owner's lawyers who will act for him. He has made an appointment with the lawyers, and it would be wise to go without delay. But as we turn to the door it bursts open suddenly and admits fourteen other brokers, who sweep my clerk backwards before them. The fourteen simultaneously express their love of honour and indifference to money and confide to me that they also have found the lawyers who will act for the owner.

Accompanied by my fifteen brokers I proceed to the office of the lawyers. With the assistance of my fifteen brokers I discuss with the lawyers the matter of the piece of land. We fix the price and we examine the title-deeds. The boundary limits as stated on the title-deeds do not appear to accord with my recollection of the boundaries of the piece of land. The fifteen brokers assure me that I am mistaken, but I am obdurate. I insist on seeing the actual land.

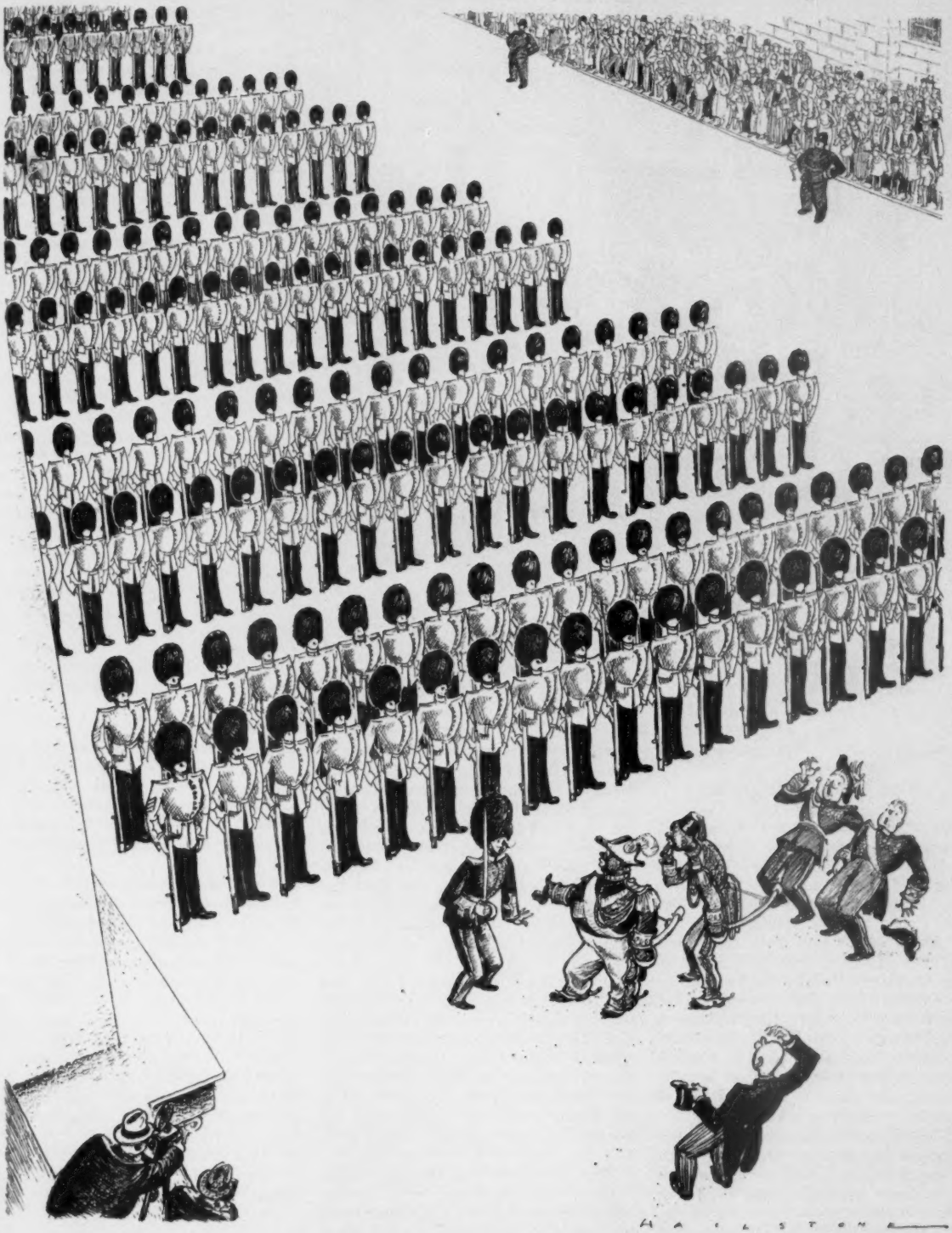
Accompanied by the lawyers and my fifteen brokers and two more brokers whom we pick up at the door we proceed to the piece of land. I point it out to the lawyers. They express surprise. It is not this piece, but the next piece, which belongs to their client.

I am delighted. I feel strong and defiant. Mr. Shenouda no longer has power over me. The others fill me with hatred and contempt. I turn to my seventeen brokers, I thump my chest.

"Honour," I cry, "is everything. Money and land are dross. I do not wish to buy land. I have changed my mind. My heart will not permit me to tell a lie." I escape in my car.

"PREPARING FOR WHISKY RUSH."
Daily Paper.

A good plan is to hold a glass under the decanter.



Foreign Potentate. "JUST TELL YOUR BOYS THEY'RE O.K. BY ME, GENERAL. I FEEL KINDA TIRED."



"HAVE YOU *THE PURPLE PATCH*?"
"WELL, SIR, WE HAVE THE BOOK—OF THE FILM—OF THE PLAY—OF THE BOOK."

The Coup de Grâce.

OKIDENDE may be one of the most poisonous stations in the delta region of Whitecargoland, but we do pride ourselves on the team-spirit, as our local headmaster, who hails from the Gold Coast, loves to emphasize.

"Footaball" is one of the recognised pastimes of the native staff, and this year Owerrima District Staff visited us for Empire Day. Feeling ran high, as last Boxing Day they had inflicted a severe defeat on us. We have a wealth of talent, though selection is haphazard. The District Clerk usually referees, and there is a mixed bag of some three dozen to select from.

About five o'clock Pamela and I went up to the field of play. Owerrima were already lined up, but the composition of our team was still being hotly disputed. Our star player is the office-boy (known locally as "Office"), who had not turned up when I arrived. He came a few moments later clad for comfort and speed in a loin-cloth only.

The District Clerk viewed him askance. "You get no shame, you, to appear before the D.O.'s wife so? Go, get your short trouser," he thundered.

Pamela, who frequently meets the local inhabitant in even less than a loin-cloth, begged them not to delay on her account, and our team lined up.

The referee, who carried a large alarum clock (this is fact, not fiction), blew the whistle and the game commenced. We were facing the sun, and the kick-and-rush tactics of our opponents were effective. No one has any idea of positional play except the headmaster, who, being centre-forward, always remains in the centre of the field, pivoting slowly round to watch the flight of the ball, but rarely attempting to make serious contact with it.

Play was even in the first half. "Office," on the wing, twice nearly scored for us, and just before half-time our left-back, the postmaster, handled near goal.

"A foul within the area!" exclaimed the referee. "It is a penalty."

"Oh, no. Justice, referee," cried the offender. "The fault was unintentional."

"You may not argue," he was informed. "The ball is placed for the kick."

The Owerrima centre-half rendered further discussion futile by promptly kicking a goal, and the whistle blew.

A few discreet changes in our team at half-time infused new blood into the side and they prepared to begin again.

Suddenly there was a shout from our goal-keeper, the local vaccinator. "Oh, referee, please look at the thing I find," he cried, and produced a nasty mess of fowls' feathers and clay which the visiting goalie had carelessly left hanging from the cross-bar when the teams changed over. Our team crowded round excitedly.

"You bring juju?" demanded our captain menacingly of the opposing skipper. "Your trickishness is found out. Nah so you win before. I make report to D.O."

The matter having been referred to me, I ordered the destruction of the

bauble and hardly persuaded the referee from crediting the home side with two goals as penalty for this breach of etiquette.

The game at length went on in a somewhat strained atmosphere which was not relieved until "Office," making a brilliant run, got a goal and put the scores level. To celebrate his triumph he turned several cartwheels and lost his loin-cloth in the process, which further outraged the feelings of the District Clerk.

It was nearly time, and Owerrima were pressing strongly—in fact their whole team except the goal-keeper were over the halfway line, where the headmaster stood in solitary state.

Suddenly one of our backs cleared with an enormous kick which carried the ball well into their half and straight for the goal.

"Run, headmaster, there is nobody by you!" shouted the crowd with one voice, and our stalwart centre ambled forward and actually kicked the ball. He lumbered on, but seeing the visiting goalkeeper running out to meet the ball, which was equidistant between them, he decided that discretion was the better part of valour and turned his back on the enemy. The latter took a flying kick at the ball, which struck our champion so forcibly on the posterior that he fell flat on his face, what time the ball rebounded past the custodian to score the winning goal amidst the cheers and laughter of the home side.

The final whistle blew as our hero recovered himself and advanced towards me to receive the praise which was his due.

"The team-spirit wins again, Sir," he remarked sententiously. "And a sensational end, Madam," he added to Pamela.

"Very," she replied. "I have never seen one score a goal before."

The headmaster, very properly, did not understand her flippancy.



"Of course it made me look a perfect ass."
"Quite!"

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch learns with interest of the constructive scheme launched by the Grith Fyrd Camps, whose headquarters are at Toynbee Hall, E.1. The name indicates a citizen army of young men who are working out practically how leisure, especially when enforced by unemployment, may be used to the best advantage. Communities of fifty are formed on a pioneering basis. Temporary quarters made of timber felled locally by the men are later replaced by permanent structures built under the ægis of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, to which organisation the camps are affiliated. The Ministry of Labour continues unemployment pay to those eligible. An established camp becomes practically self-supporting, but equipment for centres, additional to that formed last year at Godshill, in the New Forest, is needed. Gifts in kind (including livestock, clothing, books, tools, raw materials such as wood and timber—in fact anything and everything likely to be of use in an embryo settlement) should be forwarded to The Camp Chief, Godshill, Hants (Station: Fordingbridge); while contributions of money, which is urgently needed for the organisation of new camps, should be sent to Mr. Leslie Rutter, Toynbee Hall, London, E.1.

Our Refined Advertisers.

"Creamery or Cooked Meats Bus. Wanted, nace district."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

"Reading Surgeon's Wedding.
Black Kitten for Bride."
Berks Paper.

And roast mouse for the wedding-breakfast?

Simple Stories.

The Harem.

Some years ago there was a very rich Turk called Ali Bali who had been so well educated that he could talk English almost as well as he could Turkish, and he often read English newspapers and even did the crosswords in them if they were fairly easy. And he liked what he read about England so much that he thought he would like to go there for a good long holiday and take up golf and go in for hunting. But he had twenty wives and about fifty children, and he said to himself as a family man I don't quite like to go away by myself, I think I had better take two or three wives with me and a few of the best-behaved children, I could send the boys to Eton if they would let them wear a fez instead of those uncomfortable hats, and the girls could have a governess.

Well that was all very well, but when it came to choosing the wives to go with him there was such a fuss in the harem that Ali Bali never got a moment's peace, and he said I might just as well be a bachelor for all the home comforts I get, what I shall do is to leave the whole lot of you behind, I can marry one or two more wives when I get to England if I want company, and let me tell you that English wives obey their husbands and don't make their homes like parrot-houses, all yelling and screaming together if he wants to do something they don't like.

Well, they were so ignorant in the harem that they didn't know that Ali Bali couldn't marry more than one wife in England, if that, as he already had twenty, and they left off making trouble for him. And he was so kind-hearted that he said well if you are going to behave yourselves I will take the lot of you, and the children too, I can afford it and it will be a nice holiday for you, but of course you will have to go about in your yashmaks, I have the greatest respect for the English, but they are infidel dogs and pariahs judged by any lofty standard, and I can't have them making eyes at you, some of you are too good-looking, though not all.

So there was peace in the harem, and they were all busy packing and talking of what a good time they were going to have until Ali Bali made arrangements for hiring a fair-size liner and took all his family to England, with nurses and under-nurses and servants enough to wait on them all. And he took Foxborough Hall furnished for a year, which was so big that the Duke it belonged to was only too glad to get it off his hands and take a house at Bournemouth where he could keep warm. But Ali Bali and his family fitted into it comfortably, and the people in the village were glad to have them there because they spent money, but Ali Bali was obliged to say that he couldn't go on throwing the gardens open one day a week because his wives went there



"Only took his plain wife with him."

and he couldn't have people staring at them.

Well when they had been settled at Foxborough for a few days the Vicar came to call, and Ali Bali was pleased to see him and he said I have been wanting to have a talk with you because I have heard that you are so holy, but not too particular, and there are a few things I want to ask you about. If you don't mind I will sit on the floor and smoke my hookah, and you will find plenty of cigarettes in that gold box if you would like to smoke too.

The Vicar said I think if you don't mind I will smoke my pipe, as I see we are going to get on very well together, and first of all I must apologise for coming by myself. To tell you the truth my wife doesn't approve of anybody being married more than once at a time, but as your religion is different she is ready to call on *one* of your wives but not on all of them. She will leave cards on the others and of course I shall too, but we found we were running rather short and must wait until we have had some more printed.

Ali Bali said oh never mind about that, one thing I wanted to ask you was whether you don't get rather tired of having only one wife.

The Vicar said well I do sometimes, mine will sit in the choir behind me and sing into my ear, and she is getting rather scraggy, but you must take the rough with the smooth and I am sure ours is a better way than yours take it all round.

Ali Bali said well perhaps it would be if you could change whenever you liked, at any rate I am going to study the English customs and I have chosen one of my wives to study them with me. I have told her she can go about without her yashmak, and I shall be glad if you and your wife will come here to dinner so that she can learn how to behave.

The Vicar said thank you very much, I can see how broad-minded you are, I suppose you won't expect us to drink sherbet, will you?

Ali Bali said oh no, I have given that up long ago and am quite ready to get tipsy with you if you and your wife are used to that, please give her my love and tell her I wish I had married her myself.

Well the Vicar knew that was only his Oriental politeness, as he hadn't even seen his wife yet, and he liked going out to dinner, which he hadn't done lately at Foxborough Hall, as his wife and the Duchess hadn't got on. So they came to dinner, and Ali Bali's wife behaved so well that the Vicar's wife quite took to her and made her a member of the Women's Institute. And Ali Bali didn't mind that at all, because she was plainer than most of his wives and he had chosen her for his experiment for that reason.

But what he hadn't allowed for was that his other wives got very jealous of her because of all the fun she had going about without her yashmak and behaving like an Englishwoman, as near as she could get, and they thought it was because he loved her more than he did them. So they all conspired together in the harem, but kept so quiet about it that Ali Bali had no idea of what was going on.

Now everybody in that neighbourhood was very interested in Ali Bali and his wives, and he was asked out everywhere, but only took his plain wife with him and sometimes one or two of his sons. And then he gave a garden-party, and everybody came because they said we shall see the rest of them now, and even if they do wear their yashmaks they will have to lift them up to eat strawberry ices.

Well Ali Bali received his guests with true Oriental politeness, but none of his wives or daughters was there until all of a sudden the whole lot of them came tripping out of the house beautifully dressed and without their yashmaks, and some of them were so beautiful that it was like Hollywood, only better. And Ali Bali was furiously angry, but his Oriental politeness made him smile and pretend he had arranged it all himself. And everybody made a great fuss of his wives and some of the ladies petted his little girls, and the party was a tremendous success.

And when it was over Ali Bali called his harem together and said I suppose you know I could have you all bowstrung for this, but as I am so kind-hearted and we are in a foreign country I will overlook it, and you can all send your yashmaks to the jumble sale and go about without them.

And that was really the beginning of Turkish women becoming emancipated.

A. M.

Lyra Lunatica.

(Suggested by a statement in "The Evening Standard" that Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS has written a new work for the bamboo pipes, whose mellow tones recall those of the flageolet.)

IN remote Estremadura
I mastered the Pandura,
  In Glasgow made the gigelira hum;
I have played duets with VARDON
On the double-bass bombardon
  And accompanied O'DUFFY at Dundrum.

I have tamed the fell green *mamba*
With my old *viol da gamba*
  In the valleys of the Mountains of the Moon;
And the guests at many a wedding
Have been melted into shedding
  Floods of tears by my invincible bassoon.

I learnt the ukulele
From Professor F. A. PALEY,
  And later from an old Manchurian monk,
A most banjovial cleric
Who was visiting North Berwick,
  I acquired a perfect mastery of the plunk.

But though a trifle weary
Of investigating eerie
  And impracticable instrumental types,
The news I gladly greeted
That VAUGHAN WILLIAMS had completed
  A composition scored for bamboo pipes.

Their tone is rich and fruity
And fortifies the *tutti*
  Without recourse to saxophonic squeals;
It is milder and more mellow
Than the tuba's brazen bellow—
  More suitable for use at public meals.

So I'm giving MUSSOLINI
My Strad and my Maggini,
  My Nasi-flute to HITLER I shall send;
And, though ousels cease from oozling
And golfers from their foozling,
  I shall stick to my bamboozling till the end.

C. L. G.



"... AND TO THINK THAT FOR ANOTHER FIFTY COUPONS I COULD HAVE HAD A MACKINTOSH INSTEAD."



ANY PORT IN A STORM.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XVII.—I Met a Lady in the Wood.

I MET a lady in the wood.
No mortal maid, I knew, was she;
She was no thing of flesh and blood,
No child of human ancestry.

Her beauty held my eyes in thrall.
I spoke to her sweet words, soft-toned.
She answered me no word at all,
But only looked at me and moaned.

I spoke to her about Exchange,
Of Sterling and its recent rise.
The subject was beyond her range;
She stared at me with haunting eyes.

I touched upon the Price of Rye
And its effect upon the Pound.
She walked beside me silently,
Like one that treads on charméd ground.

She witched me with her elfin grace.
I spoke of Wages and the Dole
And briefly sketched for her the case
For International Control.

She gazed upon me as I talked;
Some elfin thing she seemed to be.
I knew her, by the way she walked,
A creature of the Faëry.

Through green and leafy glades we went,
Knee-deep among the dewy ferns;
I touched upon the Laws of Rent
And of Diminishing Returns,

And, as we wandered through the wood
Mid oaks and elm-tree boles rotund,
Explained to her as best I could
The workings of a Sinking Fund.

I said that Rubber was depressed
By recent rumours from Malay.
She only moaned and beat her breast
And cried aloud, "Alack-a-day!"

I said my brokers had foreseen
A rise in Oil, and asked her view
As to the trend of Margarine.
She only answered "Willaloo!"

I took her to a green-lit glade
Where tall trees twined their branches high
And a moss-muted streamlet made
Unmeditating melody;

And there I paused awhile; and there
I offered her my heart and hand,
And bade her take me in her care
To dwell with her in Fairyland.

I said I was a Whale-oil King,
With gold and goods and gear in plenty.
She said she was a Mrs. Byng
And had a family of twenty.

She turned and left me where I stood.
While round her elfin pipes were fluting
She walked away into the wood,
And I walked home to Lower Tooting.

More Trouble for Lord Trenchard

"'YARD' KILLS A SWEEP."
Sunday Paper.

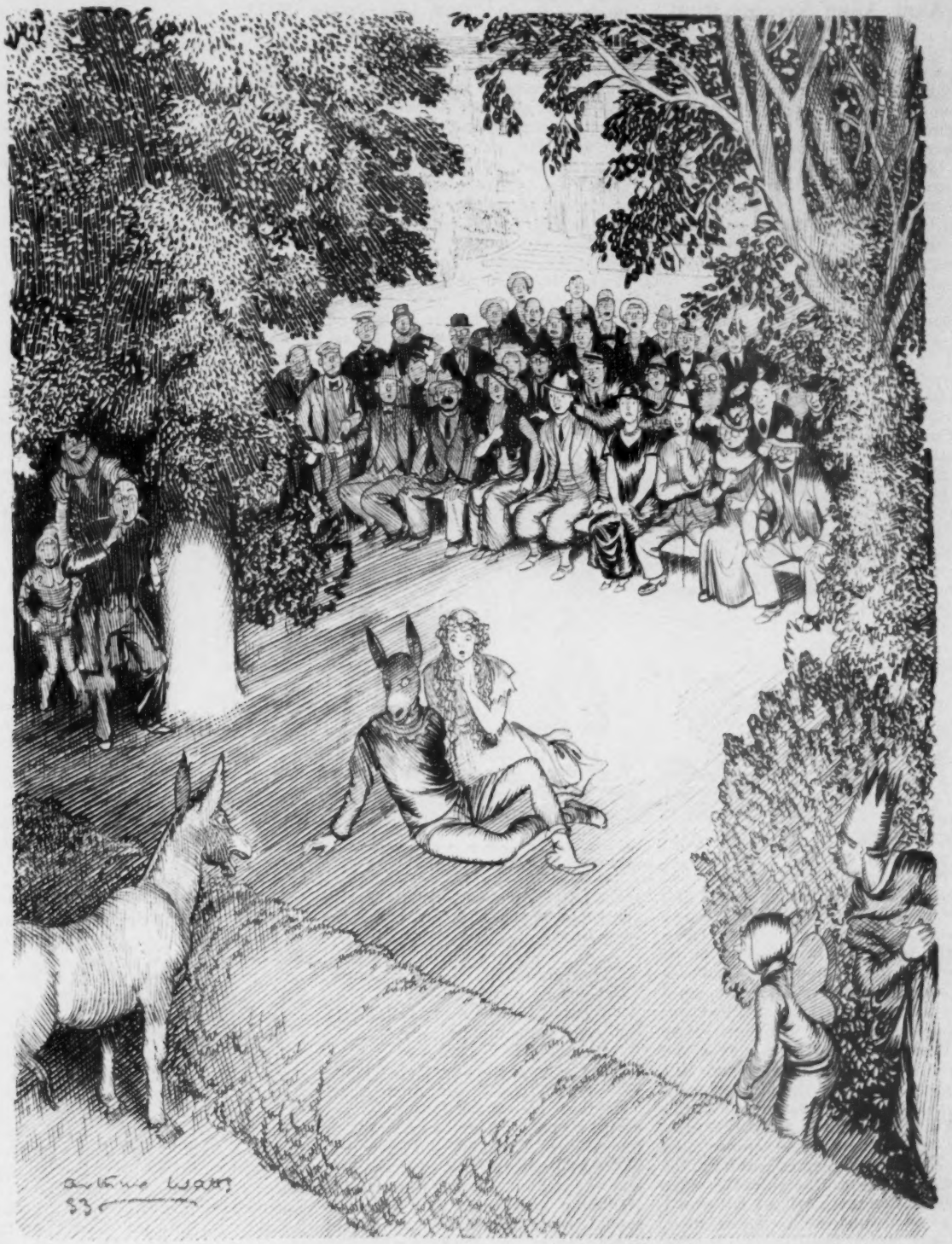
"LIPSTICK SHOULD COME OFF."
Racing Note in Daily Paper.

Then we shan't risk it.



BENITO THE BOUNTIFUL.

AUSTRIA. "MY NOBLE PRESERVER! O TAKE ME AWAY FROM HIM!"
BENITO. "WHITHER, FAIR MAID?"
AUSTRIA. "ANYWHERE—TRIESTE IF POSSIBLE—ONLY TAKE ME AWAY!"



UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT DURING OUR PRODUCTION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT LITTLE OOZELEY.

Aunt Anne Returns from Abroad.

A POSTCARD of an ancient woman in bright clothes sitting well turned away from her spinning-wheel told me that Aunt Anne would return from her cruise in Northern waters on Friday.

"Liverpool Street will indeed seem dingy after fjords," wrote Aunt Anne. "Some native dress should be thought out by this new Traffic Board for the porters. As far as I can remember, no country has yet adopted *pink* shirts." The card concluded with a request that I should be at the station at twelve o'clock.

* * * * *

I had had several postcards from Aunt Anne during her cruise—one from every port, in fact.

One of Kronberg Castle, where the scene of *Hamlet* is supposed to have been laid, told me that the inhabitants of the district were much pleasanter than one would have expected from the play. "Clean, bright, cheerful people," wrote Aunt Anne enthusiastically.

The Viking ships at Oslo were very much what Aunt Anne had expected.

A sombre card from Leningrad, portraying LENIN'S mausoleum, said guardedly, "*All the news when we meet*," much underlined.

In spite of my faith in the Captain I had searched the papers anxiously for foreign "incidents" in which our own "nationals," as the Foreign Office coldly calls those who should be its loved ones, had figured. There had been no mention of Aunt Anne, though I read in one paper that her boat was sailing in sunny seas "with much gaiety on board." I read further that two young ladies, Miss Cruising and Miss Trousers, had won the first prize for fancy-dress. A postcard of Hagenbeck's Zoo informed me that "there was much foolishness ashore and afloat," but no grave official from the Foreign Office or the shipping office had called on me, so that I felt that I might have trusted the Captain more and left Aunt Anne in his capable hands without fear.

* * * * *

The boat-train came in and stopped with a satisfied grinding of brakes, as much as to say, "Well, I've brought them," and I looked for Aunt Anne.

Passengers were tumbling out with their arms full of foreign baskets filled with souvenirs, of which they looked half proud and half ashamed. Aunt Anne, with a hunting-horn slung over her shoulder and a basket full of coloured toys and wooden figures of peasants in her hand, was in the midst of a crowd of people all promising to meet again.

"Poiffickly *lovely*!" an American woman was saying. "And we're going to give MUSSOLINI the once-over next year."

I was relieved to see that all the passengers round her seemed to say good-bye to Aunt Anne with real regret; and a pleasant-looking Jewish gentleman shook both her hands for some time.



Visitor (with cigar). "THE AIR MUST BE MAGNIFICENT HERE."
Visitor (without). "IT WAS."

* * * * *

"Leningrad first," I said at lunch. "Did you see a spy?"

"Waiting for me in my bedroom!" said Aunt Anne dramatically.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"The man was standing there fiddling with my suitcase," said Aunt Anne. "He said he wanted to undo the straps for me. 'There are no straps on my suitcase,' I told him. 'I know perfectly well *who* you are, *what* you are, and *why* you are. What is your name?' He began some name that I knew I should never remember, so I said firmly, 'I shall call you Ivan while you are attached to me for the purpose for which you know you are attached.' After that I had no difficulty with the man. I speak Russian with reasonable facility."

(Aunt Anne always says this about the language of every country she visits.)

"But Russian," I objected—"isn't that a very difficult language?"

"I speak my own language with a Russian inflection," said Aunt Anne with dignity. "For example, I told Ivan to spread it among the proletariat that all my jewellery—my pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies—had been supplied by Comrade Woolworth at a very small cost, so it would not be worth their while to try to rob me. The man gaped and asked if he could do anything for me.

"'You may bring a damp duster and go over the floor under the bed,' I told him. 'I see there is dust there. Clean away the Soviet dust from under the Capitalist's bed. And then you may bring me some China tea, made strong, with cold milk. Then you may take notes of what I say.'

"The man did his errands and wanted to leave the room, but I told him to stand behind my chair while I drank my tea. He seemed very timid, and told me he had been a tailor in the East End, and sometimes wished he were back in London; but I could not get out of him how much he was paid for spying—whether it was by the hour or the piece."

"But the notebook you prepared so carefully," I asked—"did you drop it under the table for the spy to find?"

"After dinner the evening before we got to Leningrad," said Aunt Anne, "the Captain asked me to lend it to him as he wanted to spend the time while the passengers were away quietly reading the KING'S Speech to his subjects that I had put in. He said he had so few quiet moments that he liked to make the most of them. And he forgot to give it back to me. But I couldn't be vexed with that great-hearted seaman. I dropped a catalogue of Liberty's Summer Sale under the table instead, with the word 'Liberty' underlined and the words, 'Don't you wish you had some?' written by the side. I looked back as I left the room and saw someone grabbing it."



"WELL, I 'VE TRIED THAT. BUT *I* DIDN'T GET ANY BENEFIT FROM IT."

"I suppose you didn't see Ivan again?" I asked interestedly.

"I thought I saw him in the middle of the night after we had returned from the Ballet," said Aunt Anne, "but I was mistaken."

"What did you think of the Ballet?" I asked.

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Anne "of the two styles of dress I must say that I prefer the cruising trousers. A lady on my left told me that the Ballet was the only remnant of light and colour left in Leningrad, and the poor people flocked there to try to forget their troubles. You could certainly think of nothing else while they were performing. I never saw such attitudes in my life. We used to do something of the same kind of thing in the nursery—'making cheeses,' we called it—but properly dressed. I was only too thankful to get back to my room.

"We left Leningrad early the next morning, and I saw Ivan hanging round in the hall. I called to him and explained that I could not of course tip him, but I wished to tell him that he had performed his unpleasant duties pleasantly. I was going on to say that while I could not give him a testimonial I would mention him favourably to my friends, when the ship's hostess hurried up and told me that a special place was being kept for me in the coach, so I had no opportunity of saying more."

"And HITLER?" I asked, after we had discussed Copenhagen, Visby and Danzig.

"The only thing I remember about the Kiel Canal," said Aunt Anne reminiscently, "is that I heard a cow moo when we were in it. It seemed a peaceful sound to introduce HITLER. I went on shore at Hamburg. The ship's hostess came with me—she was a clinging little thing. I wanted a pair of stockings and explained what I wanted to a man in a draper's shop. 'Plain and good,' I said, 'with no swastikas on them.' The man raised his arm to get a box down from a high shelf and immediately all the men in the shop raised their arms too and began to chant something about HITLER. I laughed heartily. 'And that reminds me,' I said to the shopman when he put the box of stockings in front of me—'which of the young women he has turned out of the shops and factories is HITLER himself going to marry? Will the matter be arranged by ballot?' The man pretended he didn't know what I meant, and the ship's hostess said we must get back to the boat or we might be late. But I enjoyed every minute of the cruise," ended Aunt Anne.

"I am glad to see you safely back, Aunt Anne," I said fervently.

"Thank you, my dear," said Aunt Anne.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.
Stop pinching winter-flowering geraniums."
Daily Paper.

Jobbing gardeners please note.

"Port Darwin has had a chequered history. Back in the sixties it was the scene of a gold rush, which ruined hundreds who came from all quarters 'to get rich quick,' but were soon dissolutioned."—*S. African Paper.*

Or, more simply, "came unstuck."

"Mr. Ruttledge was accompanied by Mr. F. S. Smythe, who made the gallant solo attempt on the summit, when he arrived at Victoria."—*Daily Paper.*

His epic story, "To the Top of the Terminus," will be eagerly awaited.

On Being An Australian.

For the benefit of those readers to whom the above title will convey only a faint remembrance of a geography lesson long past, I am sure I will be forgiven if I commence this little lament by stating a few illuminating and (more or less) unassailable facts—the first being that Australia is a large island (or continent) lying south of the Equator; is a Dominion of the British Empire, and is inhabited by a race of British extraction which is still (more or less) English-speaking. I feel sure also that most readers will have a somewhat hazy idea of the things for which this continent (or island) is chiefly famous, some of which are: Don Bradman, Crawford, sheep, and a rather nasal pronunciation of the English language. (There are other things, such as wheat, gold-mines and enormous numbers of politicians, which have no real bearing on my subject.)

Having made these few facts clear, I must immediately admit the truth—I *am* an Australian. Whereupon anyone who has read thus far will snort and turn over the page, and be very glad about it afterwards. But I must continue, because worse even than being an Australian I am a reasonably patriotic one, and I feel that even my little plea, though perhaps a drop in the ocean, may drip into the hearts of those in our Mother Country who regard the feelings of her sons and daughters from an outpost of her far-flung Empire.

I always heard, when young and a fierce patriot, that there *were* people who, once away from Australia, knew only one fear, *i.e.*, that they should be known for what they were. This perhaps is due to what is generally known as our Convict Complex; though I am sure the family records of these poor tormented souls are without any such blot on their escutcheons. Now I am just a simple creature with no pretensions to beauty of person or character, with no outstanding talent or brilliance in any direction; but at last I have found here in England that there is one really outstanding thing about me, the same being that I am an Australian.

It is like this: I am sometimes invited to a party. I arrive fairly late in order to give my hostess time to impart to her other guests with a little half-ashamed laugh that I, when I arrive, am to be Australian. My fellow-guests, while searching the dimness into which geography lessons recede, all with one accord, though with varying emphasis, exclaim: "Oh, an Australian! How *interesting!*" Then I am ushered in, and for the first time in my unassuming life I know that I am an object of real interest, though perhaps it is not unmingled with wonder.

For this very reason, and not now from burning patriotism, I still wonder at my fellow-countrymen who so assiduously conceal the fact of their nationality. I find it quite pleasant to be interesting.

I at first wondered greatly just why all the kind people I met said to me, "How *interesting!*" when they heard the strange news. To tell the truth, though possessing my fair quota of racial pride, up till this time I have never regarded the fact as being of more than the most passing interest to anyone. Now, chastened and mollified by its repetition, I think I know. The reasons, I assume, are these:—

(1) That I am not black or even of doubtful colour.

(2) That I speak English.

(3) That I look more or less like one of themselves.

(I feel that if all these facts were reversed I might even be more interesting but not nearly so unexpected.)

Now my lament, if so it may be called, is this: I have the Australian political and cricket situations at my finger-tips; I can discourse at enormous length on the revision of the tariff or the rate of exchange; and I know the exact height of Sydney Harbour bridge. But just when I make ready to be as interesting as possible on the subject of my remote home, given ever so slight an encouragement, someone invariably asks me, "Is Australia hot?" And that question I not only will not but cannot answer. It leaves me with no feeling of resentment that people don't know that Australia stretches almost from the Equator to within feeling distance of the South Pole; and I don't in the least mind their thinking it is a desert on the fringe of which are several Ovals and a Board of Control; but I really am hurt when they refer to it as if it were a small insignificant tropical isle, girt with coral reefs, palm-fringed shores and translucent green waters.

It *is* hot; and after August Bank Holiday there may be people who think England isn't verging on the tropical. But there are times, places and seasons when and where Australia resembles nothing so much as a refrigerating chamber—*e.g.*, Tasmania in mid-summer—while at the same time North Queensland, only to mention one small area of several hundred thousand square miles, is sweating and swearing in monsoons and blazing sun.

Not wishing to criticise unduly, I shall cease enlarging on the horrors and exigences of our all-embracing climate and conclude thus: We may be unpleasant, we may be Americanised, we may not like body-line, we may be—probably are—excessively puffed-up by our few achievements. I could withstand a battery of questions and abuse on any one of these subjects. But for the sake of my composure and that of my suffering and sensitive countrymen I plead: Whatever your first impulse on meeting an Australian may be, curb it. Do not, if only out of respect for the ties that bind our great Empire together, let the very polite question you put to the interesting phenomenon before you be, "Is Australia hot?"

Her Inner Shrine.

(*Evening gowns made entirely of glass have made their appearance.*)

Long, Millicent, you've striven
The social heights to climb
And to the effort given
Most of your valued time;
Though Rumour hints 'tis rash on
Your part to nurse this passion,
Since, for demands of Fashion,
Your person's past its prime.

Despite your high endeavour,
To your acute distress
Your comfy form has never
Lured the Pictorial Press.
At stylish routs and crushes
Reporters spare your blushes;
No kindly Gossip gushes
O'er your distinctive dress.

Yet to the tireless toiler
Fashion will still unbend;
One week inclined to foil her,
The next she proves a friend.
What though the Press be chilly
You've managed willy-nilly
By sticking to it, Milly,
To triumph in the end.

Should local tattle-tittle
Your new creation class
Of obvious cut and brittle,
In silence let it pass;
For, see! you've solved the riddle;
Proved fit as any fiddle
To stand bang in the middle
Of Fashion's very Glass. A. K.

"Minister Looking Into Petrol Situation."
S. African Paper.

Not, we hope, with a lighted match.



She. "ADAM, THE FIRST GARDENER, HAD A WIFE, DONALD, AND SO SHOULD YOU."
Donald. "AY, MISS, HE DID; AND HOW LONG DID HE KEEP HIS JOB AFTER THAT?"

The Winchester Road.

WHERE the road came up through woods and ran
Over the crest of the down,
Bishop and baron went riding by—
They rode to Winchester town.
Merchants their samite and silk would bring,
Mounting the slope where the beech-woods cling,
Over the hill in the bracken and ling
They rode to Winchester town.

Velvet and taffeta, gold and green,
Scarlet and rusty brown
Clothed the ladies and lords and kings
Who rode to Winchester town.
In purple and silver and armour grey,
By hills as bare as they are to-day
And beechwoods glossy in early May
They rode to Winchester town.

The grass has covered their road to-day
And beech-leaves drifting down,
And no one follows the ancient way
That runs to Winchester town.
By fords forgotten the trackway goes,
Tangled with bracken and thorn and rose,
The ghost of a road for the ghosts of those
Who rode to Winchester town.

The Shadow of the Shirt.

Mr. Matthew Sweeney of the corner shop has no room in either of his two small windows for any display of the "gents' outfitting" that forms a part of his varied stock-in-trade. This lack of space, he now says gratefully, is all to the good. "As the Lord had it, there was none of them consumed ould sports-shirts behind me costly glass," he tells his friends.

In the long narrow shop where there are no departments but only a wild jumble of saleable articles that should by right represent the stock of several shops, the gents' outfitting branch is marked by a sagging wire that stretches above the crowded counter and bears aloft various unfolded garments. Frequently it happens that a detailed search for nails of a certain length, or even for a copy of yesterday's paper, is hampered by the men's underwear that hangs between the proprietor and his customer. It is then swept impatiently to one end or the other of the vibrating wire to rest in a confused mass against a group of tall wooden handles of spades or shovels, or against a shrinking pile of large cottage-loaves.

On this line were hung the sports-shirts that have caused so much trouble among the younger politicians in Mullinabeg.

If justice were done the blame for the dispute should rest only upon the commercial traveller from O'Kanes of Dublin; but it is fairly certain that he will know nothing about it until he comes back this way in February or March. His responsibility in the affair has never been stressed by the men who gloat over the fact that Matthew Sweeney of the corner shop should have started the controversy that has been raging in the village for some weeks—Mat Sweeney, who has always refused steadfastly to take any part in political disputes, knowing, as he says, "no more nor an infant child" on the subject. "I am not very averse in the like of that," he adds cautiously and goes out into the street again to look at his new plate-glass. Of one Irish leader he merely says that "without any doubt he has a great talent of the tongue"; of another that "he sot upon too much at the one time, God help him"; but always his tone is placid and unprejudiced, and he hurries on to some other topic of conversation. All that Matthew Sweeney wants, they say, is "quiet an' peaceness."

This is what has lent such exquisite zest to the joke that the unargumentative owner of the corner shop should have, however unwittingly, "started a furore."

"Everyone has gev it agen Mat Sweeney," the older men say with dry chuckles, "that he was the whole instigathor—himself an' his little Tommie Shonthrums an' his la-di-da shirts."

It is scarcely fair to drag in the bérets, though they are sorely resented by the elders of the village. The little Tommie Shonthrums are black or very dark navy, and in Mullinabeg such colours have no real political significance. "He looks a sort of unbiassed," they say scornfully of the wearer of a béret, but that is all.

The coloured shirts were a very different matter, though Mat Sweeney insists that he ordered them trustfully and thinking no harm from the loquacious traveller who called on him six months ago. "If that fella came to a weddin' he 'd wait for the christenin'," the stranger's victim says bitterly; for the "commercial" lingered long enough to convince Mr. Sweeney of his crying need for coloured sports-shirts. They would make a strong appeal to the rustic youths of the neighbourhood, he said, who, in spite of the many references in current literature to the simplicity of their tastes, are quite as eager as their sisters to be dressed *à la mode*.

Rejecting instinctively the pink sample said to be so fashionable, Mat Sweeney ordered two dozen sports-shirts—twelve green and twelve blue; and on a soft day in early April he cleared his wire line of winter underwear and hung there instead six green shirts.

Not until the second half-dozen had followed the first did he produce the blue shirts. In less than a week they too had been sold and disappointed customers might be seen peering in at an uninterestingly familiar display on the wire line.

* * * * *

In the light of recent happenings in Mullinabeg as in other Irish villages, it is useless for the distracted Mr. Sweeney to protest that he could not have been expected to know the future political significance of his new spring stock. No one heeds him, and already his shop has been searched twice by members of rival organisations.

The older men speak with candour. "It's a great wondher you didn't get the red shirts them Bolgevik Communions does wear," they say scathingly, "or the brown ones they do put on in foreign parts be all accounts when they wants to slap a fella in the puss."

So far the windows of the corner shop are whole; but the shadow of the shirt rests on Mullinabeg.

These Make News.

THE pipe of STANLEY BALDWIN and the face of STANLEY BALDWIN
Are features of the illustrated news;
J. H. THOMAS telling stories when he lunches with the Tories
And HITLER planning torments for the Jews;
WINSTON in a trilby dandy hurling diatribes at GANDHI,
With NORMAN in another on a boat;
And Carnarvon's impish CATO contemplating a potato,
And Uncle ARTHUR asking for a vote.

LANDON ROMALD making ditties, EDWIN LUTYENS dreaming cities,
OSWALD MOSLEY in a shirt Italian black,
DE VALERA in a paddy, Lady ASTOR with a caddie,
And the Little Man with taxes on his back;
SQUIRE (Sir JOHN) against a wicket teaching poets to play cricket,
Driving wildly at a ball beyond his reach;
RUNCIMAN defending duties, Mr. COCHRAN with his beauties,
And the PRINCE OF WALES delivering a speech.

Mr. PRIESTLEY looking sulky, Mr. PRIESTLEY looking bulky,
Mrs. WHITTINGSTALL in shorts upon the courts;
BEAVERBROOK with hairs a-blowing saying British trade is going,
And Lord LONSDALE patronising all the sports.
NOEL COWARD looking weary, NOEL COWARD looking dreary,
ETHEL MANNIN posing saintly and serene;
DOLLFUSS, very brave and weeny, in a skiff with MUSSOLINI,
And PADGHAM putting gravely on a green.

Then there's SHAW, that old Apollo, doing dives he calls the "swallow,"
And BARRIE on a doorstep in his Thrums,
And Wigan's centenarian, "a lifelong vegetarian,"
And Barking's Grand Old Lady (showing gums);
RAMSAY MAC in horn-rimmed glasses, RAMSAY calling to the masses,*
RAMSAY rocking to "The Londonderry Air,"
RAMSAY in a study sighing for the Conference that 's dying—
Are there any snaps of RAMSAY we could spare! W. K. S.

* The pure Doric, please.



"YES, VERY NICE. MY LITTLE ETHEL DOES ANIMALS TOO."



A PROUD CASTILIAN IN THE TRAIN OF PIZARRO RECEIVES A LESSON IN HAUTEUR.

Tropical Bridge.

If one lives, as I do, in the region where one must scour the country for miles around to get a bridge four, this matter of Bridge Problems becomes a serious one in more ways than one. I cannot imagine that this solitary form of the game is intended for people who can get a four whenever they want, but I know that it is at once a solace and a despair to others like myself—a solace on the principle that half a game is better than no game at all, and a despair because Bridge Problems are so unlike the problems that beset us when we *do* succeed in getting three other people to play with us. It is high time that Bridge Problems were humanised.

In the first place, why are the players called W, X, Y, Z? Is it not because, with the exception of W, these are the most unhuman letters in the alphabet, as we all know who have ever played "I love my love with an X" with the children? Of course some problem writers do call the players N, S, E and W (reminiscent of dear defunct Mah Jong), but this always involves sitting with my back to the fire and turning the cat off his favourite chair before I can get my brain properly orientated. What I chiefly complain of, however, is that these symbols are part of a mechanised scheme of life, and that in a real bridge problem, palpitating with human interest, they would be supplemented with a brief biographical sketch of the players they represent.

For example:—

W, *a saturnine stockbroker who plays to win and knows* Culbertson *by heart.*

X, *a dowager duchess* (we may as well be in good society) *who has eaten too good a dinner and is a trifle somnolent.*

Y, *a rich soap-boiler* (don't know what a soap-boiler does, but it sounds plebeian, and one wants a dramatic contrast) *who is desperately in love with*

Z, *a beautiful but impecunious member of the Smart Set* (whatever that means) *with a deplorable habit of calling from the Ace, Queen, as if they were two quick tricks.*

Now deal any hand you like and work it so that the ladies win, allowing the duchess one revoke, one card exposed by mistake and an initial call without tops.

Such a problem as that, with its appeal to the imagination and the emotions, would lift the bridge problem above the formalism with which it is now smothered and would bring it near to the great hearts of the bridge-loving public, who know from sad experience that W, X, Y and Z never behave in a purely rational way in real life. It would free these solitaire games from the icy perfection and mechanical precision which is only slightly modified when the writer tells us that X might have done something else, only he deduced from his partner's call of one No Trump that he held eight Diamonds and a singleton in Spades and acted accordingly. This is mere camouflage.

These reflections are partly the result of my last bridge-party, for which I secured an itinerant bug-hunter, an irrigation expert who wants us to terrace all our hillsides for fear the Continent of Africa should slide into the sea (I wish it could), and my only neighbour, who says that he can't see that there is any real difference between auction and contract (in his case there isn't). All my cards were acquired on long-past voyages and remind me of them, and as the children use them for demon patience and other fierce games they are a bit woolly; but this does not

excuse the fact that the bug-hunter and the irrigation expert declined to wash out the first game they won when it was discovered that they had been playing with a pack which was four cards short, including the King of Spades.

My scoring-blocks are all of the kind which in happier days used to be given away by dealers in whisky. This kind, as many of my readers may know, do not have the nice little tables on the back which helped to elucidate the more intricate or controversial parts of scoring and rules. Consequently we had to rely on our several memories, which were not always in accord, especially as to declaring out of turn and things like that. Thank goodness that it was decided by the Portland Club to make Three No Trumps a game call. This was a sheet-anchor for my neighbour and confirmed his belief that contract is only auction in disguise.

Well, this sort of bridge-party does make X, Y, Z a bit tame.

Skye.

["Legend says that at the end of his life MacCrimmon disappeared piping into a faerie cave."]

MacCrimmon's piping down the wind
Over the hills of Skye,
And every windy reed's astir
With music running by;
I thought I was so worldly-wise
Till I heard a grey bird cry.

There is no map for the Isle of Skye,
There 's no road marked for the feet,
And no one knows where the brown burns run,
Or sea and rivers meet;
O little sails that dip and fade,
Are you the faeries' fleet?

But yesterday I saw a town,
Blue peat reek down that glen,
Where now is only a heather hill
With never a breath of men,
And I may seek the island through
For a town past mortal ken.

Above the grey crag and the mist,
Above the crying sea,
Is it a curlew in the wind?
It 's not for you and me;
It 's not for us the hungry heart
That haunts the empty scree.

MacCrimmon's piping down the wind,
No care of earth have I,
Nor any thought for the world of men
Nor the Coolins edged and high;
But oh, to follow MacCrimmon's pipes
Over the hills of Skye!



Old Warrior. "SEEMS FUNNY LIKE, DON'T IT, JOCK, THAT I 'M REALLY MORE OF A PROPER SOLDIER THAN WOT YOU 'LL EVER BE?"

An Impending Apology.

"Now we come to pigs. Large white pigs predominate, and in this class Cheshire men are sure to excel."—*Local Paper.*

One man in a gang of three in a motor-car alighted, knocked a man down, took ninepence from his pocket and drove off. Owing to the smallness of the sum it is thought to be merely a rehearsal.

Retaliation at Last.

"GROUSE SHOOT HOSTESS."—*Daily Paper.*



"Assistant required, must be able to truss poultry aged 18-30."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*



Plumber's Wife. "AIN'T THAT LOVELY, JOE?"
Joe. "AH, AND IT'D LAST THE 'OLE WINTER 'AVIN' TO MEND A LEAK LIKE THAT."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Farewell to the Herrieses.

WITH the completion of the final tier of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S *Herries* four-decker his admirers will experience (*a*) extreme relief, (*b*) unqualified regret. Heretics of my own school will begin to look ahead for another *Jeremy* or signs of the scaffolding of a new Cathedral; while the faithful, who have followed the *Herries* family fortunes with zest, will sit down and lament the passing of the clan. It passes valiantly enough with the gallant and unprincipled *Sally*, for whom a pathetic betrayal during the War constitutes the last faint echo of hereditary lawlessness. But the book is mainly devoted to *Sally's* mother, *Vanessa* (MACMILLAN, 10/6), *Adam Paris's* daughter and *Benjie Herries'* constant nymph, who marries (*Benjie* having bungled their romance) the decadent and half-crazy *Sir Ellis*. Mr. WALPOLE reminds his critics that the long novel belongs to the English tradition; but length not infrequently implies *longueurs*, and I feel that the modern chronological saga (with its lack of architectural unity and its surfeit of applied social history) is perilously addicted to the latter. Be that as it may, the *Herrieses* are dead at last, and Mr. WALPOLE, in true North-Country fashion, has given them a handsome funeral.

A Garden Party.

It is difficult to classify this story of a garden-party given by *Paula Maynard*, the daughter of a late barber, in order that she might rise socially. It is, in spite of the wild behaviour of guests invited by the barber's widow—behaviour which resulted in a supply of artificial roses in the garden, cokernuts for shies and unbidden visitors—not quite a farce. The would-be erotic conversation of the village spinster, the violent rudeness of the chief representative of the County, and the abandon of the gate-crashers may be a little overdone, but the attitude of the hostess is perfect. "Magnificent. Nobody could have done it better. There were years of country places, family servants, family silver behind her. . . ." But poor, fat, kind *Mrs. Maynard* had only one piece of family silver "behind her"—an enormous cup, hair-dressing prize of the late *Mr. Maynard*. To the shame of *Paula*, who had hidden it, she set it back on its stand just before the party. This action had ironical results; but perhaps the chief point about the *finale* is that readers will be sorry to leave the *Country Party* (CASSELL, 7/6) arranged for them by Miss VIOLA CASTANG, and will remember with pleasure all the wit and tragedy and triumphs of one day's events.

Havoc of War.

There is still room for the War-book of stark fact and more than room, a crying vacancy, for the War-book of vision

and insight. *Testament of Youth* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), while put forward for the latter excellence, is valuable chiefly for the former, and even this with qualifications founded on the temper and predilections of the author. The cataclysm of 1914 found Miss VERA BRITTAIN one of a close-knit circle which included a devoted brother and three of his comrades-in-arms. By 1918 all were gone except the girl; and she, having toiled her heart out at hospital work in England, Malta and France, with neither faith enough to sanction exaltation nor doubt enough for effective defiance, went back to her work at Oxford, and on *viâ* the League ("a brittle toy") to international Socialism. It is impossible to condemn a nursling of nineteenth-century materialism for having failed to improvise a creed which should see her through the shattering of her world. But that such improvisation is not impossible the death of Miss BRITTAIN'S own *fiancé* witnesses; and the saddest thing in a deeply pathetic book is its writer's bitter resentment at the aloofness of that passing.

A Neglected Genius.

How many of those who read the title *Richard Jefferies* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) on the cover of Mr. REGINALD ARKELL'S book will know before they look inside that the name is that of an English author who died less than fifty years ago? For the fame that JEFFERIES so deservedly enjoyed in his lifetime did not long survive him, and his works—perhaps the sincerest, best-informed, most charming studies of country life and lore that we possess—fell rapidly into that sad obscurity from which Mr. ARKELL sets out to rescue them. The method adopted by the author is frankly unbiographical. Like a true countryman, he has some views of his own to express and some favourite anecdotes to work off, and no objection so slight as that of their occasional lack of connection with the subject of the book is going to prevent him from including them. This persistent intrusion of his own personality into the study of another's might easily have proved fatal were the author's interests and environment less closely allied with those of his hero. As it is, the result is an informal, sometimes irritating, always interesting study, which may well succeed in its main object where a more ambitious biography would have failed. If Mr. ARKELL'S suggestion that "one of these days . . . some publisher more enterprising than the rest will bring out a carefully-selected omnibus volume of the *Essays*" bears fruit his book will not have been written in vain.



"YUS, IT IS A BEAUTY, LIZA, BUT IT 'S NO GOOD TO US. I HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME PEN-KNIFE."

Threnody for Sussex.

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH is to be warmly congratulated on having wedded the unvarnished legend of a single labouring family to an incisive and eloquent indictment of the ruin of rural England. The passing of *Fred* and *Ivy Sinden* is the passing of myriads of *Freds* and *Ivies* from Land's End to John-o'-Groats; and if the sleek urbanization of the hinterland of Rye appears at sight less ruinous than mere dock-and-thistle relegation, it is none the less incompatible with the right usage of English acres—with food production and the flourishing of peasant families. Fascinating alike as a story and a social document, *The Ploughman's Progress* (CASSELL, 7/6) is so little sentimentalized that urban heresies are allowed to have a sufficiently squalid (though but a passing) influence on its heroine. I could willingly have spared the Zolaesque episode of *Ivy's* lodger; but admittedly the tale of her husband's anguish would have been incomplete without it. Of the remainder of the cast, *Miss Betsy*, who marries an Orange parson; *Parish*, her farming brother, and *Vincent* the yeoman stand out as admirable foils to the hawkers and "diddicoys" of an animated rural underworld.

A Geneva Girls' School.

Up the Attic Stairs (CONSTABLE, 7/6) is by VIOLET MACDONALD, a lady who has a talent for remembering and for vivid description. Some time towards the close of the nine-

teenth century it would appear that Mrs. MACDONALD was sent to school in Geneva, escorted by an uncle, and with her singularly retentive memory she describes the journey there and the approach to the old house which was to be her home during adolescence with a surprising wealth of exciting detail. We are made to see the house, nearly two hundred years old, with its iron gates on carved stone pillars, its steep roof of red-brown tiles, and the *grenier*—that rambling, ill-lighted territory under the roof where were kept the girls' travelling trunks and a jumble of ancient furniture and lumber. We can almost even catch the smell of that strange and penetrating odour as of Gregory powder and sandalwood that hung about the hall and assailed visitors as soon as the entrance-door was thrown open. Then the two old ladies who ran the establishment, *Tante Thérèse* and *Tante Mirette*, and all the other strange Geneva characters, with *Claudel* the little model and *M. Blanchard* the dancing-master—these are all drawn with wit and delicacy. And finally we have intimate memories of the "Forbidden Ways" through the old town, and of the *tableaux vivants* which were the chief vehicle for self-expression in those far-off days; and of skating and gymnastics and the rest. A pleasant little book, which may not be a great commercial success, but will win a place in the hearts of some few discerning readers.

Tales Out of School.

Those who may be interested in the details of the working of a large newspaper office and prepared for an explanation of the fact that not everything which appears in the Press is precisely true will find enlightenment in Mr. COLLINSON OWEN'S *Old Flames* (JARROLDS, 7/6). His hero, *Frank Winton*, is a special writer on an old Conservative daily (which dies a short time after War breaks out—*The Standard*, one supposes). He gets his first big chance in Paris, the Bohemian life of which the author describes with gusto. There also the susceptible *Frank* discovers that a journalist on special work, like the sailor in his different ports, has opportunities for making—and breaking—contacts which are apt to be as embarrassing as they are delightful, and that the path of duty is often the convenient way of escape. But I think our *Frank* would have done better to marry the honest discuse *Rita* or even the too forthcoming *Milly* than the rather pretentious *Margaret*, who so soon practically threw him over for her career as a second-rate novelist. . . . There are interesting descriptions incidentally of the exciting days of the first Channel crossing by air and the first aviation meeting at Rheims.

Amorality in Excelsis.

What Lord TRENCHARD might have to say of the relations between Scotland Yard on the one hand and *M. Hercule Poirot* and *Captain Hastings* on the other, I cannot tell, but I do happen to know that one of his predecessors was immensely impressed by the study of the Yard Inspector in CONRAD'S *Secret Agent*, though CONRAD appears to have based it on clairvoyance rather than actual investigation. But in detective fiction inside knowledge, though useful, is less important than an original plot, natural dialogue and good character-drawing. AGATHA CHRISTIE gives us all three in *Lord Edgware Dies* (COLLINS, 7/6). For one brief moment on p. 21 I suspected her of a *roman à clef*, but the subsequent variations proved me wrong. In their latest collaboration *M. Poirot* and *Captain Hastings* are at the top of their form, and the mutual reactions of normal intelligence and supersensitive psychology afford a most delectable entertainment. The part played by the professional impersonator, exploited by the chief criminal to cover her tracks is, so far as I know, new in this branch of fiction. For the rest the story may be described as a most impressive and consistent study of an impenitent and ruthless amoralist, though I can imagine that the assignment of the *rôle* of chief murderer to a woman will not render the work popular with all readers of that sex.



"MOTHER, YOU KNOW WHAT WE SAID ABOUT HENRY WAVING IF HE GOT INTO DIFFICULTIES? DO YOU THINK HE MEANS ANYTHING?"

In Old Bagdad.

The latest Short Biography to be published by Mr. PETER DAVIES in his now famous series is that of *Harun al Rashid* (5/-), written by no less an authority than Mr. H. ST. JOHN PHILBY. The author aims at giving a sketch or impression designed to convey a picture of the period grouped round its central figure. In this he is singularly successful. We are enabled to see upon what historical basis rests the Bagdad of the *Arabian Nights*. The civilisation of the great days of the Caliphate is discussed and criticised in a judicial fashion. In this book at least Mr. ST. JOHN PHILBY, the friend of IBN SAOUD, is grinding no political axe; here he gives us freely of his learning and vast experience, and we are grateful for the gift.

A Nose for News.

Although *Cross Marks the Spot* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is emphatically a sensational novel, its chief merit lies in the creation of *Julian Mendoza*. This journalist was neither to be stopped nor even thwarted when he was on the trail of exciting news, but in spite of his remorseless keenness he is a most human and lovable man; and to have created him is a feat on which Mr. JAMES RONALD may reasonably congratulate himself and be congratulated. For the rest, I found both the methods and manners of Mr. RONALD'S crooks so unattractive that it was difficult to follow their careers with any zest.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, is on view at the Pump Room, Bath, until September 20.

A separate Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Pannett Art Gallery, Whitby, from September 16 to October 14; and at Hull, November 1 to 30. Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

Two tube railway-stations are for sale. They make excellent kennels for dachshunds of almost any length.

***

Somewhere in America, we read, a bride and bridegroom and all the guests were clad in bathing-costumes, and the ceremony took place during a heat-wave. The wedding belles in fact were peeling.

***

Pessimists who feared that the worst was yet to come will note with a certain amount of pleasure that check plus-fours are being worn by women-golfers.

***

An explorer says that after a three weeks' journey, during which he could neither wash nor shave, he met a lion face to face. An unpleasant experience for both of them.

***

A warring tribe in Afghanistan is said to be using poisoned barbed wire. Slowly but surely civilisation is embracing the whole world.

***

"We ought to regard it as a compliment when a foreigner settles in our country," says a politician. Immigration is the sincerest form of flattery.

***

A correspondent in a morning paper says the average telephone-flex ties itself in knots and half-strangles the subscriber. It is only fair to the P.M.G. to say that there is no extra charge for this.

***

A Vicar has protested against babies being taken to weddings. But he doesn't mind them at christenings.

***

Snails, we are told, now figure on the menu in many London restaurants. Usually, of course, they merely wait at table.

***

A Staffordshire railway-porter who has just retired is to take up politics. It is said he has a nice platform manner.

***

The old long-faced type of American is said to be disappearing. We are not surprised at this, considering how hard the British taxpayer works.

***

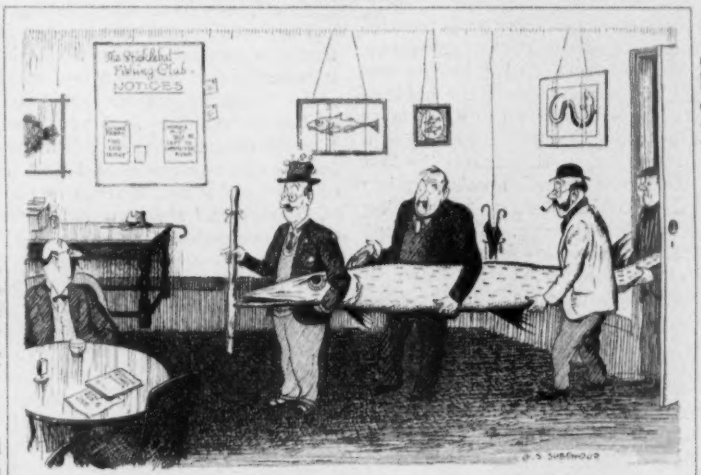
"Some people take a very strange view of things," remarks a novelist. The trouble is that they paste them in albums and make you look at them.

***

"What will the autumn mannequin show us?" asks a fashion expert. Quite a lot of autumn mannequin, we expect.

***

The newly-invented dance, which it is claimed can be performed on a table, should do much to relieve the congestion of restaurant floors.



Member of Fishing Club. "THIS IS THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY YESTERDAY."

A doctor declares that flying grit caused by digging in the sand is apt to cause a painful inflammation of the eyes. Blinkers for golf novices seem to be indicated.

***

A North London man has grown a marrow shaped like a motor-car. And a rival gardener claims to have produced a taxi-cabbage.

***

"Old age cannot be attained by living in a glass case," declares Professor THWAITES. Has he never tackled a railway buffet-bun?

***

Many American tourists visited the Mint this summer. They were naturally curious to see for themselves where their money is made.

***

In the report of a twenty-years' survey of London, started by the School of Economics, it is stated that comparison of laundry-lists reveals that many garments have disappeared. Others again have had the buttons broken or bent.

***

"The man with the big nose is generally successful," says a critic. But surely a small nose is evidence that its wearer has kept it to the grindstone.

***

"What is the fashionable cut of the day?" inquires a writer of an article on dress. About ten per cent. or so.

***

An old associate of Herr HITLER has been describing the days when the Nazi leader hadn't a brown shirt to his back.

***

Mrs. NICK OUENGA, of Blue Island, Illinois, has won a husband-calling competition. Our thoughts are with Mr. NICK OUENGA.

***

"A boxer who underestimates his opponent," declares a writer, "soon has his eyes opened." Or closed.

***

The report that there is a child-actress on the London stage whose age does not exceed thirty-five now turns out to be the invention of a sensational journalist.

***

A domestic servant arrived in a saloon car to take up a position in a suburban house. A callous correspondent says he once had a cook who left by air—just ahead of the gas-stove.

***

Fresh evidence has come to light that the Celts were cannibals. Shall we let bygones be bygones?

Disadvantages of a Sedentary Occupation.

"Fishing off the coast of Yorkshire you may get a great big tummy."
Schoolgirl's Essay.

"Mr. Arthur —— acted as the kind hose for the wholesome meal at the League of Welldoers' 589th monthly treat for rag-pickers and sandwichmen last evening."
Liverpool Paper.

Even that, however, failed to damp the enthusiasm of the guests.

War in the Farmyard.

In a corner of the sty stands Betty, eating an old coat with every symptom of enjoyment. Take good note of her. As Middle Whites go she is nothing very special—indeed she is a very mediocre pig as any pig goes—but for the moment she has her niche in the Hall of Fame; the eyes of Fleet Street are upon her. For the fact is that Mr. Albert Swale, commissioner of Queen Anne's Bounty, in the county of Stilts, and a man of relentless determination (when backed by the majesty of the law in the shape of a distraint order), has sworn to have her out of her sty and sell her for gain in the public market; while Mr. Joseph Bullet, farmer, of the same, has sworn to keep her there—and sworn it with a wealth of imagery that his less experienced rival could never hope to emulate. And there, barring a few extra details which you can get first-hand from the publican at "The Three Crows," it is.

Upon Betty herself all these goings-on have made remarkably little impression. From the calmness of her demeanour, the absence of any trace of nervousness in her movements and expression, you might imagine she was in the habit of being distrained on every day—that the process was as regular an occurrence in her life as is milking in that of a cow. Certainly you would never guess that this is the first occasion on which even the threat of such a calamity has come upon her. But that she must be aware that something is afoot you will hardly venture to deny. Was she not present when the commissioner made his famous declaration: "I want that pig, Bullet!" and did she not listen, to the eternal dishonour of her sex, to Farmer Bullet's reply? She has seen the comings and goings of many reporters; she has heard the tramp of policemen's feet; alone perhaps among Middle Whites she has caught a glimpse of a solicitor. But all this excitement has left her unmoved. Even when she was photographed for *The Evening Express* she kept her head and went on with her swill for all the world as if having her picture in the papers meant nothing at all to *her*. "I am only a pig," she seemed to say, "and I must keep my station." Possibly the presence of the bailiff put in by Commissioner Albert touches her more closely than anything. She likes his coat, which the hot weather has forced him to discard, well enough, but she does not care for his company in the sty—he snores so terribly at night. He is snoring now at three o'clock in the afternoon, but then there are compensations for that; his coat, after all, is remarkably nourishing.

Even apart from Betty and her unwelcome companion, who represent, as it were, the very centre of the disturbed area, signs are not wanting that matters of grave import are impending in this once peaceful corner of old England. Two Blackshirts, drawn hither by a stern sense of duty or by a desire, maybe, to study the life of the farmyard at close quarters, are playing dominoes in the barn, while in the stackyard a handsome pair of boots peeping coyly through the straw show that P.C. Tomlin, that zealous officer, is on the job. Woe betide the man who causes a disturbance of such proportions as to shake him from his well-earned repose! When the time comes, if come it must, for Betty to leave her familiar sty, P.C. Tomlin will see to it that she leaves it in an orderly manner or not at all. There must be no horseplay here. Meanwhile he sleeps, majestic even in unconsciousness; in the sty the bailiff sleeps; the Blackshirts, wearied of their harmless play, sleep too; only the pig, careless of her destiny and chewing hard, remains erect. Meanwhile, far away in the Parish Hall at Muddington a rotten egg is thrown.

A tithe war is in progress.

Such at least is my conception of the titanic struggle now going on in the agricultural world between those desirous of distraining on pigs, wheat, haystacks and the other impedimenta of the farmyard, and their opponents, who are determined that their pigs, wheat, haystacks, etc., shall not at any price be distrained upon. The right and wrongs of the business are, happily, outside my province; I am concerned with the tithe war simply from the point of view of the spectator, and as a spectacle the warfare so far has, it will be admitted, been anything but satisfactory. Here and there an egg is hurled, probably at some artisan on holiday who has turned aside to see what the gathering portends, and every now and again a menacing shout goes up from the inhabitants of Middle Cudbury when some trembling solicitor or callous bailiff comes lumbering into the farmyard; but on the whole the skirmishings, the ambuscades, the wholesale slaughterings that one associates with war are conspicuous only by their absence. It is sad to think that the yeomen farmers of England, once so sturdy and independent a stock, now prefer to hold meetings of protest rather than array their embattled arms against the ranks of the distrainers. And yet I believe if I was put to it I could defend a farm indefinitely against a regiment of bailiffs and solicitors—and that too without the shedding of a drop of blood, if there be any to whom the massacre of lawyers and their minions seems in any way an undesirable proceeding.

In the forefront of the battle I should set my geese, and close behind them—a terrible band—my Stiltshire gobblers resplendent in purple and black. On the wings would be arrayed a motley herd of hens and sheep and ducks ready to dash in and make confusion worse confounded once the fray was fairly joined; while in reserve my trusty herd of cows, inflamed by lack of linseed-cake, would await the outcome of the preliminary encounter. It is easy to see how the affair would develop. The moment my advanced troops showed signs of wavering beneath the shock of the attack, I should drive my Bovine Brigade from their sheds and hurl them into the line at the weakest point, laying down meanwhile a continuous barrage of eggs behind the enemy columns to prevent their either receiving reinforcements from the rear or escaping unmarked in the subsequent retreat. Is there a bailiff, is there a single solicitor in this country who, with his moral already sapped by the threatening attentions of a squadron of geese and turkeys, could stand up to the charge of a herd of Stiltshire Shorthorns and give back as good as he got? Would he not, each after his own fashion, remind himself that he who fights and runs away may live to distrain another day? I think he would—and if he did not, why, then I should be compelled, with the utmost regret, to release the bull.

Meanwhile I have just been struck, at Potteridge-in-the-Wold, by a passing egg.

H. F. E.

"Board and Residence Wanted.

By Young Bachelor, with small private family."—*S. African Paper.*

We quite understand.

Light Reading for the After-Life.

"If we regularly indulge in more flesh meat than our liver can deal with, we shall in due course find our names in the Registrar-General's report under the head of 'Deaths from liver trouble.'"

Sunday Paper.



TEACHING THE WILL TO WAR.

"NOW, MY CHILD, DON'T SKIP THAT CHAPTER. IT 'S ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IN THE WHOLE BOOK."

[A German Professor of Military Science, in a manual recently published for use in elementary schools, advocates any and every chemical method of slaughter "to stave off the superior enemy and to vanquish him."]



"It says 'ere the dollar's goin' the same way as the pound."
"Yus—an' before we knows where we are they'll muck up the tanner."

Tax-Him-Eaters.

(As reported in a book recently published.)

Where never rolls the roaring bus
But great apes bellow wildly
There lives a race, distinct from us
In being anthropophagous,
Though, be it noted, mildly.

Gross and untutored they are not;
They never take their axes
To fell their neighbours for the pot,
While Science on their favoured lot
Has even showered taxes.

These they accept without dismay,
Not seeking to object, or
Put lightly off the evil day,
But in their strong and simple way
They eat the tax collector.

And sweet is caviar, and cake,
And fruit of hothouse prices;
Oysters are sweet and no mistake;
And nothing has been known to shake
My lifelong love of ices;

Sweet, too, is beef and homely duff
To those grown tired with toiling;
Yet somehow, though by nature tough,
A tax collector ought to snuff
Out, as men say, the boiling.

Then rise, my chef; the chance may be
Upon us e'er we know it;
Set your imagination free;
If there be aught of poesie
Latent about you, go it.

Think out rich sauces touched with rum,
Grateful, though somewhat heady;
Dream kabobs, aye, and cardamum;
I will not cavil at the sum;
But steady, cookie, steady.

'Tis but a dream. Some rubber-shod
And eagle-eyed Inspector
Would land the pair of us in quod;
We may not, though it 's very odd,
Devour our tax collector.

Dum-Dum.

The Beard.

Time: Noon. Day: Monday. Year: 2033. Place: Thames Police Court, or rather, since it was renamed when the Socialist régime began in 2030, the People's Parlour for the Settlement of Disputes Between the People and Persons.

The prisoner at the Bar (or the Person) is distinguished by a beard measuring 1.2065 metres (work that out yourself). The beard is the bone of contention between the People and the Person.

"You are charged," says the magistrate, "with wearing a beard without a permit, furthermore with wearing a red beard, furthermore with wearing a beard measuring more than the regulation length, furthermore with continuing to wear same after being warned by a constable—er—Guardian of the Peace."

The prisoner shuffled uneasily, threw his beard over his shoulder with a nervous gesture and spoke: "Your Worship is aware," he said, "that by the Ordinance of 2032 it is forbidden for citizens to own or carry razors?"

"I *am* aware of that very excellent Ordinance. It was passed, if I remember rightly, in order to combat unemployment among barbers."

"Just so. I have therefore been unable to shave myself."

"Certainly. But there was nothing to prevent your being shaved by the Municipal Barbers' Brotherhood."

"On the other hand, there was everything to prevent my being shaved by the Municipal Barbers' Brotherhood. Your Worship will be aware that before one can be shaved by the M.B.B. one has to apply to the Secretary for Shaves for a permit. I applied to the Secretary for Shaves for a permit, using, as directed, Green Form 20635B. After waiting three months I received a reply to the effect that Form 20635B was obsolete, and that I must use Pink Form 737A."

"And did you apply on Pink Form 737A?"

"I did, giving my registered number, which is 32,000,164. After a further three months I received a reply to the effect that, according to the records of the Department of the Registration of Citizens, I was dead."

"A clerical error, no doubt. You wrote again?"

"I wrote again, but was informed that by an Ordinance of 2031 it was impossible to alter the records of the Department of the Registration of Citizens without passing a Special Act of Parliament, and that, as Parliament is still engaged on the business of Session 2028–31, I should have to wait at least another ten years. The Department hinted that they would have no objection to my dying during the interim, as it would then be unnecessary to correct the entry."

"Did that end your correspondence with the Secretary for Shaves?"

"By no means. I received a further letter this morning informing me that an error had been made in saying that an error had been made, and that I was after all not dead."

"And the Secretary for Shaves no doubt enclosed the permit for you to be shaved by the Municipal Barbers' Brotherhood?"

"No," said the prisoner sadly, "because, although alive, I am officially a three-months-old girl. And, as the Secretary for Shaves very justly remarked, it would be foolish to shave a three-months-old girl."

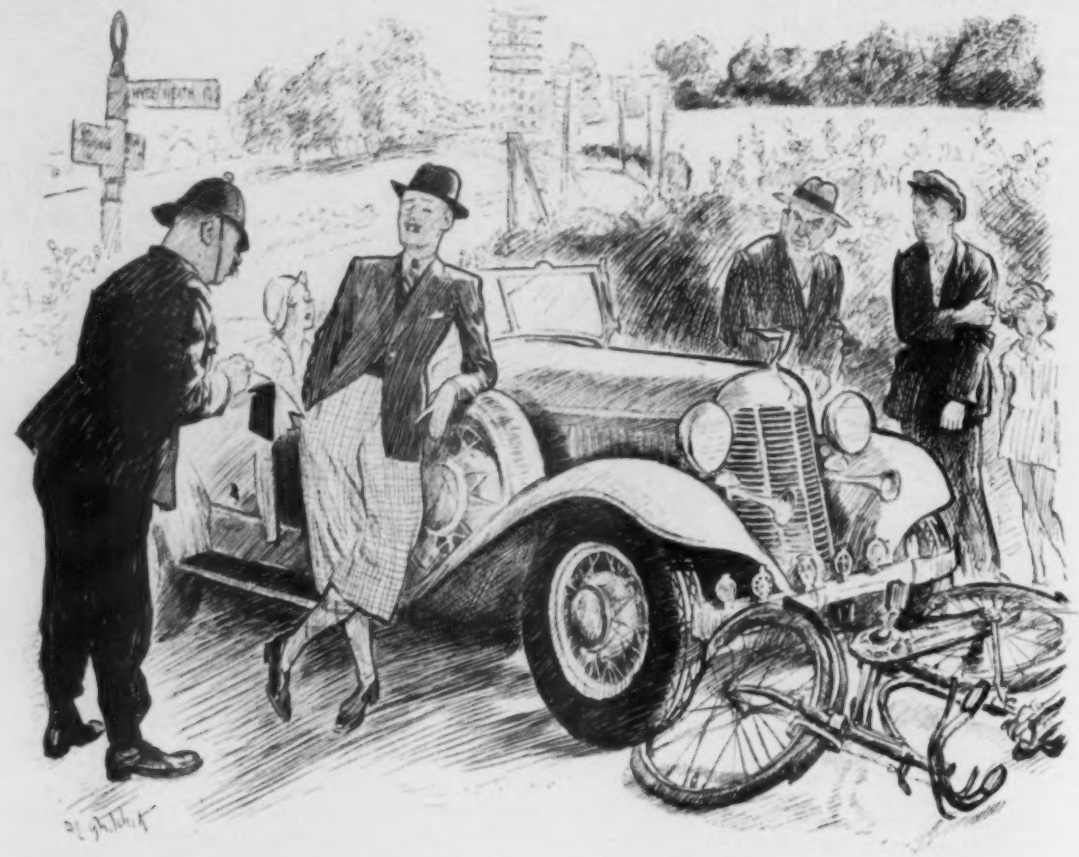
The magistrate sucked his pen. "We must get rid of that beard somehow," he said. "I think it will be best to commit you to prison for three months, where, under the regulations of a merciful and far-seeing Government, you can be shaved without a permit. Next case."



Society Leader (discussing new-comers). "QUITE COMMON PEOPLE, I SHOULD THINK, MY DEAR. THEY TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS IN AUGUST."

"It is fine and useful to know one has power in one's strong fish, but it is finer and happier to be able to have the love and affection of a people."—*Evening Paper.*

Further comparisons would be odorous.



Rural Constable. "AND YOU DIDN'T SEE NOBODY COMING ROUND NO CORNER. THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID, ISN'T IT?"
Motorist. "APPROXIMATELY, APPROXIMATELY."

Fiddlewick's Ales.

AND now let's have a bang at the brewers. The brewers, I think, have not had so many bangs from me that they are entitled to resent a well-reasoned bang.

Briefly, why can't they show the names of their inns larger and their own names smaller?

Why do we so often see this:—

THE FULL MOON

BOTTOM AND SMITH'S BEERS?

It ought to be this:—

THE FULL MOON

(BOTTOM AND SMITH'S BEERS).

that is, if "Bottom and Smith's Beers" is necessary at all.

The magnitude of the scandal is best appreciated by the traveller who passes a succession of pubs, especially if he travels by water and sees the houses of refreshment from afar. I am acquainted, I think, with all the waterside pubs from Richmond to the Nore. I am attracted to them by, among other things, their jolly names—such jolly old names as "The City Barge," "The London Apprentice," "The Ship and Whale," "The Lobster Smack," "The Dog and Duck" and many others. Yes, many others; but I am not going to mention those other names because in most cases their brewers offend me in the manner indicated above. If they do not think the names of their pubs important, why should I make them known? So you see, brother brewer, you have lost a point already.

Well, then, I go up and down the river in my ship, and my eye falls on every pub that we pass, not, as you think, because I am always wanting beer—though I do not care two hoots of a tin trumpet if you do think that—but because the mariner must from time to time "bring up" and get new supplies not only of beer but of water, tea, butter, bread and ginger-beer for the mariner's young, and because the pub is often the only residential oasis in a waste of inhospitable wharves and warehouses, and because the pub is the only place in which the stranger may immediately make friendly touch with the natives of the neighbourhood, find out the state of trade and the condition of the people, and hear good stories and interesting talk (a thing, by the way, that those who would do away with pubs forget; for if you drop into a tea-house and try to slip into casual conversation with a stranger it seldom comes off, and sometimes one is arrested or thrown out; moreover, when the pub goes a tea-shop does *not* inevitably take its place) or for any other good reason that occurs to the reader. Golly, what a grand sentence!

I pass up and down, then, and nine times out of ten I am affronted by this:

THE HOPE AND ANCHOR
FIDDLEWICK'S ALES.

I can think of cases where I can read FIDDLEWICK'S ALES with the naked eye far off across the waters, but in order to read the name of the house I have to drape the eye with telescopes or field-glasses.

I can also, believe it or not, think of cases where, even at close range, all that I can see is

FIDDLEWICK'S ALES.

For the name of the house is not mentioned at all! I warn the brewers that only the gravest emergency would persuade me to visit those houses.

Now what is the "psychology" of all this? There are, I know, connoisseurs of beer who violently like or dislike this or that brand of beer; that is to say, if they see or live near two adjacent houses they will enter Fiddlewick's rather than Bottom and Smith's. I am not one of those myself; I am far more likely to go into a particular house because I like its name than because I like Fiddlewick's Ales. I could not tell you what kind of beer is sold at any of the houses I mentioned with approbation above. I always stop at "The City Barge" if I can because it looks nice, clean and dignified and old, and its good name stands out boldly and simply; but if you beat me with scorpions I could not tell you the name of its brewers.

Still, I admit, there is a low class of fellow who thinks of nothing but the beer. But I cannot believe that when he is travelling on the river (or even on the road) his preferences are so strong that they become really important. No mariner of any kind, I am sure, says, "We will sail on up the river till we sight a Fiddlewick house." I cannot tell about the motorist, but when he is thirsty does he say, "No, this is the Fiddlewick country; let us drive on ten miles till we reach the Bottom and Smith area"? I doubt it.

The point is not important, because I am not suggesting that the name of the brewers should be suppressed altogether or that the Fiddlewick fan should be lured into a Bottom and Smith establishment on false pretences. By all means let them sign their beers, as we sign our articles; but let there be due proportion. What would they think if the title of this article was printed thus—

FIDDLEWICK'S ALES

and the signature thus—

A. P. H.?

What would they think of a great ship which went about the seas labelled thus:—

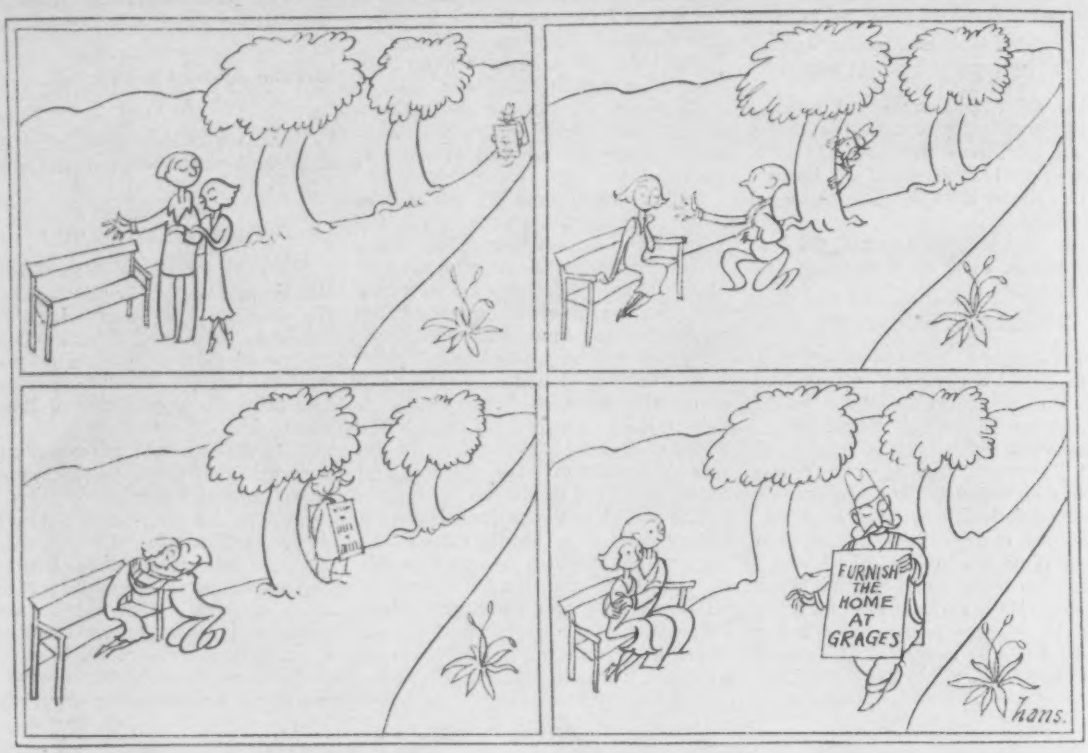
S.S. CELESTIAL.
RED STAR LINE?

Not a bad idea there. Why shouldn't the brewers have "house-flags," like the shipping lines, and add a little colour to the scene? The Fiddlewick fan would very soon learn to distinguish the bold burgee of the Fiddlewick firm from the loathly flag of Bottom and Smith.

But I doubt if that will appeal to the brewers. They seem, on the whole, to be an unimaginative lot. There are exceptions, I know—brewers who give thought and trouble to such things as inn-signs, who realise that their business is far more than the selling of beer, and that a pub with a good name, history and atmosphere has much more to sell than a well-brewed beer. But on the whole they do not deserve the



"NOW, JOHNNY, FATHER SAYS WHERE EXACTLY DID YOU BURY HIM, BECAUSE OUR RETURN TICKETS ARE THERE SOMEWHERE?"



support (unpaid) which they receive from poets and literary men. We keep on writing poems and books about "The Squire and Rector," say, and assuring its enemies that "The Squire and Rector" is much more than a beershop—a valuable social institution, a link with the sturdy England of the past, a rendezvous of all the classes, and so on. But what is the good of that if, when its enemies look at "The Squire and Rector," all that they see is

FIDDLEWICK'S ALES

meaning that the only important thing about it is the beer?

However, enough talk. Now for action. Whatever causes Fiddlewick to write his name so large, whether vanity or mistaken ideas of what is good business, it is advertisement run mad. And I see that a section of some new Act (alas! I have lost the cutting, so am a little vague) gives the local authorities power to deal with advertisements run mad—trade or shop advertisements, for example, which are too large and disfigure good buildings. The local authority has power to limit such advertisements in size and number; and what is good enough for a tea-shop is good enough, I suppose, for a wicked pub. So, brother brewer, beware! When I have found that cutting and know what authority has power to do what, I am going to put that authority on to you. It would be more graceful and pleasant for all if you did the right thing before you were forced; and now that I have shown you the light I am sure that you will. I will therefore give you a month. A month from to-day I shall steam down the Thames and inspect (from the water) all the pubs. And this is what I expect to see everywhere:—

THE HOPE AND ANCHOR
(FIDDLEWICK'S ALES)

If I do not—if I see a single case of

THE HOPE AND ANCHOR

FIDDLEWICK'S ALES

then, Fiddlewick, beware!

And don't, by the way, forget that rather attractive notion about the house-flags. I foresee a fortune for the first brewer who takes that up. Can't you see the poster opportunities—"Look for the Fiddlewick Flag!"? One should be worn at the mast-head on the roof of every Fiddlewick house, and another hang from the front wall over the sign. And in the end, if the thing was well done, it would not be necessary to paint the name of Fiddlewick on the walls of the house at all. Putting my eye to my telescope as I come round the Limehouse corner I shall cry, "Ha! the Fiddlewick flag! Stand by to anchor!"

A. P. H.

Things That Might Have Been More Charitably Expressed.

"Several Congressmen who were travelling by the Gujerat Mail expecting that Mr. Gandhi would be transferred to the Poona Express at Dadar were surprised on alighting at that station to find that the bogey had already been detached."—*Indian Paper.*

"Suggestions that the English cricketers had employed unfair tactics to win led to a storm in print in both hemispheres of the world and did much to besmirch the fair name of our national sport—csicktt.

W. Indies Paper.

It seems irreparably damaged.



"Middle-Aged Woman Wants Two or Three Days' LEANING a week."

Advt. in Wigan Paper.

In Affectionate Memory of Viscount Grey of Fallodon.



(Reproduced from a former Cartoon in "Punch.")

THE GREY KNIGHT.

At the Pictures.

INTRIGUE AND DOMESTIC HUMOUR.

WHILE not being at all clear in my mind as to what the two chief spies in the Tivoli film did, I must admit that



MONOCLED MENACE.
The Commandant . . CONRAD VEIDT.

they convey an atmosphere of mystery and impending doom, although they are sometimes so indiscreet that one is fearful lest their honourable occupation (which receives at the outset a blessing from Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL) will too soon be over. But fortunately the Germans were very patchy in their watchfulness. Sometimes the eyeglass of CONRAD VEIDT, who is the terrifying *Commandant*, knows all, and then again it knows nothing. The old woman who sells vegetables in the market—called *Canteen Ma* and played by a curiously toothless EVA MOORE—would surely have given the show away, slipping notes so publicly into cabbages and whispering guiltily for all the world to see; while the druggist who accepts information in the form of prescriptions and posts men on hotel balconies would, you might think, be under superveillance. But no; and so *Stephan*, the medical officer (HERBERT MARSHALL), and *Martha Cnockhaert*, the nurse (MADELEINE CARROLL), weave their plots unmolested until it is time for the discovery to be made, justice or injustice meted out, and the screen cleared for *Mickey Mouse*.

The scene of *I Was a Spy* is a Belgian town under German occupation in the early days of the War, and all the spies are Belgian except one dark Englishman who is referred to as blond, their principal object being to arrange for the KAISER to be bombed from the air by British planes. It is to attain this end that the most improbable of all the incidents occurs, when *Martha Cnockhaert* accompanies the eyeglass on a sinful visit to Brussels; but the KAISER, having changed his mind, escapes.

The acting is as good as the occasion demands, CONRAD VEIDT coming out an easy first. As a complete contrast to his implacable iciness we have EDMUND GWENN as the faithful and defiant *Burgomaster* defending his flock; while somewhere between the two is GERALD DU MAURIER as a *Doctor* trying very hard to conceal his identity under a beard and broken English, but completely failing. I knew him at once.

MADELEINE CARROLL should have been told by the director very early and very clearly that the daughters of Belgian estaminet-keepers do not resemble nuns. Less meek, she would be more attractive and more convincing. As for HERBERT MARSHALL, his part is so mechanical that he never convinces at all, and the camera has played such tricks that often it is difficult to believe that the features that it photographs really belong to him.



Stephan (HERBERT MARSHALL) *to Martha Cnockhaert* (MADELEINE CARROLL). "I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE LET YOU IN ON THIS SPY BUSINESS. YOU SHOW TOO MUCH OF IT ON YOUR FACE."

As unlike *I Was a Spy* as could be is *The Working Man* at the Regal, with GEORGE ARLISS once again playing a kind of fairy godfather, testy and



GEORGE ARLISS (between shots). "AH, IF LIFE ONLY OFFERED THE PROPITIOUS OPPORTUNITIES OF MY FILMS!"

benignant, elfish and harsh by turns, exposing vice and educing virtue. In such parts there is no one to compare with him, and I am surprised that a screen version of *A Pair of Spectacles* has never been made to give him the chance of being the perfect *Benjamin Goldfinch*. He would be enchanting too in a screen version of ANATOLE FRANCE'S story, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, which the WARNER BROTHERS should hasten to read.

But apart from his personality, so admirably fitted for these blends of sentiment and humour, GEORGE ARLISS is to be seen for his very remarkable screen technique, and in particular the skill with which his speeches are timed.

The present picture, which is very true to the ARLISS type, has a prosaic enough motive: the rivalry of two American shoe factories. But do not let that discourage you, for the maximum fun and drama are extracted from it. The names of the other performers I have no space to mention here, but let me say this of them, that one and all helped with great ability to make *The Working Man* the agreeable success it is. E. V. L.

"Ross received a sting on his left arm while at practice, and had to scratch."—*Dundee Paper.*

Of course.

Translations from the Chinese.

The Bandits.

After I had talked for many hours with Hsu Feng,
When I had sipped the last of many fragile cups
Of delectable tea,
I placed my poems in their saffron silken sack
And sought the moonlit street.
"How still it is and peaceful," he said, "for your home-going!"
And I,
"But is it not excellent
That our Chief of Police is so trenchant and wise
That he has cleansed the city of crime
So that this obscure and worthless poet may walk at night
Without molestation?"
Then we bowed low and the door was shut
And I departed.

I had not disturbed the shadows of many streets
When I heard feet running
And two fierce men flung themselves upon me.
My body was shaken as fierce dogs shake rats,
My arms were wrenched,
My robe torn and my sack of poems taken from me.
"Undoubtedly," I thought, "these men are robbers
Who have been overlooked by our indefatigable police."
But I ceased thinking when I felt a knee in my back
And heard a voice hiss "Bandit!" in my ear.

I will not recount my experiences in the night gaol
When my finger-nails were measured
And my toe-prints taken on rice-paper.
I confess that I was frightened.
I deplore that my arms are still black with twists of misunderstanding.
But the incident is ended.
The honourable Chief of Police has sent for me
And has formally assured me that I am not a bandit.
He has given me a carnation and scented my hair;
He has returned my poems
And he has apologised.

Can I do more on my part than proclaim the courage
And extol the courtesy
Of the police of this ancient city? W. K. S.



Keeper. "Man, when ye 're shooting as weel as that, ye can afford tae let them get a bit farther oot."

I Am Writing a Play.

I HAVE been ten years writing a play. Undeterred by ridicule, undeflected by hustle, and now with something of majesty in my progress I am approaching the Third Act.

During the first year my friends were quite interested in my composition and would occasionally consent to the reading of isolated scenes on winter evenings. But as the years come and go and still I cut and polish my jewel, and still my heroine fluctuates between comedy and tragedy, they have become acidly critical, and my sister-in-law, always a trifle crude in her language, observes that it is about time this child is brought to birth.

"Look at *Journey's End*," they cry, "written during a wet week-end."

"Look at *Faust*," I reply, "forty, or was it fifty years? Look at *Savonarola Brown*, never finished at all."

That wet week-end leaves its mark on *Journey's End*. There is the despair of heavy rain in every word, but my play will bear the resurgent and optimistic colours of spring, the pageantry of ten summers, the ripeness of as many autumns.

It is remarkable how I have got my very life-pattern into this play. Julia, my heroine, started as quite a young and immature girl. She has grown with me to a becoming and radiant maturity, and in the Third Act she will speak out of the garnered wisdom of ten years with something a little prophetic in her voice. Poor girl! By now most of the cast she started with have disappeared or suffered change; and the fifth year, when I went to live in America, she went too. Whereas before in moments of emotion she would languidly exclaim, "Oh, I say!" she now screams, "What do you know about that?" Her background, formerly a cathedral close and a minor canon, has now become a little hamlet of the Middle-West and a father travelling in tinned meats, his mouth full of wisecracks and peanuts.

Julia is a nice girl. She does not for one moment conceal her background, and in spite of this wins her way to the heart of my hero, who is a duke, with strawberry-leaves apparent on every inch of him—for, let it be admitted at once, my hero is a snob. He walks arrogantly and talks *Debrett*. He becomes more unbearable every year that I live in America, and sometimes Julia and I wonder if we shall ever pull it off.

Winter evenings the other side have been far from peaceful. My American friends are outraged; they tell me no one in U.S.A. will stand for that picture. "Peanuts and a small-town sophomore? No, Sir, not from an Englishwoman!" Thus I have betrayed my country of adoption.

At home my English friends remind me rather unkindly that I have never known a duke nor his reactions to life. They declare that a duke does not talk like that and that I am letting down the Old Country. "BERNARD SHAW we know, SINCLAIR LEWIS we have heard of, but who art thou?"

"Half-and-half, like my cast." So with artistic integrity and a devotion to the realities of drama beyond these minor loyalties the duke and the Middle-West meet in a mental conflict which is both appalling and superb. The struggles of the duke before he marries Julia are really catastrophic. It is only when the old parson murmurs "Kind hearts are more than coronets" that he gives in. Julia was always a kind girl. She was kind even in the cathedral close; she is more than kind in America.

The parson is another problem. He is a fine and benevolent old character and walks in every now and then delivering himself of odds and ends of sermons that I have heard these ten years. This prevents the rest of the cast from going too far and sheds a wholesome atmosphere over everything—very pleasing to my mother. But when I submitted the parson to an actor of my acquaintance he told me quite simply that the parson must go.

"Why," he said, "he'd send the stalls to sleep in two ticks."

"But he keeps the hero straight," I replied.

"Who wants the hero straight?" he retorted. "What the theatre wants is a cad; they don't mind how caddish he is for two Acts so long as he reforms in the third."

In the end we compromised. The parson makes his first entrance in the Third Act, delivers himself of his homilies in a synthetic form, and the duke returns to rectitude and the arms of Julia.

Almost a greater problem than the parson is my mother. She has delayed my play by at least two years. She dislikes the theatre anyway, and it is entirely against her wishes that I have struggled so long. But if I *must* write a play, let there be nothing in it that would bring a blush to the cheeks of my children—born since starting.

On one side I hear the voice of my friend the actor, on the other my mother pleads for purity. I have just solved this delicate problem. Any deflection from rectitude is so subtly concealed, so artfully veiled that my mother, who hears very little and never believes anything she cannot see, will not realise that it is a bedroom LEFT FRONT into which the duke disappears in Act II., Scene I. She will hear the parson uplifting his voice in the Third Act and she will be content.

I am at last drawing to a close. To me there is something very beautiful about this moment. I am alone now; the last of my friends has ceased to listen; even my mother has withdrawn into indifference, but I go on with something of majesty in my progress. Success may never come, producers may be elusive, but I shall say to them: "Take it. It is the wisdom of ten years. It is spring, summer, autumn, winter. It is Elizabethan, it is Restoration. It is Victorian. It is English in its robust humour. It is American in its unrelenting uplift. Finally, there is the parson."

I think they will listen to the parson.



Yachtsman. "YES, I'M CERTAINLY ALL FOR THIS SHOPPING-BY-POST IDEA."

"£75 P.A.

Modern detached Residence; 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, usual domestic offices; garage and good garden. and Dad, Edna and Bert."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

But where are *we* going to sleep?

Autumn Fashions, 1933.

My dears, Autumn fashions for this year of dictatorships are too spell-binding. You all know the succulent colour of Fascist shirts—well, that is the colour for this divine period of the year when the roads are strewn with the débris of moulting hens. Black, yes, but the kindest imaginable shade to complexions; utterly distinguished with metal swastikas, either aluminium or natural rust.

No autumn would be itself without brown; and this year a pastel burnt sienna shade will add that touch of the Hitleresque that we are all yearning after. Duckweed green and pale onion—the latter has an enchanting semblance of abandon—are the hues with which to become intimate.

"Monotones for the moderns" is the new saying, so try an ensemble in *bois de feu* or *saucisson fumé*. If you like a spot of contrast, gaiters of that old favourite Cambridge blue would be *chic*. And what a dream would be a Roosevelt-red sombrero so thoughtfully designed for the children's oranges and snowballs!

Airline *piqué* is one of the many new sartorially suitable materials, and Angora, that scintillating fabric from the brilliant house of Mustapha Kemal, will look most novel when the first fog arrives. Still, rhinoceros and wart-hog greys will continue.

In the small hours terrestrial browns, crème-de-menthe greens and lubricant yellow are ahead of us (you can even make your face to match). But for breakfast you may want to lighten these nightly shades with cherry-pink, in which event flannelette is the foundation to choose.

A very smart cloth is iron (the new stainless shade will be worn for parties), with a small conventional pattern of nuts and bolts. This is an Empire-made fabric and can be had tempered to your very own personality. Another suiting material is twisted sackcloth, with a Babylonic weave and a hirsute surface obtained by the introduction of *cheveux de cheval* in the woofing. In price this crisp and ductile substance ranges from 1/1½*d*. to 100 rupees the hectare—not out of the way, and British-made too.

Slightly plump women will be wearing transparent linen interspersed with fish-fins. For the definitely rotund, radish-pink voile with a cape of giraffe edged with stuffed snake is interesting. The colours and forms help to modify the silhouette. Shaved-sheep and feathers are being worn in all kinds of ways this autumn. If you are full of dignity and self-esteem you will revel in these Dollfusstic fantasies.

For small women, however, dragon-fly wings are a more successful choice, and these should fasten closely to the throat with a large button of hare's fur. Still another example of this year's obsession for the feathered world is a choker of cuckoo in strong contrasting shades of wasp, topped by a head-high quilted ruff of puce ciré-ottoman.

There is something very soothing about the lines of the new season's dresses. Inspired by the Arab, the couturiers are daily finding some new scheme for producing balloon-like arms and skirts reminiscent of the Sahara. But gone is the tarboosh—gone too are the tea-cosies. No more flower-pots with cruel bristling cacti. Even now Chinese hats are seen in Paris. At the Duchesse d'Épinard's snap-drive Comtesse Anisette de Zlik came in with a long flowing robe of charred-tangerine and a lovely bombazine period hat faced with emerald linoleum. What a celestial rhythm for such an *entourage!*



"GREAT SNAKES! LOOK WHERE WE 'VE DRIFTED TO!"

Savage Surgery.

"BLOW AFTER BLOW.
APPENDIX OPERATION ON CAPTAIN."
S. African Paper.

"Wanted, temporary membership to Tennis Club from August 15th. Instruction in swimming (crawl stroke) desired."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Isn't there a risk of getting caught in the net?

"Mr. Scott Paine picked up speed throughout the race, beginning with 66.039 miles an hour and finishing the lap at 82.265. He frequently adjusted his giggles, taking his left hand off the wheel to do so."
Daily Paper.

So much for the suggestion that we take our sport too seriously.



HOLIDAY NOTES: THE SIGHTSEERS.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XVIII.—Welcome, Welcome, Lady Flo!

WELCOME, welcome, Lady Flo!
Welcome to Acacia Row!
Welcome, welcome do we call,
Welcome from us one and all!
Azure is the blood that flows
From your toupee to your toes;
Blue your veins from top to bott.,
Blue as the forget-me-not.
Opener of more bazaars
Than Brazil has jaguars,
Writer of more beauty-hints
Than my tennis-lawn has flints;
Child of flawless pedigree,
Sister of Lord Follingsbee,
To our own Acacia Row
Welcome, welcome, Lady Flo!

Welcome, welcome, lady dear!
Welcome, sister of a peer!
Countless wrinkles day by day
Your advice still smooths away;
Thousands, prompted by your words,
Daily rinse with lemon-curds
Scalps whose texture once they wrecked
By continuous neglect;
Thousands, as the weeks go by,
To complexions coarse and dry,
Blotched and flaccid, grey and wan,
Clap your oatmeal compress on.
Beautifier of the race,
Lifter of the nation's face,
To "The Elms," Acacia Row,
Welcome, welcome, Lady Flo!

Welcome, welcome, lady sweet!
Welcome to our cosy street,
Daughter of a thousand earls,
Setter of a thousand curls!
"Welcome!" Colonel Cribbage cries;
"Welcome!" Major Meek replies;
"Welcome!" Mrs. Molesworth coos;
"Welcome!" adds Miss Prescott-Hughes.
Sound the cymbals, Mrs. May!
Loudly let the trumpet bray!
Sing, oh, sing, Miss Heeley-Harper,
And, Miss Sharpe, sing even sharper;
Major Peppercorn, on high
Wave your Zulu assegai;
To "The Elms," Acacia Row,
Welcome, welcome, Lady Flo!

Welcome, welcome, Lady Flo!
Welcome to Acacia Row!
Welcome to our cosy street,
Creamiest of the *élite*!
Cream of Beauty-Parlour Queens,
Welcome to our groves and greens!
Welcome to our woods and streams,
Queen of Beauty-Parlour Creams!
Azure is the blood that flows
From your toupee to your toes;
Blue your veins from top to bott.,
Blue as the forget-me-not.
Welcome, welcome, then, we cry,
Welcome from us low and high!
To our own Acacia Row
Welcome, welcome, Lady Flo!



YET ONE MORE PASSENGER.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS (*sings*)—

"FRANK ROOSEVELT, FRANK ROOSEVELT, LEND ME THY GREY MARE
ALL ALONG, DOWN ALONG, OUT ALONG LEE;
FOR I WANT FOR TO GO TO DICTATORSHIP FAIR,
WI' BILL STALIN, HARRY HITLER, JAN DOLLFUSS, BEN MUSSO, MUS KEMAL, O'DUFFY,
OLD UNCLE TOM MOSLEY AN' ALL!"

[Widdicombe Fair is held this year on September 12.]



"MAY I TEMPT YOU TO TAKE A TICKET FOR THIS CUSHION?"
"GOSH! NO. I *made* THE FILTHY THING."

The Beetle on the Bowler.

[The report that a Colorado beetle had been discovered at Berwick-on-Tweed is being investigated by the Minister of Agriculture. It was stated that a man named WILLIAM BURN was strolling on the promenade at Spittal, when a passer-by called attention to a beetle on his bowler-hat.]

SOME from Spain's famous Prado
Derive their deepest thrill,
Some of Amontillado
Delight to drink their fill;
But for sheer desperado
More wondrous sights, I ween,
On Spittal's promenade O
Have recently be seen.

For there a casual stroller
Saw, marching up and down,
A man who wore a bowler
And on that bowler's crown
In insolent bravado
Was perched serene and snug
The pest from Colorado,
The dread potato bug.

Great CÆSAR and the CATOS,
And CINCINNATUS too,
Got on without potatoes
And minus Irish stew;
But Britons, peer or peasant,
Or princes of the blood,
Cannot dispense at present
With the nutritious spud.

O ELLIOT, gallant WALTER,
To you for help we turn,
Let not your courage falter
But ever brightlier burn.
A corps of beetle-busters,
We beg you, swiftly raise,
Armed, not with knuckle-dusters,
But syringes and sprays.

The guardians of our tubers
Must be of bulldog breed,
Not lizards or jujubers
On gum who mainly feed;
Not sleek and mincing highbrows
But men who stoutly tramp
With bristling beetling eyebrows,
Led by JOSIAH STAMP! C. L. G.

The Lottery.

Ahmed is commonly unfortunate. So consistent is his ill-luck that he has even lost his taste for gambling, finding the sport to include no element of chance. It is natural, therefore, that when the village policeman is commanded to sell tickets for an Egyptian State Benevolent Society Lottery he should compel Ahmed to take two.

"Do not despair," he says consolingly as Ahmed reluctantly parts with a week's income; "consider that there are only fifty thousand tickets to be allotted and your chances of winning a hundred pounds are therefore comparatively rosy." The policeman pats Ahmed genially on the back and dismisses him.

Ahmed, however, is not reassured. He returns to his hut and mourns loudly, throwing dust over his head. His neighbours attempt to console him, but as they are all ticket-holders them-



Professional Sword-Swallower. "EAT PROPER, BOY. DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT? THAT'S NO WAY TO SWALLER A KNIFE!"

selves their sympathy is tempered by a feeling that his distress is premature.

The wheels of Government turn slowly. When the list of prize-winners in the lottery is eventually placed outside the police-station, so great a period of time has elapsed that its significance is not immediately apparent to the villagers, and it is regarded askance as a record of the names of malefactors. Not until its intention has been explained by the policeman do the ticket-holders gather eagerly around. Their village is not widely represented on the list. Neither the headman nor the policeman figure on it. But among the winners of smaller consolation prizes there is one familiar name. Ahmed has won five pounds.

The villagers rub their eyes. They send for the professional letter-writer that their error in reading the name may be corrected. The letter-writer reads the name from all angles, with his glasses and even as a last resort without his glasses. Incredibly it remains Ahmed. Ahmed himself is dumbfounded. He goes about in a dream, and it is only on the second day that he begins to receive the congratulations of his friends with a proper nonchalance and to think of adding the descriptive title, *El Ghani* (the rich), to his name. He then buys a few ornaments and a pair of brown-and-white leather shoes on credit pending the payment of the five pounds.

If the villagers are surprised at Ahmed's good fortune, the headman and the policeman, themselves disappointed ticket-holders, are seriously displeased. It is evidently grave negligence on the part of Providence that the worthy should receive nothing and even contribute to the bounty showered on the unworthy. They conspire together to discover a means of redressing the balance, and when night has fallen the headman leads away his donkey and secretes him in a field at a distance from the village.

The next morning he goes publicly to the policeman. He casts his turban to the ground and shouts dolorously that his donkey has been stolen. In cases of theft or other misdemeanour Ahmed is arrested as a matter of course; and it is with the full approval of the villagers that he is brought by the policeman before the headman.

The policeman kicks Ahmed. "Why, son of a dog," he says fiercely, "did you steal the donkey of the honourable headman?"

"*Wullahy!*" says Ahmed, trembling deferentially, "I did not steal the honourable donkey of the respected headman."

The policeman strikes Ahmed on the face. "Father of lies!" he shouts, "we have proof that you stole the donkey. Will you aggravate the crime by putting us to the trouble of hiring witnesses?"

The argument continues until Ahmed at length wearies of repeated denials.

"*Al' Allah!*" he says, raising his hands resignedly, "if the donkey is stolen and the noble policeman says it was stolen by me, it is evident that I stole it."

"Of course you did," replies the policeman triumphantly.

The headman now holds up his hand for silence. "Though it would be only right," he says with a gentle melancholy, "to send this Ahmed for trial at the assizes, yet, as the donkey was my own donkey, I will temper justice with mercy. Are not the men of this village

to me as well-beloved sons? We will therefore consider that this Ahmed has not stolen the donkey but has rather purchased it from me; and, though the donkey should properly be valued at ten pounds, I will, as Ahmed is a poor man, accept only five. Let Ahmed therefore sign the receipt from the Benevolent Society, and let him in the future scrupulously keep the law."

Ahmed departs with relief that matters are no worse; but the villagers are astonished to see him so soon at liberty.

"What is this?" they ask him. "Are you now so much the darling of fortune that even the theft of the headman's donkey carries with it no penalty?"

"Not so," replies Ahmed. "I did not steal the donkey, but I have paid five pounds for it."

This news reaches the ears of the man who had sold Ahmed the ornaments and the brown-and-white leather shoes. He rushes upon Ahmed and seizes him by the throat.

"Villain," he shouts, "pay me what you owe!"

"Alas," replies Ahmed, "the honourable headman has taken the five pounds and I am now a poor devil. How can I pay?"

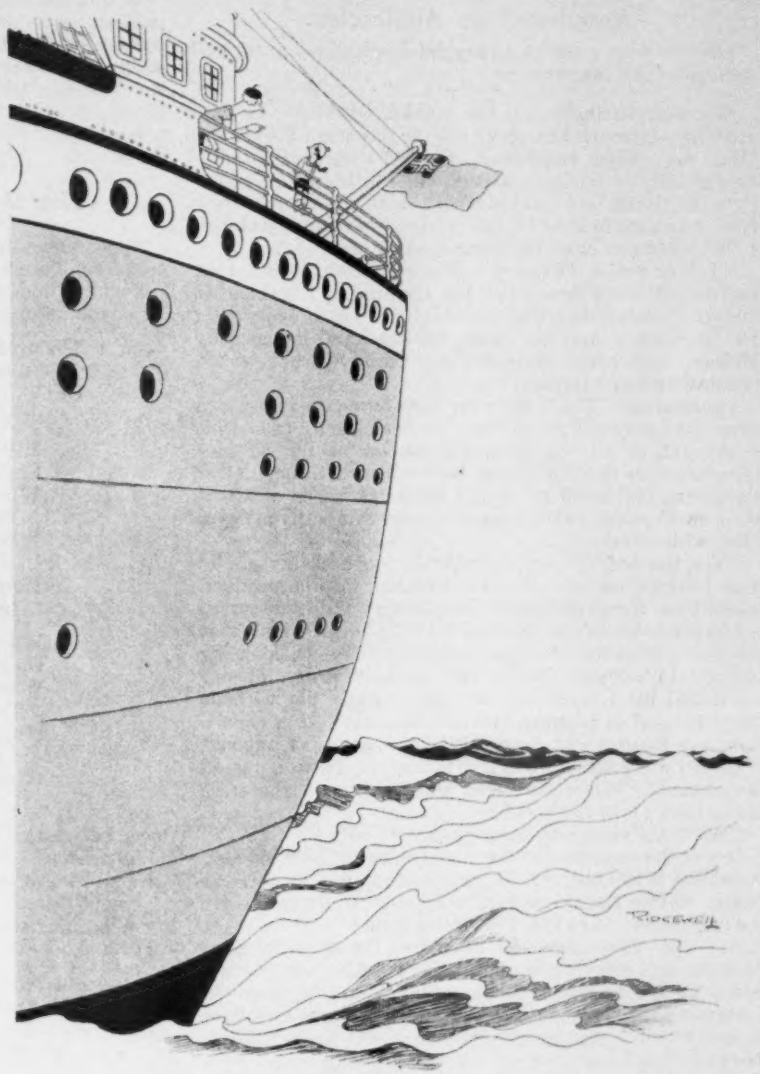
The ruthless merchant takes Ahmed before the headman and states his complaint.

"Thou ingrate," says the headman to Ahmed in sorrow, "is this the manner in which you repay my clemency?"

As Ahmed is led to prison the headman passes him on the road. Ahmed notes with resignation that he is riding his donkey.

The Other Children.

NANNY says
She's mended children's braces,
Washed their faces,
Tied their laces
  For many and many a year.
Nanny says
She's seen a score of places,
Airs and graces,
Measle cases
  Before she settled here.
So,
Whenever we are naughty
  Nanny says to us:
"The Potter twins were good as gold
Before they were a fortnight old;
The little Humphreys went to bed
Directly Mrs. Humphrey said;
And, though the young De Witherspoons
Refused a second dish of prunes,
The Montagues of Langley Gate
It didn't matter what they ate,
  They never made a fuss."



"WILLIE, IF YOU DON'T GET DOWN THIS INSTANT I'LL SEND YOU STRAIGHT HOME!"

Oh! James and me, we simply hate
The Montagues of Langley Gate.

Nanny says
She's folded children's dresses,
Combed their tresses,
Cleaned their messes
  For many and many a year.
Nanny says
She's known some grand addresses,
Marchionesses,
Young princesses
  Before she settled here.
So,
Whenever we are naughty
  Nanny says to us:
"The daughters of the late Lord Box
Woke up as punctually as clocks;
The only son of Major Key
Took senna at the age of three;
And whereas Charles, the Duke of Prime,
Disliked a bib at breakfast-time,
The Pomeroys of Pewter Street,
No matter what they wore to eat
  They never made a fuss."
Now, wouldn't you detest to meet
The Pomeroys of Pewter Street?

"A new neck ruche by Worth is of velvet and organdie combined. It stimulates dishevelled chrysanthemums."
Canadian Paper.

You should see the hollyhocks perk up when our new golf-hose come in sight.

Agonies of an Adolescent.

(Extract from a contemporary autobiographical novel, with apologies to all concerned.)

We were sitting round the breakfast-table a few days after my sixteenth birthday. On the day itself Father had given me a silver hair-brush. Choked with humiliation—how ghastly to be dependent on one's father of all people for a hair-brush!—I had not been able to say a single word. Now, as we sat in the dreadful publicity of family breakfast, I still could not bring myself to look at him. . . .

"Tea or coffee, Christy?" That question, inescapable, inevitable! Ever since I had left the nursery I had had to answer it—three-hundred-and-sixty-five times every year for ten years! And my name, mouthed and mangled by Mother, emerging shattered as Christy—what would Coleridge have thought?

I gasped out "Tea." My voice rang strangely in my own ears. As I sipped from the cup Mother placidly passed me I thought of all the other Christabels of the world—Christabels in spirit if not in fact—chained through their significant childhood to all the brutal savagery of life in their own homes. In the intensity of my sympathy my eyes filled with tears.

"Tea too hot?" Dumpy instantly inquired, her gimlet gaze fastened on me. She was thirteen, fat and gay and insensitive. Her thick fingers clung to her knife as she stared across the table at me. Fascinated with horror I looked at the hunk of bread she was buttering. My whole being writhed in anguish, but in the spiritual prison of our communal life I could not call her a greedy pig without being accused of nagging. Oh, for freedom—for a chance to be my natural self, untroubled by anything or anyone!

Mother was pouring water into the teapot. How engrossed she seemed! When she spoke her voice was elaborately casual, but I was not deceived.

"What are you going to do to-day, Christy?"

It was the spreading of the net—the net to hold me fast, to rob me of my liberty! The wings of my soul fluttered in panic. Before I could recover sufficiently to frame a reply she continued: "Are you going for a walk?"

A walk! She called my heart-free lissom wanderings over the golf-course and allotments a *walk*! Oh, Mother mine, we are as the poles apart! Yet you harbour the fantastic hope that one day you and I may perhaps "get on quite well." As though *any* parent and child can ever feel anything for each other but cold loathing.

"I don't know," I mumble. There is safety in vagueness, the only rock I can cling to in the perilous waters of family life.

Mother has finished her fussing with the teapot. She turns her eyes upon me. A new terror rises up. What precious territory of mine is she determined to invade in her flat-footed resolute fashion.

"*Will you have some more tea?*"

It is the last straw; nothing may be kept secret from her—nothing! She must know her daughter's every shy wish, every tremulous desire. She must peer and probe, seek and search until the tender soul is laid bare, exposed to every kind of abuse and mockery.

Even to-day I was not to escape the cruel gibes, the heartless scorn. I could not answer Mother's barbarous question—I *could* not. She asked again. Then Father raised his eyes from his paper and, looking at me, said—how can I bring myself to write it?—"Day-dreaming as usual?"

Dumpy laughed. She laughed grittily, smearing butter on her gobbet of bread, flaunting her plump arms, shaking back her whisky-coloured hair.

It was too much. I sprang up and rushed out—to the rubbish-heap. Here I was alone, alone, alone! In the ecstasy of my relief I gathered up the rotting cabbage-stalks and clasped them to the breast of my clean frock. And standing there I dreamed of the glorious world of the future, in which from babyhood children will be free from parental interference—free to grow up unwashed, untaught, unclothed. . . .

The Man Who Stayed at Home.

I do not find this cruising excessively amusing;
It doesn't seem to strike a chord to which I can respond.
I shouldn't find it funny, even if I had the money
For romantic gallivantings to the Advertised Beyond.

The invasion by the masses
Of what once was the preserve
Of the haughty Upper Classes
Fairly makes me lose my nerve.

When the butcher and the baker
Spend the winter in Jamaica,
Where, I ask, is the attraction
For a man like me?
When the plumber—what a swanker!—
Has a week in Casablanca,
How can *I* be interested
In a tour by sea?

When my typist is emphatic
On the purple Adriatic,
When the office-boy is booking
To the Fjords,
While those fellows at the Bank
Are so positively rank,
What is left but country bus-rides
For the House of Lords?

Once, before the Great Depression, travel was my main obsession;
I could leave my country mansion for my nice steam-yacht.
It was nothing so terrific to run out to the Pacific
For a short exclusive cocktail in some island spot.

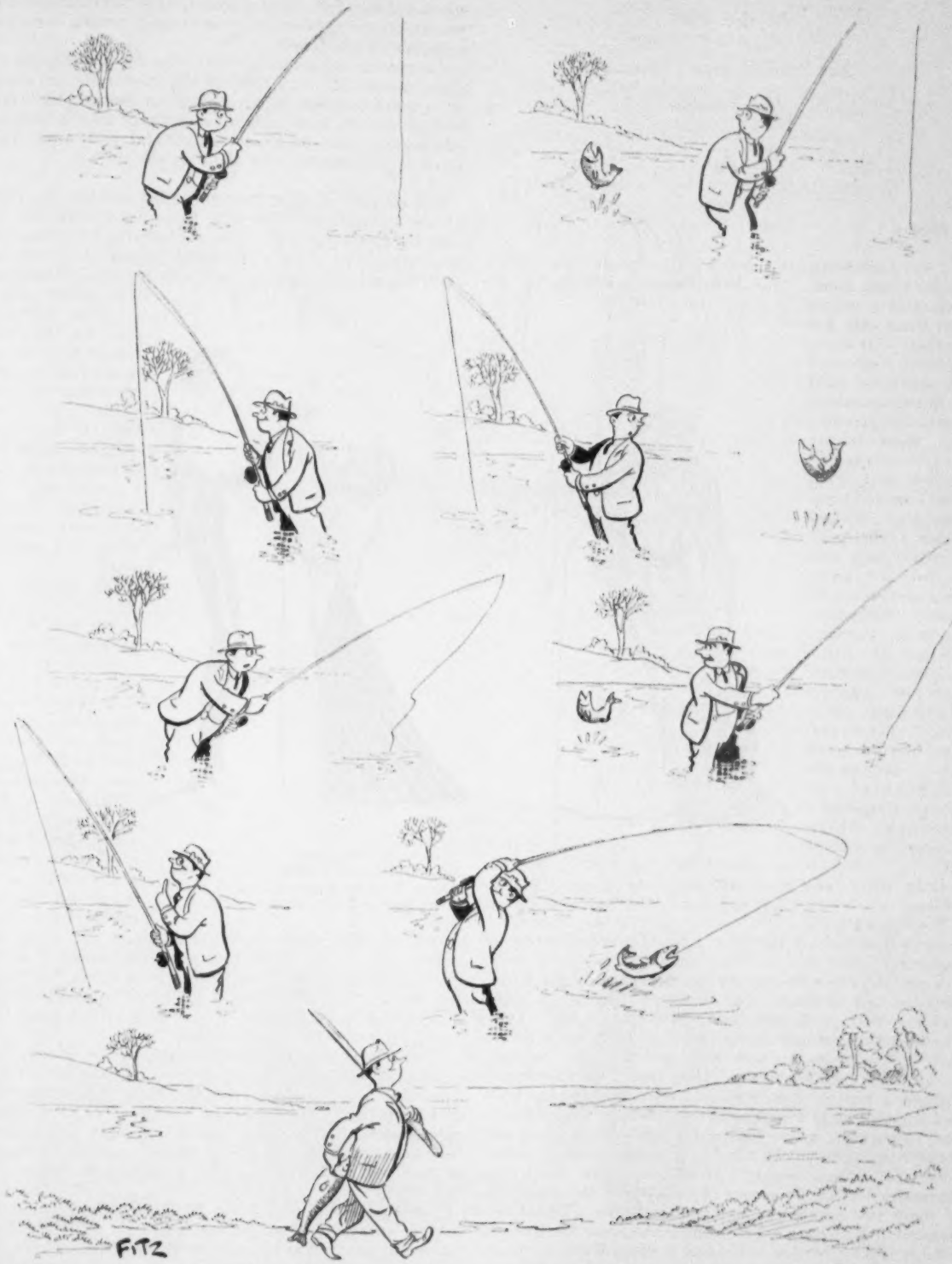
But the income-tax Inspector
Has put paid to that,
And the income-tax Collector
Simply leaves me flat.

In my humble "bed-and-sitter"
I forget my pristine glitter;
When I've paid my rent on Monday,
I am all but broke.
But, supposing it were not so,
I confess that I have got so
Sick and tired of travel-posters
That it's no great joke:

When my char looks in my doorway
Straight from Fourteen Days in Norway,
And the milkman says it's grand in
Southern Spain,
And the paper-lad, I hope, 'll
Not dislike Constantinople,
Can you wonder if I'm looking up
The Brighton train?

Our Pampered Poultry.

"I find melon pickle a great favourite with all kinds of game and poultry."—*Daily Paper.*



OVERHEAD CAST.

At the Play.

"THE DISTAFF SIDE" (APOLLO).

Mrs. Venables.

Evie — *Liz* — *Nellie*

Roland — *Alex*

I HAVE left out a few cousins and so on, but we needn't bother about them. *Mrs. Venables* was a wealthy widow. *Evie* was a widow and lived with her mother. *Liz* was a widow. *Nellie* had a husband but lived in Newcastle, which is grim and prevents one from having a proper evening gown. *Mrs. Venables* was tyrannous, querulous and selfish. *Liz* had gone her own way and found a lover after her husband's death. Selfishness ran in the *Venables* family, for *Nellie* was always deploring her unhappy fate, and *Alex*, *Evie's* daughter, was a very modern young person and had lived with *Toby Chegwidden* without being married to him at all.



A MINISTERING ANGEL ACT.
Toby Chegwidden . MR. CLIFFORD EVANS.
Mrs. Millward . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.

Only *Evie* was selfless.

She was a kind of fairy godmother to the play. Nothing very important happened. Old *Mrs. Venables* celebrated her usual birthday-party. She was now seventy-five years old. All the relations had to attend, and old *Mrs. Venables* ate plum-pudding and chocolates and went to a play. There was something rather Forsytian about the whole affair. But it was just at this moment that the relations between her granddaughter, *Alex*, and *Toby Chegwidden* reached a crisis. *Toby* had an "offer from Hollywood" and wanted *Alex*, who was already flirting with someone else, to pack up, marry him and go off too. Stricken suddenly by influenza, *Toby* was forced to stay in the *Venables'* home (St. John's Wood, I think), and the tenderness, sympathy and kindly advice of *Evie* solved the difficulties of these two rather restless young people. There is a pleasant foil to their heart-problem, because *Liz* has just left her lover after ten years and is threatening to marry a rich and elderly Belgian. *Evie* helps here too. She also tries to soften the imperiousness of old *Mrs. Venables*, a troublesome character, always coming into the room when her special armchair was being used for a flirtation or a heart-to-heart talk. But a good deal of the dialogue takes place in *Evie's* bedroom, which is a kind of general consulting chamber for the family.

Except for one scene, in which *Alex* flares up against her grandmother, Mr. VAN DRUTEN (the clever author) makes no attempt to excite us or quicken our pulses. He is content to offer us these mild interactions of mainly feminine relationship and to allow the natural and often quite amusing dialogue to carry the play along.

It is all very pleasant and interesting and the characterisation is excellent—*Evie* with her quiet inward life, *Liz* from her gay world, *Mrs. Venables* bullying her obsequious paid companion, *Nellie's* provincial outlook, *Alex* defiantly experimental. The acting was nearly flawless. Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE as *Evie* (or *Mrs. Millward*) has no doubt a simple task for her in showing the generous-hearted sympathy and solicitude of a dutiful daughter and affectionate sister and a mother who "understands." But the rest with slighter parts are equally good.



Mrs. Venables (*Miss HAIDEE WRIGHT*) *contemplating her daughter, Mrs. Frobisher* (*Miss MARTITA HUNT*). "H'M! I NOTICE THAT DISTAFFS ARE GETTING LONGER."

Liz, played by Miss MARTITA HUNT, has two fine passages of comedy—the one in which she displays an almost Victorian indignation against *Alex* for conduct very much like her own, the other in which she is won back by *Gilbert Baize* and relinquishes her temporary Belgian affair. Nothing better could have been asked of Miss HAIDEE WRIGHT than her exits and entrances, and the whole tenour of her behaviour as the exacting tyrant of the home; nor of Miss DORA BARTON as her too terribly deferential companion. And Miss VIOLA KEATS as *Alex*, impetuously young but with a heart that could be touched, was admirable.

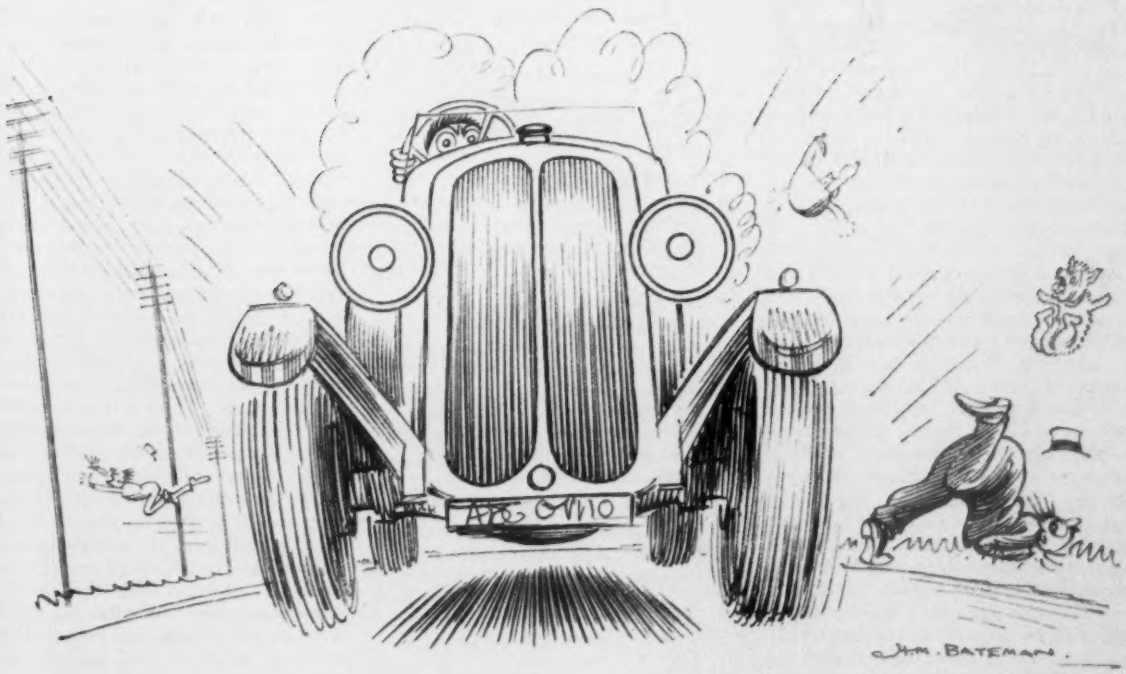
The men have not much to do, except *Toby Chegwidden*, played by CLIFFORD EVANS. It was not an easy part, for it demanded a sudden male tempestuousness in a mildly ruffled feminine sea; but the actor gave a good representation of a lover ambitious, eager and sincere. Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE as *Roland*, a medical student, uttered well some frank amusing phrases of the hour.

I don't know how rich old *Mrs. Venables* was, but the setting and some of the dresses make me think she must have had pots. Yet in spite of the selfishness knocking about, no one made any allusion to the destination of her money when she died. I often find modern plays—in this respect—very pure.

EVOE.



"To see him seated in the club—



you wouldn't think he is like this on the road, would you?"

Letters to an Exile.

A Wind-Millionaire Wanted.

DEAR ROONA,—The other day I saw a most glorious sight. I saw the very white sails of a very white windmill high on a hill, with the sun on it, going merrily round and round against a dark grey thunder-cloud. This is treat enough for sore eyes, especially at a time when so many of our windmills are forlorn ruins or have been perverted into week-end residences; but to me it was a doubly joyful revelation, because the last time I had seen this mill, which is at Cross-in-Hand in Sussex, it was dejected and grey, with only three sails, and in my mind I had naturally numbered it with the dead. To-day, however, thanks to help from that admirable organisation, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the stones grind once more, and I hope that the farmers of the neighbourhood will play the game and see that they are kept busy.

I had known that the Society, whose beneficent imaginative handiwork is to be seen all over England, preserved ancient façades, restored churches and saved bridges, but it was news that it is so practical as to come also to the assistance of trade—or whatever milling should be called. No, not trade—poetry and romance.

Sussex has an ample share of disused windmills, but if you would see them in closer profusion you should take the road from Dol to St. Malo, where they stand like Martello towers in Kent and equally out of action. Indeed throughout North Brittany there is hardly a sail left, which, considering how primitive still are most of the agricultural processes there, is surprising. But steam, I suppose, has conquered and the grain goes to the tall chimneys.

What, I always wonder when I see a forsaken windmill or watermill, are those who ought to be in charge doing? All the sagacity and quiet energy that we associate with millers—what has become of them? Where are they now to be found, or have they been carried away by wind and water? You remember the father of TENNYSON's "Miller's Daughter"—a water-miller? You remember "his double chin, his portly size, the busy wrinkles round his eyes, the slow wise smile that round about his dusty forehead drily curl'd"? You remember how he sat in the easy-chair with three fingers round the old silver cup, with his grey eyes twinkling at his own jest? The miller of the Dee, with his glorious isolation—"I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me"—was a water-miller too; but I am sure that there were equally independent wind-millers; indeed more so, for their very situation conferred an aloofness almost as of the sea. It is a tragedy that these attributes should be lost; for lost they must be, since one cannot see men of such character taking service in purely mechanical works in a town, where smouldering coal usurps the place of the brave sou'-wester and the swift gliding stream.

What, then, do erstwhile millers do? That they should have ceased to be must be a national loss. "What are you doing with your son?" "He's going to be a miller"—that is an incredible scrap of dialogue to-day.

But could it not be brought back? What are our millionaires doing with their money? Let one of them revivify our windmills and reinstate the fine flower (note how carefully I write "flower") of the millers' quality. "Millers, you should be with us at this day; England hath need of you." If I were very rich I should certainly see that the sails went round again. Even as it is, I have my eye on a certain windmill that merely needs repainting.

Yours, E. V. L.

Ego Et Tempus Meum Fugimus.

SAID I:
"Upon my word
It's really too absurd
Never to fly!

It seems that I alone
Of all the hosts on earth
Dame Nature brought to birth
Have never flown.

Now I am nigh three-score
There's no time for delay;
I dare no longer stay,
But on this very day
Must soar."

My agéd form I threw
Into an aeroplane,
And, whizzed above the main,
I flew.

My flight was o'er Spithead,
Where once a Zeppelin
Had sought to do me in
What time I fled.

But all was for the best
I saw above the world,
And as I sank and curled
And swooned to rest.

And who dare call me rash
If now I testify
That it is safe to fly
If you keep just so high
As not to hit the sky
Nor crash?

C. O. R.

Colorado Bill.

No other job has ever been as agreeable to Mick Doyle as is his self-imposed task of watching the potato-crops in the Mullinabeg gardens for the first appearance of the Colorado beetle, which, in its eastward march, has already arrived at Tilbury.

During the musk-rat scare some months ago Mick was one of the sceptics who refused to believe that the menace had reached the perforated banks of the Cleevaun or to care greatly if it did get so far. A creature that destroys potatoes is, in his opinion, a much more serious pest and one that is worth guarding against.

As the one jobbing gardener of the village the leisurely Mick is responsible for the well-being of several of the long quiet plots behind the larger houses. As he insists upon keeping a sharp look-out in all of them for the advance of the scourge among the withering stalks of a bumper crop of potatoes, his time is fully occupied.

No one has asked him to watch. His disgruntled employers still pay him for the weeding and the grass-cutting of pre-Colorado days; but this is one of the occasions to which Mick rises so nobly, and he prowls slowly among the drills or more often sits on a convenient stone and gazes thoughtfully at the stalks.

If anything is said about the jobs that still await his attention, Mick looks pityingly at the speaker.

"If so be one of them Colorado Bills gets his motto in here unbeknownst to ye," he says gloomily, "it'll be another affair altogether."

Mick never calls the destructive unknown anything but Colorado Bill. At first this puzzled some of his listeners in the gardens of Mullinabeg. Others who, like himself, attended the travelling cinema show more than a year ago and there watched the well-nigh incredible exploits of a two-gun man on a ceaselessly-bucking pony, think it quite natural that automatically the name of this swashbuckler should be given to any other stranger who hails from the same locality.

They do not visualise the expected invader as a tall he-man with shaggy sheep-skin leggings and the ability to place six bullets in the smallest of the tubers in the doctor's garden. The fact remains, however, that the beetle's connection—even by locality—with the unforgotten hero has endowed the pest with far more lurid powers than those that are described in the paragraphs read aloud to Mick from the daily paper by old Mr. Power.

"I do solemnly guess," he said the other day as he sat and watched the irate lady of the house get out the lawn-mower and place it suggestively on the grass-plot, "it isn't short grass you'll be lookin' for when that ould Colorado Bill leaves ye yelpin' for spuds."

Most of Mick's employers feel that old Mr. Power makes a grave mistake in reading aloud such startling bits of information to so receptive a listener. Mr. Power specialises in statistics, and these, while they are welcomed by the jobbing gardener, are not always grasped by him in their entirety. Afterwards he sorts them out to his own satisfaction and expresses in his own way his version of the astounding facts gleaned by a communicative employer.

"The poor ould gentleman!" Mick says of the statistically-minded Mr. Power. "Sure he must be sayin' something."

The news of the potato-beetle's arrival at Tilbury need not have affected Mr. Power so very strongly. To quote Mick, this garden-owner has for some years "ruz out of growin' spuds," having decided in favour of a grass-plot and wide flower-beds. Yet it is from him that our jobbing gardener gets all the information that he now hurls at the heads of those employers who try to interrupt his vigil.

"It 'll be death or victhory if Colorado Bill gets a footin' here at all," he said indignantly when Mr. Grace spoiled an afternoon of silent meditation with ill-timed suggestions about the weeds in the gravel of the drive.

"I'll give it in to the high-up Quality in England," he went on, "that they have a betther understandin' of a holy terror like that lad than the people that's in Mullinabeg. 'Let ye keep a continyal look-out,' says they, 'for a sthriped beetle or a red-an'-yalla grub; an' when ye see it,' they says, 'let ye take a scurry to them that's over such things, an' then burn all before ye.' But no one here would mind a word you'd say, although the Mullinabegs'll be the very first to make an oration when the spuds is in ashes around them. It's aither four hundhred acres or four thousand miles that's mortified out foreign wid the same Colorado Bills," he said uncertainly; "an' be all accounts they're gone to terrible exthremes."

The garden-owners of the village are in an uneasy position. If they compel Mick to turn his attention to other things, and if Colorado Bill then reaches Mullinabeg, it is unlikely that they will ever hear the end of it. If they leave him to his watch and Colorado Bill never comes, he will take all the credit for their immunity.



Our Instructor. "COME, COME, SIR, THE *FUST* THING TER LEARN IS 'OW TER TIKE PUNISHMENT WIVOUT LOSIN' YER 'EAD OR YER 'EART."

Mick notes their uncertainty and he goes to old Mr. Power for a fresh supply of spectacular warnings.

If there is one thing he really enjoys, it is "doing nothing and doing it well."

A Wardrobe Dilemma.

DAILY in vain doth Esmeralda din in
My ears with vehemence that almost hurts
That I must renovate my store of linen
(Or, as she curtly puts it, buy some shirts);
My cuffs are frayed, my collar-bands are tattered,
My fronts (and other portions) far from good,
And every button has long since been scattered
Around the neighbourhood.

Time was I would have made a due provision
Of haberdashery without a care,
But now I cannot come to a decision
About the tint that it were wise to wear;
I, who of old could always find a pattern
To crown my toilet with unfailing skill,
Now go accoutred like a very slattern
For fear of choosing ill.

The task may not be difficult for others,
But it is one I cannot face with ease
Now that so very many of my brothers
Announce their politics with a chemise;
I *should* be peeved, my anger would be hearty
To find the colour that I had preferred
Proclaimed me as the member of a party
Of which I had not heard.



WELL-KNOWN PHRASE VISUALISED.

FANCY PICTURE OF A YOUNG AUTHOR TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE FRONT RANK OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Harpstrings of Apollo.

BEAUTY calling up the last of her reservists in a world handed over to "the megalomania of barbarians" inspires a successful architect of luxury hotels to undertake a hopeless campaign on her behalf. This is the outline, elusive but sustaining, of *The Snows of Helicon* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), a novel of symbolic adventure recorded with poignant and sometimes disconcerting realism. *John Travers*, on his way home from the States, allows himself to muse on the "ingenious muck" called civilization and, submerged in Liverpool, discerns the resentment of the simple at the shipwreck of their inheritance. He departs to a primitive South American state just about to succumb to concessions and concessionaires and pursues a vendetta against one of the latter who is preparing to crown his business career by the destruction of a Greek temple. The cause is, of course, a lost one, and its recital far too curiously handled to move the Philistine of its ultimate indictment. But Mr. H. M. TOMLINSON's beautiful and bewildering story will win the audience it deserves, not only for its sound doctrine but for its portraits of *Travers* himself, of *Glenthorpe* the British Minister at Paranagua and of *Byles*, devoted *Sancho* to an incomprehensible *Quixote*.

Officers in the Making.

The training of cadets for the Merchant Navy is a matter which is engaging the serious attention of those who have the welfare of the sea services at heart, and the probability is that in the future such establishments as the *Conway* and her sister and friendly rival, the *Worcester*, will discharge an even more important function than when they were first founded in the middle of last century. It is the more fitting therefore that the former's history should have been written by a Poet Laureate—one, moreover, who writes of what he has known at first-hand. Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's personal share in the volume he has compiled under the simple title, *The "Conway"* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) consists principally of three sonnets in the vein—half-wistful, half-amused—in which most people recall "the boys we knew, the boys we were," and an account of his own time in the ship, concluding with an eloquent tribute to the river and its pageant of shipping which has formed the subject of more than one of his poems. I must own to a feeling that some of the former cadets' reminiscences and the lists of names at the end might with advantage have been cut short or omitted in favour of a little more from Mr. MASEFIELD's own pen, as well as an account of the doings of "Old *Conways*" in after life, especially in the Great War. But in every other way the book leaves nothing to be desired as an interesting contribution to the literature of the subject as well as an affectionate tribute to the old ship, where its author, like so many before and since, learned early the value of courage, discipline and hardihood.

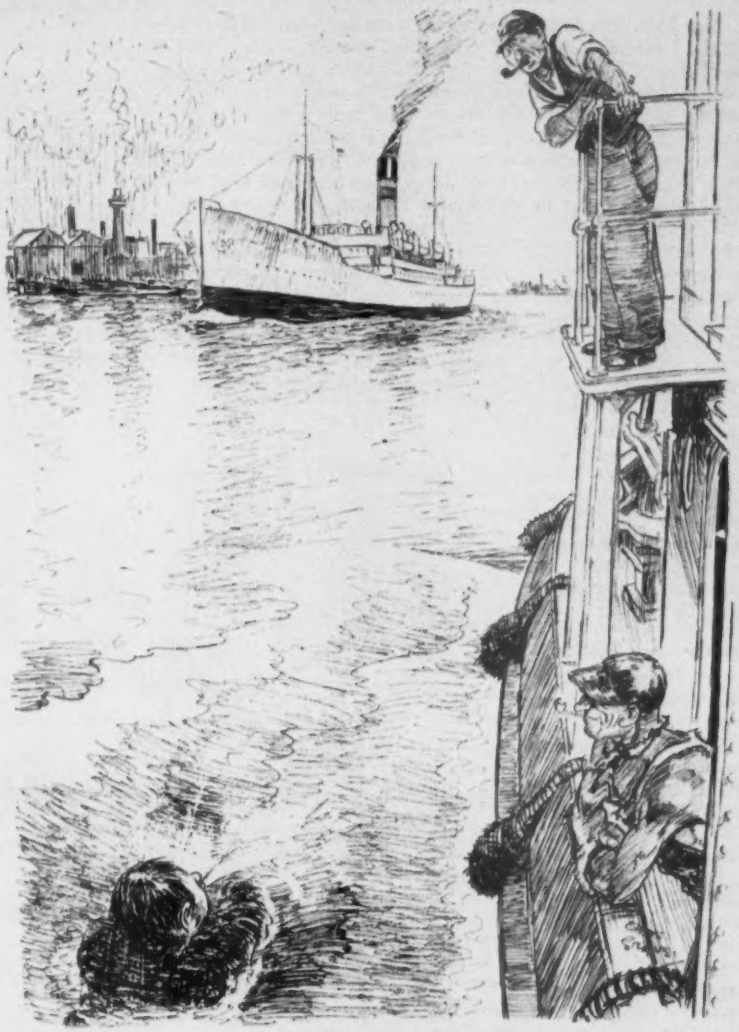
The World and the Jew.

The chronicles of the sons of JUDAH are traced by JOSEF KASTEIN from their beginnings in familiar Old Testament story through all their tragic incidence of massacre, dispersion and re-nucleation, in *History and Destiny of the Jews* (LANE, 15/-). With the placing in correct perspective of present-day Zionism as his final objective, the historian shows how ages of fluctuating persecution and unrest

have consolidated or fretted away the Judaist conception of a chosen people's heritage of responsibility to transmit to a universe tidings of a universal God, and even the old controversy that has divided Jew from Jew since the first carrying into Babylonian captivity—nationalism *versus* assimilation—is here renewed only in so far as it bears on the central transcendental issue. Inevitably there is much in this volume that jars on Gentile ears, since to a Christian reader it must seem that the historical basis of his religion is slurred, and to almost any Westerner, perhaps, that the fundamental causes of antisemitism are evaded, yet assuredly the writer, admirably supported by his translator, Mr. HUNTLEY PATERSON, rises repeatedly to levels of restrained dignity. There is no mention here of Hitlerism, the latest manifestation of what is admittedly a world-wide phenomenon. Hitlerism, it seems, is the opening chapter of the next volume of destiny.

An Economist's Europe.

Although Mr. G. D. H. COLE is notably prone to flutter the dovecotes of the orthodox with revolutionary programmes, he and Mrs. MARGARET COLE may be allowed to have established their claim that in *The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe To-Day* (GOLLANCZ, 6/-) they have shown as great a measure of impartiality as, given the controversial opportunities of their subject, is humanly possible. If they have nothing extenuated they have set down naught with any emphasis of malice even against the present British Government. While they protest no love for capitalist or nationalist—and indeed discreetly adumbrate a solution of our discontents in direct conflict with the practices of the one and the aspirations of the other—they hold up neither to rhetorical obloquy. Rhetoric, in fact, they eschew as rigidly as the lighter literary graces; and in the latter self-denial they have been uncompromising. But their book admirably serves its strictly utilitarian purpose. It is a convenient and reliable repertory of facts and figures, and may be read by the "intelligent man" to whom it is addressed with interest and profit, and, if without exhilaration, equally without irritation, whatever the colour of his personal politics.



Skipper of Tug (to man overboard). "KEEP SWIMMIN', BILL. IT 'S 'ARDLY WORTH WHILE STOPPIN' FOR YOU; WE 'VE ONLY ANOTHER TWO MILE TO GO."

Love in a Cottage.

When *Philip Raine*, unsuccessful author and champion of beauty in financial distress, was down to his last ten pounds (or so) and on the point of leaving Paradise (or Venice) for the less enchanting city of London, it was little short of miraculous that he should encounter *Mrs. Cressington*, a wealthy American widow who could recognise genius at a glance and was prepared to offer it a hundred dollars to postpone its departure for a week. Nay, more, this untiring fairy godmother, mistakenly supposing that *Philip* and his distressed beauty, *Ann*, are living in sin, is willing to provide them with a delightful home in England and a two-years' allowance on condition that they put an end to their misguided way of life and enter into the bonds of Holy Matrimony. So these two young people come to *Pilgrim Cottage* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), there to undergo, amid the most idyllic surroundings, the strains and stresses common to the early married life of temperamental souls. A passion, *inter alia*, for the stage leads *Ann*, surprisingly enough, to Moscow, and thus affords the author an opportunity to air some interesting and obviously unbiassed views on the Soviet experiment. It is impossible to believe in the story that Mr. CECIL ROBERTS has to tell—*Mrs. Cressington* alone ensures that—but it is so charmingly written, so refreshingly and unashamedly romantic that one is more than ready to forgive, perhaps even to welcome, its unreality.

Told in the Office.

Mr. ALOYSIUS HORN thrilled us with his yarns of Africa in the "Earlies," and now a narrator named "SAM" tries to do the same thing—a praiseworthy attempt, but he has not the imagination of his great predecessor. It is interesting to read of the fact that those who served under JAMESON in the Matabele Rebellion of '93 never got the three thousand morgen of land promised to each volunteer. But "SAM" can congratulate himself on the fact that he did not cross the river with Major WILSON. I rather wish the chronicler had been allowed to dictate his yarns in his own words: his editor, Mr. GORDON MAKEPEACE, brings a somewhat Public-School personality into the general narrative. However, the visitor managed to give his reminiscences and to harp on his main theme, which is that all newcomers to Africa are in danger from insects (true), snakes and wild beasts; and that only one Safari guide is trustworthy. *Safari Sam* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6) is an amusing book to get from a circulating library even for the sake of noting how a rifle is constantly referred to as a "gun," and how often the reader is led to believe that something exciting is going to happen.

A Chinese Basket.

Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK continues to add to our knowledge of the Chinese in a volume of short stories entitled *The First Wife* (METHUEN, 7/6). Some of the tales have little substance and are not quite up to the author's usual level; but "The Quarrel" is a deft little affair, and there is no fault at all to find with the longish story which gives its name to the book. Here we have the sublimely confident writing which we have come to expect from this source. Here we find the delicate blending of romance and actuality; our ears catch the delightful cadences which recall the prose of WILLIAM MORRIS. This tale might well have stood by itself, for it is a noble narrative. As things are it tends to dwarf its companions, and it overawes the garrulous preface written by another hand.

Clacking Tongues.

Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD has not thought it necessary to be too kind to the inhabitants of the little town in which the beautiful but mysterious *Mrs. Cranleigh* made her home. Indeed *The Young Man in Question* (JARROLDS, 7/6) would have gained considerably more piquancy if the people concerned had not been so inclined to reserve their charity for public occasions. It was no surprise to me when the Vicar, poor man, sought relief from the gossip of his parishioners by drinking rather liberal doses of whisky. Mrs. RICKARD's keen observation and humour always prevent her from being dull, but in this story neither the youth with the query attached to him nor the assembly of middle-aged women who form the chorus is worthy of her skilful pen.



UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE ON PART OF GENTLEMAN WHO, ON WAKING AT HIS SOMEWHAT CROWDED BOARDING-HOUSE, ATTEMPTED TO PULL UP THE BLIND.

A Sailing-Ship.

Though the illustrations of *Rolling Round the Horn* (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-) form its chief attraction, they must not be allowed to obscure the undoubted merits of the narrative. Mr. CLAUDE MUNCASTER signed on as one of the crew in the sailing-ship *Olivebank*, because he "wanted to learn about the blue-water sailor's life at first-hand, and for the reason that as an artist he might depict one of the last surviving windjammers which will ever be seen." Sailing from Melbourne, fourteen weeks passed before the *Olivebank* signalled any craft whatsoever, and by the time Cardiff was reached Mr. MUNCASTER had enjoyed ample opportunity to "perceive nautical life from many angles." This record of a long voyage in a type of sailing-ship that will soon be only a memory is as instructive as it is interesting.

A Riviera Interlude.

Mr. BURTON E. STEVENSON is an excellent judge of wine and food, but in *The Mystery of Villa Aurelia* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) it is easy to become a little tired of the many meals that are spread before us. For instance, on one evening *Anthony Bayliss*, an American novelist, dined twice and subsequently faced a supper without any appearance of dismay. Mr. STEVENSON has, however, been judicious in mixing a pleasant love-story with his tale of adventure, and whether on the French Riviera or in a Transatlantic liner he keeps the fires of excitement burning until the principal villains are irreparably scorched by the flames.

The title of Mr. JOSEPH SHEARING's new book is *Album Leaf* and not, as we stated in our issue of August 30, *Autumn Leaf*.



"People recall the difficulties Signor Mussolini himself had with his Black Shorts in the early days of the régime."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Charivaria.

THE Russians are now breeding emus for food. It would be interesting to know what the emu was used for before crosswords were invented.

***

In America a kangaroo was run over by a motor-car. Considering the alleged jumping powers of the kangaroo this is very discouraging to the pedestrian.

***

A burglar who robbed a house at Bournemouth smoked several cigarettes and scattered ash on the carpet. The police have no clue to his identity except that he is probably unmarried.

***

Another American screen star is to visit England. It is rumoured that he will create a sensation by not saying that it is his ambition to make a film in this country.

***

And a film-actress was recently married on a motor-boat. It is understood that she had never been married on a motor-boat before.

***

A burglar recently stole a gramophone and a thousand records from a London warehouse. It is supposed that he had a box of needles of his own.

***

"The small domestic servant is generally the most efficient," says a statistician. The crockery, of course, hasn't got so far to fall.

***

"There is a lot to be said for golf," says a clergyman. Quite so. The trouble is that people will say it.

***

If you stood still in a town for six months you would be covered with soot, says an evening paper. That does not seem to us to be sufficient incentive.

***

"A really valuable puppy," says a writer, "often costs as much as five pounds a week to keep." It isn't so much the original cost that counts as the pup-keep.

A reader asks what it will cost to send her son to Cambridge. She should ask at King's Cross.

***

The pronunciation of "margarine" with a soft "g" is advocated by the B.B.C. Perhaps it would be fairer to have it soft in summer and hard in winter.

***

A scientist is of the opinion that prehistoric men practised dentistry in a primitive form. Large stone hammers recently excavated are thought to have been local anæsthetics.

***

The police are searching for a suspect with four driving-licences. The first person they see driving four cars will be arrested.

***

"Would the aristocrats of this country go to the guillotine with the smiling calm displayed by the victims of the French Revolution?" asks a writer. We doubt it. Especially if a porter kept bawling "Pass further down the cart, please!"

***

A good "talkie" innovation is the unseen narrator who helps to explain the story. Hitherto this has been done by members of the audience.

***

Deck-chairs at seaside resorts have been ruined by the oil from sun-bathers. On the other hand it makes the sea much calmer.

***

A Mexican restaurant is to be opened in London. The proprietor hopes that his door will beat all records in revolutions.

***

A play recently produced had an unhappy ending. This occurred a week after the first night.

***

"Convicts Play Cricket," reads a headline. Presumably over the wall was "out."

***

A scientist has observed that girls speak before boys. And after.

***

"What the young women who idle about our seaside resorts need is a little of the care and responsibility of raising a family," declares a writer. From Prom to Pram, in fact.

***

A writer expresses the opinion that women can stand cocktails better than men. But as a matter of sober fact one seldom finds them doing it.

***

A lot of criticism is being levelled at the amount of back a modern girl exposes in evening dress. But, bless her! she just grins and bares it.

***

"In the old days," writes a clergyman, "every meal was opened with grace, but what happens now?" An easy one. It is opened with a tin-opener.



"ANYWAY, MAUD, THE CHAPS AT THE OFFICE ALL AGREE I LOOK MARVELLOUS."

"TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

Give your whole attention to whatever you are doing, and think nothing unworthy of careful consideration.—CONFUCIOUS."
Weekly Paper.

Even spelling?

Sonnet Sequence.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*These lines moved us so much by reason of their grandeur and loveliness that we felt obliged to publish them, in spite of what seems to us an occasional lack of coherence in thought. Possibly our readers may help us to elucidate their exact meaning.*]

I.

GLORY and loveliness have passed away;
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
But one unclouded blaze of living light,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,
Our true intent is all for your delight
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May.
Thou answerest not, for thou art dead asleep;
In after-time this also shall be known,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
A throne of royal state, which far outshone
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
And sought for Homer in the prose of Bohn.

II.

'Tis not enough that now our foes are fled
And cannot speak nor move nor make a sign;
So vanish friendships only made in wine,
And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
The crown that burns on thy immortal head,
Courage and faith—Rose Aylmer, all were thine:
The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine,
And hunger of the heart for beauty dead.
I live not in myself but I become
The Philistine with dauntless words and high,
The fiery Greek, the Moor, the flying Gaul.
Listen a while, ye nations, and be dumb—
I see before me the gladiator lie:
This was the noblest Roman of them all.

III.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell
To the swift treble pipe and humming string.
It little profits that an idle king,
Considering and retouching "Peter Bell,"
Starts with wild anger from the Papal spell;
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell.
O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might—
Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty—that is all.

Painless Extractions.

"*Now as to the drawing of the cork, the importance of this proceeding cannot be sufficiently emphasised*"—the noble words catch and hold my attention as I glance idly through a treatise on *Corks* in the catalogue of wines which lies before me. How true they are! How irrefragable the sentiment they enshrine! How tumultuous (and this is the point) the pride that swells my bosom as I read them! For I can now say (as I had never hoped to do) that there is one statement at least in this treatise which comes as no surprise to me. Scandalously uninformed as I may be on the subject of the origin and history of the cork, abysmal though my ignorance undoubtedly is of practically all matters connected with wine-bottles, yet when it comes to the desirability of removing the one from the other nothing is hid from me. I have known about it for years. From quite early days—ever since, I suppose, the insidious attractions of ginger-wine first began to make themselves felt—I have been aware of the importance of this proceeding. I may easily set the wrong sort of glass before you when next you come to dine with me; I may not be able to tell you the year of the claret I offer you; I may not even be sure that it *is* claret; but at least you may rest assured I shall not fail to remove the cork.

That is provided of course I can get the thing out.

There is a world of difference between realising the importance of extracting the cork and knowing the proper way to set about it, and here, I freely confess, my booklet has something to tell me. My own method is perhaps more spectacular than judicious. Taking the bottle in my left hand I plunge the point of the corkscrew into the cork with a swift incisive movement of my right, afterwards rotating it rapidly in a clockwise direction until it has reached a depth which common-sense tells me to be compatible with both speed and safety. There is no object in making a labour of a perfectly simple operation. I then grasp the handle of the corkscrew firmly with two, three or four fingers of the right hand, according to its extent, and pull sharply upwards. A moment's resistance, countered by a slight increase in the tractive power exerted, and the corkscrew flies from the cork with an impetus that only the point of my chin can check. Again I bend to the task, giving the screw an extra turn or two to avoid any possibility of a repetition of the opening débâcle, and this time extraction is effected with the utmost ease; but again it is the corkscrew and not the cork which comes away so readily from its moorings. I pick myself up and return to the assault.

"Mind you don't break the cork," says Aunt Caroline, of whom, in an ordinary way, I am very fond.

But this time there is to be no mistake. Grasping the bottle savagely by the neck I thrust the point of my weapon into the only portion of the cork's surface as yet unsullied by the scars of war and screw and screw until the naked steel is drinking the very life-blood of the enemy.

"She'll hold now," I say confidently, and give her a pull.

She holds!

I give her another pull—and another. I give her ten, and still she holds. She holds a sight too well. And then all at once the sickening stupidity of the thing, the unreasoning blockheaded obstinacy of the whole apparatus gets the better of me and I become for a while, as the Greeks would put it, "outside myself." I take off my coat and roll up my sleeves and go for that bottle. I wrench at it in mid-air. I grip it between my feet and try to yank its head off. I roll it into a corner and kneel on it. And at last, as my muscles begin to crack under the strain and a loud roaring in my ears tells me that the end of my endurance is very near, she gives. Very gradually, very, very reluctantly, as becomes the grand old fighter she is, she begins to come away. One final tug—the barest tightening of the muscles of the forearm—and she will be out.

At this supreme moment I release my hold and lean back exhausted against the wall. To rush the thing now and run the risk of an over-jerky extraction would be a mistake; far better to rest awhile until control over my twitching muscles is more fully restored, and so ensure that swift smooth draw that spells success and an unshaken bottle. I take out my handkerchief to mop my heated brow and then——

"Here, let me try!" says an insufferable voice, and before



BRITANNIA'S TROUBLED DREAM.



"If you can't call me Lily or Violet, which is me names, my friends always call me Pancake."

I can move hand or foot to stop him that bounder Wilson rises from the table and, with an air of apologising for his gigantic strength, whips out the cork.

It is an unsatisfactory business.

The method outlined above has, as I say, been the one upon which I have placed reliance hitherto, but I see now, after reading the booklet, that I have been all wrong. The drawing of corks is by no means such a simple operation as this. To compass a successful extraction one needs, as you will see, a degree of skill, patience and muscular control such as no dentist in the register has ever brought to bear upon his work.

"*The cork should be drawn,*" says my instructor, "*an hour or more before the meal, and the following is the method of extracting it: Place the bottle upon a firm table or sideboard, taking it in the left hand and pointing the cork-screw by holding it down the thread with the digit finger; the point of the screw should be inserted exactly in the middle of the cork.*" You see! Already my ineptitude has been made pitifully clear. Did I point the corkscrew? No. Did I hold it down the thread with my digit finger? No. Did I attempt to insert it exactly in the middle of the cork? Emphatically not. I simply shut my eyes and bunged it in. This is bad enough, but there is worse to follow. Can I, for instance, honestly say that it has been my invariable plan "*to lift the screw into its proper upright position and drive it slowly and carefully, following the trend of the screw, through the cork until the point, and say an eighth of an inch of the cork-screw, protrudes below the bottom of the cork*"? Even if I had ever, by a series of flukes, got the rest of it right, that last bit would have floored me. I never could judge eighths-of-an-inch, and certainly not eighths-of-an-inch of cork-screw. Does one, I mean, measure along the convolutions of the blade or is the vertical drop from cork to point taken as the standard among professional extractors? These are dark matters.

Meanwhile the treatise is moving steadily to its *dénouement*; it speaks of the ceremonial wrapping of cloths round the bottle, of the holding of the cylinder just above the knees, of the left hand firmly grasping the neck and the right hand fully extended grasping the handle of the cork-screw, and thus by slow and easy stages the amazing, the incredible climax is reached: "*The cork is then levered out of the bottle slowly by the raising of the right shoulder and not by an effort of the right arm.*" So there it is. All the wrist-racking, all the forearm-tension, all the bicipital strain I have undergone in the past over the yanking of corks from their unnatural environment reduced in a moment of time to a heap of dust and ashes! What a sad reflection on the purposelessness of human endeavour! The whole thing, had I but known, could have been done by the raising of the right shoulder—no yanking, no heaving, no tugging or twisting or hoicking, just a simple slow *levering* movement of the right shoulder and out she comes.

But I still don't know how to get the metal cap off a ginger-beer bottle when the thingummy has been left at home.

H. F. E.

Round the Town.

WHERE streams of traffic meet, whirlpools are traps for the unwary. The other day I met Lord Eskallop de Vo, experienced cyclist, circling round and round Parliament Square on his tandem, unable to escape. "It is the gyration of the traffic all in one direction which brings on giddiness," said Lord Eskallop as, colliding with a lamp-post, he blew a cooling draught into his whiskers with a bicycle-pump.

Lord Eskallop's tandem (a familiar sight outside his club in Regent's Mall) always arouses memories of its owner's colourful past; it was on this same machine that he and Lady Ragoo rode to Gretna Green in '99. Now since Lady Ragoo went to Reno last September, Lord Eskallop has retained the tandem for the sake of old associations. I hear—if rumour does not lie—that the rear saddle may not long remain unoccupied.

* * *

If environment plays its part in moulding the character of a hen, Miss Heather Mixture's pullet Wishbone must surely be a case in point. Sired by a cock of old Rhode Island stock out of a Buff Orpington, Wishbone was laid in a kennel and hatched by the dog who slept there. Her foster-parent was a good-natured retriever who reared her more as a pup than a chick. When six weeks old the bird could wag her tail, at eight weeks she could bark. Now Miss Mixture has brought her to London, where, like a true retriever, she carries her mistress's parcels on shopping expeditions.

Miss Mixture believes that kennel-bred fowls will before long be definitely *chic* as pets in all the smartest houses. The hen, in old CHAUCER's prophetic words, is "courteous, discrete and debonair"; when, in addition, she is faithful and intelligent, her position as a friend of man will be assured. Wishbone, by the way, is showing signs of becoming an excellent mouser.

* * *

A hundred years ago to-day died Edward Fitzmonger, who invented cabinet pudding. This, like so many great discoveries, was an accident. Fitzmonger, a chef by calling, was an antiquarian at heart. He endeavoured to reconstruct, from some old Anglo-Saxon documents, the cakes which KING ALFRED burnt in the swineherd's cottage. Fitzmonger's knowledge of Anglo-Saxon proved unequal to his skill with the wooden spoon; to-day the result of his inspired researches brings solace to thousands of City workers every lunch-time.



"GOSH, WHAT AN EXPANSE!"
"DON'T BE RUDE. LOOK AT THE SCENERY."

Professor Ulkig, the psycho-biographer, tells me that he is publishing a life of Fitzmonger on the occasion of the great chef's centenary. In his book the Professor advances the interesting theory that Fitzmonger would never have added sultanas to his recipe if he had not been forbidden to eat them in his childhood. Ulkig emphasises that his thesis is of very real historical significance, as cabinet pudding without sultanas would, virtually speaking, be Manchester pudding. The professor has entitled his biography *Forbidden Fruit*.

* * *

Full of strange surprises is the life of the beautician. When Monsieur Pierre, of Bond Street, was lifting the face of one of his clients the other day, he was astonished to discover an old master underneath. Knowing his Louvre, he at once recognised the hand of BOTTICELLI. Fortunately the episode has had its happy ending. Shortly after the great news leaked out his client became engaged to one of the most enthusiastic private collectors in America.

Monsieur PIERRE tells me that many young people now are having their faces lifted in the hope of finding some old period piece, but he points out that the operation is not without its risks. "One might find an EPSTEIN," he whispered as he adjusted my mud-pack.



Young Lady. "YOU KNOW, THERE'S ANY AMOUNT OF SEWING AT HOME I'M DYING TO GET ON WITH, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH THESE THINGS, DARLING—TRY AS I WILL, I SIMPLY CAN'T FIND THE TIME."

Standfast's First Term.

(Chaps, don't miss this thrilling new serial of school life and adventure!)

"WELL, my boy," said Mr. Standfast, gripping his son's hand with a strong man's emotion, "I leave you here on the threshold of a new life."

"Yes, indeed, Father. I trust I shall do nothing here to shame the name of Standfast."

"Bravely spoken, my lad. Remember, 'Stand Fast and True.'" He removed his hat, and his voice shook with pride as he repeated the fine old family motto.

"Stand Fast and True," Dick echoed, standing to attention.

Father and son shook hands again, gazing into each other's eyes like true Britons; and then Mr. Standfast turned and walked away, leaving Dick alone at Bluefriars.

He stood gazing for some time after his father had disappeared, until he was rudely recalled to reality.

"Ha, ha! homesick already?"

Dick whipped round and beheld a hulking fellow jeering at him while two toadies laughed in the rear.

His eyes glinted. "Say that again," he grated.

"Ha, ha, ha! He wants his mammy."

Dick's lithe body gathered itself for a spring, and with a smashing straight left to the point he laid his tormentor prostrate on the ground.

"You little sweep!" rasped the bully, as his toadies carried him off. "I'll pay you out for this."

Dick wiped his hands and was strolling away when a cheery voice hailed him, and, looking up, he saw a fair-haired boy with blue eyes looking whimsically at him.

"I say, you've made a bad start," said the newcomer. "That's Goring, a prefect in our house and your fag-master."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Dick scornfully. "But who are you?"

"My name is Thomson, and I'm in your dormitory. Shall we be chums?"

"Rather," said Dick, and their hands and eyes met.

* * * * *

It was now time for Rugger practice, and the two pals went down to the house-pitch. Thomson was in the second fifteen and explained the game to Dick as they went.

Dick had to play against Goring, who looked so murderous that Dick felt quite nervous until he murmured to himself, "Stand Fast and True." He then played so well that he was chosen for the first fifteen in a place hitherto occupied by Goring.

The bullying prefect had to be carried off the field.

"You little sweep!" he grated, his features contorted with rage.

Tea went off without incident, except that someone turned out all the lights and the whole school pelted an unpopular master with crusts and lumps of sugar.

The evening was given over to unpacking, and Dick discovered that ten pounds and a set of diamond studs had disappeared from his tuck-box. He gave little thought to this trifling incident at the time, for he did not realise that this was only the beginning of a series of mysteries that was to shroud Bluefriars in black suspicion for the rest of the term.

He lay awake in bed for some time thinking to what a different life he had come. No cheery butler, he supposed, would greet him in the morning with a cup of tea, flinging wide the curtains

with a "Good morning, Master Dick. A fine day for hunting." Yet he did not repine, for he realised that it is hardship that makes Englishmen what they are.

He was awakened from a deep sleep by a touch on the arm, and found Thomson bending over him.

"Come out for a walk?" he said.

"Where and how?"

"I'll show you. It's the usual thing."

Thomson drew out from beneath his bed a stout rope-ladder, which he let down from the window. Dick hastily dressed himself, and very soon both boys were strolling through the Headmaster's garden.

Suddenly Thomson seized Dick's arm and drew him down in the shelter of a shrubbery.

"What's the matter?" he protested, clenching his fists.

"Ssh!"

A stealthy footfall was heard, and a tall figure passed rapidly by. Thomson gasped.

"Who's that?" whispered Dick.

"Maynard, the Head of the School. He's a Balliol scholar and captain of rowing and draughts. What can he be doing? Poor fellow, he must be in trouble. Let's follow."

The two juniors walked along, full of a grim foreboding. Their fears were justified when Maynard made straight for the "Duck and Spinach," knocked three times on the bar-door and went in.

As though drawn by an irresistible magnet, they crept nearer to the window. So engrossed were they in trying to peer through a gap in the curtains that they did not hear the door of the bottle-and-jug department silently swing on its hinges until a harsh voice made them leap round.

"What are you doing here?" rasped the newcomer, who was holding his coat as though to conceal something.

Both boys stared, unable to speak, for they found themselves looking into the stern iron face of their housemaster.

(*Another gripping instalment of this corking yarn next week. Or not.*)

Hose-Pipings.

[*A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" wishes to be informed "when men gave up wearing stockings and took to the short socks which for ordinary wear now seem universal."*]

"When Arthur first in Court began
To wear long hanging sleeves
He entertained three serving-men,
And all of them were thieves."

The facts are lucidly rehearsed,
Yet the recital blocks
Inquiry as to when he first
Pulled up his royal socks.

The *soccus*, so the scholars write,
Stood for the Comic Muse,
But that, we recognise, was quite
Another pair of shoes.

Still, it must frankly be confessed,
The vogue in nether wear
To-day tends mainly to divest
The calf and leave it bare.

The hefty and athletic maid
Upon our tennis-courts
Is now without reproach arrayed
In shirt and socks and shorts.

While, steeped in Montessorian lore,
Children of sceptic breed
To "Santa's" stocking pay no more
The very smallest heed.

And even Eton, though a school
That stands firm as a rock,
Wedded to its ancestral rule,
Largely subsists on "Sock."

I would not ban the folk who hike
Clad in their scanty clo'es,
I'm no extremist, yet dislike
Half-measures for my hose.

I like them to be long and warm,
And answer ribald mockings
By pointing to Hyperion's form
And to his four white stockings.

C. L. G.



Owner. "You say we aren't moving. Well, we've beaten that jelly-fish anyhow."
Bored Passenger. "Oh, have we? I bet he wasn't trying."

Complimentary Copies.

I SEE that a writer in *The Sunday Times* urges the publication of "an Anthology of Dedications."

I am still hoping that nobody will adopt this suggestion and bring it out as a Gift Book at Christmas, or that, if anybody does compile such a work, no aunt will give it to me.

For the novelist, of course, the dedication serves one or two purposes. It is a capital means of scoring off anybody you have anything against, for you merely dedicate your book to somebody else—preferably to one whom you both know.

Another advantage of the dedication is that it enables you to work off arrears of personal snobbery by inscribing upon the flyleaf of your work the name of the only titled person you know, as—

TO LADY BARSHOTT
WITH AFFECTION.

And yet another advantage is that you can get a crush for an actor off your chest (To A.. With Admiration; To B.: A Tribute). The fact that you've never met either of these gentlemen doesn't matter in the least. You will adore seeing their name and yours in juxtaposition, and you will hope your readers think you are acquainted.

Finally, there is the intellectual snobbery advantage by which (on your written request) you are often able to put upon the flyleaf of your novel your pick of the current literary eminents. As—

IN GRATITUDE
TO C.

This name may "do you good," nor need you have ever shaken the great one's hand. Again, your readers will assume that you two have long been cronies and that the "gratitude" which unfortunately only means that you have enjoyed reading his last book is an overdue tribute to friendship.

Now, this is all very nice for the writer, but for the public the dedication is apt to be a definite infliction.

Novelists to-day in their search for originality are prone to scrap the old straightforward form of dedication, and when they are not being precious are repellent in various ways. As—

(1) *The Excluding.*

TO G. H.

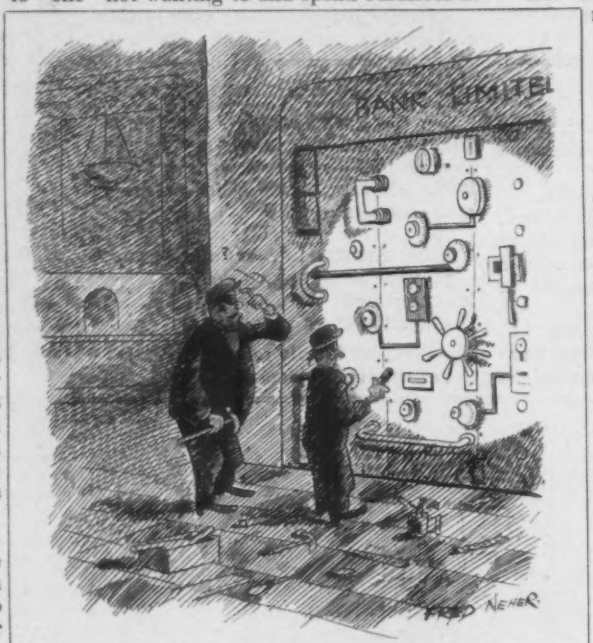
IN EVERLASTING ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

This annoys, because we have a right to know who G. H. is, and because, having blazoned him in print, the author should positively have the courage of his acknowledgments and let us in on what he is acknowledging. Not to do so is as trying to the survivors as the anonymous wreath at the funeral.

(2) *The Suggestive.*

TO VITA RAINE
BECAUSE OF THAT TUESDAY.

Now, Vita is infuriating because we have never heard of her at all, feel we ought to have, combine this with not wanting to and spend ourselves in fidgeting about what went on on "that" Tuesday. The author of this type of dedication is commonly so respectable that purple theories become impracticable and one guesses that all Miss Raine probably did in actuality was to draw the attention of the author to a cloud effect out of the window, or to help rub up his brasses when he moved from Glebe Place to Cheyne Row.



"BANKERS ARE DARNED POOR SPORTSMEN, IF YOU ASK ME."

(3) *The Bluff.*

DEAR BRENNAN,—You once asked me to relate the real story behind that experience of ours in 1887.
Herewith. F. N. E.
Safari Club, Pall Mall.

This is annoying because it quells one. It is successful, executive. It conjures up a vista of the author, booted and topee'd, at chota hazri with Brennan, surrounded by the usual bungaloid accessories of cobras, coolies and chupattis (later in the day by pegs and punkahs), quite casually accepting the notion of, one day, committing his shared adventure to print when the jungle has been cleared and the Wadi-Khuds subdued.

No trouble with publishers. No rejections. Just a brief laugh, a light promise, a twinkle of those steel-grey eyes, a bronzed hand clapped on Brennan's shoulder, and F. N. E. is off to control the Bungalariat. No little frets about insufficient advertising—no unsatisfactory advances on Royalties. . . .

The Bungalariat. . . . But one mustn't get bitter.

Then there is—

(4) *The Bond.*

TO ANGELA
BECAUSE——

Instantly one takes a dislike to Angela, and one something similar to that inspired by Miss Raine, except that in this case one suspects Angela of having come the literary guardian-angel over the novel dedicated to her; feels disgustedly convinced that she gently silenced the house when the author composed and took the frets and jars of daily life from his shoulders as he bent to his desk, and probably ruffled his hair with playful womanliness when he threw aside his pen. The air is thick with whimsical secrets, from participation in which we, the great gross public, the crass consumers, are excluded.

Finally, in a class as annoying as the Suggestive, more exasperating than the Bond and as repellent as the Bluff, containing as it does an unique method of arousing fury, comes—

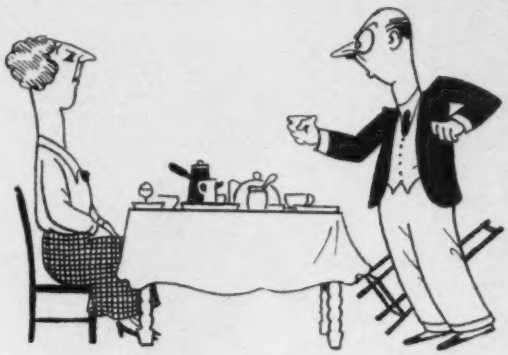
(5) *The Lyrical.*

(FOR O. V. "OLLYBIRD.")

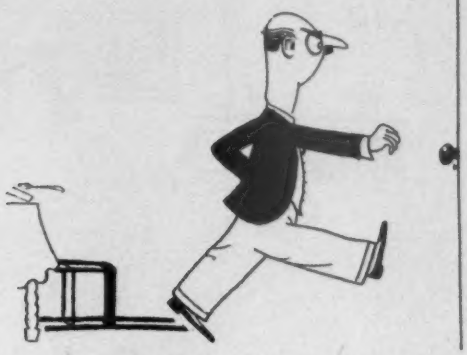
Here it is,
It's my book!
If you only
But knew
Of the pains
That I took.
Here it is,
It's my book!
But it's really
For you! J. K.

Here one always receives a sensation of Eton crop and earrings in the offing. Later, there will be a sardine supper on Futurist cushions and a tramp with knobby sticks. Probably J. K., on

A SPOT OF BOTHER.



IT 'S EASY ENOUGH TO GET UP FROM THE TABLE—



MAKE FOR THE DOOR—



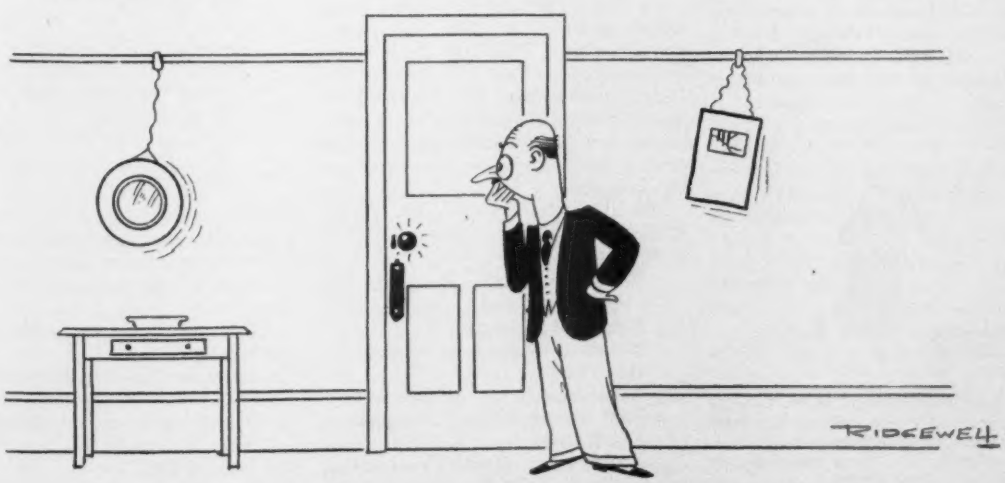
TURN ROUND AND HAVE THE LAST WORD—



STORM OUT—



AND BANG THE DOOR VIOLENTLY AFTER YOU—



BUT IT 'S SO AWKWARD WHEN YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE LEFT YOUR PIPE ON THE MANTELPIECE!



"How did you get rid of your gardener?"
"He wouldn't do anything I told him, so I just asked him not to leave me."

meeting the Vicar, will touch her wide-awake to him.

As touching O. V., her vibrations and aura suggest crépey waistless gowns, and many, many beads. She is the eternal companion, stark mad in white linen. She can be illimitably read to. She will admire everything. On reading the dedication she will weep happy tears in the Alice-Ben-Bolt manner.

And considering that a visit to the circulating library will ensure us a specimen of at least one of these types of dedication, the advantage of being invited to pay for a lot more in book-form becomes all the more problematical. RACHEL.



"Describing the incident, Mr. —— said that on August 14 he was walking in a field with his wife, who had a wire-haired terrier on a lead, when a Great Dame came rushing towards them."—*Daily Paper.*

Was it Mrs. Grundy?

Sixes and Sevens.

Joan is fifteen; naturally, Joan is film-struck. She reads two weeklies and three monthlies, wherein is set out the latest and most thrilling unreliable information about the Gretas, the Normas, the Constances, and, more especially, the Wallaces, the Ronalds and the Clives of the silver screen.

Joan is clearly destined to become the head of a press-cutting agency some day. She has a gigantic book, neatly indexed, in which are pasted photographs of Miss May June in her Italian garden, Miss Iris Rose in her Dutch garden, and Mr. Walter Fairman in his Old English garden. Underneath are brief accounts of their careers and catalogues of their personal charms.

The life of, for example, Mr. Donald Daring, the popular young cowboy hero, reads as follows:—

Born: June 7th, 1881, at Red Gulch, Arizona.
Height: 5 ft. 10 ins.
Weight: 190 lbs.
Hair: Black.
Eyes: Blue.
Real Name: William Huggins.
Not Married.
Played in: *Double-Cross Dick, Bar-Y Bill, The Sunset Trail, Desert Days, etc.*

This is comparatively simple. These sons of the wide open spaces are frank enough about themselves; every detail can be discovered from an intensive study of the replies to "Dora Darling" and "Myrtle" in the correspondence columns. But when it comes to, shall we say, Miss Iris Rose, matters are different. Thus—

Born: April 20th, 1915, in Paris.
Height: 5 ft. 3 ins.
Weight: 120 lbs.
Hair: Golden.
Eyes: Blue.
Real Name: As above.
Married to: ~~Roderick Reckless. Cyril Kennedy. Arthur Avon.~~ Ivor Gascoyne.
Played in: *The Soul's Awakening, The Broken Vow, The Price She Paid, etc.*

Joan came to me the other day bearing her masterpiece under her arm and wearing a worried look.

"Auntie," she said, "you know Iris Rose?"

"Did she?" I said with interest. "Where to?"

"Don't be silly. I mean the film-star —*you* know."

"Oh, yes, *that* one." I nodded.

"Well, it says in *Flickers* that she was born in 1915."

"Then she's eighteen," I said.

"But she must be more than that,"

said Joan. "I remember seeing her when I was only eleven, and that's four years ago, and she was quite old then. About twenty-five, I should think."

"Then she must be a withered hag of about twenty-nine by now," I calculated. "Perhaps it's a misprint and they mean 1905—or 1895."

"Don't be ridiculous, auntie. That would make her thirty-eight—far too elderly."

As I am thirty-nine I changed the subject quickly. "Let me see. Who is she married to just now?" I inquired. "Ivor Gascoyne, isn't it?"

"That's right. That was really what I wanted to ask you about. You see, I have to keep on crossing them out, and it does make such a mess of my book. It's awfully complicated. Arthur Avon was Iris Rose's third husband before he married Flora Fielding. But *she* used to be married to Ivor Gascoyne, and now *he*'s married Iris Rose. I wonder what relation they all are to each other now."

"I should say that Ivor is Flora's third husband once removed, or something like that," I suggested.

"Do you think they ever forget and go home to the wrong house?" asked Joan.

"I wonder," I said. "It must be very confusing."

"There's another thing," continued Joan. "Do you think it would be better to leave that space blank until they really do seem to have made up their minds? I've just put down Pauline de Medici as engaged to Desmond Daltroyd, but it says in *Cinema Stars* this week that she's had a reconciliation with her first husband and is going back to him."

"How extremely inconsiderate of her! But now you've entered Desmond I'd wait a week or two before I crossed him off. You never know."

Joan sighed. "I *do* like to be up-to-date with my notes," she said regretfully, picking up her book with care.

"If I were you I'd rule that section off in columns so that you'd have plenty of room for alterations. Then you could put the date over the top," I suggested.

Joan brightened. "Yes, I could do that. It's a good idea. How many columns would you have? About four?"

"Oh, I think I should make it six, just to be on the safe side," I said. But Joan decided that four would be enough.

She trotted out visibly cheered, and the vigorous scratch of a pen soon sounded from the next room.



Fed-up Lag. "YOU MUST RUN ALONG NAH, LIDY. I GOT ME SENTENCE TO FINISH."

Ten minutes later her head reappeared round the door.

"I'd better make it seven for Pauline de Medici, don't you think? She's had four already."

"Yes, that ought to be enough."

The head vanished again and the scratching was resumed.

* * * * *

I understand that the system works excellently, except that Joan rather underestimated the number of columns required. Six would have been more suitable than four. However, this will be rectified in the new book which she contemplates starting very shortly. So all, I trust, will be well.

And, by the way, she tells me that Pauline de Medici has just divorced Desmond Daltroyd.

"4.15 Prof. E. C. Tolman—The learning of rats. (Prof. D. Katz withdraws)."
British Assoc. Time-Table.

A very tactful retirement.

"Occasionally a jelly-fish would smack her full in the face."—*Daily Paper.*

They have their feelings like the rest of us.

At the Play.

"THE TEMPEST" (REGENT'S PARK).

Scene 1.—A Park in London. A tempestuous noise of rain is heard. Enter Myself *and a* Boatswain.

Myself. Boatswain!

Boatswain. Here, Master. What cheer?

Myself. Good. Speak to the audience. Fall to it yarely, or we run ourselves against the tent-pole. Bestir! Bestir!

Enter—Members of the audience.

Boatswain. Hey, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare! yare! Mind the water running off the roof. Let me give you a carriage-rug, master, to put over your knees. Wait for the producer's whistle. Blow your nose softly lest you disturb the players!

Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT *speaking rapidly* (OFF) *to* Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER):

> If by your arts, my dearest father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

But soft. I exaggerate. There is some excuse, for this was the first time I had trodden on wet sward for a month or seen rain, real wet stuff, falling from the sky. And in such circumstances the spectator, long pampered by sunshine, unprovided with an umbrella, may be excused for treating the great marquee of the Open Air Theatre as a rough haven from shipwreck.



THE BARK BOTTELL.
CALIBAN (MR. ROBERT ATKINS) GOES THOROUGHLY WET.

Let it be said at once that the cast, from the youngest sprite, nymph, or reaper, up to the principals, was in no way daunted by the elements, and performed as gracefully under cover of an awning as they would, no doubt, have performed on the purely sylvan set.

I went—may I confess it?—largely to see *Prospero*. It is not often that one is privileged to see a poet and dramatist taking a major part in a play. And right nobly did Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER speak his lines, even if he did not entirely remove from my mind the feeling that the wronged *Duke of Milan* is more like the *compère* of an Elizabethan (or Jacobean) variety performance than definitely an actor in it.

He was surrounded by talent a-plenty. The *Ariel* of Mr. LESLIE FRENCH, who whilst we were muffled in overcoats flitted nude to the waist from enchanted grot to enchanted grot, performed the bidding of his master with a beautiful suggestion of deep wistful sorrow in his captivity. Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT was a charming *Miranda*, not much older, it would seem, then a mere sprite or nereid. I would say of the "savage and deformed slave" whom SHAKESPEARE called *Caliban* that Mr. ROBERT ATKINS, grotesque, hairy and terrible though he was in appearance, made me a little too sorry for the monster to feel quite comfortable about his brutish posturings. Mr. ANDREW LEIGH was a good *Trinculo* in the right tradition of Elizabethan jesters; and Mr. MORRIS HARVEY as *Stephano* was superb. It came home to me especially that he uttered no word or line that for sense and clarity might not have been written yesterday. So great an abolisher of time, I suppose, is the fermented juice of the grape. Nor must I forget the very natural *Ferdinand* of Mr. JOHN CHEATLE, nor Mr. STANLEY DREWITT, who made it seem a pity that *Gonzalo* had not more to do in the play.

All the dancing rout of supernatural beings, from ITALIA CONTI and the Mayfair School, seemed to have the right spirit of the time in them, and made one think not only of SHAKESPEARE but also of—

> "She was pinched and pulled, she sed,
> And he by Friars Lanthorn led."

And I was sad to have to leave the island shelter and go out into the night again crying, "Yare! yare! A taxicab! Attend to the master's whistle! Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say!"

I ought to mention that before the play began Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY delightfully rendered some Shakespearean songs, including "I Know a Bank" and "The Cuckoo."

Among those present by the way we noticed Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, benevolently disposed, I imagine, towards a Lido even more marvellous than his own, and quite unconscious that on that very night his erstwhile comrade, Mr. J. H. THOMAS, was being rescued from tempest on the deep in an open boat and providentially landed, button-hole, cigar and all, I take it, on Shoreham's magic quay. EVOE.



MAGIC WAND *v.* SWORD.

Ferdinand . . . . . MR. JOHN CHEATLE.
Prospero . . . . . MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.
Miranda . . . . . MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT.

"One fireman was taken to hospital at the height of the fire, overdone by smoke, but his condition was not serious."—*Local Paper.*

He should be thoroughly cured by now.

"Paper Money looks good." *Racing Note in Daily Paper.*

And goes fast.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XIX.—When I was Young and Ignorant.

WHEN I was young and ignorant I loved a Miss McDougall,
Our days were spent in happiness, although our means were frugal;
We did not sigh for worldly wealth, for vain and tawdry treasures,
We were a simple country pair with simple country pleasures.
Beneath the village chestnut-tree it was our joy to meet once;
We used to tread the dewy fields with wonder-weary feet once;
We wandered once in leafy lanes and walked in woodlands shady;
But now she 's gone to Birmingham to be a Bearded Lady.

I loved her as I loved my life when I was young and tender,
And happily our time was spent although our means were slender.
We used to pass the golden days in countrified pursuits once;
We walked through simple country bogs in simple country boots once.
High hopes of happiness I had, but now my hopes are zero,
Alas! my love has left me now to carve her own career O;
Not all the hopes of her I had are worth a maravedi;
My love has gone to Birmingham to be a Bearded Lady.

My love now dwells in circus halls with clowns and tight-rope dancers,
Where dromedaries play bassoons and sea-lions do the lancers;
She moves amongst trick-bicyclists, buffoons and comic waiters,
With elephants and acrobats and prestidigitators.
No longer daily by my side she wanders through the hay now,
The glamour of the public eye has lured her far away now.
Remorseless Fates, my tender hopes how cruelly betrayed ye!
My love has gone to Birmingham to be a Bearded Lady.

When I was young and ignorant I loved a Miss McDougall;
But that was e'er she heard the call of Fame's imperious bugle.
I thought her kind as she was fair, but I was green and calfish;
My love, though brighter than a star, was colder than a starfish.
High hopes of happiness I had when I was young and tender;
But time and tide have falsified my juvenile agenda.
Farewell, my castles in the air! Phantasmal mansions, fade ye!
My love has gone to Birmingham to be a Bearded Lady.



"THEY GAVE HIM QUITE AN IMPROMPTU WELCOME, BUT IT WAS NONE THE LESS SPONTANEOUS ON THAT ACCOUNT."



Papa. "GOSSE—ON NE PEUT PAS SE PROMENER COMME ÇA—TON CHAPEAU—COUVRE TOI."
Maman. "N'IMPORTE—C'EST FIN DE SAISON."

A Solemn Thought.

It is stated by a gentleman who knows,
I suppose,
That the organ which has made us what we are—
He's referring to the brain—
Is distinctly on the wane,
Which you'll probably maintain
Is a jar.

We are victims to the motor-car and bike
And their like,
Which are instruments especially designed
Just to keep us on the rush
All a-welter and a-crush,
Till we haven't time to brush
Up the mind.

Then the thriller, so destructive to one's poise,
And the noise,
And the wireless help in piling up the stress,
And our thoughts are getting rolled
Out in pattern from a mould
By believing what we're told
In the Press.

So I gather, if I haven't got him wrong,
That ere long
If we don't accept his warning we shall sink
To our brothers in the trees
Who are very good at fleas
But, for anything one sees,
Never think.

Do they ponder knotty questions, Aye or Nay,
Day by day,
Are they fed with stuffy logic when they're brats,
Does the problematic *x*
Come to pester and perplex,
Do they chatter through their necks
Or their hats?

Not a bit of it. Unhandicapped by thought,
All untaught,
They can dawdle till their little course is run
With a modicum of fruit
To support the inner brute—
Oh my readers, that would suit
Me for one.

I maintain that I'm a brainy sort of card,
Though a bard,
And the thought from which I find there's no escape
Is that thinking is the deuce,
And it isn't any use.
And I would I were obtuse
Like the ape.

DUM-DUM.



B. B. SECRECY.

"THREE MUTE MICE,
SEE HOW THEY'RE DONE!
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE WIRELESS WIFE;
SHE CUT OFF THEIR TALES WITH A WHITTLER'S KNIFE.
DID EVER YOU SEE SUCH A THING IN YOUR LIFE
AS THREE MUTE MICE?"

[Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have shown resentment at Mr. J. H. WHITLEY'S refusal to allow them to broadcast their political views.]



"AM I TO TAKE IT FROM THIS WINDOW THAT THE LATEST FASHION IS TO BE NO BATHING-COSTUMES AT ALL?"

Douane.

Monsieur Fracas is returning from leave. Once more he greets the familiar coast of Egypt, once more he looks with affection upon the familiar city of Alexandria, once more he enters with distaste the familiar Custom House. It is not that the Custom House has any terrors for Monsieur Fracas. Smuggling is far from his thoughts, and his neat suit-case contains only used personal effects of the most innocuous description. But the Custom House is a tiresome formality. It wastes time.

Monsieur Fracas listens with the indifference of conscious innocence while the young Effendi who officiates reels out his list of dutiable articles. Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, alcohol, new clothes, gramophones—the words make upon him no more impression than would the buzzing of a fly on the window-pane. At the end of the recital he looks the official calmly in the eye. "Nothing to declare," he says firmly.

The official ignores the honourable statement of Monsieur Fracas. The probity of Monsieur Fracas' glance has no effect upon him. He is a man without sensibility.

"Open the suit-case," he says woodenly. Monsieur Fracas shrugs his shoulders. He spreads out his hands with the gesture of a righteous man tolerating the impenetrable stupidity of officials. He opens the suit-case with a flourish, as if he were laying bare his heart, conscious of its purity. The official remains blind to impressions. The serenity of Monsieur Fracas' brow leaves him unmoved. He examines the silk dressing-gown of Monsieur Fracas. With indifferent fingers he turns over Monsieur Fracas' immaculate shirts. He unfolds Monsieur Fracas' sleeping-suit and probes in his sponge-bag. He feels in corners and taps the suit-case suspiciously, as if anticipating the presence of a false bottom. Monsieur Fracas becomes indignant at this meticulous examination. When the official appears to have finished he glares at him with a militant eye.

"*Alors*, you are satisfied!" he says with a fine scorn; "I may close the case?"

The official is displeased by the attitude of Monsieur Fracas. Egypt is an independent country and the dignity of the Government must be upheld. He glances at Monsieur Fracas with leisurely disdain and silently resumes his investigations.

This time his patience is rewarded. Wrapped up carefully in a pair of Monsieur Fracas' socks he discovers a bottle. He pounces on the bottle with the triumph of a detective discovering a packet of cocaine.

"What is in this bottle?" he asks menacingly.

Monsieur Fracas laughs lightly. "A small matter," he says airily. "The bottle, in point of fact, contains perfume."

The official looks grave. "I regret," he says, "that it will be necessary to retain this bottle and have it tested at the Government Chemical Laboratory. You must know," he adds reproachfully, "that perfumes must pay duty according to the percentage of alcohol they contain."

Monsieur Fracas spreads out his hands with the gesture of a reasonable



IN IRELAND NOW.

"O' COORSE THERE 'S PEEPLE ARE WEARIN' THE BLUE SHIRRTS, AND IT NOT ON THEIR BACKS AT ALL."

man combating fantastic unreason. "*Soyons un peu logique*," he says with suppressed impatience. "For large quantities of perfume I agree that it would be proper to make a test. But this is one small bottle. The cost of the test alone would exceed the duty to be collected."

The official frowns the frown of a Government servant unswervingly administering the law. "With the Custom House," he says, "there can be no exceptions. It is the regulation."

"*Mais écoutez!*" says Monsieur Fracas, becoming very agitated, "this perfume is a special aroma, unobtainable in Egypt, of which I have daily need. It is grotesque that I should be parted from it."

The official shrugs his shoulders. "I regret," he repeats, "that there can be no exception. It is the law."

Monsieur Fracas begins to despair. He seizes his beard in impotent rage as he thinks of the days, even the weeks, during which it will lack its customary fragrance. Then a sudden thought strikes him. There is a way, after all, of overcoming the difficulty. He turns to the official.

"Come," he says, "in order to satisfy the regulations and at the same time avoid the delay of a test I will make a great concession. If I may take my bottle with me you may charge me the duty on what percentage of alcohol you will, even up to a hundred per cent."

The official weighs this proposal in his mind for some minutes. At first he seems inclined to assent, but at the last moment a look of deep cunning comes into his eye.

"Ah, no," he says in the tones of a man who is not to be deceived by equivocation, "that would never do. It may—who knows?—contain more than a hundred per cent."

"PLANE CRASHES ON LANDING.
PILOT AND EIGHT PASSENGERS ESCAPE."
Headlines in Local Paper.

By sliding down the banisters?

"All players who will present at the tennis tournament—If your guts need repairment bring it to the Japan Tourist Bureau at once."—*Notice in Japanese Hotel.*

Are they trying to muscle in on the medical racket?

The Lady of St.——?

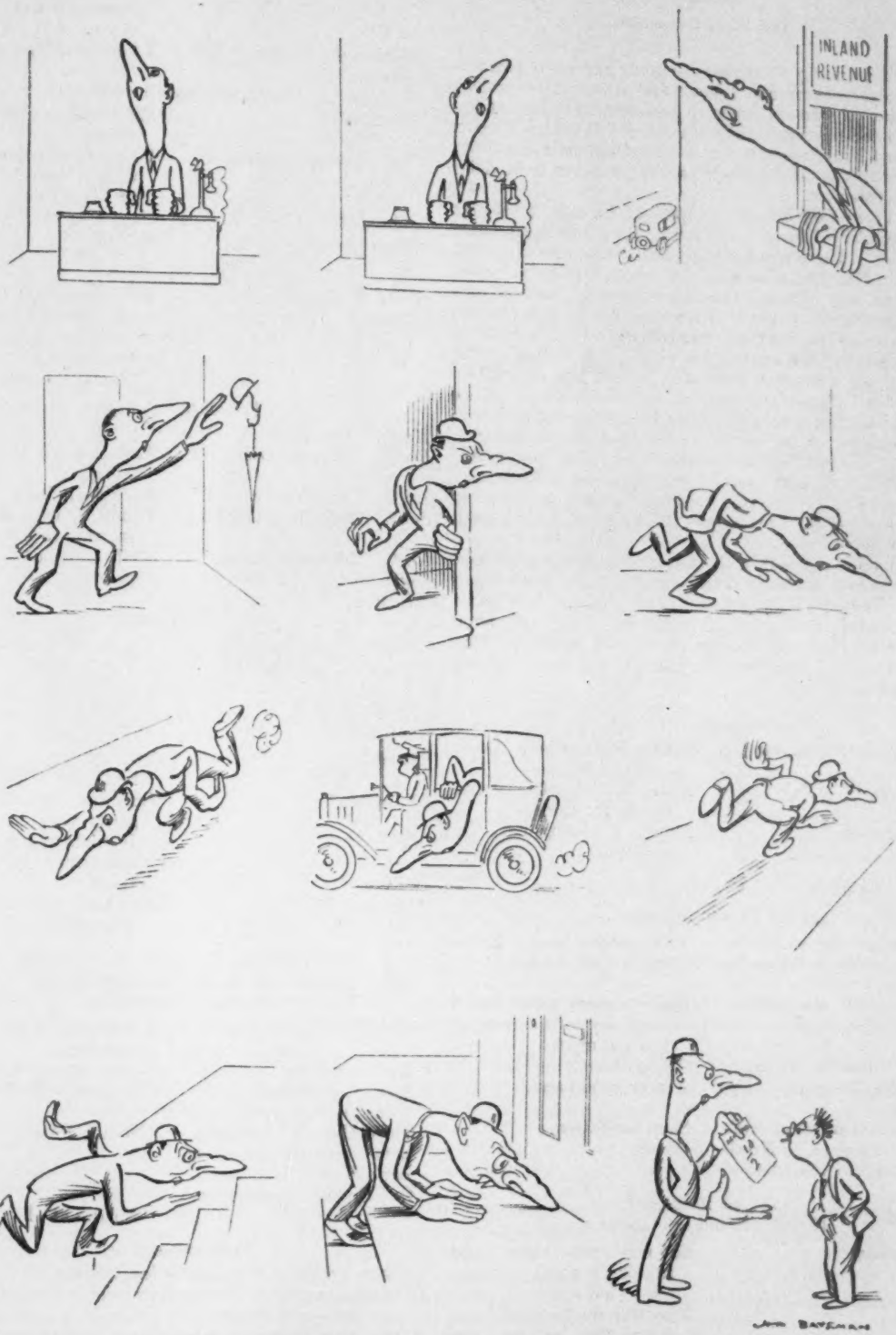
THE loveliest of dames is
The first of all my flames;
Her home is in St. James's,
(Why isn't it St. James'?)

With wine in golden tassies
I toast the charming lass
Who beautifies St. Jas's,
Embellishes St. Jas'.

Her figure neat and trim is,
How dainty are her limbs,
The pride of all St. Jimmy's,
The Lady of St. Jim's!

I'd weave her chains of daisies
The rest of all my days
And deck her in St. J——s's,
Adorn her in St. J.'s!

The Devil take the spelling,
Apostrophes and such;
No matter where her dwelling
I love her very much.



AN INCOME-TAX OFFICIAL TRACKING A HALFPENNY.

Bridge.

The Vocal Convention.

THIS is probably the first systematic survey of this convention ever attempted. Like all first attempts it is perhaps a trifle incomplete and open to improvement; but, at any rate, it is better than no attempt at all. It is high time for the oldest convention to be accorded official recognition, and none of the other writers on Bridge seems to be doing anything about it.

The Vocal Convention, in spite of its age, is still the most popular of all conventions. Its adherents number thousands. There is not a single club without its exponent. Simple to understand and flexible enough to be incorporated into any system, the ingredients of instinct and commonsense on which it is founded are so well blended that the most eloquent performer is frequently quite unaware that he is using the convention at all. Which of course makes it all the more important to get the convention standardised at once and the meaning of each vocal nuance and gesticulation clearly established. At Auction an intonation seldom left room for doubt, but the bewildering variety of bids with which Contract is peppered often makes interpretation difficult, leaving the perplexed partner with no alternative other than treating the bid as meaning what it says—a fatal procedure, as any psychic bidder will instantly agree.

It is in an endeavour to check this tendency to confusion that the following classified table of the Vocal Convention has been compiled. The bids recommended are those vocal subtleties at present most in vogue, and I can only hope that in time they will become universally adopted. The game is quite complicated enough already without individual elocutionists.

OPENING BIDS OF ONE.

"One Spade" (*gloomily*).	A bare opening bid. Don't get excited.
"A Spade."	About 3½ honour tricks. Can you do anything?
"ONE—SPADE."	Almost a forcing bid. Do something!

RESPONSES TO OPENING BIDS OF ONE.

(*a*) *No Trump Responses.*

(*Long pause—shrug—another shrug. Pause.*) "One No Trump."	Practically a bust. Keeping it open for luck.
"No Trump?" (*instantly*).	Quite a good hand but I don't want to encourage you too much.
(*Pause*) "Two No Trumps."	A good hand.
"Two No Trumps" (*No pause*).	A very good hand.
(*Pause, count points of cards with fingers. Nod*). "T-w-o N-o TRUMPS."	Slam invitation.

(*b*) *Suit Responses.*

(North has bid One Heart.)

"One Spade."	So now you know, and nothing is going to induce me to bid again.
"Spade."	This will do to start with. Keep the bidding low. I've got quite a lot of other things to tell you.
"Two Clubs?"	I really want to play this in three No Trumps, but I'm missing a suit. I wonder if you've got it?
(*Head-shake. Frown*). "Two Clubs."	I hate your Hearts.

(North now bids Two Hearts.)

"No Bid."	We might as well get a part score.
"Two Spades" (*firmly*).	I want to play this hand, and what's more I'm going to. Don't argue with me!
"Three Clubs?"	Can't you bid No Trumps?
"Three Clubs."	Sign off.

FORCING BIDS.

(*A lot of thought. Anxious frown.*) "Two Clubs."	Five honour tricks but a lousy distribution. Careful.
"Who dealt? Oh, I did. W-e-ell. I bid Two Clubs."	A colossal hand. I only want two Kings from you to make a slam.

FORCING OVERBIDS.

North. "One Heart."	
South. "tWo spADES?"	This is going to be a good thing.
North. "Two No Trumps."	Oh, no—it isn't.
South. "thREE spADES?"	I only want normal trump support to bid six.
North. "Threenotrumps."	Well, I've got a singleton.
South (*curtly*). "Four Spades."	Sign off.

NO BIDS.

"No bid" (*quickly*).	I'm not interested.
"N-o b-i-d" (*thoughtfully*).	I'll have something to say later.
"NO BID!"	Shut up!

DOUBLES.

"Double?"	Informatory. Show your best suit.
"I Double."	Business; but they're not going very many down. It might pay us better to bid game. What do you think?
"DOUBLE!!!!"	Business. On no account disturb.

INFORMATORY DOUBLES BY OPPONENTS.

(Your partner has opened the bidding with one Heart, doubled on your right).

"Redouble" (*promptly*).	Leave him to me; I've got him cold.
"R-e-d-o-u-b-l-e" (*slowly*).	Heart support only.
"Three Hearts" (*afterthought*).	Shut out. Weakness.
"ThReeHeArts" (*proudly, with contemptuous smile at doubler*).	Genuine Raise.
"One Spade" (*innocently*).	A psychic. Probably no Spades at all.

DEFENSIVE PLAY.

To show approval of partner's lead: Nod.

To show disapproval: Shake your head. Alternative: Play your card with disgust.

If you have finessed against your partner and it hasn't come off, look guilty. Otherwise how is one to know you've done it until too late?



Scotch maid (in boarding-house). "ARE ONY OF YOU GUID FOR A BATH? IF NO, I AM."

The Fading-out of Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

["*Lord Raglan, President of the Anthropology section of the British Association, has debunked the traditions of Norman blood. These traditions are the work of pedigree-fakers.*"—*Sunday Paper.*]

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I wonder if you too have read
This speech on anthropology
That puts strange notions in my head.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
If half is true of what I hear,
The learned President has stamped
Upon the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
No doubt you find it rather rough
That this historical research
Has called your once impressive bluff.

A high disdain and azure vein
Won tricks for mid-Victorian girls,
But now you just can't put across
That dope about a hundred Earls.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
If unresponsive to your charms,
You fancied I was sure to fall
For your imposing coats-of-arms.
But I have heard a bitter word
That whispers there is some mistake—
The lion on your old stone gates
It seems is an heraldic fake.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
Your bogus claims of long descent
Are quite—excuse the phrase—debunked!
I hate to think them fraudulent,
But now that age-old pedigrees
Are proved each one of them a dud,
The kindest heart, the simplest faith
Will disbelieve your Norman blood.



"THIS SHOW AIN'T PAYING; WE 'LL HAVE TO CUT DOWN EXPENSES. SACK THOSE TWO FELLOWS AND REPLACE 'EM WITH A COUPLE OF ELECTRIC FANS."

The Last Evening.

THE sunset smiled on Shrimpington
And Shrimpington smiled on the sea;
The evening trek was going on
To "Channel View" and "Linden Lea."

And now the last beleaguered fort
Capitulated to the tide;
The last small steamer sailed to port,
The last brief squabble flashed and died.

Each patient but exhausted ass
Relinquished its hilarious load;
Each tired paterfamilias
Passed slowly up Laburnum Road.

For soon will be the hour to dine;
In lodging-houses lights appear
And cruets (use of, 1/9)
Emerge from every chiffonier.

The cold joint finds its wonted spot,
And down has gone the hundredth tin,
Divested of each apricot,
To join its fellows in the bin.

Familiar scene! But we are blind
To charms so soothingly displayed;
For us there is no peace of mind
At No. 1, Marine Parade.

The last of leisured hours is here
And day is drawing to its close;
We sit (as we have sat each year)
And simulate a false repose.

For on our conscience-stricken hearts
Broods one uncomfortable fact:
At eight the morning train departs,
And not a single trunk is packed.

Our Versatile Contemporaries.

"Oranges and demons are in; the 'Woman's Budget' tells how to use them."
Advt. in Australian Paper.

"Miss Barringer had let her soup-spoon fall on the table with a clatter. Her face was deeply tinged with colour as she removed it from the smeared cloth."—*From a serial.*

That will teach her to sit up properly at mealtimes.

"To the skirl of the pipes playing 'The Drunken Piper,' the Bal-Pipe-Major Harry Forsyth, the King's moral Highlanders led the procession."—*Scots Paper.*

Even the very virtuous must have their fling.

Ready Helpers.

A HEATH fire! Not a doubt of it.

Happening to glance up from my book I saw out of the window a wisp of smoke followed by a little burst of flame, about two hundred yards down the hill. If I had been on the spot I could probably have stamped it out, but before I could run the distance it would, and did, spread thirty yards.

So I ran to the telephone instead and asked for the Forest Commissioner's Office as quick as they could, please. There was no reply from the Forest Commissioner's Office. Very well, then, the Police.

A magnificent example of stolid constabulary voice replied—a voice that could quell any fire just by saying to it, "Lie down there."

"Officer" (one couldn't give a voice like that a lower rank)—"Officer, there is a fire starting here at Furzy Hill—travelling rapidly in the direction of this cottage as a matter of fact. How can I get the fire-beaters?"

"Ah! A big fire, you say?"

"Yes. How can I get hold of beaters?"

"Close to Furzy Hill, you say?"

"Yes. Getting closer. How can I——"

"Well, y'see, Madam, the Forest Office is closed now. Saturday afternoon, y'see."

I did see, but at the same time did want some beaters.

"Ah! beaters. Well, Madam, I expect they'd all be out at Didham and Botley. There are big fires there, they say."

"Indeed. I'm sorry for that. *But what do I do to get my own fire out?*"

"Ah. . . . Well, I tell you what, Madam. I know they've a cricket-match down at Framley. Maybe if you phoned Framley Police Station you might—— I'm not saying you would, but you might——"

"Splendid! Thanks so much. . . . Exchange . . . Framley Police Station, please . . . Hello!"

Another fine vocal organ of the Force answered me. Make a gramophone record of it and an American would buy dozens.

"'Ullo!"

"Officer" (I'd formed the habit by now), "there's a big fire up here at Furzy Hill. Can you help?"

"Furzy Hill. Is there now? I see some smoke that way and I says to myself, 'Ullo,' I says, 'I wouldn't be surprised if that wasn't Furzy Hill.'"

"Well, it is."

"Ah, that would be a bad place—on that hill with all this wind."

"Yes, quite. Look here—I'm told you have a cricket-match going on."

"That's right. Saturday afternoon, y'see.

I knew that.

"If I sent a car down for them do you think you could get any of them to come and help?"

"Well . . . I dunno about that, Madam; y'see they're all in white flannels, that's the thing."

"But they could send their white flannels to the wash afterwards, perhaps?"

"Ah. P'raps they might."

"Well, if I'm down at Framley in five minutes——"

"But then, y'know, I haven't the authority to ask 'em to go. Y'see, it's along of the pay."

"The pay?"

"Yes. They gets paid by the hour for fire-beating by the Forest Commissioners."

"Well?"

"But the Forest Commissioners is closed; y'see it's Saturday afternoon."

Not being HITLER I left it at that and went to have another look at our fire, which was now about a hundred yards away. Together with two maids and two stray and strange men (I don't know who they were, but my blessings on them) we tried to keep off the grim monster that crackled and hissed and rudely belched smoke all over us.

We soused the gorse in front of it and soused the bushes in our garden. We soused the ground and half the time we soused each other. And when the fire was thirty yards away the wind changed.

But anyway we were not without the satisfaction of a gallery. About twenty-five cars, lured from the main road by the pretty flames and varying from a Rolls to a Baby Goodness-knows-what, were drawn up at a good vantage-point from where their occupants, with the concentration of a first-class football crowd, could watch the sousing party at work. And I'm willing to wager that most of them were saying to each other—

"It *will* be a shame if they can't stop the fire before it reaches that dear little cottage."



THE HONEYMOON.

"OH, JACK, IF WE GET SAVED, WE'LL TAKE THIS BACK AND HAVE IT MADE INTO A ROCKERY."

"Mr. Justice Du Parcq, the Vatican Judge, yesterday made absolute thirty-nine decrees nisi."—*Daily Paper.*

The POPE should have something to say about this.



Famous Sleuth. "LOOK, SIR EUSTACE! I HAVE FOUND A CLUE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. THE MURDERER MUST HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM EXCESSIVE CEREBRAL EXCITEMENT. HE HAS THROWN AWAY THIS CIGARETTE PACKET AND FORGOTTEN TO REMOVE THE COUPONS."

The Ice Breaker.

IT was so long since I had dined with little Mrs. Cazenove that I was promoted to a place beside her. Not on the right, I admit, but flatteringly near.

"Do you notice anything strange?" she asked after the guest of honour had released her. At half-time, so to speak.

"I don't think so," I said.

"Nothing that wasn't here before you began to make excuses, affecting to be the most *répandu* man in London? Look carefully."

"Look at what?" I asked. "Not at the walls. You never have any new pictures."

"No, not at the walls. At the table."

"It isn't a new dinner-service?" I asked.

"No, it's not," she replied.

"The gold plate being kept for more important occasions," I added. "New glass?"

"No."

"New furniture-polish?"

"No."

"Very well then, I give it up, unless you mean the butler."

"In a way, yes," she said, "but only in a way. Something else. Something more static than a butler. You're not so observant as you used to be."

This hurt me. It is the kind of remark that always hurts. One hates to be charged with any kind of deterioration.

I therefore scrutinised again, with fury.

"No," I said at last.

"What about the menus?" she asked.

"Oh, I was carefully not alluding to them," I said. "They're so vilely spelt. I was surprised at your letting them go on the table at all. In fact, if anyone has lost the sense of observation. . . ."

Little Mrs. Cazenove laughed her merry laugh.

"Why," I went on, "I was terrified you'd hear, but, do you know, my partner on the left noticed that bloomer about 'Parmentier'—spelt with a final 'e,' and an acute accent, if you please—almost before we had sat down and drew my attention to it, and then we spotted several other mistakes too."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Cazenove, "I know. I was listening."

"You were engaged with your guest on the other side," I reminded her.

"Of course I was," she said, "but I was listening to you as well; that's why we have two ears—didn't you know that?"

"I thought it was to balance," I said, "and because two earrings are prettier than one."

"No," she said, "it's for hostesses to know what's happening. I was delighted."

"Delighted?"

"Of course, because it was intentional. It all grew out of the new butler, who (like most of us) fancies his French. The first menu he prepared, the evening after he came, was so funny that everyone was in fits. So, like the theatrical managers, I 'kept it in,' and now we have mistakes all the time, and people begin to talk at once, just as you and your partner did."

"But doesn't he mind?" I asked.

"I think he was a little sore at first," she said, "but you see it's not as if he had only one source of pride. He fancies himself as a French scholar, but he

fancies himself as a humorist too. Lots of people who are not really funny do, you know. So when he sees the guests laughing, he forgets that his linguistic powers are being slighted and thinks only of his success as a jester. And what are we going to eat next?" she asked.

"'Quailles au raisins,'" I said. "Better than they're written, I hope. But I'm in no doubt, because

'Chez Dupont
Tout est bon.'

Or, of course, in this house, 'toute.'"

E. V. L.

The Kid.

On the ground-floor below us live the Browns. They keep a large dog, a parrot, two permanent cats (and kittens which come and go), a goat and, at present, a kid. And they have brought up this menagerie on pseudo-Montessorian lines.

No force, no persuasion even, is used to make any of their pets acquire unnatural habits merely for the convenience of the human beings whose roof they share. No, they are chartered libertines, wandering where they list, developing and expressing their goaty or their canine egos in their own sweet parroty or feline ways.

As our common garden is small, they prefer, on the whole, to live in the house, though we remain firm in refusing them the run of our flat. We cannot always exclude the cats, who object strongly to the Browns' vegetarian habits and steal our meat in consequence. But we draw the line at goats in the bedrooms and parrots in the bath.

Still, to reach our quiet haven our visitors must make their way through the wild undisciplined fauna of Brownland. They are barked at furiously by the dog and butted by the goat. They are mocked by the parrot, and generally they startle the kid, who, skidding frantically on the linoleum, is sure to bring some bric-à-brac crashing down to add to their feeling of embarrassment at the unexpected uproar their harmless or even diffident intrusion has provoked.

It was about this kid that Brown came to me the other day. It had a distended appearance, he said.

I suggested that it might be due to the pyjama legs of mine which it had partially consumed when they were drying on the line. But Brown thought that would have done no harm. It digested anything like that with ease, he said. Besides, its temperature was 103.

I suggested a vet. But Brown said no. If only I could spare him a little brandy (the Browns are teetotal) and wouldn't mind fetching some ice in the car (the Browns do not keep a car), Brown was sure he could treat it. Goats were very human, he said. Stimulant for the heart, an ice cap and a hot-water bottle for the feet (two hot-water bottles I pointed out) and it would be as right as rain.

I am not one to stand by and let a kid die, even though it eats my pyjamas and attacks me in the rear when I am telephoning. So I produced our brandy and drove two miles in the car in search of ice.

When I returned Brown reported that the brandy was making the kid very frisky. He was giving it a tablespoonful every hour. He thanked me for the ice and hurried off.

Later in the afternoon I saw the patient myself. It was wearing an ice cap and was sleeping off the effect of about half-a-pint of expensive brandy which, Brown assured me, it had enjoyed immensely. But as its temperature was still 103 I persuaded Brown to ring up the vet.

A quarter-of-an-hour later Brown brought me back the remains of our brandy. He was very greatly relieved, he said. He had rung up the vet., who said that 103 was the normal temperature for a kid.

But that is Brown all over.



Boy (on his first trip to the seaside). "OH, MUM, AIN'T THERE NO DUCKS TO FEED?"



Man on Fo'castle Head (to Lighthouse-keeper). "*You* AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO MOAN ABOUT. THE LIGHT 'S STILL BURNIN' BRIGHTLY AN' ALL 'S WELL."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Fabian Duet.

IT is perhaps grotesque to suggest that Mrs. MARY AGNES HAMILTON'S charming, equitable and well-informed view of Lord PASSFIELD and his partner reads like a semi-scientific monograph on a couple of rare pets. But that is my impression of *Sidney and Beatrice Webb* (SAMPSON LOW, 10/6), though it does not in the least detract from the sense that justice has been done to a brace of unique careers. Soundly aware that the WEBB type of Socialism —deliberate, benevolent and scientific—is particularly disfavoured by a passionate, selfish and irrational post-war world, chivalrously resenting the relegation of its principals to such unscrupulous caricaturists as H. G. WELLS, their reluctantly-authorised biographer has produced a chronicle that is primarily an appreciation. It is an appreciation not only of its subjects but of the Socialism they stand for, of their own unceasing and disinterested work and of that of their allies, Fabian and otherwise. All Mrs. HAMILTON'S fervour cannot help these seeming hopelessly and (for those who pin their faith to a more human world) happily outmoded. But of what may, if we are fortunate, inspire us yet, I should particularly wish to stress the rare utterances on education.

David Remembers.

Chance has willed that the death of Lord GREY should coincide with the publication of the *War Memories of David Lloyd George* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-), in which the Welsh Wizard pours out the vials of his unmerited scorn upon GREY, alike as statesman and man. Another of the many men attacked in these intemperate pages is the man to whom of all men L. G. himself owed the most—Lord OXFORD AND ASQUITH. Certainly years of political inaction have not softened L. G.'s caustic tongue or taught him to pass less sweeping judgments upon men and their actions. In common with so many memoirists of the Great War Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not enhanced his reputation by his literary outpourings. An air of omniscience after the event ill befits a statesman of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S international reputation and outstanding ability. Perhaps I am expecting too much of a great War Minister in asking him to be an impartial historian of the war which he conducted with such brilliant success. Certainly Mr. Punch unerringly emphasized the then Minister of Munitions' real service to his country in a famous cartoon (reproduced fittingly as frontispiece here) entitled "Delivering the Goods." That, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE unquestionably did fifteen years ago far more successfully than in these controversial memoirs.

The Newest Idol.

It was Mr. ST. JOHN PHILBY who started the cult of the Wahabi King, and now we have Mr. KENNETH WILLIAMS writing a panegyric of *Ibn Sa'ud* (CAPE, 8/6). The facts are, on the whole, fairly set forth, but nothing is added to Mr. PHILBY'S tribute. I personally cannot understand this hero-worship; I could name tens of persons still living more worthy of admiration than this desperado of the desert, as Mr. WILLIAMS in another mood might aptly term him. The author says he is aiming at a popular presenta-

tion of his hero. It must be said that the presentation is too popular altogether. The style adopted is excitable and sensational. It stuns by its perpetual insistence on matters of little moment and it demands far too many notes of interrogation. Mr. WILLIAMS goes wrong at the very beginning with his sub-title, "The Puritan King of Arabia." This leads him inevitably to designate IBN SA'UD the "Arab Cromwell." Let us be quite clear in our minds that there is no resemblance whatever. IBN SA'UD has not even a wart on his nose.

A Romance of Birds.

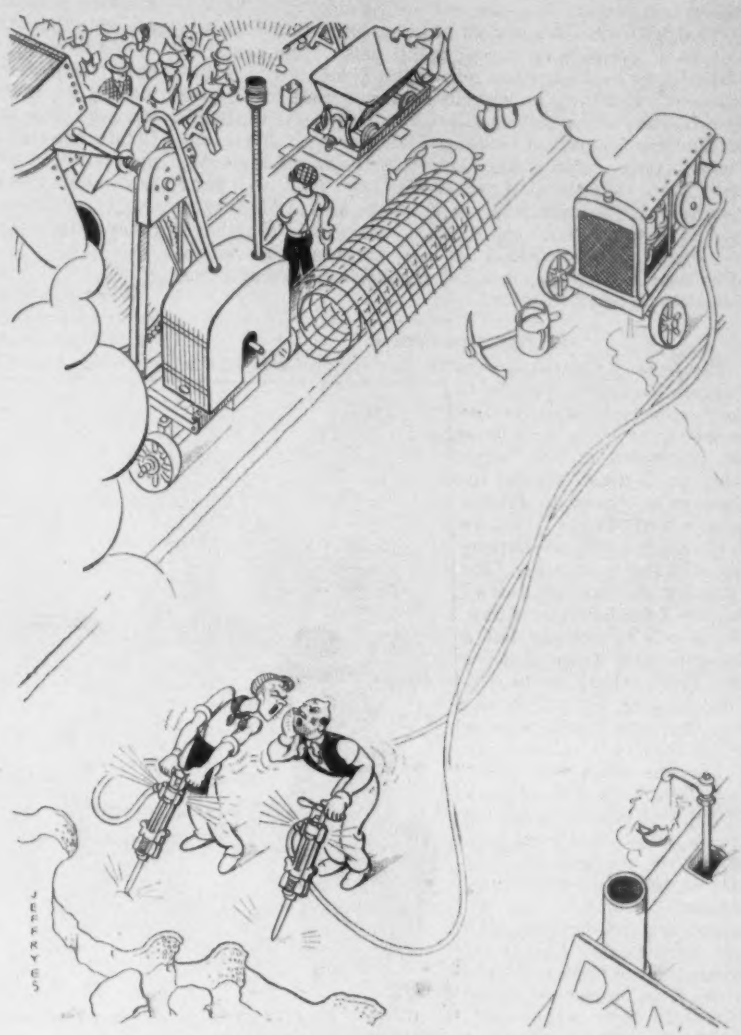
By DELAMAIN, from GOLLANCZ, is
The Days and Nights of Birds;
It knows no natural histories
But tells in limpid words
What the poetic eye would see
Of birds the seasons through,
And what a many birds there be
To give our hearts unto.

We see the starlings come to roost
When frost is in the air,
We see the April bustards joust,
The frolic lapwings pair;
We see—a lovely interlude—
A kingfisher and mate
Woo, lay, hatch-out and launch a brood
In business while we wait.

This book that 's been my happy lot
Is taken from the French,
I won't consider (since I 'm not
A Beak upon a Bench)
If all it says is warranted,
But this I judge indeed
That it remains, when all is said,
Delightful stuff to read.

Homage to Beethoven.

Facit indignatio versum. Herr RICHARD SPECHT's reply to the belittlers of BEETHOVEN's genius—especially to one writer who recently declared that his pathos was "becoming a drug in the market"—is cast in prose but is lyrical in its fervour. He does not give us a formal biography or a critical estimate of BEETHOVEN's works, but a series of studies of different phases of his life and character, with vivid portraits of his patrons and friends and the women who influenced and inspired him. He does not gloss over BEETHOVEN's weaknesses, but holds them to be inseparable from his dæmonic strength. No claim is made to independent research; the volume is addressed to the plain man—not even to the expert. No mention is made in the text of the monumental *Life* by THAYER, or of other biographies; the materials are drawn solely from BEETHOVEN's letters and sayings, contemporary reminiscences, diaries and verbal tradition. The omissions are deliberate, and in view of the scheme of the work, justifiable, and for one of them we cannot be too grateful—the refusal to conform to the fashionable craving for physiological details which has disfigured so many recent musical biographies. In fine *Beethoven as he Lived*, by RICHARD SPECHT (MACMILLAN, 15/- net) recalls by its eloquence and passion the aim of the Eroica Symphony as expressed in the dedication—*per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran uomo.* The excellent English translation is from the pen of the late Mr. ALFRED KALISCH, one of the best equipped and most genial of our musical critics, and the book is dedicated "in loyal admiration" to RICHARD STRAUSS, once the *enfant terrible* of the musical world, and now relegated by extremists to the ranks of back numbers.



"BEEN FIGHTING SOMEBODY, BILL?"
"YUS, IT WAS ME BARBER. HE ASKED ME IF I 'D LIKE A VIBRO-MASSAGE."

Back-to-the-Land in Japan.

A hundred-and-fifty editions of *A Grain of Wheat* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) have appeared in the original Japanese, and the novel's author, TOYOHIKO KAGAWA, is a Christian and a social reformer. His story here is a story of Japanese labour, maddened in the East as in the West by economic congestion; and its hero, the lad *Kakichi*, comes from a typical family of down-and-outs. The tale of *Kakichi's*

unregenerate days as a sweated and dishonest employé is related with the Hogarthian head-shakings immemorially due to a 'prentice on the downhill path. The brand of Christianity he discovers is remarkable chiefly for its nebulousness. But the circumstances and actors of his strange world, above all his travels with a fortune-teller of Christian tendencies, are capital reading; and, the crest of his conversion once surmounted, his story gains in strength, unity and eloquence. Love of God, the land and your neighbour is the mainspring of its adventures. "It is only because men are too eager to make money that they have no work." To all whom it may concern—and which of us does it not?—I commend *Kakichi's* verdict and the measures he takes to reverse it.

A Pleasure-Cruise.

The *Dean of Carminster* had to give two lectures on the Augustinian Canons Regular to the members of the Anglo-Slav Society in order to qualify for the possession of his "single cabin on B deck" during the *Espinosa's* journey to Pridacs (pronounced "Pricks"); but for all the readers who accompany him, with the assistance of "Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S" *Angel's Adventure* (METHUEN, 7/6), it will be nothing but a pleasure-cruise from first to last. There is the glorious misunderstanding by which the *Dean's* mission for the reunion of Christendom is taken to be for his own union with *Angel Finnisterre*; there is *Angel's* own self-imposed mission which led her—in imitation of what happened some years ago in Italy—to shoot *Korövićs* (pronounced "Crutch"), the Albanian brigand-dictator, who was defying the League of Nations. Then there is *Angel's* rescue from prison and the delirious fight with deck-chairs and quoits which ended her adventure; and altogether the story is fun from beginning to end. Every reader will long to hear that the *Dean* has taken ship again.



Visitor. "WHO IS THE OTHER MAN UNDER THE CAR HELPING GEORGE?"
Wife. "THERE ISN'T ONE. GEORGE ALWAYS WEARS ODD SOCKS FOR A JOB LIKE THIS."

Quicksilver Fountains.

In spite of the irritating bunkum with which it is heralded in the introduction, his latest dream of the future is distinctly the most arresting piece of constructive literature that Mr. H. G. WELLS has recently flung forth. In *The Shape of Things to Come* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6), his imagination and his impishness alike are splashed more ponderously and more flashingly perhaps than ever before. This volume purports to be a paraphrase in present-day speech of a history actually written when labouring humanity, after suffering the utmost ravages of war and pestilence and decline, and after discarding most of the faiths and affections that make life worth while, had at last won through to a future, *circa* A.D. 2100, where all the members of a crimeless World State, speaking a language founded on "basic English," are unified as a whole as perfectly as the elements of a branching coral. There are, to be sure, a hundred things in this book that one regrets and passes by, realising that since Mr. WELLS is the writer such lapses are bound to occur, yet, though the unnecessary attacks on the only institution—the League of Nations—at present making for that World State that it is so much easier to envisage than to achieve strike one as particularly unfortunate, none the less I think the author's pessimism as to the next few decades need not be too seriously regarded. Taken as a whole this is an amazingly illuminating commentary on the muddles and crises, the vague conferences, mushroom dictatorships and purposeless warrings of the day.

Interruption.

When *Jim Franklin* was stabbed to death a few minutes before his wedding, no fewer than six or seven people might either have committed the crime or been concerned in it. With this bevy of suspects *Michael Kilday*, Sergeant of the New York Homicide Bureau, proceeded to deal, and some of us who read *The Wedding March Murder* (STANLEY PAUL, 7/6) may be a little surprised by his methods. Indeed the picture Mr. MONTE BARRETT gives of this Sergeant does not make me anxious to become intimately acquainted with the American police. The tale, however, will give followers of mystery fiction an opportunity to solve an alluring and difficult problem.

A Rogue and his Victim.

In *The Two Undertakers* Mr. FRANCIS BEEDING revealed a master's hand in directing an exciting chase, but, although *The Emerald Clasp* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) contains sensational incidents, it derives its main interest more from psychology than from thrills. Perhaps it would have been easier to sympathise with *Rosamund Shipley's* infatuation for *Guy Harden* if his lack of loyalty had not been so quickly and conspicuously displayed. Love certainly made her very blind. Nevertheless *Rosamund's* struggle against disaster calls for both admiration and pity, and her tragedy works up to an effective end.

Materia Medica.

Mr. Punch identifies himself gladly with *Mr. Punch Among the Doctors* (METHUEN, 5/-), a collection of illustrated jokes depicting humorous situations between doctor and patient. These drawings, which are now on show in the Provinces, cover the period from 1846 to the present day and include the work of nearly all the best-known *Punch* artists.

"9 p.m.—Garlic songs sung by the Inverness Choir."
B.B.C. Programme.

An item that should come over strongly.

"'I have read "Napoleon Passes" with continuous loud cheers."—H. G. WELLS.'"—*Publisher's Catalogue.*

So that was the frightful noise we heard coming out of the Reform Club.

Charivaria.

"WHAT happens to old London taxi-cabs when they leave the streets?" asks a critic. They don't.

***

Girls of to-day are not what they were twenty years ago, says a novelist. Some of them perhaps are quite ten years older.

***

The Italian side of Mont Blanc is named Mount Mussolini. Nevertheless it still insists on wearing a white shirt.

***

"I like work," said a witness at a police-court. With encouraging remarks such as these we are afraid the thing will go on.

***

Eighteen authors were said to be staying at one small seaside resort this summer. One theory is that they were collaborating in writing a revue.

***

A Hollywood film actress threatens to throw up her contract because she was asked to assist in moving a property farm-cart. Which shows the folly of hitching your star to a waggon.

***

The present fashion is for shorter honeymoons. But more of them.

***

A critic says of a musical comedy actress that she is without a peer. Owing to the brisk demand there are probably not enough to go round.

***

Correspondence in a weekly paper has disclosed that there are enough locks of NAPOLEON'S hair in existence to make wigs for every living Dictator.

***

A number of Paris policemen are to be taught English. But is nothing being done for the convenience of American visitors?

***

Two Portuguese babies, an uncle and a nephew, born within an hour or two of each other, have been mixed by a careless nursemaid, and the parents do not now know which is which. The only thing to do is to wait and see which one tips the other first.

***

"Many bachelors wish they had a pretty, helpful wife," states a writer. So do many husbands.

***

According to an official report on the brickmaking industry, there is an increasing demand for brightly-coloured bricks. To be dropped by bright young people.



"YOU AIN'T NEVER SATISFIED. I GOES TO THE JUMBLE-SALE AND BUYS YOU A REAL NICE FOOTBALL JERSEY FOR FOURPENCE AND YOU AIN'T A BIT GRATEFUL."

A statistician says that two can live comfortably on five shillings' worth of food a week. Two what? Mice?

***

A number of diamonds were found in a dustbin in Park Lane recently. Evidently they had been worn once or twice.

***

Muffin-bells, we learn, are cast at an old-established foundry in Whitechapel. It would be interesting to know where the muffins are cast.

***

People on Heathfield Estate, between Twickenham and Feltham, says *The Evening News*, are asking for a Southern Railway station. If they haven't their eye on one already we should suggest letting them have Charing Cross.

***

"Care should be taken now when walking under trees, as it is possible to be almost stunned by a chestnut," says a daily paper. The same applies to attending music-halls and listening to certain comedians.

***

A London police inspector has just married a London policewoman. We understand that the bridegroom decided to go quietly.

***

"America," says a New York message, "has become a land of beer-gardens." As a change, we suppose, from being a land of bear-gardens.

***

Herr HITLER is said to have ordered a consignment of cars fitted with sunshine roofs. To facilitate saluting, we presume.

***

"It is quite a fallacy that all women are cats," says a writer. Everybody knows that a cat makes its fur coat last a lifetime.

***

A Boston, U.S.A., Court has ruled that a woman need not wear red flannel petticoats. That makes it unanimous.

***

Two Mexican tribes have been at war for hundreds of years. And without producing a single book of war memoirs.

***

An expedition has left for West Africa with the sole purpose of filming the giraffe. Neck or nothing.

"LANDSLIDE AT CAPETOWN.
FLAT TENANTS LEAVE 15 MINUTES BEFORE."
Headline in Cape Paper.

They might have been flatter still if they had waited.

Pillars of the Constitution.

"Lord Huntly, who is only second to Viscount Halifax in regard to age, has sat in the House of Lords longer than any pier."
Lincs. Paper.

Umpleigh Revisited.

SWEET Umpleigh, where my childish lot was cast!
How swift the memories of the distant past
Come thronging as with eager feet I trace
The ancient paths where now, alas, no face
Responds to mine with beckoning smile nor nod
After a lapse of thirty autumns odd!
Sweet Umpleigh, still unaltered as of old
(Save in some minor ways that shall be told),
Still stands, for those who have the eyes to search,
The graveyard of thy long-unneeded church;
Still flows the stream where once of yore it flowed,
Though poisoned by the factories on the road—
The road that used to be a winding lane
Turned by Time's hand into a pitch-dark plain
Where huge industrious lorries snort and toss
And neither young nor old may dare to cross!
Still stands the cottage that I loved the best
Used as a road-house and renamed "The Nest."
Still stands the storied pile upon the hill
Where once the old Squire reigned. Delightful still
The grounds where I was privileged to roam,
Though now the mansion is a Mental Home.
I mark the knoll where sprang the fir-tree clumps,
Transmuted to a grove for petrol pumps;
The inn where weary labourers used to drink
Rebuilt, with a large annexe made of zinc,
Beneath whose shade shy charabangers feed
And the loud wireless serves their constant need.
I mark the smithy (strong old swart-haired Jones!)
New-started as a store for gramophones;
The village grocer's, filled with tins, and fair
With no-backed bathing-suits and underwear;
The sweet-shop—ah, how many a time would I
Steal there to purchase toffee on the sly!—
What memories it recalls! And, oh, how long
Has it been called Ye Tudor Restaurant?
How long across the hillside, tower by tower,
Has climbed the rank of pylons, yielding power?
How long, I wonder, has the village green
Become a garage with a small canteen?
Whence came the gasworks? And what potent charm
Has changed these meadows to a sewage-farm?

Dear Umpleigh! where I wandered as a child
In verdurous shades from all the world enisled,
Knowing each stile, each field, each rick, each cow,
It takes some skill to recognise thee now!
Scarce had I stayed to contemplate this view
Or mark the well-loved nooks that erst I knew,
Had I not seen the emblazoned notice shine,
"DEAD SLOW THROUGH UMPLEIGH," as a motoring sign.

EVOE.

An Imperative Apology.

"Mr. —— and Mme. —— . . . The latter has two attractive grown-up daughters, though this, from her looks, is hard to believe."
Caption under Photograph in Periodical.

"Commander, R.N., and wife offer Board-residence; comfortable double and single rooms; baths ad lib., personally supervised; from 2gns."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We can manage alone, thank you.

"'Wrong,' ejaculated a German-American where the words 'supervision' and 'fraction' cropped up. 'The words should be "control" and "part,"' he said. 'Ta,' came in a chorus from other Germans sitting behind him."—*Daily Paper.*

Don't mention it.

The Eligible Bachelor.

THERE was once a Very Eligible Bachelor. He was so eligible that it seemed as if he would make the Ideal Husband. His name was Peter Carmichael, and he was tall, broad and very Handsome. His Income was also very Handsome, and a great many girls admired it Immensely.

Peter Carmichael was looking round for a Wife. He wanted one who would make his home Beautiful, not only with her Presence, but with her Ways. For Peter had an Artistic Eye, and his taste in such things as Cushions, Curtains and Flowers was very high.

He also wanted a wife with Cheerfulness, Kindness and Unselfishness in her Character; for he held that no marriage could be Successful without These. Therefore he planned a Test for the girls he chose as being Lovely Enough to compete for Him.

He tested Charlotte first. He wrote to her asking her to Dine with Him on Thursday, and afterwards they would go to the First Night of *Who Said Sugar?* and later still to the newest Night Club, the Rag-Tag. It would be an Evening to Boast About for any girl. Charlotte was delighted to come.

When Charlotte arrived, dressed in a new Silver Frock with No Back, but quite a little bit of Front, Mrs. Higgs, the Housekeeper, opened the Door of the Very Posh Flat. She begged Miss Charlotte to Enter, and added that Poor Mister Carmichael was Not Feeling Very Well. Charlotte went in and Sat Down to Wait for her Host. She did not notice that there were a Great Many Flowers in the Room, nor did she Bother to put a Crooked Picture straight.

She simply sat still and Looked Lovely.

"Good evening, Charlotte," said Peter, coming Languidly into the room. "I am Sorry to have kept you Waiting, but I was Lying Down with one of my Bad Heads. I Do Hope that *Who Said Sugar?* will not be a Noisy Revue, for I certainly Feel Blue."

But Charlotte was Not Going to give up her Gay Evening to Hold His Hand and Sympathise. She Dissembled very Sweetly, however, and Made it Appear that it Would Do Him Good to go out.

"Cheer up, Old Fowl," she said. "A Gay Evening will Liven You Up. It is Just What You Want."

Poor Charlotte! She did not know that she was Getting Very Low Marks in her Test. She had Nought for Kindness, and Nought for Unselfishness, and, Strangely Enough, Nought for Cheerfulness, although she was Cheerful Enough for two in her Raillery and Laughter.

"What do you think of My Flowers?" Peter asked in the Middle of Dinner. Now he had arranged these Very Artfully. There were Yellow Chrysanthemums and Mauve Michaelmas Daisies in a Fat Blue Vase. There were Blazing Marigolds in a Bright Pink Jar; and there were Bronze Chrysanthemums in a Green Bowl. The first of these seemed Most Delightful to Peter. The second seemed Atrocious Beyond Belief; and the third Merely Ordinary.

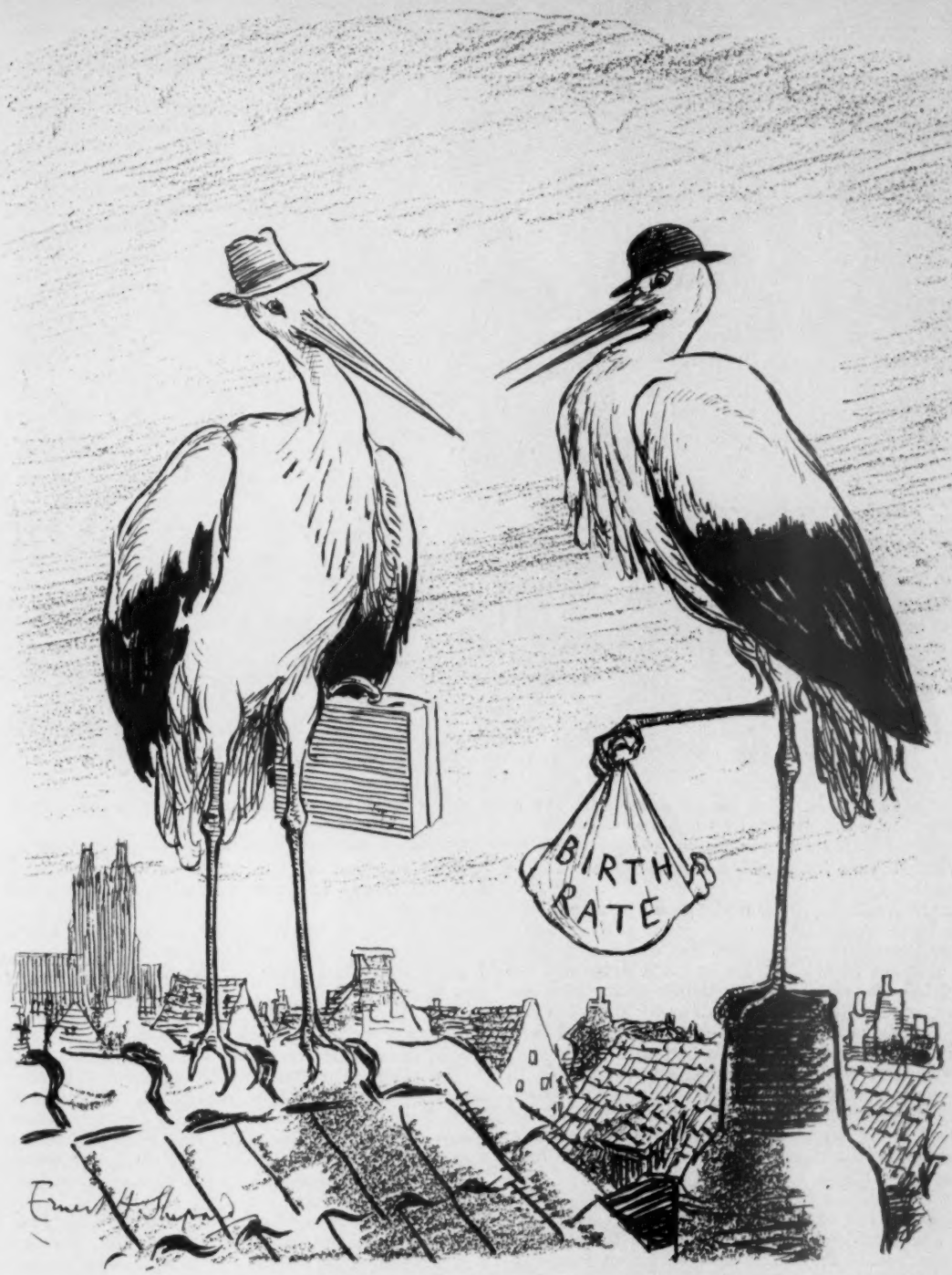
But Foolish Charlotte Lumped Them All Together and replied, "Old Fowl, I Didn't Notice Them."

Peter Shuddered with Distaste, and Charlotte Patted his Hand Sympathetically.

"You've Got a Chill or Something," she said. "You must Stay in Bed to-morrow."

"I Really Think I ought to be in Bed Now," replied Peter, giving Charlotte One More Chance to win Full Marks for Kindness, for she was Certainly Very Lovely, and he almost felt willing to Overlook other things such as Good Taste.

But Charlotte was Not Having Any. She was not going



FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

FIRST TRAVELLER. "HOW'S OUR LINE GOING IN ENGLAND?"

SECOND TRAVELLER. "NOT SO WELL. BUT THEY'RE OFFERING MARVELLOUS INDUCEMENTS IN GERMANY, ITALY AND FRANCE."

[Large numbers of storks have been ringed in Denmark during the past fifteen years in order to ascertain more exactly by what routes they fly.]



"THAT WOULD BE YOUR THRAIN, SORR. IT'S THE ONLY WAN TO-DAY; BUT THERE'S TIMES SHE DO BE LEPPING THROUGH LIKE THAT, WIDOUT YE WHISTLE ON HER."

to Mother Peter or Fuss Him Up, she was going to *Who Said Sugar?*

"Come Off It, Darling," she said. "Don't be such a Wet Blanket. Come on and Be Gay."

So Peter Gave Up trying to Test Her, and having Quite Decided that she Would Not Do as his Wife because she was not Kind, Cheerful, Unselfish, Artistic or anything else Necessary, and could not even Put a Picture Straight when she saw it hanging Crooked, he entered Heart and Soul into Having a Gay Evening, and he Certainly had it.

After Charlotte he Tested Rowena, and she offered to Give Up going to the Theatre, but did it with a Bad Grace, so she was Crossed Off like Charlotte. Then there was Lucy, who Gave Up the Joy of his Company most Unselfishly, but asked him for the Tickets so that she Might Take Eric. And there were Others.

Then came Sallie, a Perfect Dream of Beauty. Sallie was Wonderful. She exclaimed in delight over the Right Flowers, and Shuddered Delicately over the Wrong Ones. She put the Crooked Picture Straight, and even Suggested a New and Far Better Arrangement of the Cushions.

And she was Perfect in her Sympathy with Peter's Bad Head. She offered At Once to Give up her evening's Pleasure.

"I was looking forward to it So Much," she said, "but I could not Enjoy it if you were Feeling Ill all the time. Let us give up Our Outing and stay here Cosily by the Fire. I will even Read To You if you like, though it is a Thing I Hate."

Peter was Full of Joy. At last he had found the Right Girl. So, Gazing at her with Adoring Eyes, he asked her to Marry him.

"Although you Did Not Know It," he said, "I have put you through a Test to see What Sort of character you had. I think you would make our marriage Successful, so will you Marry me?"

"No," said Sallie, "I Won't. I simply Could Not Bear it."

Peter was so Taken Aback that he could not Say a Word; but, in any case, Sallie did not Let Him.

"I don't need to Put You Through a test to see what sort of Character *you* have," said Sallie. "It Sticks out All Over you. You are a Poor Mangy Creature who Complains of Bad Heads, and when I so Unselfishly offered to Sacrifice my Evening to You, you were Selfish enough to Accept. Also, although I hardly think Such Things Matter, what Appalling Taste you must have to Sit and Look Comfortably at those Marigolds in that Horrible Pink Jar! And I could tell you Many Other Things Too. But anyway, I'm not Taking On a Headache for a Husband, so put that in your Jade Cigarette-Holder and Smoke it if you can!"

And with that she Left the Flat, but Without Banging the Door, which made her All the More Desirable.

"The Garden of Eden, at Banham in Norfolk . . . will come under the hammer to-morrow. The freehold of five acres has a richly stocked garden, in which 3,000 apple trees are flourishing. The house is modern and not a copy of the Adam style."—*Daily Paper.*

Excellent; but could the serpent be disposed of separately?

How to Write an Indian Novel.

PUBLISHERS, we are often told, are not æsthetic philanthropists but people out to make money, by fair means (if possible), by foul means (if necessary).

So, if you want to succeed, you must write a novel on India. If you have no idea how it is done, read the following lines carefully.

First, think out a good title (something like "Fires of Hate" "Death of Love," "The Infatuated Raja," etc.), and add under it the sub-title that it is a "Novel of Indian Life." You must beg, borrow or steal a good atlas, and, if you have not forgotten how to handle it, you can easily find out where India is, and mark on it with a red pencil the following important places: Bombay, Calcutta, Hyderabad, Himalayas, Ganges, Indus, and North-West Frontier. This will give you the necessary topographical knowledge. After that you must cultivate the acquaintance of the following words (with their spellings): Hindu, Moslem, Brahmin, Crocodile, Bengal, Tiger, Shikari, Dak Bungalow, Jungle, Great Mutiny, Sahib, English Men Out Here, Maharajas, GANDHI, Congress, Child Marriage, Widows, Caste, My Servant, Chota Hazri, Tiffin. You can, with a little practice, learn to use these words in combination with the names of places you have already memorised from the atlas. Here is an important point that you must always remember. Never fail to use the words "Holy" and "Sacred" as often as possible. They can be used with almost every word in the list except Shikari, Dak Bungalow, English Men Out Here, Tiffin, Chota Hazri, and My Servant, with which you can always use the words "Mystery" and "Intrigue," a pair of words without which it would be absurd to dream of writing an Indian novel.

Now you may commence writing. Only remember that you must take care not to say all that you feel like saying. Though you can defend yourself most times on the ground that India is a country of diversities, conflicts and contradictions, yet you must be on your guard in regard to a few elementary facts. For instance, Bombay is not governed by a Raja, nor is Calcutta, nor Madras, nor a great many parts of India, and there is no Maharaja of India. Don't as far as possible let elephants or tigers be seen in the streets of Bombay. You are likely to feel the greatest difficulty with the names of persons. If you mind appearing ridiculous, you must take a little trouble to learn a few Indian names, together with the districts to which they belong. In a recent Indian novel the author has given the name Chattophadhyaya to a Tamil coolie of Madras. A blunder like this will give you a black mark that will stick to you like a mole. It is something like naming a native of Southern France, Von Epp, or a pure Russian, Angus McBride, or a red-blooded German, Scott O'Connor.

Of course these slips will not matter to a large number of your readers, who, you can safely assume, will not have heard of India. But there are a few who have seen India, and who will behave like madmen when they see such errors. They might blight your career by writing letters to editors. It is safer not to rouse them.

Bear these simple hints in mind and you can in good time, as many others have done before you, bury your jemmy and turn to a safe profession. And possibly in course of time you will come to be looked upon as an expert on Indian affairs.



AMERICA GREETS THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-LITTER LEAGUE.



Courtly old Gentleman. "AND PRAY CONVEY MY VERY KIND REMEMBRANCES TO YOUR ESTEEMED MOTHER."
Modern Maiden. "OKE!"

Good Idea for Geneva.

TO-DAY I despatched my Plan to Prevent War and Provide Employment to Geneva. It's very simple; but I dare say they will turn it down. All these odd proposals to abolish tanks, abolish submarines, reduce battleships, forbid bombing and so forth, are the merest trifling. My plan is this:—

Abolish Oil Fuel and the Internal Combustion Engine!

Simple, is it not? And effective. At one blow you make modern warfare impossible.

No aeroplanes.

No air-bombing or gassing from the air.

No tanks.

No motor ships.

No submarines.

No tractors.

No motor-lorries (supplies, ammunition).

No Generals' cars.

No Staff cars.

No wars.

Land-war will then return to the good old conditions of the past—infantry, cavalry, a little light artillery, horse-transport and the mess-cart. Large-scale operations will be impossible because of the difficulty of supply and the discomfort of the Generals.

The Navy will go back to coal, and the battleships, relieved of the submarines, bombing and most of the torpedo menace, will cost much less. Our mines will work full time again, and we shall no longer have to go to Persia for the fuel of the British Fleet. The range of ships will be reduced so that sea-battles (if any) will be more local and shorter. The ships, it is true, will be more messy again, but not so messy as they are after a battle.

Astonishing that the Disarmamentors should have been groping about all these years trying to cut down this horrible weapon and that without realising that nearly *all* the horrible weapons have been made possible by the internal combustion engine—and oil.

Who was it invented the darned thing? My friend, Dr. Rabbit, says that, apart from war, it is responsible for half the troubles and evils of the time. Noise. Nerves. Urban congestion. Unemployment. Agricultural depression. The spoiling of the countryside. We are a nation of chauffeurs now, all dashing about on oil from overseas. Abolish the internal combustion engine and we should all go about in home-grown vehicles propelled by home-made power. British horses, boats, barges, steamers, canals, rivers and railways, British coal and electricity, and boots.

Yes, I shall allow electricity. Electric railways for people in a hurry and the roads for the rest of us. Electric cars, I suppose—yes. But no noise or speed. Quiet, gentle electric cars, with gongs. (No motor-horns.) That will keep the car trade busy and the miner as well. The more speed the more unemployment. Remove the motor-plough and bring back the men. Cut out speed, bring back the horse on to the roads and the traveller to the railways. Imagine the London streets without motor-cars. No noise or fumes or danger. No motor-bandits. The horse, they say, is messy, though not so messy

as a motor accident. Perhaps we could confine the horse to the country (I would rather not myself) and have nothing but electric things in the towns. And rickshaws. Rickshaws for short journeys.

Some of this is a little vague, I admit, though not so vague as Geneva. But, as regards war, it is perfectly clear-cut. For a generation it would kill modern warfare dead. NAPOLEON said that an army marches on its stomach; and so it did in the old days. Or rather it marched on the ration-waggons and the mess-carts (horse-drawn) and the General's charger. Now it marches on the internal combustion engine, so it can march much farther. Without this horrible invention the Great War would have lasted about ten minutes and would have been much more enjoyable.

Eventually, no doubt, the busy inventors will produce electric aeroplanes and tanks and tractors; but by that time the world may have grown sane again and fit to be trusted with dangerous toys. It is not fit now.

I shall be told indignantly that "you cannot put the clock back." Why not? We are always putting the clock back—or trying to. Geneva and every other International Conference is an effort to put the clock back, that is, to prevent man from doing what the experience of the ages has enabled him to do. It is putting the clock back to stop a man from using poison-gas, big guns or bombs. It is putting the clock back to stop a man from carrying a revolver. The statesmen arbitrarily select some dangerous thing and say that it must be limited or prohibited. So do I. Only I am thorough and they are not. I should have said that it was putting the clock back to prevent people from growing wheat—which is a wholly inoffensive substance. But we have just agreed to do that. And if that is right there can be no logical objection to preventing people from growing a certain kind of engine which is one of the essential ingredients of a war.

We say that a man must not use a certain drink or drug because this may lead him to murder. To say that a nation must not use the I.C.E. because it leads to war is only a short step forward.

All other schemes for the limitation of armaments are based upon an obvious fallacy. *It is not weapons which are dangerous, but the mobility of weapons.* It does not matter to us how many bombs the enemy has in his own country. What we are afraid of is that he will bring them over here—and bring them quickly. We should not care how many tanks he had so long as he had to drag them about with horses.

Mine is the only scheme that faces that point. Moreover, it gets over many consequential problems—the problem of inspection, for example. It is very easy for a country to conceal armaments and bombs. But no country could conceal the fact that they were still using the internal combustion engine.

If my scheme is not sound then no other scheme is. And if you have another war, don't say I didn't warn you.

A. P. H.



BURGLARS DOWNSTAIRS.

"ALL WOMEN BACK TO THEIR ROOMS. I'M DEALING WITH THIS."

Getting to Grips with Nature.

"I WONDER what that one's called—the little purplish fellow with the spiky leaves?"

I hang my head and am silent, absorbed in the bitterness of the might-have-been. Through the long days and months of a boyhood spent in the country I must have had thousands of opportunities of learning the name of this spiky purple thing, yet now, when the time comes to turn my knowledge to advantage, I realise with a pang that there is nothing there to turn. Remorse for the wasted years sweeps over me afresh, as it has swept so many times before—whenever, in fact, some elementary question in natural history has been laid before me. For whatever you ask me, as we walk together hand-in-hand along the woodland paths or through the dewy meadows, you can safely bet your soaking-wet boots I shall not know the answer. But oh! how intensely, fiercely I shall wish that I did. There is a joy in imparting information of any kind, but there can be none, I have always felt, to equal that of putting people right about the simple facts of the countryside. To wave one's hand at some cluster of herbage on a bank and murmur "Polygala vulgaris" in a care-free way, to be on terms with the Chickweeds and recognise Stitchwort at a glance—this, so it has seemed to me, must be bliss indeed.

Besides, there's money in it. "Just now the hedges are aglow with Columbine and Hodman's Glory, and in the woodland dells the sweet little Chenopodium rears its snow-white head. . . ."—I could do a Nature Corner for the Sunday papers as easily as anything if only I could be sure that Columbine and Hodman's Glory were in flower at the same time, or, for the matter of that, that Chenopodium isn't really a brunette.

I mentioned all this, shyly, to Mrs. Polhatch, who told me that it was better late than never and why hadn't I ever thought of accompanying Mr. Polhatch on his country walks? Dear Bertie, she said, was a *great* naturalist and would only be too glad to tell me whatever it was I wanted to know. Dear Bertie was considered quite an *authority* on some kinds of wild flowers, she couldn't remember which kinds exactly, but it was all so *interesting* didn't I think? and he had once read a paper on something of the sort to some society or other which definitely shed *new light* on the subject. I simply must ask him to take me along and *point things out* to me.

And thus it fell out that Dear Bertie and I roamed together through the woods and fields in search of wisdom.

"Polygala vulgaris," he said, waving his stick at something in the grass. "A perennial."

"By Jove!" I said, and we passed on.

He showed me Frogbit, a tiresome plant, and Monkshood and Spiked Loosestrife, which has a gamosepalous calyx; he pointed out Origanum and Mimulus and Ragwort with its glabrous stem; he even rooted up Urtica and showed me its inferior perianth. But it was not until we came to Sundew, which belongs to the Saxifrage family, that I thought of anything else to say.

"Would that be the Norfolk Saxifrages or the Berkshire branch?" I asked, but he explained that when he said "the Saxifrage family" he meant "Saxifragaceæ," and immediately fell upon a specimen of Heracleum sphondylium to cover up my confusion.

"Here," he said, "we have a very interesting and instructive example of the Dicotyledons, division Calycifloræ."

"What does it do?" I asked.

Apparently it does very little, but its stem is fistular and terete, its leaves large, radical and cauline (with the blade pinnatifid or bipinnatifid), while its calyx is, to say the least, gamosepalous and superior. In addition it has terminal umbels, a polypetalous corolla and epigynous stamens, the latter crowned with ovate, bilocular anthers dehiscing longitudinally. The fruit is of course a cremocarp.

I kept quiet after that.

Hours later, as we stood at the parting of the ways, I plucked a final plant from the hedgerow. "And this?" I asked, dehiscing longitudinally.

He told me it was Fetid Hellebore, and was very touched when I set it, as a gesture of gratitude, in his buttonhole. It seemed to suit him somehow.

After my walk with Mr. Polhatch I came to a great decision. "Botany," I wrote in the book which I keep for the recording of my most profound and secret thoughts, "bores me. It is too static. Better drop it and take to the study of Wild Life instead, *e.g.*, habits of birds, stoats, etc."

Evening finds me prone among the bracken at the edge of a forest glade, all agog with expectation. The study of wild life, as everyone knows, is simply a matter of keeping still and waiting patiently; do that and the most amazing secrets of Nature will be unfolded before your eyes. Very soon, I think to myself as I lie there, the rabbits will come out to dance on the greensward, gambolling, leaping, tumbling one over the other and never ceasing from their blithesome play till suddenly—Thump!—the wise old sentry sounds an alarm with his powerful back-feet, and in an instant the glade is as silent and deserted as the tomb. But hardly has the last white scut vanished into the undercrub before a wily old stoat, intent on his murderous game, comes swiftly and silently into the open. The eternal tragi-comedy of night-life in the woodlands has begun.

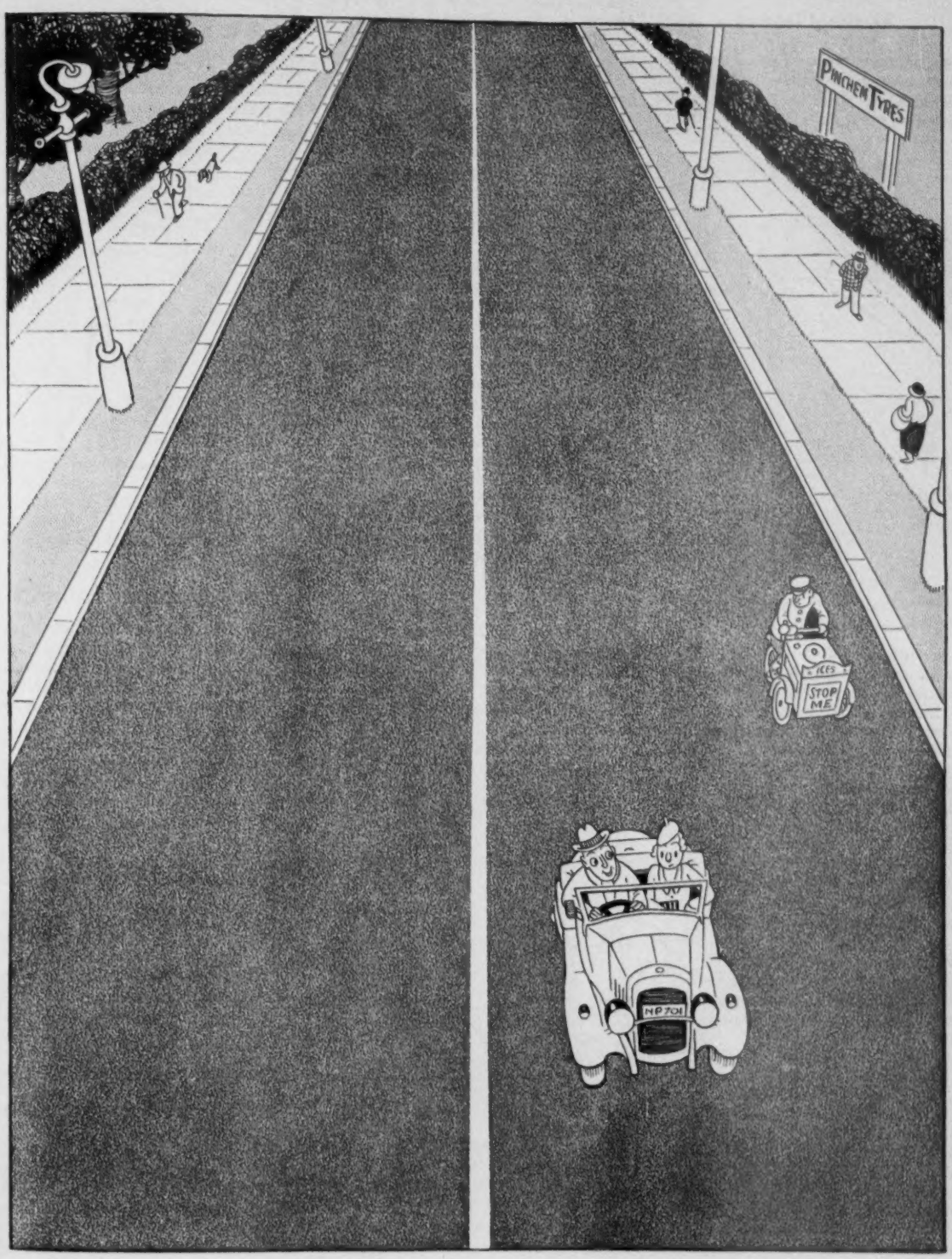
What else shall I see? An adder and a hedgehog fighting out the age-old struggle for supremacy? A fox and a polecat locked in mortal combat? Badgers and so on lumbering home to supper? Perhaps if I keep very still a nighthawk will come and lay its eggs in my hat. It is all tremendously exciting. . . .

Three hours have passed and I am sick at heart. I have seen no rabbits. Not an adder, not a single stoat or hedgehog has passed before my eyes. My hat is as innocent of eggs as ever it was. Only the attentions of a myriad insects tell me that Nature's savage laws still hold sway in the forest. I rise in creaking agony to my feet and in a loud defiant voice announce my first General Law of Natural History, *viz.*, *All Natural History is Bogus.*

I feel much better now. H. F. E.

Le Rêve d'un Renard.

Endormi
Une fois
Dans un bois
J'ai ri!
Comme j'ai ri!
Car j'ai rêvé
Que je chassais
Les hommes
Comme
Les hommes
M'ont chassé.
Mais—éveillé,
Agacé
(À terre descendu),
J'ai entendu
Peureusement
Un aboiement,
Et le cor
De la Mort.



Beginner. "THERE! YOU SEE, ETHEL, I GOT PAST QUITE EASILY. AFTER ALL IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF KEEPING ONE'S HEAD."

At the Pictures.

I SHOULD describe *Dinner at Eight*, the picture at the Palace, as one of the best straight films that we have yet had—by straight meaning a direct



WHEN TWIN SOULS COMMUNE.
Dan Packard . . . WALLACE BEERY.
Kitty Packard . . . JEAN HARLOW.

version of the play without any spectacular accessories or retrospective underlining. *Mr. Oliver Jordan* (played by LIONEL BARRYMORE) is, for instance, a shipowner in difficulties; but the temptation to show his vessels lying idle because they cannot obtain freight has been resisted. *Larry Renault*, the movie star and drunkard (played by JOHN BARRYMORE), explains to *Paula Jordan*, a girl infatuated with him, that his life has been marked by affairs with foolish admiring women; but we are spared the sight of a series of their clinging lips.

Possibly this economy of setting is due to the lavishness with which the company has been assembled. Whatever the reason, it is sound.

Recalling the play as I saw it in flesh and blood in this same Palace Theatre, I am disposed to think the film actors better. With one or two exceptions, and particularly IRENE VANBRUGH, who, as *Mrs. Oliver Jordan*, was far more like a climbing harassed hostess than BILLIE BURKE is. Comparisons, however, being odious, I will not pursue this theme, but will merely say that the screen cast of *Dinner at Eight* is not merely intensely stellar, but is intensely capable and brilliantly adequate. To assemble luminaries of the first magnitude is one thing; to get them to act together with the best results is another, and this other thing has been achieved. To begin with, let me say that the BARRYMORE Brothers have never surpassed this performance; LIONEL as the distressed shipowner, threatened not only by financial ruin but by syncope, and JOHN, the down-and-out charmer of women reduced by his craving for alcohol to beg loans from bell-hops.

It is an indication of the all-round excellence of the production to say that for the small part of *Max Kane*, the press-agent, so excellent a leading actor as LEE TRACY has been engaged, while as *Carlotta Vance*, who has little to do but must do it right, we have so conspicuous a celestial and terrestrial body as MARIE DRESSLER, who is usually making pictures of her own. But after the BARRYMORES the burden of the drama rests upon *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dan Packard*, and here we find performers as accomplished and also as desired in their own pictures as WALLACE BEERY (who adds to his great reputation every day) and JEAN HARLOW.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the film that has been made from FREDERICK LONSDALE'S comedy *Never Come Back*. It may not have been one of Mr. LONSDALE'S best efforts, but it had some distinction, whereas in the picture version, which is called *Just Smith*, you will seek for that in vain; an evaporation to some extent foreshadowed by the change of title.

Here the directness which is so noticeable at the Palace has been sacrificed to scenic effects, comprising the Casino at Monte Carlo; the deck of a yacht, where such realism is invoked that the testy *Lord Trent*, played by ALLAN AYNESWORTH, very nearly has his irascible brains knocked out by a



Smith . . . . . TOM WALLS.

seagull; the hunting-field (to allow, I suspect, the owner and trainer of April the Fifth to bestride a horse); and an English country house. But not all this background is of much service because divided purposes are always fatal.

The two purposes here are Mr. LONSDALE'S, who, as is his custom, wrote a comedy of modern manners, and Mr. WALLS'S, who has directed it and who as *Smith* dominates it as though it were farce.

The *Smith* of the play, in the hands of RAYMOND MASSEY, was superficially no crook but a slightly mysterious man of the world. From the first TOM WALLS'S *Smith* proclaims the fact that he is a dishonest adventurer, while his confederate, *Mortimer*, takes equal pains to look like a rogue. The result may be amusing but it is also disappointing. Mr. LONSDALE indeed were better out of it and a professional deviser of such imbroglios brought in.

One word of protest concerning the News reels. Is it in the real interest of anyone that they should offer representations of terrible disasters? The crashing and death by burning of an Italian airman—is that proper material for the screen? E. V. L.



OLD FLAMES.
Oliver Jordan . . . . . LIONEL BARRYMORE.
Carlotta Vance . . . . . MARIE DRESSLER.

My Hat.

I BOUGHT a hat, a felt hat, a hat devoid of jollity
With smugness in the crown of it and smartness in the brim—
A horrid and expensive hat—"You get it in the quality!"
The hatter said with arrogance: I disagreed with him.
It wasn't like a hat at all,
It wouldn't fold up flat at all,
I somehow could not chat at all
Beneath a brim like that.

I wore the thing and hated it, a hat without civility
To honourable garments with their roughly-mended rents;
My collar drooped unhappily, my trousers sagged humility
Beneath a brim that lately bore a slogan "*Super Gents.*"
No moths had come to nest in it,
No salmon-flies at rest in it
Had made me gaily dressed in it
Or labelled it "My hat."

I walked in it and weathered it and filled it, most defiantly,
With mushrooms from the meadows in the days before the War;
In time I gained the mastery, the brim was drooping pliantly
And never showed the difference when I wore it back to fore.
My gun-oil made it weather-tight
That once had been so "feather-light,"
It looked above the heather quite
A hat among its peers.

I wear my hat, an old hat, a faithful hat and merrier
Than any newly modelled for the "gentlemen of taste";
It's helped to train the Labrador, it still delights the terrier,
And every mark it carries makes a map that may be traced
Back to stubble in September,
Back to spinneys in December,
It can make a man remember,
It can conjure up the past.

I've worn and I'll be wearing it in spite of wifely bickering,
I've wintered it and summered it in sun and wind and rain,
From underneath the brim I've heard the drumming and the whickering,
The whirring and the tapping as I'll hear the same again.
I've sweated and I've bled in it,
And may I be found dead in it,
My unrepentant head in it,
Defiant to the last!



Doctor. "YOU GET SOME HEAVY TRAFFIC PAST HERE."
Ancient Invalid. "WE DO. I NEVER 'AS TO SHAKE THE BOTTLE."

Aunt Anne Wins a Crossword Competition.

"I FIND that my recent cruise has greatly stimulated the brain centres," wrote Aunt Anne learnedly on a post-card, "and I have decided to devote some of my surplus mental energy to the solution of Crossword Puzzles. I have purchased the necessary equipment and a sheet of penny stamps with which to make my 'claims,' as they call them."

* * * * *

I heard no more for a week or two and then an indignant letter-card arrived from Aunt Anne. "By all the Laws of Equity," she wrote, "I should at this very moment be furnishing a villa with two hundred pounds' worth of furniture before going for a Luxury cruise to 'Islands of Sunny Bliss,' and learning to ride a motor-cycle, besides placing two hundred and fifty pounds in my bank. The man is unscrupulous and shifty." (I gathered that "the man" was the unfortunate editor of the paper concerned). "Literature is no longer a profession but a trade, and a dirty one at that."

I wrote back sympathetically and told Aunt Anne that I had with my own eyes seen a Judge of the High Court crumple up the page of a newspaper which contained the solution of a Crossword Puzzle, at the same time making a noise indicative of contempt and disappointment.

* * * * *

Some days later I received a most cheerful letter from Aunt Anne.

"*Nil desperandum*," she wrote. (I found later that "the equipment" included a dictionary with Latin phrases at the end.) "I am determined to force that man to give me the prize in the early autumn at least. In the meantime I must say that I am receiving amazing kindness in quarters where I have not been accustomed to expect it. On calling on Mr. Grunch, our local tax-collector, with an instalment of my income-tax, he told me very pleasantly that another word for 'tax' in six letters was undoubtedly 'impost,' though he would not agree with me that it was a far more suitable name. Then the other day, on the station-platform, I saw the Bishop of Bundle, a man of a singularly severe and unapproachable demeanour. However, I had no time to lose as the train was signalled, and I asked him, 'Could you tell me another word in four letters for *chief*, in an ecclesiastical sense?' The man looked quite human and said at once, '*Arch*, my dear lady, *arch*. I wonder if you could tell *me* a word of seven letters beginning with "s" and ending with "r" to do with a race?' '*Starter*,' I shouted as the train roared in. 'My bus conductor told me that.' We parted with smiles of mutual respect.

"An annoying incident happened the other day," continued Aunt Anne's letter. "You will remember Mrs. Smith-Brightly, whose loganberry-jam you always like so much. She has lately taken it into her head that she is one of some lost tribes, and she begged me to go with her to a meeting on the subject. I was about to refuse when it struck me that I might perhaps hear some useful words in such connection, and off we went. After listening attentively to the first speech I decided that Clara's jam was better than her brains, and took out my Crossword Puzzle, which I filled in quietly and unobtrusively for the rest of the speeches. When the special speaker asked for questions I was the first to rise, and asked if he could tell me another word for Pyramid, in seven letters, if possible with 'y' in the middle. I believe the man was honestly trying to think when the chairman pulled his coat and whispered something, glaring at me at the same time. Then the speaker said nastily that he only wanted *relevant* questions, and I told Clara that I had had enough. I have not seen her since."



"THAT 'LL TEACH YOU TO SAY IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR FATHER!"

* * * * *

At last came a morning when I received a telegram, "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. King's Cross, 12.30."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," said Aunt Anne tersely as I opened the carriage-door. "'In due course.' The man is a bad loser—he must have Nazi blood in him. Why can't he send the money at once?"

"Wonderful," I said in the taxi, looking with awe at the little kettle-holder of words which Aunt Anne had marked in the paper with her name and address as winner underneath. "Were the words very difficult?"

"No more than usual," said Aunt Anne. "There was one word of four letters beginning with 'd' and ending with 'n.' It said 'A useful word.' Of course that gave me the clue at once. What is more useful than the humble darn? A 'useful word' most certainly. I filled it in and triumphed. But that no other competitor got it right puzzles me."

"And what are you going to do with the money?" I asked, "Another cruise?"

"Not this year," said Aunt Anne. "There will, of course, my dear, be a cheque for you."

I thanked her in some confusion, and she went on. "Then I am sending your second cousin James and his wife to Le Touquet for a fortnight. He has just been given a living."

"But what made them choose Le Touquet?" I asked.

"They didn't choose it," said Aunt Anne firmly. "*I* chose it. They wanted to go to some festival at Wells or Hereford, but I said 'Le Touquet or nothing.' They both tell me that they speak French. I gravely doubt it—they have never been out of the country, and I consider that the experience of speaking French at Le Touquet will teach James more humility than ten years at diocesan meetings. He and Edith will settle down more contentedly at Mud-on-Sea for having seen something of the world. It will be a pleasure to me to see them go, and an even greater pleasure to see them come back. I told them so, and they thanked me very nicely. They are all excitement now that they know that they have to go to Le Touquet."

"I suppose you have quite got into your stride with Crossword Puzzles, Aunt Anne?" I said respectfully.

"I shall never do another one," said Aunt Anne decidedly. "They have shown me a very seamy side of life. The prize was in my grasp countless times if the man had acted honourably, and now that I have taught him a lesson I shall devote the winter months

to the study of Italian. I hope to go to Italy next spring and it would be desperate indeed if I could say nothing to MUSSOLINI when I meet him, as I intend to do. I have posted my Crossword equipment to the Bishop of Bundle—he is probably getting his words out of tomes of the Fathers. It would be very satisfactory if he made enough to join the Italian cruise. It would do him as much good to meet MUSSOLINI as it will do James to meet a *douanier*."

"You think of everything, Aunt Anne," I said.

"When I see the Bishop's name in the paper as a winner I shall post him the booklet about the cruise," said Aunt Anne. "Life is largely what we make it."

Archimedes, the Common Soldiers and the Gentleman Ranker.

A Fable.

WHEN Syracuse had fallen and the Romans were about to Spoil the city, Archimedes deemed it Politic to show a Detached and Unprovocative bearing to the inflamed Roman Soldiery lest they, harbouring Painful memories of the Novel weapon which he had Invented for the Besieged, should Summarily do him mischief.

Archimedes accordingly withdrew to a Remote corner, and there in the Innocuous guise of a Sage lost in the Realms of the Abstract, he feigned to ponder over a problem in Very advanced mathematics which he had traced with his Finger in the Dust on the Floor; so that when, Presently, some Common Soldiers burst in upon him, the Hairiest cried out Impatiently to his fellows: "It is only a Wise Man; be Unwilling to waste time in Molesting him, and let us go after the Loot."

Now amongst the soldiers was a Gentleman Ranker who had been an Unsatisfactory alumnus at his Alma Mater, and after he had scrutinised Archimedes with Disfavour and growing Suspicion, he drew his sword Menacingly and asked (as if expecting the answer Yes): "Are you Archimedes?"

To this Archimedes replied: "I am indeed Archimedes. Do Not, however, do anything Rash. I know that you must be Experiencing a feeling of Exasperation at the success of my Engine for throwing Stones at your Vessels of War, yet I Confidently ask you to Spare me, Good Sir, for it would be Unbecoming in a Warrior to bear resentment for an Apparatus that easily comes within a Strict definition of Clean fighting."

"Personally," rejoined the Gentleman Ranker, "I was able to take your Engine all in Good part. It is the Sight of you that stirs my Bile, for I am reminded that the Glorious years of my Youth were Embittered by certain Text-papyri of which you are the Sole author. Your *Quadrature of the Parabola* I might possibly have Overlooked, but your *On Conoids and Spheroids* I can neither Forget nor Forgive."

Saying which he despatched Archimedes forthwith.

This Fable will Admonish those who Expose themselves to Implacable Resentment by their Efforts to improve the minds of the Rising Generations, that they should live in Seclusion, as did the Wise Man, Todhunter.



"AND YOU ARE JUST BACK FROM ICELAND? JENKINS—A HOT DRINK!"

"It is the view of many who have given some study to the subject that the transpetition between two systems—the premission problem will resolve itself into comselective box and the all-synchro-mesh. In the far future there may be other solutions."
Daily Paper.

We shall await them with interest.



A MIDSUMMER DAY-DREAM.

SOUVENIR DE CRANS.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XX.—Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension.

I 'VE got a girl I 'm mad about!
I 've got a girl. She 's grand!
She 's not a senseless gad-about;
No, she can understand.
I 've never seen her yet, girls;
She 's never yet seen me;
But somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
I know that girl must be.

Somewhere in the EINSTEIN Universe,
Out of your constricted beat,
Somewhere at the root of the Absolute
Is the girl I long to meet.
Far beyond your comprehension, girls,
Further than the eye can see,
Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
My sweetheart 's waiting for me.

Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
Further than the mind can stray,
Far beyond your comprehension, girls,
Many minute-miles away,
In a cosy little shack with a two-pair-back
Founded on the root of π
She waits to be kissed by a Relativitist.
And that Relativitist is I.

She 's not a frivolous gaby,
She 's not a brainless boob,
She 's my little space-time baby,
She 's my sugar-hyper-cube;
What though I must seek her far, girls—
Further than the world is wide,
Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
I 'll make that girl my bride.

Somewhere in the EINSTEIN universe,
Somewhere in the Hyper-sphere,
Far beyond the laws of Effect in Cause
I 've a space-date with my dear.
Vain is any intervention, girls,
Vain must your advances be,
Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
My sweetheart 's waiting for me.

Somewhere in the Fourth Dimension, girls,
Further than the mind can soar,
Heedless of the apprehension, girls,
Of my relatives-in- (EINSTEIN'S) -law,
In a cosy little niche with a neat bed-kitch.,
Cosy as a home can be,
She waits to be kissed by a Relativitist,
And that Relativitist means me, girls! Pip!
That Relativitist means me, girls! Hip!
That Relativitist means me.



THE MYSTERIOUS CIVILIAN.

FRENCH GENDARME. "SEE THAT FELLOW? I SUSPECT HIM OF CARRYING CONCEALED ARMS. I OUGHT TO SEARCH HIM."

P.C. JOHN BULL. "VERY LIKELY, MATE. AND I MUST SAY YOU SEEM TO HAVE RIGGED YOURSELF OUT FOR THE JOB PRETTY THOROUGHLY."



"I WANT A BARREL OF OYSTERS."
"WE CAN ORDER ONE FOR YOU, SIR, BUT WE GENERALLY RECOMMEND A TIN OF SALMON IF IT'S FOR IMMEDIATE USE."

Suburban Warblers.

THE Itinerant Musician thrives best in the suburbs of London; I know no other part of England that is so well favoured by this tuneful little creature. It cannot be a question of climate, for there are many other places where the prevailing weather conditions would be amenable to him. No, it is rather an instinctive sense that he can pick up an easy subsistence by following the path of civilization and making a harvest out of the waste coinage which men are so ready to discard from their pockets.

You may often see these birds in the early morning, perched beside the kerb, on the watch for such trifles to be forthcoming. A few of them will generally collect round the entrance to an Underground station at the time when workers are going City-wards. They have learned that City-goers will often throw out their superfluous copper currency on to the pavement.

These birds keep their song all the year round. It is a common sight to see a musician in one of the quieter suburban thoroughfares progressing slowly with his curious shambling gait, stooping from time to time, this way or that, to pick up a coin that has dropped from a window above.

From my *cache* among the curtains of a front-room I have watched a variety of species. Though certain habits are common to them all, I have noted several distinct cries.

The Lesser Common Trumpeter is among my more frequent visitors. He is an attenuated little creature with a wavering, uncertain note—not half so impressive as his larger brother, the Great or Bull-throated Trumpeter, who can easily be heard five streets away.

The Unsophisticated Organ-grinder is gradually becoming ousted by the bolder birds, a fate which I for one regret. His song is not unlike the field-lark's, for it has the same quality of coruscation, due to the running together of many small notes in place of a long sustained note. The effect is suggestive of tiny bubbles rising rapidly in a glass of soda-water.

Once a rare sight, the Kilted Bagpiper is quickly becoming acclimatised to our southern suburbs. I have seen as many as two in one afternoon, and recently I was gratified by the rare sight of a Hen-Piper.

It is a strange spectacle to see these birds strutting in the gutter with all the pride of their Northern ancestry. Their song is so different from that of other musicians that it is worth noting down. It might be rendered something like this:—

"Deedle Eedle Oodle Idle,
Urriadiddle Oodle,
Urriadeedle Doo."

Some species make a habit of returning daily to the same perch, where they will sit for an hour or more in full song. I have passed many times down a street at no great distance from my own where a Black-Hearted String-Scraper, or Passion Bird, as he is sometimes called, returns regularly to sing. Certain of those living in the neighbourhood who have never learned to love this mellow warbler are making efforts to dislodge him, on the ground that he impairs the quiet enjoyment of their tenancy. It is the duty of those who love our British suburbs to protect these little denizens of the outer metropolis. If necessary, a suitable sanctuary must be set aside for them. I suggest the Albert Hall.



Young Thing (at historic guest-house). "UNCLE, D' YOU THINK IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT TO ORDER COCKTAILS, OR WILL IT BE DESECRATING THE PERIOD?"

The Coming Groceress.

(Discussing the Grocers' Exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall last week a writer in "The Manchester Guardian" observes that "more girls than boys are taking to the grocery business as a career, and the girls are now champions in such 'heavy' classes as bacon beating and boning.")

FROM earliest youth my senses were enthralled
By the seductive charm of grocers' shops
("Italian warehousemen" they once were called
Before the days of Dagos or of Wops);
The magic of mixed biscuits never palled
Nor that of raisins, dates and chocolate drops,
And odours out of Araby the blest
With fresh-ground coffee easily the best.

As deans are independent in their deanery
And proudest prelates cavalierly treat,
Greengrocers still stand sheltered in their greenery,
They have their separate and salubrious beat;
But thanks to new preservative machinery
The greenless grocers can with them compete,
And bring refreshment to our thirsty throttles
With luscious fruits in tins and cans and bottles.

But the dominion over sweets and spices
Rested till lately in the hands of males;
To them from Oriental paradises
Great argosies consigned their precious bales;
Men sent out orders and men fixed the prices
And cunningly manipulated scales.
Now all is changed; in grocerdom we mark
The coming of the conquering matriarch.

'Twas bound to come, for ancient scribes confessed
That man's monopoly could not endure;
"Grocers," one wrote,* "are plentifully blest
With figs and raisins fitted to allure
Fair lasses" and inspire the female breast
With a determination to secure
Control of the one trade that far above
All others ministers to cupboard love.

Let peevish pundits mourn this fresh Descent
Of Man from his predominance, and indite
Attacks on women's "monstrous regiment"
And jeremiads on our perilous plight,
I laud the change, serenely confident
That in the halls of sweetness and delight
There will be less of masculine moroseness
And grocery be purged of half its grossness. C. L. G.

* *Harleian Miscellany*, 1608.

The Cow.

Time: Noon. *Day:* Tuesday. *Year:* 2033. *Place:* North London Police Court, or rather, since it was renamed when the Bureaucratist *régime* began in 2030, the People's Parlour for the Settlement of Disputes between the People and Persons.

The person standing between two guardians of the peace (policemen were abolished in 2030, but the same uniforms are worn owing to the need for economy in the present crisis) is trying to explain to the magistrate why he (*a*) was driving a cow without a licence, (*b*) deposited the cow in the bandstand in Hyde Park, (*c*) drank milk out of a metal vessel, to wit an ornamental flower-vase, in contravention of Ordinance 2064 (Ministry of Manners).

"I am by trade," said the prisoner, "a cutter in the Red Tape factory at Bethnal Green."

"You are a fortunate fellow," said the magistrate. "Your trade and mine seem to be the only ones in which unemployment is not rife. What made you stoop to these crimes?"

"It is a long story. Twelve months ago I applied to the Ministry of Transport for a permit to use the municipal omniplanes in travelling to and from my work. After some delay they wrote back and said that the municipal omniplanes had all been sent to America as a token payment on account of War Debt. They offered, however, to send me a bicycle. . . ."

"Very generous, I'm sure. . . ."

"The intention was good. A few days afterwards, however, I received a further letter in which they said that the stock of bicycles was exhausted and would I like a horse? I replied that a horse would suit me admirably, and they promised that the Department of Agriculture would send me a horse in the course of a few weeks. Some months later a large crate was delivered at my house, and on opening it I found that they had sent a cow by mistake."

"A perfectly natural error. There is a great deal of similarity between the two animals."

"Exactly. But, as you know, it is an offence against the People to keep a cow without a licence. I hurried round to the post-office and was informed that cow-licences are only issued at the G.P.O. at Willesden Green. I walked to Willesden Green, where they told me that they could only issue the licence if I produced proof that I really possessed a cow. They suggested that I brought the cow along to them for inspection. I went home and fetched the animal and started to walk with it through the City."



"How many times have I to tell you, Dad, I don't want money, I want work?"

"Very foolish. You surely knew that the Traffic Ministry has scheduled the City for foot-passengers only, so that the streets may be used by the College of Roadmenders for demonstration purposes?"

"So I was informed. It was thus necessary for me to take the cow by a somewhat circuitous route. I crossed Tower Bridge, deployed through Bermondsey, where the cow and I much admired the work that is just starting on the Great Slum Clearance Scheme. Then we re-crossed the river by the ferry which passes alongside the ruins of Waterloo Bridge and proceeded up the Strand. Night, however, was falling, and the cow made it quite clear that she wished to go to sleep. She took forty winks under the Admiralty Arch and then agreed after some hesitation to accompany me to Hyde Park. We took refuge in a bandstand. Then temptation came."

"Temptation comes to all of us."

"I can see that your worship knows life like a book. But picture me, doomed to share a bandstand in Hyde Park with a cow. I was hungry and thirsty. An ornamental flower-pot stood by my side. I milked the cow and drank until I was satisfied. . . ."

The magistrate chewed his pen.

"This is a serious case. You will be sent to prison for ten years."

The clerk of the court whispered in his ear.

"I am informed," said the magistrate, "that the prisons have all been sent to America as an instalment of the War Debt. Case dismissed."

Simple Stories.

Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Compost could only afford to keep one servant, and they had had such bad ones for a long time that they thought they would never be comfortable again. But at last Wilhelmina Padlock answered Mrs. Compost's advertisement, and the moment she saw her she thought she would do, all except her name which could be altered, because she was about forty and rather ugly so Albert Compost couldn't fall in love with her, and she looked clean and didn't use lipstick, and she didn't mind wearing a cap which would prevent hairs getting into the soup, and she didn't want many evenings out or followers or anything like that. So she engaged her and called her Smith, and for some time afterwards the Composts were more comfortable than they had ever been before, and Mrs. Compost saved money on the housekeeping and spent what she saved on chocolate creams.

Well at the end of the month Smith said to Mrs. Compost I suppose you are quite satisfied with me and want me to go on being your servant? And Mrs. Compost, who was sitting on the drawing-room sofa eating chocolate creams and reading a novel, said oh yes, Smith, but don't bother me now because I have just come to the part where he is going to propose and I want to see what she says to him, she knows he has got a wife already but he doesn't know she knows, so it is going to be very interesting.

Now Smith had always been respectful, though the Composts weren't really much better than she was, if any, so Mrs. Compost was surprised when she snatched her novel and her box of chocolates away from her and said you are getting so fat and lazy that I am quite ashamed of you, as long as I stay here you can read novels after tea if you like but not before, and you can have six chocolate creams a day and I will keep the box and dole them out to you.

Well if Mrs. Compost had been a strong character she would have dismissed Smith then and there and insisted upon having her novel and her chocolate creams back. But she was not a strong character, so she began to cry and said I am sure I am doing no harm and my life is so miserable with Mr. Compost who is more like a brute than a human husband that I can only be happy when he is at business.

And Smith said never mind about Mr. Compost now, he is only at home in the evenings and on Sundays and you have all the rest of the time to yourself, what you have got to do is to turn yourself into a sensible woman instead of a sort of greedy sofa-cushion. And Mrs. Compost said well I should like to turn myself into a sensible woman, when I was young I thought I was going to turn out like Mary Queen of Scots or Florence Nightingale, but I have turned out quite different and it is all because Mr. Compost is such a brute that he has driven me to novels and chocolate creams.

So Smith saw that there was something in her after all, and she encouraged her to go in for slimming and darning her stockings and going to a course of lectures on Ur with lantern slides, and in about six weeks she became quite a sensible woman, and she didn't even want to read the sort of novels she had liked before but took up Hugh Walpole, and once when the Vicar's wife came to see her she carried on quite a sensible conversation about him and gave her five shillings for her Maternity Fund, which she couldn't have afforded if she had gone on spending money on expensive chocolate creams.



"You are getting so fat and lazy."

Well all this time Mr. Compost had been getting more and more disagreeable, because he didn't really want Mrs. Compost to turn herself into a sensible woman, and he was quite incapable of appreciating Hugh Walpole. And Albert was too, what he liked was greyhound racing and chorus-girls, though he didn't know any, and he was beginning to get a taste for whisky. And Mr. Compost had a taste for whisky already, and it was about the only taste he had except one for bullying Mrs. Compost, and he encouraged Albert to laugh at her about Ur and Hugh Walpole and all the sensible things she was going in for now, and she often felt inclined to cry about it, but she knew that if she did it would only make them worse, and besides Smith told her she must take it as her cross.

So she did that, and got more sensible every day, but she often wondered why Smith didn't say something about it, as Mr. Compost was so pleased with her cooking that she might have said something to him without his being more disagreeable than usual.

Well at last, when Mrs. Compost had become as sensible as she ever would be, Smith *did* say something. It was at dinner-time, when she brought in the potatoes and Brussels-sprouts, and Albert was saying well, Ma, whatyer been reading to-day—'Ebrew? And it wasn't exactly what he said, because he often said worse things than that, but he looked such a measly worm that Smith took his plate of stew away from him and put it on the sideboard, and she said you don't get any more of my cooking till you learn to behave yourself, look at you lolling there with your legs stuck out and your face all covered with pimples, why don't you join the Y.M.C.A. and make a man of yourself?

Well Albert was so surprised that he couldn't say anything, and Mr. Compost was just as ready to turn on him as he was on Mrs. Compost, and besides he didn't want Smith to take his own plate away, so he took her side and said quite right, if you don't turn yourself into a man, Albert, like I was at your age, I've done with you and you can get out and keep out.

So Albert joined the Y.M.C.A., and a manly curate took him up and taught him to play cricket and made him read Ruskin because he thought he had a taste for art, which he hadn't really but he admired the curate so much that he did whatever he told him, and his pimples disappeared and he gave up greyhound racing and drinking whisky and learnt to swim. And in a few months he had become quite decent, and he was grateful to Smith for it and she ironed his trousers for him which



"AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SEA, RONALD?"
"IT DON'T 'ARF TASTE OF WINKLES, SIR."

she had never done before, but now she was pleased with him.

Well that only left Mr. Compost, who was just as bad as ever, and Smith didn't wait for him to do or say something specially awful, but when she thought that Albert was fairly safe she poured all the whisky in the house down the drain and told Mr. Compost that he would have to get what he wanted outside until he left off behaving like a heathen Turk. And Albert said quite right, you are too old to play cricket, Pa, but there's no reason why you shouldn't take up bowls, and I don't suppose you would understand RUSKIN but you would be a much better man than you are if you would read something stiff in the evenings, and you might begin with *Tit Bits* which has a lot of useful information in it. And Mrs. Compost said oh yes, Pa, do turn over a new leaf like me and Albert, you weren't always such a brute as you are now, don't you remember once paddling at Clacton-on-Sea and you said with me beside you you'd just as soon keep innocent as not?

Well that struck Mr. Compost with shame, because he wasn't all bad, and Mrs. Compost looked much more like she had been when they were engaged since she had slimmed down, which reminded him of his youth. So he did turn over a new leaf and became quite a good bowls player, and on winter evenings when they hadn't anything else to do Mrs. Compost read HUGH WALPOLE and Albert read RUSKIN and Mr. Compost interrupted them sometimes to read out something interesting he had found in *Tit Bits*, but he soon wanted something more solid than that and took to the Baroness ORCZY, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

But at the end of the month Smith gave notice, because she said she had turned one set of Huns and hooligans into a decent family and it was time she found another to practise on.

A. M.

At the Play.

"SHEPPEY" (WYNDHAM'S).

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has files full of the peculiarities of the human race. Like an entomologist suddenly putting an obstacle into an insect world to see what the creatures will do, he loves to confront selected groups with some quite unforeseen contingency. He will expose them, but he will let them go, for he does not feel strongly about them. At Wyndham's Theatre you can see *Sheppey*, the crack barber of Jermyn Street, come into over eight thousand pounds. He is not particularly excited, for he is a character and knows it, and delights to display nonchalance. He is also an artist, genuinely absorbed in doing, as well as it can be done, his particular branch of human endeavour, hair-dressing and the selling to the most resolute customers of toilet preparations at inflated prices. But he is not in such command of himself as he fancies, and he has had his curious stroke by the end of Act I., and then the action moves out of the barber's shop and into his home. *Sheppey* is resolved to give his prize away, in half-crowns and crowns, to all and sundry poorer than himself. His family pass from natural dismay to anger and have just planned to have him certified when he dies.

It is a simple story and unsatisfactory as a plot. It looks as though Mr. MAUGHAM had begun on the lines of *The Third Floor Back* and had changed his mind. *Sheppey* is a very unbalanced creature. There seems no defence for his resolve that his daughter and wife and future son-in-law shall have no part of his windfall. He gives up his regular work and loses his grip, but he is not unfit to be at large; and Mr. MAUGHAM'S irony is at its best in the talk of the cocksure *Doctor* who is prepared to certify him. *Sheppey* is thus not the bearer of a message from the New Testament nor the play a hackneyed contrast between Christian precept and worldly practice, but a comedy of lower middle-class feeling and no more. But because it is by the author of *The Breadwinner* and *For Services Rendered* it is natural to expect something more. In *The Breadwinner* too we saw a family thinking they could safely count on the way Father would act and floundering to adjust themselves when he challenged the whole idea of maintaining their comfortable routine. *Sheppey* might have been, but is not, the companion play. *Sheppey* can state no case, as lawyers would say, and his family, who are quite moderate in their expectations from him, rightly feel that they are not being fairly treated. Christianity without doctrine and an exclusive insistence upon voluntary poverty removed from the rest of the Christian faith may win easy claps and lend itself to smart enough lines, but if people go to *Sheppey* expecting to see a dilemma stated and answered, they will withhold their plaudits. If they settle themselves to watch an entertaining individual history, full of characters drawn with much humour, rather exuberantly and in unsubdued colours for Mr. MAUGHAM, they will enjoy their evening. Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON as *Sheppey* has gusto for barbering and is a good mixer, fond of talking, and he carries a very difficult part well. Even the minor characters are full of individuality, for it is impossible to go for a shave in a MAUGHAM barber's shop without becoming somebody.



THE BARBER WHO BECAME A SAINT.
Mr. Bolton (*Mr. WALTER PIERS*). "YOU 'RE QUITE CERTAIN THAT THE RAZOR 'S BLUNT?"
Miss Grange . . . . MISS DOROTHY HAMILTON.
Sheppey . . . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.



ONE OF FATHER'S AWFUL FRIENDS.
Bessie Legros . . . . MISS LAURA COWIE.
Florrie . . . . . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.

The play is a riot of accents, and Miss PATRICIA PARTRIDGE as a manicurist, and Miss ANGELA BADDELEY as *Florrie*, say nasty things in a nasty way quite brilliantly. The vanity and ignorance and complacency of *Florrie's* fiancé, who is one of Mr. MAUGHAM'S particular butts, are made so real by Mr. ERIC PORTMAN that we may expect the N.U.T. to have something to say. The way he drank in the jargon of his medical friend was a cruel delight to watch. As *Sheppey's* wife, Miss CECILY OATES came out very well, and it was a weakness of the play that so good a wife should at the end be so feebly acquiescent in the scheme to lock her husband up as mad and take his money from him. But women have a way of not showing to much advantage in MAUGHAM plays. Miss LAURA COWIE as the street-walker had the biggest share of good things to say, so she cannot complain at having to act as Death as well.

D. W.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (PICCADILLY).

It is traditionally not the clergy but the laity who do the sleeping, and those whom an insatiable desire for novelty led to the Piccadilly last week were offered as the newest side-show *A Sleeping Clergyman*. The name-part did no more than snore in such good style as to win the approval of the hardened critics who know good snoring when they hear it. But he was dreaming to some purpose if, as an early allusion to the *Red King's* dream hinted, it was the play itself which took place behind those stertorous slumbers. Because it is a play with a wealth of lively happenings, murder and suicide and seductions, unfolding the pedigree of the scientist who will save us all in the awful world-wide epidemic of 1936.

Charles Cameron, the great scientist, and *Hope*, his twin-sister, are not an attractive pair when we see them in their fame at fifty, he fighting the epidemic and she running the League of Nations in a loud check tailor-made. But mankind, if it wants genius to fight its plagues, must pay the price if genius is offensively ill-mannered and arrogant. As with the lady in the song who gives herself great airs as—

> "The illegitimate daughter
> Of an illegitimate son
> Of an illegitimate nephew
> Of NAPOLEON"

there is an absence of wedlock in the pedigree of the *Cameron* twins, and their mother had even gone to the length of poisoning their father. We see enough to seize very firmly in the first half of the play JAMES BRIDIE's contention that here were people who by all ordinary standards are thoroughly bad stock, the people whom the shallower eugenists would seek to anticipate and prevent. Against them the play makes its easy point. Men cannot be bred like cattle, because there are no criteria, no targets to aim at. We want desperately at times exceptional men, and we cannot attack drink-ridden and unhealthy stock, full of criminality, without also, for all we know, destroying genius or the carriers of genius.

The play is rich fare and there are subtle sub-plots. The angry Scotch landlady who rails at the besotted dying student in 1867 finds her blood joined with his when, many years later, her son and his daughter become the parents of the *Cameron* twins. The drunken student transmits a vein of genius to his grandson, while the sharp self-righteous busybodiness of the grandmother reappears in the grand-daughter, that brisk annoyance from Geneva.

The author's theme raised large issues enough, as must every play which swallows a generation in each Act, and the studies in the generations gain all the more in impressiveness when Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, as *Dr. Marshall*, is given such scope for growing old gracefully. We see him pass from twenty-six to ninety-five, maturing and mellowing. The *cursus annorum* seems to suit Mr. THESIGER very well. He was helped—though he needed no help—by belonging to the stronger side of the play, away from the bathos which intrudes into the scenes in the Walker Institute, when Mr. ROBERT DONAT, after excellent death-bed contortions in Act I., and later success as a wayward student in the hands of the police, had to play the Great Genius making his Great Discovery and making love to a Marquis's daughter.

"We do not resemble our ancestors; we are our ancestors," says *Dr. Marshall*, and both Mr. DONAT and Miss DORICE FORDRED have very arduous parts to play. Miss FORDRED is first one woman, then her daughter, then her grand-daughter, and seemed most at ease in her middle impersonation. She was happier at giving poison than at smashing test-tubes. There was plenty for all the company not only to speak but to do. *Sir Douglas Todd Walker* is no favourite with his inventor, but as Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS showed him to us, a munitions magnate with naïve emotions, we had to admit that there is much to be said for having such men about the country, men who will found Institutes for medical science when the Government is paralysed, spending a million and feeling more than rewarded to emerge as Earls. The unconventional scientist who is the strong pillar of organised society is a conventional hero to-day—*Sherlock Holmes* was among the prototypes—and he is growing tiresome now. Though Dr. BRIDIE has handled his theme so as to deprive it of depth, his scene is always alive and worth watching with very wide-open eyes. Among its minor delights the play has some grand gushing, safely entrusted to Miss EILEEN BELDON, gushing beside which tributes, however warm, from a critic's pen to a most talented production must seem but poor and faded flowers. D. W.



A WILD CAMERON—CHARLES THE FIRST.

Harriet Marshall . . . . . MISS DORICE FORDRED.
Charles Cameron the First . . MR. ROBERT DONAT.

All-in Boxing.

"The blow dropped Sharkey in his tracks and stunned some 40,000 men and women who had paid an estimated £40,000 for a view of the spectacle."—*N. Z. Paper.*

"We accelerated on the straight and left behind a powerful saloon car and a Kreisler."—*Daily Paper.*

The latter can't have been properly tuned-up.

"My books are being attacked by some small insect, a kind of bookworm. What is it and how can I get rid of it?"
Query in Australian Paper.

The infuriated reviewer, we fear, will be always with us.

"Your Poultry Spice has much improved the condition and laying of my hens; in fact it has almost doubled the quantity of eggs. I also recommended it to my mother, who tried it with good results."—*Poultry Journal.*

Lay on, Mrs. Macduff.



"IT ISN'T SO MUCH THAT I MIND YOUR SITTING ON MY COAT, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE TAKEN MY LUNCH OUT FIRST."

Welcoming the Harvest.

I.—THE OLD WAY.

THE countryside has been filled with rejoicing for the most glorious harvest within living memory. Everywhere barns and storehouses are crammed to overflowing, and the bountifulness of Nature is reflected in the shining mugs and beaming countenances which greet the traveller outside every village inn. There is feasting and dancing from morning to night. At Littleton-in-the-Valley the merrymaking has extended over a whole week.

On Sunday the Rev. Dr. Bull delivered a harvest discourse in the village church, which was crowded to the steeple. "Throughout all history," he affirmed, "both sacred and profane, both by the learned and the practical, a bountiful harvest has been esteemed the object of the profoundest thanksgiving. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of our English climate, we of Littleton-in-the-Valley, who hear our barns and presses creak with jubilation, may this year with just propriety congratulate ourselves on the unprecedented copiousness of the rich harvest bestowed upon us. Nor is our rejoicing one whit the less to know that all the other tillers of the soil throughout the world, from the chocolate-coloured inhabitant of the Indies to the brick-red denizen of the western continent, share with us in this bounteous harvest, and have like us the opportunity to eat and drink more than they have eaten and drunken in times past."

On Monday an ox was roasted whole in the market-place, and barrels of ale were broached for all. Throughout the week fiddlers played on the greensward where men and maids sang in choirs and danced in couples. In the evenings the Littleton Mummers performed their merry pieces. The Lord of the Manor gave prizes for those who had grown the finest fruit and biggest vegetables and produced the best increase of corn.

II.—THE MODERN WAY.

The Dictator for Agriculture, speaking at Garageville-on-the-Bypass, said that this year all agriculturists should be especially grateful for having secured the worst harvest of the century.

"To a large extent this is due to international co-operation," he explained. "Practically every country that grows anything has now accepted the Shorter, Slower and Smaller Plan.—(Cheers.)—As most of you know, the S.S.S.P. is designed to produce less and less of everything in order to eliminate the universal poverty caused by everybody having too much. The S.S.S.P. is a triumph of far-sighted statesmanship, achieved by the best brains of every country who deal with factors too complicated for the simple farmer or worker to understand. (Prolonged applause.)

"My friend the Lord Chamberlain, for example, in order to cope with the over-production and under-consumption of plays, not only prohibits any play from being performed twice, but refuses to sanction any play which takes longer than twenty minutes to perform, thus giving an immense fillip to the play-writing industry and enabling diners-out to postpone their evening's entertainment at the theatre till five-and-twenty minutes past ten. Nobody again will deny the tremendous improvement in the literary world

since poems were restricted to a maximum of four lines, and novels to a maximum of one thousand words.

"Before the application of the S.S.S.P. to agriculture, it was quite common to hear of wheat being burned, coffee used for cinder-tracks, oranges slung into the waves, and bananas compressed for crazy-paving. All that is now a thing of the past."—(A voice: "Stout fellah!") "Thanks to the ingenuity of modern science we are now evolving seeds which give a smaller and smaller yield every year, and it is to be hoped that before long we shall reach the happy minimum at which it will be safe to stabilise. The wheat farmers of the United States and the Argentine have already succeeded in growing a hundred times less the amount they were able to grow five years ago, for which the whole world is grateful to them. A standard orange-tree has just been adopted which produces not more than one orange every two years. The world production of sugar this year is just half what it was last year, and the sugar produced has only one quarter the sweetening power of the old sugar. These are very encouraging facts. By the terms of the International Pig Convention, just concluded, every bacon-producing country has adopted the Economic Dwarf Pig, which gives the least possible proportion of edible bacon. It is very gratifying to know that all over the world the harvest this year of every kind of product has been the worst on record. Let us only hope that next year it will be even worse."

The Dictator for Agriculture then presented certificates of merit to those who had grown the smallest fruit and vegetables and produced the least quantity of wheat per acre.

The Dictator's health was drunk in test-tubes of Health Salts. The banquet, which was much enjoyed, consisted of nerve tabloids and the synthetically-produced smell of roast pork. A high-class entertainment was provided by wireless lecturers on "The Inter-relation of Economic Disabilities to Agricultural Exacerbation," and "Fundamental Pre-requisites for an Antediluvian Theory of Meat Marketing in the Scottish Highlands."

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"Whom God Hath Joined, trifle loose. 2/6."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

"The Chairman—The Government cannot be soldiering under two flags. If they writ me, by heavens, I will say jcmfwy vbgk xxfifixz. By heavens——. I will say no more."—*Irish Paper.*

By heavens, you have said too much.



Bon Viveur. "IT'S C-COMFORTING TO THINK ALL THIS IS D-DOING ME GOOD."

The Well.

AT Bradwall Farm by the kitchen door
In eighteen-hundred-and-thirty-four
They were sinking a well; and twenty foot down
The water came oozing, cloudy and brown.

Thurtle, the well-digger, shook his head,
Tasted the water, spat, and said,
"It might suit cattle; it don't suit men.
I reckon it best to go down again."

Thurtle, he worked away below
The better part of a month or so,
Till, down in the sand at fifty feet,
Up bubbled the water, clear and sweet.

He finished the shaft with mortar and brick,
And he added a coping two foot thick;
Then he looked at his work and he said, "I'll lay
That it don't run dry till the Judgment Day."

And now this summer, along of the drought,
The wells are all dry for miles about,
But the Bradwall water is bubbling still
And lorries and water-carts clank up the hill.

They come from Baldon, from Maldon, from Trunch,
And the queue is so long that they bring their lunch;
They fill their tanks at a shilling a head,
A fair enough charge when everything 's said.

And late in the evening, long after they've gone,
The farmer leans on the coping-stone,
And thinks on the motto, which is, as you've guessed,
"It pays in the end to have none but the best."



SCIENCE NOTES.

TRYING A NEW METHOD OF RE-ANIMATING HERRINGS AND DOOR-NAILS.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Sycamore Sheds its Leaves.

PURSUING her family saga into Canada's share of the depression, Miss MAZO DE LA ROCHE has added a rather dreary and diffused fourth volume to her chronicle of the *Whiteoak* family. *The Master of Jalna* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is now *Renny*, who, married to the moneyed and opinionated *Alayne*, has to cope not only with bad times but with the temperamental divergences of his household. Seeing that family solidarity is (or should be) an asset on the land, the history of such a wayward team as the *Whiteoaks* would be irritating at the best of times; but with their cross-currents of passion and prejudice aggravated by falling markets and urban encroachments, the cumulative gloom is particularly thick and unpierceable. Their creator, bent on a happy curtain, renders efficient first-aid to the *Whiteoak's* finances. But the decay of *Jalna* is chiefly a decay of morale—*Renny's* consolatory passion for the mistress of a neighbouring fox-farm, the acerbation of his worries by censorious age and self-indulgent youth. His portrait is undoubtedly as sound a piece of painting as Miss DE LA ROCHE has given us, and his Canada is indicated with her customary tenderness and fire.

Staff-Work.

In *Sailors, Statesmen—and Others* (RICH AND COWAN, 18/-) Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY joins the army of those who explain in detail how the War would have been won earlier if only their advice had been taken. As a junior officer he had private interviews with Lord NORTHCLIFFE and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, explaining to them what was wrong with the Navy, which senior officers at the Admiralty were "duds" and which, in his opinion, should replace them. His later statement that throughout his Naval career he committed no breach of discipline appears somewhat inconsistent. The description of his political activities is more interesting—he was certainly for some time the "*mauvais enfant*" of the House. He came in on the Government side on the Labour wave of 1929, but shows pique at being given neither Viceregal nor Cabinet rank—"I was told long afterwards . . . that MacDonald looked on me as a possible rival, and determined therefore to keep me off the Front Bench." He fully analyses the faults and virtues of many outstanding figures in politics, causing his own Party Leader, no doubt, to blush for his deficiencies. The gallant author gives us many readable anecdotes and conceals nothing of his motives or actions. The extent of the readers' knowledge of the subjects with which this book deals will influence their pleasure in its perusal.

Malay Scandal.

Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S undoubted skill as a narrator does not add to the attraction of his latest book of short stories, *Ah King* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), for he has made his entertainment reminiscent of the gossip of scandalmongers at a village tea-party and very much more unsavoury. The only exception among these studies of unfaithfulness (marital and otherwise) is the account of a medical missionary who reformed a blackguard with a thoroughness that included matrimony after having been stranded on a desert island with him, where she mistook distaste for chivalry. That particular story, though not altogether delicate, is really amusing; but all the others which deal with white

people in Malaya are either dull, rather unhealthy or both. In fact, the dedicatory sketch, written in appreciation of a native servant, is the only one I enjoyed, but it is very short.

Bad Times and Broad Acres.

It looks sadly as though our novelists were determined that English agriculture was done for, and that it was the duty of every writer of eloquence to be ready with an apt thing in obituaries. That the departed will be missed is, I suppose, something; and in default of the rural novel of vision it is consoling to come across such intimate and warm-hearted reminiscence as pervades the pages of *Folly Field* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 7/6). To give the farm and the farmer every chance, Mr. ADRIAN BELL endows his hero with the brain of a student plus a hereditary capacity for agriculture. *Dick Parloss* is destined for Cambridge, but his father's farm falls vacant on the threshold of his career and he chooses to stand by the land. The attractive *Sally* of his childhood—a pathetic and clever portrait—is jettisoned for an ideal farmer's partner. And yet—what are thews and sinews, mind and heart, against the perverse will to industrialism of the majority of *Dick's* countrymen? You part with Folly Field cut up by an arterial road on the actual birthday of *Dick's* child—a likely enough conjunction and a sufficiently ominous one.

With Dauntless Breast.

Serving *Clio*, these latter days, as faithfully as her more fanciful sisters, Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER has made the misrule of the ill-starred Stuarts and its fatal consequences his particular province. In *John Hampden's England* (BUTTERWORTH, 15/-) he has drawn a full-length portrait, the first in a century, of a great gentleman who played a patriot's part and died a soldier's death—a theme congenial to one who cherishes alike the public good and the heroism of the individual. But his book, as its title implies, has a wider scope than personal biography; and as history it is a not untimely counterblast to the White Rose school which would behalo CHARLES and bestow on LAUD and STRAFFORD unblemished laurels. Mr. DRINKWATER is sturdily unimpressed by the virtues of Star Chamber and ship money; and he discovers in "the cause for which HAMPDEN died on the field and SIDNEY on the scaffold" something rather more noble than the establishment of a Whig oligarchy. He states his case with eloquence and charm and, while making no pretension to the researches of the specialist, has newly illuminated a familiar road.



A.B. (to new deck-boy). "AN' IF PASSENGERS ARSKS YOU SILLY QUESTIONS BE TERSE AN' CIVIL—THEM 'S THE COMPANY'S ORDERS, BUT THERE 'S NOTHIN' TO STOP YOU STARIN' AT 'EM WITH A COLD EYE AS IF THEY WAS BARMY."

Anti-Christ at Large.

Miss HELEN SIMPSON has long made a speciality of the dark world where a little spell-binding (in the older style) and a spot of exorcism are not out of the way. In her new book, *The Woman on the Beast* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), she has splashed its lurid colours on a canvas large enough to contain both men and angels. Her story stretches from before the coming of Anti-Christ to the end of the world; to be more exact, within a frame of Prologue and Epilogue she tells three stories of Anti-Christ deceiving the people in various guises—one set in the Indies in 1579, one in France in 1789, and one in Australia in 1999. I admit with shame that the deeper significance of the whole, if any, entirely evaded me, but Miss SIMPSON'S erudition and brilliance and the wide sweep of her imagination so impressed me that I am tempted to believe that this will be one of the most notable books of this autumn. It should appeal particularly to those good at finding deeper significances, who, also, though they may not care to sup on horrors, have no objection to them as snacks.

Suburban Children.

Mr. RONALD CARTON has set himself the difficult task, in *The Gentle Adventure: A Victorian Prelude* (DENT, 6/-), of recapturing the romance of childhood lived in most unromantic surroundings, and has performed it with singular success and perfect taste in the brief compass of 180 pages. The scene is laid in a commonplace semi-detached house, in a suburb on the verge of semi-country, long since rebuilt and swallowed up by expanding London. The group of children concerned knew not luxury or the excitement of modern life, but they had the compensations of a boundless capacity for make-believe and hero-worship, which, contrary to modern usage, extended to their parents. The limitations of the Victorian domestic code are not overlooked, but they are shown to be compatible with a good deal of exuberant self-expression. I like the incident of the attempt to evade the ban on toys on Sundays by representing the lead soldiers as belonging to the Salvation Army. Still more do I like the greatest adventure of all—the driving of an engine on a siding under the tutelage of a friendly engine-driver. There is little about schooling or education, for which we are thankful, but Mr. CARTON mixes *seria ludo*, notably in the reactions of the child-mind to funerals. But he is never patronizing or edifying, and I cannot part from his delightful book without noting that the "blurb" on the cover is a perfectly true statement of its contents.

Mean Streets.

Mr. JACKSON BUDD'S *Tragedy in a Brick Box* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6) is the story of a dock labourer employed at a Thames-side wharf of the old privately-owned type. The ruthless pressure of modern economic laws are too much for Merriman's Wharf. They are incidentally too much for *Joe Kyrd*; and the tale of both moves on to its culmination with something of the inevitability and a touch at least of the dignity of Greek tragedy. Mr. BUDD evidently knows his waterside well, and he spares the reader none of its sordid detail in the picture he draws of the struggle for existence constantly going on in its dingy tenements and depressing rows of grimy bricks-and-mortar. But, unlike the majority of realistic writers, he has not allowed his sense of the external ugliness of slumdom to blind him to those essential beauties of human nature which flourish so often in the most unlikely surroundings—the courage, the kindliness, the humour and the uncomplaining endurance exemplified in the person of *Joe Kyrd*, and typical, as those who know him well can testify, of the London docker at his best.

Other People's Lives.

I should like to know how Miss EDNA FERBER has managed to discover so much about the lives of different people as to be able to put herself into the place of a New York taxi-driver, a Wall Street broker, an idolised actress, a German governess, a milliner's assistant, and to record a day's activities of each of them. It would be absurd to suppose she writes from actual experience, but it is difficult to understand how even the keenest imagination and observation and satire and sympathy can have worked such miracles from the second-hand. Another distinction of her book, *They Brought Their Women* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is that there is no "fine" writing in any of its nine tales, and that the manner is in each case exactly suited to the matter. Perhaps the secret life of the governess is best of all, though the title story is a close rival; but I find it difficult to make choice among so many really brilliant and ironical studies of human nature.



Scottish Patient (charged five guineas for X-ray photograph). "MON, IT 'S AN AWFU' LOT FOR A PICTURE OF MA FACE, AN' YE KEN IT 'S NO A GUID LIKENESS AT A'."

Full-Blooded Romance.

For two reasons Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL deserves well of his admirers. He gives them what they have become accustomed to expect from him, and he is lavish with his gifts. In *The Way Beyond* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6) you will find the story of the rivalry of two nobly-born young men in their efforts to win the love of a humble maiden. But this is merely the foundation of the romance. Murder and coincidence play no small parts in it, deeds of bravery are here to prevent the most somnolent reader from any chance of a siesta. Listen, for instance, to Mr. FARNOL when a bull had taken charge of the proceedings: "Then heroic man turned to front raging monster—leapt to grasp those murderous terrible horns with desperate hands and so checked and, for a moment, held the maddened beast . . ." It is not a scene over which I care to linger, for the "heroic man" was killed; but even if this tragedy is a little overpoweringly related I can express genuine gratitude to Mr. FARNOL for the *Humbys*, who in outlook and humour invoke pleasant memories of DICKENS.

Here, There and Everywhere.

If *Tight Corners of My Adventurous Life* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) is somewhat without form it is certainly not void. Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has had several unique experiences, and her slap-dash method of relating them is not without attractions, but when she tells me, both on pages 96 and 98, that IBSEN "in manner was quiet and reserved" and spoke slowly and deliberately, I cannot help thinking that she would be wiser if she avoided such repetitions. And intimate as her acquaintance with FRIDTJOF NANSEN was, I do not think that she does justice to him when she states that in 1922 "he had become very Bolshevistic and Sovietistic (if there are such words)." Mrs. TWEEDIE, however, has travelled far and wide and done so many things worth doing that this chronicle of some of her achievements is of real value as the record of an adventurous and plucky woman. Pleasant and interesting illustrations accompany the volume.

Charivaria.

"Wrought Iron Sinks," says an advertisement heading. We have long suspected as much.

***

A man in Australia accused of stealing an old Ford car said he took it for a joke. In a sense he was perfectly right.

***

We understand that the American singers in London who nightly declare that they wanna go back to Alabama are not even ringing up the old folk at five pounds a minute.

***

"A man should be able to read his wife like a book," says an author. Yes, but he can't shut her up so easily.

***

"The better an Englishman enjoys himself the more silent he is," we read. This is especially noticeable, of course, at football matches.

***

After years of research an Italian chemist has invented an elixir of life containing gold, platinum, palladium, iodine phosporus, iron and glandular extracts, which sells at 6*s.* 6*d.* a bottle. We presume that, like other advertised rejuvenators, it must not be taken on an empty bank account.

***

"The way a doctor keeps his house makes all the difference to his practice," says a writer. A draughty waiting-room for instance increases the cold clientèle.

***

A machine is on show at the Business Efficiency Exhibition which, it is claimed, "automatically records profits week by week." Hitherto the only machine of this description has been the Tote.

***

"My experience," says Mr. HOWARD HUGHES, the American millionaire producer of *Hell's Angels*, "is that the English are the most honest race in the world." We agree. The trouble is that we are far too honest to take advantage of it.

When a ten-thousand-gallon vat of beer burst in a Philadelphia brewery, flooding the streets and sweeping people off their feet, there were some protests that this never happened under Prohibition.

***

A writer says that an American actress who recently won a legal battle is now to appear in a new farce. We don't quite like the way this is put.



"THANKS, IF YOU DON'T MIND LIGHTING IT."

A man accused last week of burglary was called CUPID. Laughing at locksmiths again.

***

Pheasants this year have never looked back, we are told. But they are now getting anxious about their tails.

***

An invention being shown at the Business Efficiency Exhibition is a lock which records the exact time a person comes home at night. We understand that the inventor is still at large.

"The true host tries to make people feel at home." And sometimes he succeeds in making them wish they were.

***

A giant halibut was recently caught off Southampton. At the first tug on his line the angler thought he had hooked the Isle of Wight.

***

Now that winkles are becoming fashionable it is anticipated that West-End jewellers will make a special line of pearl-and-platinum winkle-pins.

***

"A candid man," says a novelist, "never keeps his friends for long." He is of course candid enough to tell them to go and keep themselves.

***

Mr. H. G. WELLS fears that literary parties may lead to lynching parties. Then we shall know where GEORGE is. He will be gone to Lynch.

***

A collection of Egyptian relics has been returned to Cairo with the words "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." But surely they were PHARAOH'S.

***

A coin dated 1689 has been found in a garden at Cardiff. So far neither America nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has claimed it.

Sausage en Surprise.

"When he had poured out his tea and eaten a few mouthfuls of bacon and a fat sausage, home killed and home-made, he opened it, and found two sheets of paper with the heading of a hotel in Berlin."
Weekly Paper.

A Ducal Dilemma.

A writer in *The Sunday Times*,
Discussing certain social crimes
Which lately drew a stern rebuke
From Devonshire's indignant Duke,
Is moved discreetly to declare
"Manners are never what they were."
The time, we know, is out of joint
But, ere deciding on this point,
I, if I had my choice, should choose
To hear the Duke of RUTLAND'S
views.

C. L. G.

Now is the Time.

(A thought after reading a certain communication printed on a sort of buff-coloured paper.)

Now is the time when shaken sheaves
  Give up their grain to garners roomy,
Now is the time when turn the leaves
  And pheasants' eyes look scared and gloomy;
Now mists are seen, and ghost by ghost
  The memories of old loves throng through us,
And now the Inland Revenue post
  Our next year's tax assessments to us.

These have no reference to the facts;
  The shameless items that they number
Seem to us as we read their tracts
  Mere figments of uneasy slumber.
No efforts in the past they thank,
  They use no sweetness nor caressment;
And we have nothing in the bank
  Wherewith to pay this year's assessment.

Only the resolute English will
  That bears aloft, in Fate's defiance,
The burdens of the world uphill
  Drives us to ultimate compliance—
The resolute will that never baulks,
  But makes us all one band of brothers,
Alluded to in broadcast talks
  By Mr. BALDWIN and by others.

Oh, if it came, as come it might,
  That I should find some fellow-creature
Battered and torn, in evil plight,
  Broken of limb and pale in feature,
Hurled in a ditch and faint with woe,
  Crying aloud for a protector,
And, finding him, should somehow know
  "This is our Income-tax Inspector!"

I could not, nay, I could not bear—
  Though trampled in the dirt around him
Were buff-hued schedules everywhere—
  To leave him wounded where I found him;
For such is England. Such am I.
  Without one moment's hesitation
I should proceed to notify
  The next Constabulary Station.

I could not leave him to his fate;
  Mercy, that renders justice mellow,
Would make me prop him by a gate
  Till first-aid men removed the fellow.
But, oh, I should be proud in mind
  Of that strong rock that stands so steeply—
The English nature, fair and kind
  Even to those who 've wronged us deeply! EVOE.

The Sickening Cares of Office.

"Mr. Justice Goddard, who was formerly Recorder of Bath, is now convalescent."—*Local Paper.*

Modes of the Moment.

"The bride was dressed all in white, a simple long-sleeved satin gown trailing behind her."—*Local Paper.*

"Riding Mistress, fond of children, seeks engagement."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We must hope that *he* will be fond of them too.

The Compleat Modern.

AN ALPHABET
CONTAINING MUCH GOOD ADVICE AND ALSO
NUMEROUS USEFUL HINTS CONCERNING
THINGS WHICH ONE SHOULD
NOT BELIEVE IN.

Dedicated
in all Sincerity
to the Immortal Memory
of
Mrs. BLOOMER
(*see* "CRANK")

AFFECTION.

This is a sentimental Victorian idea, long since exploded. (*See* "LOVE" and "FAMILY.")

AGE.

To a modern it is clear that age must be abhorrent. The best modern thought advocates a lethal chamber for all over fifty years of age. Remember that everyone over forty is senile and consequently cannot be expected to appreciate this thoroughly modern view.

Get out of your head this old-fashioned idea of reverence for age. There is no need to reverence the club bore because he has avoided being run over by a bus for fifty years. If Age is a source of income, don't go all sentimental and grateful. Remember that no one over forty knows what to *do* with money if he has it. In taking it you are actually relieving him of an incumbrance.

AGNOSTICISM.

Believe in this. Make it quite clear that you don't know about things and that you are sure no one else does. The difference between you is that you *know* you don't know. The others don't. This is called Frankness and is very important.

AMERICA.

Although America and Americans are undeniably vulgar (*see* "VULGAR"), there is no harm in liking them—in their place. America, which is a queer loud place situated on Manhattan Island, is inhabited by

(*a*) Big Business men and/or
(*b*) Gangsters and/or
(*c*) Dance Bands.

Its chief products are Political Scandals (usually about tea-pots), Slang, Chewing Gum and Dance Bands. In all of these America has a big export trade (*see* "GENIUS").

As Americans have never had a Norman Conquest they have no noticeably Upper Classes and no Culture. But on the whole be nice about it. They will learn in time.

Points to remember about Americans:—

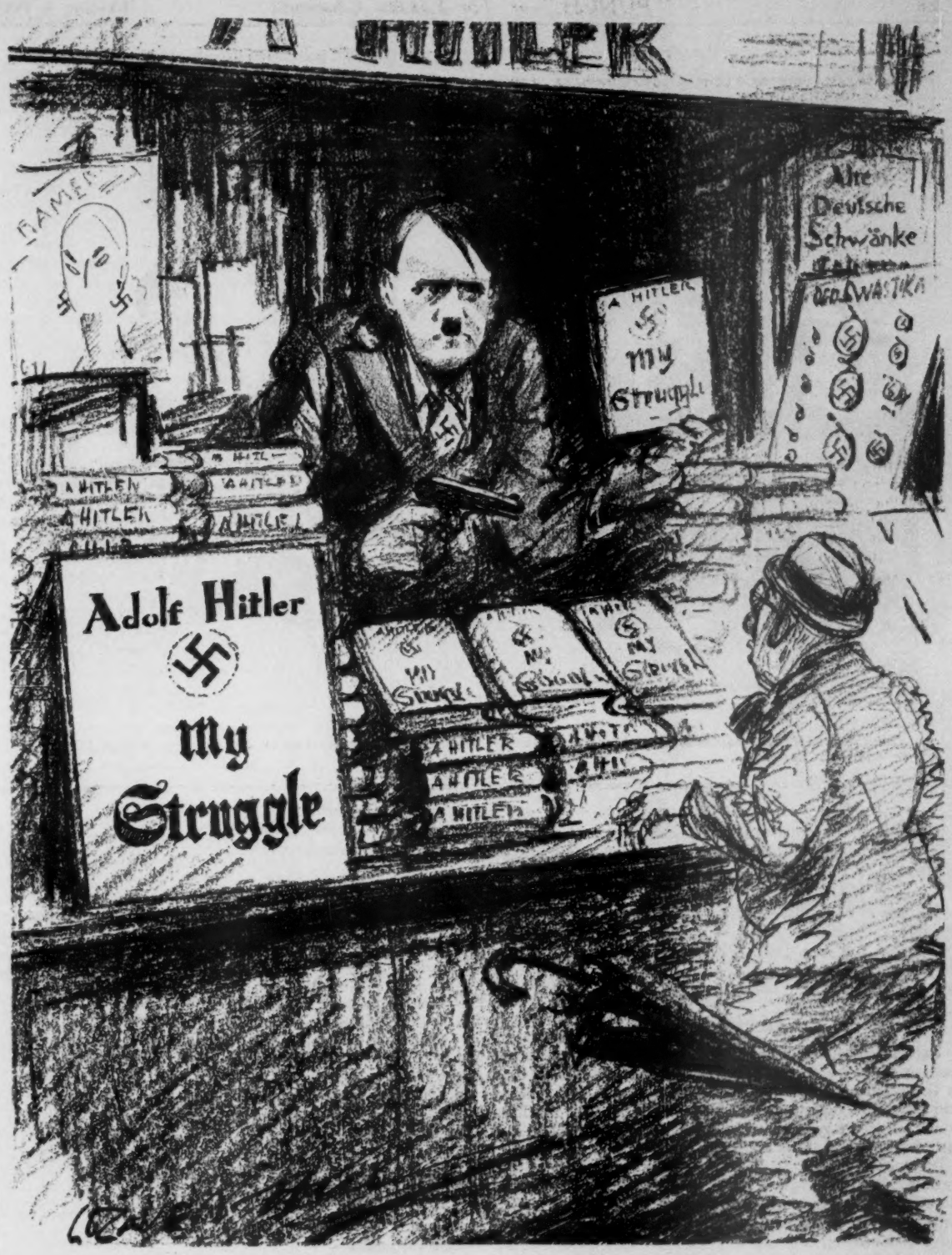
(*a*) They are *not* the same as Canadians, though they sound very similar.

(*b*) Don't keep on stressing that they are inferior people. They already have a bad inferiority feeling, and it only makes them more nervous.

(*c*) They win things, but it is only because they make a business of it, and try hard, which is vulgar.

(*d*) Don't try to make them feel at home by using American slang. Remember that what they came over here for was—

(i.) To see ANN HATHAWAY'S cottage.
(ii.) To hear the quaint English accent.



THE BEST-SELLER.

[1,000,000 copies of HERR HITLER's Life-story have already been published in Germany.]



Headmaster (after hearing all about Jones minor). "IT IS A WONDERFUL DISPENSATION OF PROVIDENCE, MADAM, THAT ALL DULL BOYS ARE ORPHANS."

ANCESTOR.

Have as many ancestors as possible, but make it quite clear that they all drank and that you are not at all proud of them.

ANIMAL.

Believe in this. Remember that animals are right and sensible about almost everything.

Animals are free (*see* "FREEDOM"). That is to say, they wear no clothes, do not keep to one mate, and never pay for things. They are thus very modern.

ARCHITECTURE.

Remember that the key point in your opinion of architecture must be *when* it happened. Thus a house built in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH is genuine Elizabethan and therefore good. Don't worry about its shape. A similar house built to-day is sham Elizabethan and therefore bad. Still don't worry about its shape.

In general it is safe to classify everything built nowadays as bad. Nearly all your friends will be a trifle tentative about Architecture, and you may acquire quite a nice little reputation by disliking the new Broadcasting House very much indeed.

Useful phrases:—

"Like the things one used to build with bricks."

"The product of an indiscretion between QUEEN ANNE and one of the GEORGES."

"Imitation Gothic."

"Ye olde Elizabethanne."

"Functional Architecture."

ART.

It is advisable to have violent views on Art. Do not worry if you do not know the difference between PIZARRO and PICASSO. Neither do your friends. As a grand principle appreciation should be concentrated on the very old or the very new. The following should be liked:—

(1) All primitives.
(2) El Greco.
(3) One selected Early Italian.
(4) One selected ,, Dutch.
(5) GAUGUIN.
(6) Two selected Moderns.

The following should be disliked:—

(1) REMBRANDT.
(2) TURNER.
(3) COROT.
(4) RUBENS.
(5) REYNOLDS.

Useful points—

(1) Like (or dislike) the hat in DONATELLI'S "David."

(2) Be careful that you don't stumble on someone who makes Art his speciality in conversation. If you do, simply say firmly, "I never discuss Art."

(3) At all costs avoid reference to Cubism.

(4) Think up a good sentence about EPSTEIN, *e.g.*, "Meaning? But why all this talk about 'meaning'? Can't we be content with the Thing-in-itself?"

(5) It is always safe to be funny about the Royal Academy Exhibition. You need not waste time in visiting it.

(6) It is usually safe to like etchings.

(7) Have a favourite painter (who must be obscure) whom you insist on liking. It is always rather fun to choose a Victorian second-rater, say J. F. HERRING. But make it quite clear that your liking is definitely patronising.

(*To be continued.*)

Euripides in Macedonia.

A Fable.

Euripides, recognised in Athens as a Considerable writer of plays, welcomed an opportunity to Rusticate at the mansion of Archelaus in Macedonia, for it seemed to him that a First-hand experience of Rural manners might be Invaluable should he ever desire to introduce Bucolic scenes into his Tragedies. Archelaus, for his part, was Honoured; for although, being Wholly preoccupied with the Chase, Archelaus had No Time for the Humanities, he was Deeply impressed by the knowledge that his guest was a Prize Playwright who had sometimes carried off First and Special at Olympia, and at the Least was always Very Highly Commended.

So Archelaus determined that such a Distinguished guest should not lack Agreeable entertainment, and as soon as Euripides arrived Archelaus took him round the Stables. They had not Inspected many Horses before Euripides discovered that, in spite of his reputed Mastery of Language, he could not Adequately keep up his end of the Conversation. "One steed," said Euripides to himself, "is Very much like another, and my Unaccustomed eye misses the Eloquent points that foretell a Courser's destiny to wrest with Impetuous Hoof the Coveted Precedence." And as they progressed Slowly, pausing Diligently at each several Horse, his Boredom was only relieved by the Fun of observing his Host's spasm of Pain at each Inept and Ingenuous criticism of Horse-flesh which he, Euripides, made.

At length, having now Inspected the very last Steed, they came upon the Kennels where Archelaus kept his Boarhounds; and Euripides, eagerly Embracing this Timely chance to Divert the conversation from the Topic of Horses, exclaimed Brightly, "O Archelaus, what Beautiful Dogs!"

"They are Not dogs," cried Archelaus, his eyes Suddenly becoming Shot with Blood; "they are Hounds, as I will Soon show you."

Suiting the Action to the Word, Archelaus loosed the Hounds and set them on Euripides, so that he was Torn to Pieces.

Moral: Under the Charm of the Typical County Family there is Often a Disproportionate Impatience with Trifling Solecisms.



"MEBBE WE 'D BETTER JUIST CALL IT A LOST BA'."

"Wanted to Hire for one week, Stuffed. Stork."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

To convince the other children?

Editorial Diversions, No. 1.

"TIN CAN TIED TO THE MAD DOG'S TAIL
By the Editor of 'The Sunday Express.'"
Newspaper Heading.

"B.A.A. STARTS A NEW YEAR."
Motor Trade Paper.

But this isn't the lambing season.

"6.30 p.m.: 'DISASTROUS DIVORCES.' Anthem: 'And I saw another Angel.'"
Church Notice.

Which, of course, explains it.

"—— yesterday helped to rescue a woman from a lake and found that she was his sister."—*Daily Paper.*

How dull!



"I THINK YOU 'D BETTER GO BACK AND SAY SOMETHING NICE TO HIM. IT 'S NOT A COMMON PEDESTRIAN."

Olympian Mutterings.

OUTSIDE the traffic still snorted and roared, but within the mighty hall brooded a deep religious silence. Something of the awe and mystery of this strange place gripped my soul as I stood uncertainly on the thick pile carpet surveying the massive walls, the great domed roof, the huge crystalline doors through which I had so lately passed. With a shock of dismay I realised that I was still wearing my hat; but even as I raised my hand to remove it a High Priest stepped noiselessly from behind a marble pillar and stood before me.

It was the hour!

"Can I be of any assistance, Sir?" said the High Priest.

I opened my eyes and looked about me as a man looks at the dawn that he has never hoped to see. After all there was nothing to be afraid of. I had come in here of my own free will and nothing could prevent my departing again so soon as I might wish. Besides, the man had called me "Sir."

"I was thinking," I said defiantly, "of buying a car."

"Certainly, Sir," he said, and would have led me off towards the shining monsters that flanked the hall on either side; but with this strange new courage still flooding my being I caught him by the arm and held him fast.

"One moment," I said sternly. "I have a question or two to ask. I have heard that Barkis cars, for which I understand you to be the sole agents, have for years occupied a leading position among the products of the British motor-car industry. Is this so?"

He bowed gravely.

"They set a standard in strength, comfort and reliability such as defies competition even among cars of twice or three times their own extremely moderate price?"

He bowed again.

"And they owe their unrivalled excellence to a combination of the finest brains and the most skilful workmanship that the British motor-car industry can produce?"

"In 1933——" he began.

"Exactly. In 1933 the sales of Barkis cars more than doubled the figures for the previous year. Motorists of discrimination all the world over hailed the 1933 Barkis Saloon as a triumph of British engineering construction at a ridiculously low cost. Speed, dependability, elegance, the smoothly-controlled acceleration of a high-powered car were for the first time (stop me if I am mistaken) brought within the reach of the owner-driver of average income. In fact, for driving comfort, ease of maintenance and above all low initial cost the 1933 Barkis Saloon stood alone."

"Quite so," he said—a little impatiently, I thought. "Now, in the new season's models——"

I waved him down. "In the new season's models," I repeated, "you are naturally retaining all the special features of the 1933 Barkis which made it so deservedly the most popular car on the market. In view of the superb performance, alike on the road and on the track, of the Barkis Special side-valve 6-cylinder engine no radical alterations in the mechanical specification of the new models are to be expected; nor, I imagine, has the sturdy chassis-frame design, which won golden opinions at Olympia last autumn, undergone any very extensive remodelling. But in a firm such as the Barkis Motor Company, which has throughout its long history——"

"Yes, yes——"

"—prided itself upon its policy of continuous progressiveness, anything like satisfaction with the achievements of the past, however magnificent, is and must be sternly frowned upon. May I take it——?"

"If you would allow me to show you——"

"May I take it, then," I went on remorselessly, "that, while following out in the main the lessons of proved experience, you are at the same time embodying in the design certain structural modifications in line with the very latest developments of the most advanced automobile engineering practice?"

I understood him to assent to this proposition.

"Be so good, then," I said, "as to enumerate some of the outstanding innovations of interest to the discerning owner-driver of either sex."

He took a deep breath.

"The suspension, now," I put in before he could make use of any of it—"I suppose that has received especial care?"

"Yes," he said sulkily.

"And the coachwork—is that roomier?"

"Yes. We——"

"Affording even greater seating comfort?"

"Yes."

"An improved type of radiator has been fitted?"

"Yes. If you——"

"Larger tyres? Extended equipment? Bigger and better back-axles?"

"Oh, YES."

"Wider doors? Superior mud-guards? Extra headroom? More windscreen-wipers? Chromium footboards? Mellower horns? Reversible hubs? Unbreakable brackets? Accessible——"

"Look here, Sir," he broke in rather reproachfully—"I don't see that I can be of much help to you. You've obviously been reading our Advance Programme for the Motor Show, and there's nothing left for me to tell you."

"Come, come," I said, "don't be downhearted! I only wanted to make sure that everything I'd read was correct. I'll buy one of your cars with pleasure;" and to cheer him up I wrote out an enormous cheque—far, far larger than my overdraft.

It was only when I got home that I realised it was the Advance Programme of Borker Cars, Ltd.—quite a different Company—that I had been reading. It was odd that neither of us should have noticed. H. F. E.

London Transport.

(*The London Passenger Transport Board is in future to be known simply as London Transport.*)

The name as it stands is both short and sufficient
And time is a thing that we cannot afford;
If London and Transport become more efficient
Who cares if the Passenger goes by the Board?

Homeopathy.

"Miss —— felt a violent pain in her leg, and the physician, unable to discover its cause, treated her with violent rays."—*Local Paper.*



"GAD! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TAKE A HIRED HORSE IN THE ROW."

Nazi Notes.

IT is recorded in the Brown Book that in future Jewish actors are only to play "negative *rôles*." The casting of *The Merchant of Venice* is going to present some difficulties.

* * *

"S. A."

It is considered unfortunate in German diplomatic circles that the principal forces of ADOLF HITLER should be known as "S. A." men, since these initials, through a large part of the civilised world, stand for Sex Appeal.

* * *

THE THREE VICES.

I was delighted the other day by an account of the camp of young German judges-to-be. Thirty (I think) young men were sent to a camp to be prepared by a stern course of discipline and instruction for their life upon the German Judicial Bench. The instruction was to consist mainly of military exercises, the making of salutes and the singing of patriotic songs, all of which are essential, it appears, to the proper distribution of German justice. The discipline was to be stern—early-rising and so forth, and the account closed with this delicious sentence: "*No alcohol, tobacco or books will be allowed.*"

* * *

HALLELUJAH.

I am informed that the words "Amen" and "Hallelujah" have been banned by Herr HITLER because of their Jewish origin. The Lord's Prayer, I take it, will end in future: "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever, Adolf." But a more serious difficulty may present itself at the forthcoming season of Christmas (if Christmas is permitted). HANDEL, I believe, has been passed as a fairly good Aryan composer. "And what," the German Choral Societies are saying, "are we to do when we come to the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' with all those pages of 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'?" The answer, I think, is easy. They will sing instead "Adolfhitler! Adolfhitler! Adolfhitler!" Except for one or two passages the rhythmical fit is perfect. What a happy chance!

THE ARYANS.

Learned professors keep writing to *The Times* to show that Herr HITLER is in a hideous muddle about the "Aryan race." But he does not seem to read *The Times*. And German girls are still being paraded through the towns with their hair cut off for being friendly with non-Aryans, that is, Jews.

The professors observe that "Aryan" signifies not so much a race as a family of languages—an "Indo-European" family, comprising eight groups, two of which are Indian and the other six European. Not all the languages of Europe nor all the languages of India are Aryan. For example, the following European languages are not members of the Aryan family:—Turkish, Hungarian, the Lapp language, the language of the Finn, and the Basque language spoken in the Pyrenees.

It follows, then, that if "Aryan" is the test a German girl may without offence go about with certain Indians—horrid black men (only she must be careful to choose *Aryan*-speaking Indians). On the other hand, if she falls in love with a Hungarian, a Lapp or a Finn she ought to have her hair cut off and be led through the streets by Sex-Appeal men for being nice to a non-Aryan.

Life must be quite difficult for the German girl.

* * *

MISUNDERSTOOD.

It is a complete mistake to suppose that Germany has or ever had the war-spirit. There was a little European scuffle in 1870, and another in 1914; but gallant little Germany had nothing to do with them. The last-named affair was engineered by the late Lord GREY in conjunction with the French. The so-called "Invasion of Belgium and France," it is now admitted, was a "frame-up" designed to throw odium on the innocent Germans. The alleged invasions were actually carried out by Russians and English marines disguised in German uniforms manufactured in Whitechapel. You remember the stories about the hordes of Russians who were travelling through England in shuttered trains? Well, they were the alleged German army. They landed at Ostend with the marines, crossed the frontier, changed into Hun costume, and returned as invaders, singing German songs and led by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL disguised as General Schloch.

* * *

REPARATIONS.

It follows that a great injustice has been done to Germany. We have long given up trying to extract reparations from her for the trifling damage done by the last War. But if Germany never had any war-guilt she should never have had to pay any reparations. And therefore Europe owes her a lot of money. A year or two ago, when we were trying to pacify Germany by telling her that she was a good girl and always had been, I predicted that one day we should be asked to pay back to Germany what little reparations we did receive. And if Herr ADOLF HITLER does not soon suggest that I will give you all a new hat. A. P. H.



The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the old device—
"Disarmament!"
SIR JOHN SIMON.

"Achmed Abdullah, the author, has forty-seven shirts and not one of them the same colour."—*Publisher's Note.*

He seems well prepared for a journey through Europe.

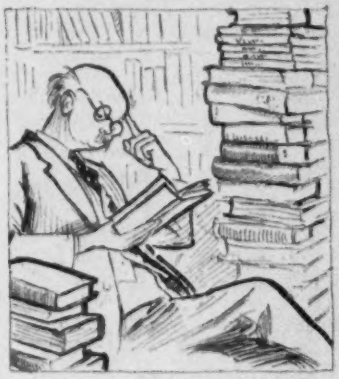
THE STAMP OF AUTHORITY.

THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER DOES HIS BIT.

SEBASTIAN SNOOP FOR *THE DAILY SCOOP*.



THE DAILY SCOOP HAS SECURED THIS DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR TO WRITE ON TOPICS OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.



"THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"IF I WERE DICTATOR," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"LOOK AFTER YOUR PETS," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"I LIKE THE MODERN GIRL," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"BRING BACK OUR SPORTS RECORDS," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"DRESS REFORM," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"THE SPREAD OF NUDISM," BY SEBASTIAN SNOOP.



"WHY THE SQUARE SUN?"
"THE CHAP WHO BUYS MY PICTURES BELIEVES IT 'S THAT SHAPE."

First Impressions.

HE is not quite six months old, and I have had him for three weeks.

He is the first of the kind that I have ever been able to study.

Although he is so young his countenance expresses world-old wisdom.

With an open mouth, however, he appears to laugh.

Whatever he thinks he does.

He carries his tail high—unless he is pursuing it.

His ears are long and soft.

His brow is furrowed, but less with care than curiosity.

His forelegs end in little feet that seem to emerge from brown wicket-keeping gloves.

His black is of the sleekest.

Scrutinising him with care, I am convinced that his ancestry comprises a sea-lion and a lizard.

He is, as an acute observer remarked, "one for the ladies."

But he repulses caresses from no one.

All the same he likes me best.

Or so I think.

Or so I hope.

Anyway, he patters after me wherever I go, and when he is left alone he screams.

Seen from the back, he waddles; seen from the front, he trots. But he always patters.

He insists on entertainment.

Although not at all greedy he likes his food.

He has raw meat at lunch, and retires for the night with a biscuit or a bone.

At tea-time he fixes me with a look that means milk.

At odd moments he eats the edges of rugs.

He also likes the backs of books.

He is too partial to slippers, which, after nibbling a while, he leaves under the very middle of the bed.

He devours *The Times*.

He has bitten no one yet, but once growled at a man in a bowler who looked at him through the car window.

For a day or so he fled from the car, but now is the first in.

He looks upon it as his own, but makes no contribution to oil or petrol.

All the most comfortable chairs he looks upon as his own too.

He cannot yet beg, but you should see him dig.

His desire is to reach Australia by the underland route.

He has not yet met a rabbit face to face, but he pursues sheep with a fine valiance.

Although small and immature, his weight, when he sleeps, is like a sack of sand.

If he sleeps on my bed he gradually pushes me out.

When he jumps suddenly into my lap I am bruised.

When he fails to land there, he falls with a crash.

But this does not deter him.

It is doubtful if anything could deter him.

His memory of punishment is of the shortest.

His nose, however, is immensely long.

It gets there easily first.
I believe he sees with it too.
In a room new to him it investigates every inch.
It is very cold.
It is continually yet unexpectedly being thrust into my hand and making me start.
Also making me glad.
Sometimes I call him the Thin End of the Wedge.
Sometimes, the Long and Short of it.
He is a dachshund. E. V. L.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXI.—I Had a Mole Once.

I HAD a mole once—
A merry little soul once,
A merry little soul
For a mole
Was he.
I had a mole once,
A merry little soul once;
He used to draw the dole once,
As happy as could be.
But they won't let him shirk now;
They say that he must work now;
They say that he must work now
To earn his £ *s. d.*
They force him willy-nilly O
To work in Piccadilly O
Digging up the road for the L.C.C.

I had a cod once,
And nothing very odd once,
Nothing very odd
For a cod
Was she.
I had a cod once,
I called her Hetty Todd once.
She looked like Hetty Todd once,
Or so it seemed to me.
But all that is done now,
She doesn't get much fun now;
She doesn't get much fun now,
Whatever one may say.
They saw her cutting capers O,
And snapped her for the papers O,
And now she's Bathing-Beauty-Queen at Bleakbeach Bay.

I had a newt once,
A jolly little brute once,
A jolly little brute
For a newt
Was he.
I had a newt once,
I thought him quite astute once,
He really was astute once,
So far as I could see.
But all that is passed now.
They're ruining him fast now,
They're ruining him fast now—
And nothing do they care.
They saw that he could wriggle O,
And hired him as a gigolo
To dance with the duchesses in dark Mayfair.



"THE 'OUSE IS ON FIRE, M' LADY!"
"*IMPOSSIBLE*, JENKINS; I'M DRESSING FOR DINNER."

I had a hat once,
'Twas battered nearly flat once,
I'd battered it as flat
As a hat
Could be.
I had a hat once—
An ordinary hat once,
I really thought that *that* once
Was safe with me.
I proved to be wrong, though;
Society's too strong, though—
Society's too strong, though,
And works its wicked will.
The Federated Missions O
To Worn-Out Politicians O
Sent it one to talk through—and he's talking still.

"BLACKWALL TUNNEL JAM."
Evening Paper Headline.

Ask your grocer for it.

"Before I received [it] I could not sleep at night, but now I think if a bomb dropped on our house I should not wake up."
Testimonial in Daily Paper.

Not, perhaps, in this world.

". . . he had his baptism of first-class football on Saturday, at Batley, where he had two of his teeth broken during the game. With further experience —— promises to be a very useful front-row man."
Local Paper.

Provided, of course, he has any of the front-row left.



"DASH IT ALL! YOUR FACE SEEMS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME."
"I HOPE YOU 'LL PARDON THE FAMILIARITY, SIR; I'M YOUR LATE VALET."

A Cure for Insomnia.

"I *cannot* sleep nowadays for some reason," said my dear friend to me last week.

I sighed. The noise passed for sympathy, but was really exasperation. I am so sick of other people's symptoms. They will run to me with them so. I suppose it's a compliment, but it's apt to be an infernal bore, because if the symptoms are odd enough I don't know what to say or do or recommend, and if they are banal they are merely a nuisance to listen to. And my stock of sympathetic noises is running very low. At the moment I am down to "Ah!" said thoughtfully and a little sadly. When "Ah!" is scrapped I must buy a handbook of phonetics. There is, for instance, EE, AY and Oo.

But my friend was fairly launched. "I toss," she said, "and I turn," said she, "and I think of all the worries of the morning and go over everything that has upset me during the day; and then I turn on the light and try to read and can't, and my brain goes on working and working, and I remember every mistake I have ever made and get all depressed and frightened about the future——"

"In short, you are wakeful," I cut in.

"—and I try counting sheep, and lose count, and that makes me hot and worse——"

"Ah!"

"—and my skin seems to crawl——"

Well, maddening as this is to listen to, at least she calls them "my" skin and "my" brain, and doesn't follow that infuriating practice of so many people who, when alluding to their ailments, drop the possessive and announce their heads and stomachs as "this" head and "the" stomach, as though both were national treasures that should be preserved for England and not sold to America.

"—and sleeping-draughts are so lowering," maundered she.

"You don't have to take 'em," I answered. "Look at almost any magazine now and you'll find at least eighteen remedies for sleeplessness. In fact everything but toothpaste and motors seems to do the trick," and I showed her the current issue of *Judson's*.

Rejecting the "Expando" Hold-all ("A Year in a Day—Puts the Long in Week-end—All for Room—Room for All," and so on), we came to various commodities which swore to sound repose. They included:—

1. EGGOLINE.
2. MALTOLAC.
3. LACTO (without malt).
4. CHEWING-GUM.
5. CHARCOAL BISCUITS.
6. MACHOOT'S WHISKY.
7. APPLES.
8. COFFEELAC.
9. GRAPEJUICE.
10. THE PILLOLECTRIC.
11. LIQUORICE LOZENGES (see the Anchor on every disc).
12. GINGER WINE.
13. OVOBOVO.
14. VITOMINA WAFERS.

The sleepless one brightened and took the magazine away with her.

The following morning I was rung up and informed that she was in bed.

"Asleep, I hope?" I lowed politely.

"She's had a terrible night, Madam," answered Skinner, taking that proper pride and delight in catastrophe common to most good housemaids. And

would I come round and see the mistress?

* * * * *

I entered the bedroom and found my friend exceeding green. On her table was an amazing assortment of spirit-lamps, jugs, strainers, glasses, bottles, cups, boxes and siphons.

"Come, come!" I exclaimed, "the electric-pillow is served before the charcoal biscuits in the better class of house. Or was it the chewing-gum? No doubt the action of the jaws deceived the eye, so to speak."

"I *think*," she faintly responded, "it was the peppermints."

I looked at the contribution from the House of Machoot and the siphons. "It always is," I remarked. "Try taking the peppermints *afterwards* in future. They have probably averted a thousand divorces. And practise saying 'I'd amalgamated such sea-shells as were in my possession.'"

"I've had an appalling night. Not a wink, in spite of all these remedies."

She is a drastic soul. I know the type. It thinks that if one cure is good—as, if taken solo, it undoubtedly is—two must be better.

Meanwhile she has quite forgotten her sleeplessness and now dines out on her dyspepsia. RACHEL.

Ship Models.

VI.—Sailor's "Picture" Model—Unnamed.

YONDER she sails on her paper sea—
Masts just a trifle *too* tall, maybe—
Chain-plates and whiskers, all, in short,
That proves her one of the grand old sort—
Frame that must surely have graced some day
The Christian Martyr or *Stag at Bay*—
The little model (none knows her name,
Whose flag she flew, from what yard she came)
Some shellback fashioned with calloused, twisted
Fingers that many a sail had fisted,
Giving to make her such scanty ease
As sailors snatched from the winds and seas
In long bright hours when the hooker snored
Down the sunlit Trade with her tacks aboard.

Was she wet or hungry, speedy or slow,
Whose likeness this was in the long-ago?
Was she tight or leaky, happy or hard,
Lucky, I wonder, or evil-starred?
What of her cargoes—captains—crews?
What trade did she sail in, what harbours use?
Did time or fire or the chance of weather
Make an end of story and ship together?



"ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A BATH, UNCLE?" "YES."
"THEN SHALL I TAKE MY GOLDFISH OUT OF THE BATH, OR DON'T YOU MIND?"

What of her maker? Did his bones
Find rest at the last with Davy Jones?
Or did he live till he came to be
A broken seaman, done with the sea,
Who sometimes, gazing with rheumy eyes
On the model he made under Tropic skies,
Saw ships long vanished and shipmates dead,
All that was life in the long years sped,
The grace, the glory, the pride again
God lends for a little to ships and men?

It may be. We know not. This alone,
This and no more of them both is known—
That someone once, in a ship forgotten,
Whose name is lost and whose ribs are rotten,
Saw, knew and laboured with halting skill
(Yet, since he loved her, not wholly ill)
To hold a moment the fleeting dream,
The flying beauty, the foam-bow gleam,
Sculptor and painter, craftsman, sage,
Follow and find not, age by age. . . .

Tall and lovely beyond all telling,
Her dimpled sails in the sunlight swelling,
Her bow-wave piling like drifted snow. . .
Some shellback fashioned her long ago.

C. F. S.



MORE SIGHTSEERS: A SKETCH ON A SWISS LAKE BOAT.

The Latest from Paris.

My dears, this very day I have flown back from Paris—so full of autumnal felicities—and I must take the very earliest opportunity of whispering in your ear some of my gleanings in that abode of clothes.

There is no ending to the wondrous new materials, and at long last the feminine form is to have its fling—a trifle *exagéré* perhaps; so away with straight ups and downs and sinister wooden effects!

A very *chic* Parisienne told me she is sick to death of puffs and poofs and poffs. No thwills and thurbeloes for her, she says. She is determined on the Olympic form with its simple skirt of Delphic corduroy and billowing sleeves. And she is typical of the new mode. Backless jackets are to be worn, with most of the interest in the sleeves and elbow-joints. These are being made from chlorinated goat and Mexican horse—so different from the vulgar horse. Blouses—backless too, of course, but close-fitting—fasten, as blouses should fasten, up to the tonsils, and are of old tomato or Gorgonzola green stiffeta, and are finished off with the tiniest button of polished monkey-nut. Marocain too is good, and in casuarina green or frangipannie pink is decidedly modish.

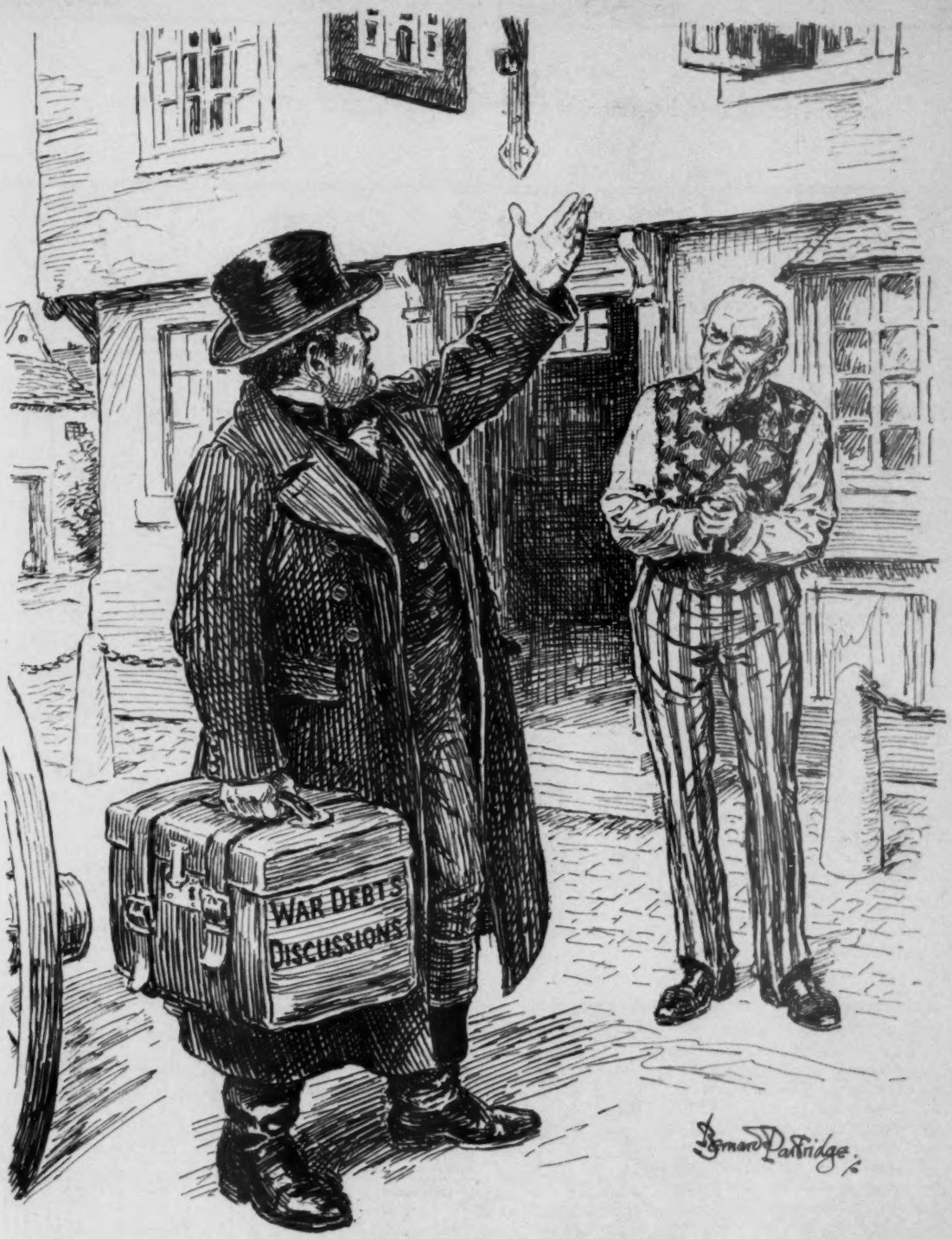
The lines of coats and *robes-de-bain* are particularly kind to older women this season, and are mostly of plaited porpoise-hide or tartan chenille. The latter is being done in tones of white-violet white and violet-violet violet with edgings of dog and parma violets. How dainty yet how drastic!

Belts, too enchanting some of them, are being worn wide. Very popular is ploughed-field cloth, ribbed of course, with well-harrowed edges and buckles in unwashed beetroot. For skirts the new winter-weight type of crochet-wool called Furfurfurea is correct, while semi-vague toques of that too seductive shade of hot-house haze are likely to continue well into 1934. A new type of béret draped with synthetic icicles and sand-dunes is much in vogue—very practical for the ski-ing slopes or for the Tombs of the Kings. Very clever, and so useful for the Casino too with its neat little cash-bag and self-locking zipp.

Interesting too is the new busby so chicly evolved by Désespoir Sœurs. And what do you think the material is? It's Tibetan lama, not the Peruvian kind with two "ll's"—that has *quite* gone—and the lining is the softest, snuggiest caviar-skin. Hattily speaking, it is quite the neatest and cosiest thing, and may be finished off with kangaroo-pouch, so ample for the puff and cosmetics.

The new glove effects, with their tassels of empty mussel-shells, help to offset hands that are inclined to be overweight, and contrast too wonderfully with the latest crêpe mittens. Black is the predominant colour, the tadpole-shade that brings thoughts of spring and Easter eggs.

The *tout ensemble* will be smart indeed if shoes are selected to match the mittens—glacé toadskin is the really *chic* material, with straps of cool watery-green Turkish delight and little snacks of buckles—either dull Vesuvian black or the wildest rose-pink. A smart woman who is shortish and tends to bulk will reduce her silhouette by carrying a stout umbrella covered in shredded hippo-skin stitched with briar-root. She will find the girth is gracefully and incredibly offset by this minute attention to detail. What a symphony this autumn promises to be!



THE WHITE HOUSE INN.

UNCLE SAM. "PLEASED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. BULL."

JOHN BULL. "SAME HERE, SAM. AND I HOPE THIS TIME YOU 'LL LET ME HAVE A ROOM WITH A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK."

THE POST-OFFICE AWAKES.



FLAVOURINGS FOR STAMPS. FREE GIFTS FOR POSTAL-ORDER COUNTERFOILS.



EASY-CHAIRS AND *PUNCH* FOR THE PUBLIC.



BARGAIN BASEMENTS.



Crusader's Wife. "WELCOME HOME, SIR JOCELYN! BUT DON'T TRY TO MAKE ME BELIEVE YOU GOT THOSE THINGS IN THE HOLY LAND. I HAPPEN TO KNOW THEY DON'T GROW THERE."

A Rathberry Revival.

NOWADAYS, in the townland of Rathberry, there is nothing extravagant in the once undreamed-of idea of reviving some long comatose custom. During the past few years practically everything there has been revived, from a modern form of the ancient Erse to the local Ceilidh, where old Irish dances are performed and gloomy ballads are sung. Rathberry likes to be up-to-date whatever its neighbours may say of it, and many of the old customs are so very old as to be entirely new to the rising generation. In the opinion of Mullinabeg, which, after all, is a village of reasonable proportions, Rathberry is a "backward place"; its inhabitants are "backward people." "All they have out there is a few ould ruinated walls," dwellers in the village say pityingly, "all they can see at anny time is the butt of the sky." Yet in the case of the Rounders revival the townland at Rathberry Cross led the way.

The idea was Mr. Fenton's. As master of the bleak grey schoolhouse he has been responsible for several of the local revivals. "There's great mentility in the masther below," his neighbours say with pride.

Some of his attempts have been crowned with success; others have been supported less enthusiastically. The lantern lecture arranged by him was a sore disappointment to the audience, who longed, audibly, for something more spectacular. On that occasion Mr. Fenton's worthy object was to teach the people of Rathberry something about the ancient monuments in which their fields are so rich, against which their sheep rub themselves with little sounds of ecstasy.

The opening meeting of the Rounders revival took place a few days ago in Foley's field. The large attendance included Yankee Mulhall, who came home from America this summer after an exile of thirty-five years, and who strolls aimlessly up and down the road wearing on his head the straw boater that marks him so indelibly as a "returned Yank." He was not interested in the revival, for he did not remember ever having seen the game that was to be revived; but he went to Foley's field. The doctor from Mullinabeg was there too. He said firmly that rounders was an English game, and that he was surprised at Mr. Fenton for wanting to revive it. "What was the use of painting letter-boxes green," he asked sarcastically, "if at any moment a foreign game was to be revived?" Foley's field was so full of people that it was quite a business to clear a space wide enough for the players. After a good deal of misunderstanding, sides were picked by the master himself and by The Cricket Mahony, so called not because of his fondness for an essentially English game, but because of an episode in which his father had figured with a cricket that chirped too lustily.

Under the schoolmaster's preliminary instructions some of the forgotten rules of the game of rounders came back to the minds of the older people, who showed an increasing desire to play, until, armed with a short billet of wood, Mr. Fenton stood forth and was struck so forcibly by the "half-solid" ball hurled at him by the rival captain that it was long enough before the ball could be found again at the foot of a large thistle.

There was no nonsense about "body-line bowling"; the only bowler that inspired any barracking was the one who failed to hit his man.

The revival was spectacular enough for anyone and it was marked by the rejuvenation of elderly folk, who smote and ran with unexpected agility. "He went the rounds of it wid great venom," an onlooker said of a neighbour; "sure you'd never accuse him of bein' so soople, an' he a cross ould spider always!"

It was the amazing and unforgetable reactions of Yankee Mulhall however that gave the game in Foley's field its real importance in the annals of Rathberry. He did not arrive until the rather acrimonious business of choosing sides was over; but with the smiting of the first ball the returned exile went "out of his latitude."

Straw boater in hand he struck terror into the heart of old Mrs. Grace, who sat enthroned upon a kitchen-chair, but who fled from it when Mr. Mulhall advanced, his face scarlet, his mouth uttering the most amazing sounds. Rathberry knows nothing of college yells; that day it heard yells that were even worse and a flow of abusive and encouraging conversation that will never be forgotten.

The man they call a cross ould spider was infuriated by being hailed as Babe Ruth; he was restrained with difficulty from attacking Yankee Mulhall. "I'll cool that fella's sthraw hat for him," he said furiously, "himself an' his babbies!"

The Cricket Mahony refused to play any more because the man from America shouted "Go!" and then blamed the runner bitterly because he had failed to recognise bluff. Hadn't he been a coacher for years, Yankee Mulhall demanded, and every team for which he played thought very highly of his bluff and knew by the inflection of his voice whether he meant "Go" or "Stay"? The Cricket had no use for people like that.

The heaviest blow fell later when the earnest revivalists were weary and sore from frequent collisions at full speed, and were in no condition to bear it. "Why didn't you tell me you wan-ned to learn baseball?" Mr. Mulhall shouted hoarsely; "I'll sure put you folks right. Ra, Ra, Ra!" D. M. L.

The Nightingale.

[*Are all these lines original?*—EDITOR.]

GREEN little vaulter in the summer grass,
That with the golden dagger of thy bill
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird;
England hath need of thee, she is a fen—
(Never one kindly smile, one kindly word)—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
There is a silence where no sound may be;
Slowly thou sinkest on the Ægean main;
And yet—I swear it angers me to see—
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of man's first disobedience. Thou art free!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
What meed hath Fate for all his chivalry?
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And blank appalling solitude of rain.
Still nursing the unconquerable hope
She strives to rend thy songs—too blind is she.
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey?
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
That strain again; it had a dying fall.
Like nature's patient sleepless eremite
I heard the trailing garments of the night,
And universal darkness covers all.



Enthusiastic Shop-Assistant. "I ASSURE YOU THESE PRICES ARE LESS THAN NOMINAL."

The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday.

"Golf has numerous enthusiasts in England, and one of the most ardent is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He very seldom uses the grandstand reserved for him at the tournaments, and likes to enjoy himself with the crowd."—*Chinese Paper.*

At the Play.

"NIGHT'S CANDLES" (QUEEN'S).

THE combination of sixteenth-century Florence, DE MUSSET, and Mr. ERNEST MILTON should warn the playgoer before the rise of the curtain that here, if anywhere, is something likely to have plenty of stuff in it. And so it has. So much, indeed, that it is doubtful whether any other English actor would have ventured to produce the piece and to tackle a *rôle* which those who remember assure us defeated BERNHARDT herself.

Mr. MILTON is to be congratulated. If he is indeed defeated it is not by the part of *Lorenzaccio* but by DE MUSSET'S enormous leisureliness in coming to the point. Gorgeous and brutal scenes follow one upon the other, and the *Duke Alessandro de' Medici* riots through them, aided unobtrusively by his pale cousin, *Lorenzino*. *Ricciarda* is seduced, *Leonora Strozzi* is insulted, political plots are hatched, all is rotten, all is richly picturesque, all is hateful. But this takes a long time to present, and meanwhile Mr. MILTON, dressed in black and looking a good deal like *Hamlet*, has to wait his chance to show us what is the kernel of this romantic drama—the betrayal and the purging of *Lorenzo de' Medici's* soul.

It is worth waiting, for, in spite of too many pauses and stresses and too much conscious striving after effect, he does achieve a triumph. The story of the brilliant, ingenious, sensitive man, alive to his country's wrongs, overwhelmed by the hideous vigour of the debauchery of his ducal cousin, sucked into the whirlpool at the cost of all his better instincts, and freeing himself at last—though with no hope of physical escape—by assassinating the tyrant who has trusted him, is one which gives plenty of scope for the kind of exotic tragedy in which Mr. MILTON peculiarly excels. He was most nobly supported by a cast whose beautiful clothes alone would have made the evening worth while, had not their talents also been admirable. Mr. ROY EMERTON'S *Alessandro de' Medici* was a creature of such a huge, gross and horrible brutality that it was difficult to understand his attraction for the lovely ladies (who could not allow themselves to be quite so freely Florentine), duke though he was. But he played marvellously. Excellent were the performances also of Miss CATHERINE LACEY as *Ricciarda*, Mr. HENRY HEWITT as the base old *Cardinal Malaspina Cibo*, and particularly Mr. WILLIAM FOX'S rendering of *Pietro Strozzi*, which seemed to catch the genuine spirit of the period.

But all really rested on *Lorenzaccio*. He was the pivot, the mainspring; his the tragedy, the purging by death. Mr. MILTON had emended the play's *finale*, and very successfully, in having himself stabbed rather than delivered up to the howling mob. Could he not have emended the earlier scenes also, and allowed some of the licentiousness of his Florentine surroundings to have been indicated rather than gloated over? It would have been much less dreary.

EVOE.



PORTRAIT PAINTING IN 16TH CENTURY FLORENCE.

THE DUCAL SITTER WHO GOT RESTIVE.

Tebaldeo (a Painter) . . . . . MR. DAVID BLAIR.
Alessandro de' Medici . . . . . MR. ROY EMERTON.



A DARK DEED.

Lorenzino de' Medici (MR. ERNEST MILTON) EXTINGUISHES THE NIGHT'S CANDLES PREPARATORY TO EXTINGUISHING HIS COUSIN.

"THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF" (WESTMINSTER).

Period plays have their advantages as well as their drawbacks. If the period is sufficiently remote they can be revived ten or fifty years later without the need of revision required by plays based on the manners and morals of an age of perpetual flux. The appeal of Mr. ASHLEY DUKES'S comedy, dated by references to the French Revolution, and by the important part (though not a speaking part) played by "the Prince" on the eve of the Regency, is just as strong as it was when the play was produced at the Haymarket eight years ago. The text is, so far as I know, unaltered; the scenery and costumes, by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND, are unchanged. Only the cast is new, and as I had not the good fortune to see the original quartet—Miss FAY COMPTON, Miss JOYCE KENNEDY, Mr. FRANK CELLIER and Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE—I am spared the task of comparing them with their predecessors.

As for the play itself, which, with due regard for the "unities" of time and place, exhibits the contacts, attractions and repulsions of Mistress and Maid, Nobleman and Lackey, during a night and morning spent at a country inn, I gladly admit the charm of its diction and its skilful reproduction of the modish elegance of Bath and Mayfair

in the late eighteenth century. But the characters, though in keeping with an artificial atmosphere, are hard to reconcile with the teachings of experience. The valet hero is not an altogether new character in drama—witness the butler in *The Admirable Crichton*, who, after saving the situation on a desert island, abdicates his throne and returns to the pantry. But I find Sir JAMES BARRIE's creation much closer to reality than the amazing gentleman's super-gentleman in *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, who, with the soul of a poet and the chivalry of a BAYARD, has yet patiently endured for five years the torments of lackeydom in the service of an ignoble lord. No clue is given as to his origin or education, or how he attained that mastery of Elizabethan diction which enables him to speak like a character in one of SHAKESPEARE'S or MARLOWE'S plays.

Still, he is very impressive and edifying, and in this, the most difficult part in the play, Mr. ION SWINLEY bore himself with dignity and proved an eminently devout lover. His lines abound in purple patches, but he never tore them to tatters. As the *Nobleman* Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH gave a careful if conventional study of all the stages of his descent from the insolent patron and successful rake to the laughing-stock of the piece. Miss VALERIE TAYLOR lacked vivacity as the *Lady* (with a very chequered past), and I welcomed her change from the lachrymose vein to that of vixenish invective. She sang her two songs very well, as became an ex-opera star. Miss JULIA CRAWLEY as the *Maid* was a most accomplished if thoroughly un-Trollopian trollop, and administered the *coup de grâce* in the debunking of the amorous peer, when she threw back his purse in his face and boxed his ears, with refreshing vigour. Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY as the senile and garrulous *Innkeeper*, and Miss MARGUERITE CELLIER as his stalwart *Wife*, completed the cast. It only remains to be added that the audience, by their rapt attention during the occasional *longueurs* of the dialogue and the distressing vacillations of the hero and heroine in the last scene of all, were as wonderful as London's policemen.

C. L. G.

At Short Rise.

I CANNOT hit a pheasant
When it is coming high,
I find it most unpleasant,
However hard I try,
To bring them down from overhead
And show my row of newly-dead:
They will not meet my laggard lead,
A tailing-shot am I.

But when we walk the stubble
In bright October sun
Or hawthorn hedges double
I wield a pretty gun—
The stately rise, the view behind,
Each easy mark I do not mind,
At twenty paces I shall find
My brutal deed is done.

Let others boast of coverts tall,
Of specks against the sky,
Of drooping wings or thudding fall
Of none that pass them by;
I see them do it, young or old,
When leaves have gone from tree to mould,
But, as I've been so often told,
A walking-shot am I.



THE COTTAGE WEEK-END.

"YOUR BATH-WATER, MISS."

A Cry from Kowloon.

["The undermentioned War Office publication has been approved for issue:—
Clothing and Equipment Instructions for the Indian *personnel* of the military hospital at Kowloon."]

NOTE: *Gross inaccuracy is claimed for these verses.*

FROM far Kowloon (a military station)
A noise of grief, a lifting-up of woe;
The brassy skies are loud with tribulation;
The lazy waters, lying all aglow,
Stir to the passion of the S.M.O.;
What, are you ill-content in that fair land?
Has aught gone wonky, say, in your command?

How should we smile when all our hearts are sad,
And how make merry when our souls rebel,
Seeing the unequipped and ill y-clad
Condition of our Indian *personnel*?

Our wards are clean, our instruments are bright,
And we have interesting cases too;
All would be well save these that flout the sight,
And we, alas, we know not what to do.

Have we not pestered you this long, long while?
Have we not prayed you meekly for a word,
How to endue them in the rightful style
Of furniture? And you, you have not heard.

Shower your Instructions out, that we may learn;
Pour your decisions forth with urgent pen;
That we may act thereon, and justly turn
Out in fair shape these admirable men.

And on the sunlit waters there was calm,
And an abiding torpor pleased the sky;
If any heard, they heard without a qualm,
Nor gave due heed to Kowloon's bitter cry;
Whitehall was mute, and England passed it by.
Then rose the S.M.O. and sang again,
And all his staff drew round and took the strain:—

Give ear, you dwellers on the height,
And list to our complaint,
And if you think that out of sight
Is out of mind, it ain't;
Have we not charged the yeasty swell
And bid the skies repeat
How still our Indian *personnel*
Is rude and incomplete?
And must we bend beneath a wrong
Most bitter and unjust?
Truly, unless you come out strong,
Apparently we must.
Then wake; fling lethargy away;
Send from your seats on high
Instructions forth without delay;
Ototoi. Ai, Ai.
ff. Ototoi. Ai, ai.

And one stirred in his rest; "Methinks I hear
A distant murmur very like a wail;
Someone wants something; that alone is clear;
Send what they ask for by an early mail,
And let sweet peace at any cost prevail."

* * * * * *

And so Kowloon was glad, and all was well
With her unrivalled Indian *personnel*. DUM-DUM.

This is for Women.

Solving the Problem.

So terribly terribly difficult, don't you think (or don't you think?) to know just what to take in that little expanding suit-case? It's only for a week-end—well, Thursday night to Monday—but if it's cold you're sure to have taken something silk and a bathing-dress, and if it's hot tweeds won't be a bit right either. Then again, if you're off to the Blankley-Dashes and you've only met them in Town, you'll pack the smart Town two-piece with garden-party and evening-dress to follow, and there they'll be all just off to an otter-hunt as you arrive. So jolly—in Court shoes. If, on the other hand, you've met them on the Broads or somewhere, ten to one you arrive in brogues and knapsack, and land slap into a garden-party with a programme of races and dances ahead of you.

Of course if you've got enough clothes the thing is to take them all. But have you? Primrose hadn't, but Primrose always finds a way to manage. "What's the secret, Primrose?" I asked her; "what did you do?"

This is what.

First of all Primrose went up to the attic and brought down a suit-case. Then she packed all the heavy things at the bottom—shoes, boots, skates, tennis-racket, etc., etc. Primrose knows if you pack the heavy things at the bottom the porter will put the suit-case upside-down; still, one day he mightn't.

Next she packed her undies. Primrose knew her keys would be taken from her when she arrived and the maid would take out all the pretty things, so she only put pretty ones in. Then in went her manicure set, her brushes, her toothpaste, her sponge, and not forgetting the soap. Primrose likes just one sort of soap, you know, so she always takes her own. Now she stowed in those new pyjamas and the dressing-gown and the little blue slippers too: Primrose nearly forgot them. Then down come the dresses: each one so carefully folded, with tissue-paper between every fold. Two cotton ones, two silk ones and . . . and the suit-case wouldn't possibly shut!

Provoking! Poor Primrose ran up to the attic again and fetched another just a shade bigger. It was filled with blankets, but she soon bundled them into the little one and repacked in a jiffy, and now it was really finished. She didn't have to worry about what she would wear. Believe me, she did not. She only had to wait till the taxi arrived and—the tap in the bathroom suddenly started leaking furiously. Good old Primrose, she knew where the main was! She ought to too, that tap . . .

Still she soon turned it off at the main, rushed upstairs and shut the windows, rushed into her room, grabbed her suit-case, rushed into the taxi, rushed to the station, rushed into her train and away she went.

Such a lovely run! Such a lovely welcome! Such a smart maid who took her suit-case! Wasn't she glad then she'd taken so much trouble? Wasn't she? Well, honestly, she was pretty sick about it. All the maid found in that suitcase was blankets. Still, it saved her worrying about what clothes she should wear, didn't it?

Il faut souffrir pour être belle.

"LADIES CAN HAVE FITS UPSTAIRS."—*Notice in Tailor's Window.*

"A bomb exploded in a bakery in the Belgrano quarter of Buenos Aires during the night. The outrage is thought to have been an act of vengeance by syndicalists."—*Daily Paper.*

Or was it to make the bread rise?



Master. "YOU FOUND THOSE SIX SHEEP, THEN, DONALD?"
Shepherd. "I DID THAT. TWO WAS BY HERSELF, ONE WAS TOGETHER, AND THREE OF THEM WAS AMONG ONE OF MCKELLY'S."

Subject to Beelzebub.

I.—The Caterpillar.

THE caterpillar does not crawl.
He humps himself into a ball,
and then in short successive jumps
he unexpectedly unhumps.
But though, like any circus clown,
he rises up to tumble down,
the folded wings lie snug beneath
that furry elongated sheath.
With this in mind when one of us
seems perfectly ridiculous,
looks vague when questioned, answers like
a boy's defective motor-bike,
mixes his feet, blushes for shame
if women use his Christian name,
does everything, in short, he could
to prejudice his livelihood,
are there, I wonder, butterflies
waiting behind his puzzled eyes?

HUMBERT.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

July 7th. Incredulous astonishment on receiving by second post—usually wholly confined to local bills and circulars concerning neighbouring garden fêtes—courteous and charming letter from publishers in America. They are glad to say that they feel able to meet me on every point concerning my forthcoming visit to the United States, and enclose contract for my approval and signature.

Am completely thrown on my beam-ends by this, but remember that visit to America *was* once mooted and that I lightheartedly reeled off stipulations as to financial requirements, substantial advances and so on, with no faintest expectation that anybody would ever pay the slightest attention to me. This now revealed as complete fallacy. Read contract about fourteen times running, and eyes—figuratively speaking—nearly drop out of my head with astonishment. Can I possibly be worth all this?

Probably not, but should like to see America, and in any case am apparently committed to going there whether I want to or not.

Long and involved train of thought follows, beginning with necessity for breaking this news to Robert at the most auspicious moment possible, and going on to requirements of wardrobe, now at lowest possible ebb, and speculating as to whether, if I leave immediately after children's summer holidays and return just before Christmas ones, it would not be advisable to embark upon Christmas shopping instantly.

All is interrupted by telephone ring—just as well, as I am rapidly becoming agitated—and voice says that it is Sorry to Disturb Me, but is just Testing the Bell. I say Oh, all right, and decide to show publishers' letter to Robert after tea.

Am absent-minded all through tea as a result, and give Robert sugar, which he doesn't take. He says, Am I asleep or what? and I decide to postpone announcement until evening.

It rains, and presently Florence appears and says, If you please, the water's coming in on the landing through the ceiling, and I say she had better go at once and find Robert—it occurs to me too late that this attitude is far from consistent with feminist views so often proclaimed by myself—and meanwhile put small basin (really Vicky's sponge-bowl) on stairs to catch water, which drips in steadily.



ROBERT.

Return to writing-table and decide to make list of clothes required for American trip, but find myself instead making list of all the things I shall have to do before starting, beginning with passport requirements and ending with ordering China tea from the Stores, seven pounds cheaper than smaller quantity.



"IF YOU PLEASE, THE WATER'S COMING THROUGH THE CEILING."

Just as I am bringing this exercise to a close Robert comes in, and shortly afterwards I hear him stumble over sponge-bowl on stairs, about which nobody has warned him. This definitely precludes breaking American news to him for the present.

He spends the evening up a ladder looking at gutters, and I write to American publishers but decide not to post letter for a day or two.

July 8th. Robert still unaware of impending announcement.

July 10th. Telegram, reply pre-paid, arrives from American publishers' representative in London inquiring what I have decided, and this is unfortunately taken down over the telephone by Robert. Full explanations ensue; are not wholly satisfactory, and am left with extraordinary sensations of guilt and duplicity which I do not attempt to analyse.

Woman called Mrs. Tressider, whom I once met and disliked when staying with Rose, writes that she will be motoring in this direction with The Boy and will call in on us about tea-time to-morrow.

Query: Why not go out? *Answer:* (*a*) The laws of civilisation forbid. (*b*) Such a course might lead to trouble with dear Rose. (*c*) Cannot think of anywhere to go.

Write, on the contrary, amiable letter to Mrs. T., saying that I look forward to seeing her and The Boy. Try to remember if I know anything whatever about the latter, but nothing materialises, not even approximate age. *Mem.:* Order extra milk for tea in case he turns out to be very young—but this not probable from what I remember of Mrs. T.'s appearance.

Go with Robert in the afternoon to neighbouring Agricultural Show and see a good many iron implements, also a bath standing all by itself outside a tent and looking odd, and a number of animals, mostly very large. Meet the Frobishers; who say, There were more people here last year, to which I

agree. Remember too late that I didn't come at all last year. Subsequently meet the Palmers, who say, Not so many people as there were last year, and I again agree. Am slightly appalled on reflection, and wonder what would happen in the event of Frobishers and Palmers comparing notes as to their respective conversations with me; but this is unlikely in the extreme.

Query: Are the promptings of conscience regulated in proportion to the chances of discovery in wrongdoing? *Answer:* Obviously of a cynical nature.

We continue to look at machinery, and Robert becomes enthusiastic over extraordinary-looking implement with teeth, and does not consider quarter-of-an-hour too long in which to stand looking at it in silence. Feel that personally I have taken in the whole of its charms in something under six seconds, but do not of course say so. Fall instead into reverie about America, imagination runs away with me, and I die and am buried at sea before Robert says, Well if I've had enough of the caterpillar–(caterpillar?)—what about some tea?

We accordingly repair to tea-tent. Very hot and crowded, and benches show tendency to tip people off whenever other people get up. I drink strong tea and eat chudleighs and cake with cherries in it. Small girl opposite, wedged in between enormous grandfather and grandfather's elderly friend, spills her tea. It runs down the table, which is on a slope, and invades Robert's flannel trousers. He is not pleased, but says that It doesn't matter, and we leave tent.

Meet contingent from our own village, exchange amiable observations, and Miss S. of the post-office draws me aside to ask if it is true that I am going to America. I admit that it is, and we agree that America is A Long Way Off, with rider from Miss S. to the effect that she has a brother in Canada, he's been there for years and has a Canadian wife whom Miss S. has never seen, and further addition that things seem to be in a bad way there altogether.

This interchange probably overheard by Robert, as he later in the evening says to me rather suddenly that he supposes this American business is really settled? I reply weakly that I suppose it is, and immediately add, more weakly still, that I can cancel the whole thing if he wants me to. To this Robert makes no reply whatever and takes up *The Morning Post*.

I listen for some time to unsympathetic female voice from the wireless singing song that I consider definitely repellent about a forest, and address picture-postcards to Robin and Vicky at school; switch off wireless just as unsympathetic female branches off into something about wild violets, write list of clothes I shall require for America, and presently discover that I have missed the nine-o'clock news



THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

altogether. Robert also discovers this and is again not pleased.

Go up to bed feeling discouraged and notice a smell in the bathroom, but decide to say nothing about it till morning. Robert, coming up hours later, wakes me in order to inquire whether I noticed anything when I was having my bath. Am obliged to admit that I did, and he says this means taking up the whole of the flooring, and he'll take any bet it's a dead rat. 'Do not take up this challenge as (*a*) he is probably right, and (*b*) I am completely sodden with sleep. E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

"Mr. George Bailey, a Canadian, has invented a concrete railway tie."—*Local Paper.*

So many railway men *will* wear them in the abstract.

The Fine New Road.

Glencoe, 1933.

THE old road through the glen,
It followed gully and ridge,
Twisting and climbing and then
Twisting and falling again
To a hump-backed bridge;
It wasn't designed for speed;
But then what need—

When the great hills stood there
For the traveller to see,
Gaunt and savage and bare
And dark as the clouded air,
A carven gallery;
Who in that solemn place
Was minded to race?

Somebody, it would seem,
For they loosed their engineers,
And the roar and racket and scream
Of machinery rent the dream
That the glen had dreamt for years;
Straight as the west wind blew
They drove their new road through.

The red deer leapt in dread
At the crash of their thundering blast;
The eagles overhead
Wheeled in amaze and fled,
And the ghosts of the storied past,
Feeble and faint and shrill,
Went wailing over the hill. . . .

The new road's burnished black;
It's concrete and steel and tar,
Guiltless of rut or crack,
Wide as a railway-track,
Straight as a shooting-star,
Speedy and safe and strong,
But oh! so wrong.

In the place of the old road
That was sib to the silent glen,
Where once the clansmen strode,
Where tragedy kept abode
And the ghosts of murdered men—
The sad glen that was crammed
With memories. . . . Speed be damned!

H. B.

"Canaries, 2/- each. Spice Birds, 8/- pair. Parrot in cake, 25/- (not talking)."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Not even when the cake is opened?



THE HOVERING BRASS-HAT: A NEW MENACE FROM THE AIR.

[We understand that a marked advance in the art of taking cover by troops engaged in the recent manœuvres was noted.]

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Chestertonian Muse.

ARRANGED so that the present precedes the past, and some fifty numbers of 1932 introduce five republished books, *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton* (METHUEN, 7/6) are a trophy of unmistakable value. According as you exalt the complete man or the poet, you will find your predilections at the volume's two poles, for it is obvious that Mr. CHESTERTON has preferred, as time goes on, to harness his Pegasus to the shafts of social reform. There are admirable things, epigrammatic and ironic, among the new verses; but you have to dive deeper for the old generous exultations—the carols, the songs of chivalry and good-fellowship, the merriest kind of satire. No doubt our world deserves that such music should dwindle; yet I am not sure that Mr. CHESTERTON is his own best critic. He depreciates, I note, the Poems of 1915, the series that contains the exquisite dedication to "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" and the caustic apostrophe to F. E. SMITH. Be that as it may, he has taken the happiest in taking the most comprehensive course; and whether your vote is for skill or inspiration, vigour or delicacy, benediction or anathema, it is here at your command.

A Mormon Romance.

Miss SUSAN ERTZ is to be congratulated on the compassionate insight with which she has handled a theme commonly devoted to scurrility. The career of two Mormons—the hero an American, the heroine, *The Proselyte* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), of a humble Sussex family—is obviously little calculated to enlist understanding and sympathy. That the story of *Elder Hewett* and *Zillah Purdy* does both—and this while faithfully delineating the character and circumstances of their sect—is due, I think, to the intrinsic interest of any and every attempt to conquer the material by the spiritual—a feat which in their grotesque and unprepossessing fashion the Mormons undoubtedly attempted. The psychology of the novel is far more attractive than its increasingly haphazard adventures; and the domestic tragedy which knits *Zillah* and her family to Mormonism, their emigration in the 'fifties, their terrible trek from New York to Salt Lake City, culminate in the young wife's desperate struggle to prevent her husband's plural marriage. The couple's subsequent relegation to a settlement beset by Indians strikes me as something of an anti-climax; but the meditative vein, which is the book's real strength, asserts itself before the close.

A Gallic Jekyll and Hyde.

The illustrious sovereign whom ALBERT called "a walking lie" and VICTORIA (but this was before her Consort had passed sentence) "a *very* extraordinary man with great qualities," has been both soundly and sympathetically dealt with by Mr. ROBERT SENCOURT in *Napoleon III.: The Modern Emperor* (BENN, 21/-). That spiritual instability which besets the political adventurer and domesticated *roué* was particularly marked in the son of LOUIS

BUONAPARTE and HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS, and Mr. SENCOURT has excelled himself in solving the riddle of that dual personality and the shifts of policy it inspired. But he has also brought out a more interesting aspect of the villain of the *Coup d'État* and Sedan. Because the new material acquired is mainly concerned with the intrigues of court and camp, there is less than adequate space devoted to the EMPEROR as a social reformer. Yet the economist who wrote "The Extinction of Pauperism" and warned the infant factories of his day to beware of over-production, is a figure worth redeeming from the shoddier and showier legends that obscure him. For this rehabilitation—which might, I feel, have been carried still further—the biographer has my profound thanks.

What Were the Others Like?

Of JANET BEITH'S *No Second Spring*
(From HODDER'S list at 7/6)
I hesitate to say the thing
I'd like to say—I'm in a fix;
For this first novel is, I find,
The lucky book whose author collars
In open contest with mankind
A prize of twenty-thousand dollars.

Publishers' readers with one voice
(British and Yank) declare it's fine,
And who am I to flout their choice
With any doubting words of mine?
My one alternative's to doubt
Myself; for there is no denying
That sums like that aren't flung about
Unless you're sure of what you're buying.

We're shown a Scot, a godly man
With eyes so glued to Heaven above
He fails to see that Heaven's own plan
Is based on earthly human love.
Parts of it charmed me with a touch
That's sweet and delicate and glowing;
But—truth will out—there's far too much
That I found very heavy going.



"SHUT UP ABOUT SAILIN'-SHIPS, GRANDAD, AN' TELL US SOME SAUCY STORIES OF WOT 'APPENED WHEN YOU USED TO PADDLE ABOUT IN YOUR CORACLE."

A Tempestuous Baronet.

The name of Sir WILLIAM EDEN arouses memories in us of an older generation who can go back to the days before the Great Boer War, when WHISTLER was in his prime and the world was yet young. For was he not the hero (or possibly the villain) of *The Baronet and the Butterfly*? Does anyone now read that "curiously publicated advertisement," as an American once called it? Not very many read it at the time, and to tell the truth it was always more spiteful than amusing; but perhaps it is as well to have the Baronet's side of the question put fairly before us since the Butterfly—that very malicious butterfly with a sting in its tail—has held the field for so long. And not only for this do we welcome this work of filial piety—*The Tribulations of a Baronet* (MACMILLAN, 7/6)—but because it gives a really excellent sketch of a most remarkable man. A fine daring rider, a temperamental crack-shot, a very considerable artist in water-colours (read GEORGE MOORE on that subject if you have doubts), an arbitrary but popular magistrate, and a quite impossible father, Sir WILLIAM was the sort of aristocrat that is now as extinct as the dodo, and for that reason, if for no other, this book has its value. But Sir TIMOTHY EDEN has written it uncommonly well, with the hand of an artist. *The Tribulations* gives a picture of character and temperament more fascinating than most novels.

Mauser and Enfield.

Colonel DENEYS REITZ, in *Trekking On* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-), continues that excellent book, *Commando*, and improves on perfection. What a life! It took five Rooineks to beat a Boer when he first went to war, but we can pride ourselves on the fact that a while after Vereeniging we gained him for the Empire. He has now given us his

experiences as an exile, his work in the Free State Rebellion of 1914, his war service in S.W. and East Africa and—the most thrilling part—his life on the Western Front. It is all modestly written, and one commends the sense that appointed him as C.O. of a Scottish Regiment—a Dutch Huguenot was just the man for it. Throughout the book, between the sound of rifle-bullets arriving from Krantz or Pill-box there is a refreshing note of friendliness towards enemies. Some books should be read on a hill-top in the Matoppos where the men who worked for African unity lie. This is one of them, but may it be long before this author-horseman of the high veld outspans there! *Trek jou, Colonel Baas!* The sooner you inspan again and your whip cracks over your publishers' heads the better for us.

Good Fighting.

There is no mistake about the fighting in Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans's latest book for boys, *The Ghostly Galleon* (The Bodley Head, 6/-). Its pages are crammed with single combats and mêlées, with rapiers, pistols and two-handed blades, and the results are sufficiently "bluggy" to satisfy the literal taste of any normal unregenerate youth. True, the story bears a strong family likeness to others from the same pen, nor are the happenings related in it founded in the smallest degree on historical fact. The Caribbean, as it is here depicted, no more resembles that sea in the days of Dampier and Morgan than the waters navigated by Captain Lemuel Gulliver. But readers who enjoy a good scrap, a valiant hero and lots of really unpleasant pirates will find plenty here to suit them. May I, however, throw out a passing suggestion that the gallant author may one day turn for material to the ships and the seas he himself knows so well, by way of a change from the fantastic semi-historical setting of this book and its predecessors?



Unintelligent Desperado (in gunsmith's shop). "Stick 'em up and give me a decent revolver. This one's broke."

The Dollar Comet.

It seems improbable at the moment that any person will again succeed in giving away, or even in acquiring, sums of money exceeding a total of sixty million pounds sterling. Mr. Burton J. Hendrick's biography, *The Life of Andrew Carnegie* (Heinemann, 25/-), is distracted between the two halves of this problem, for no sooner does his hero's orbit in astronomical wealth suggest that here must be a human Juggernaut, the incarnation of a social tyranny and all that sort of thing, than the stark wisdom of his beneficence turns the entire performance into an argument for plutocratic control. Clearly the intimate friend of Matthew Arnold and Gladstone and Morley was no monster, and the actual fact would appear to be that the winner in a happy-go-lucky scramble for the richest patch of iron ore on earth's surface was the most typical Scotsman of his generation, alike in his business acumen, his generosity on proved occasion and his determination to get value for money. Mr. Hendrick is perhaps just a little overawed by the millionaire's many millions, but if occasionally his narrative tends to honey-sweet it is none the less a realistic description of an amazing phenomenon.

Philanthropy.

Although *Mr. Pete & Co.* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) may be scorned by those who regard sentimentality as an unforgivable sin, I doubt if Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice has ever written a story which, in its mingling of humour and pathos, deserves a wider popularity. *Mr. Pete*, in any procession of Mrs. Rice's characters, should certainly walk side by side with *Mrs. Wiggs*. Returning, after a chequered career that ended in victory, to his native town in Kentucky, he is regarded as an eccentric and a derelict by his prosperous relations. So he makes his home in the slums and surrounds himself with people who in spite of their poverty are extremely vital. I surrender to *Mr. Pete* and his young friends *Jake* and *Marlene*, and cheerfully confess my submission.

A Profitable Profession.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, in his collection of short stories, *The Ex-Detective* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3/6), leaves me with the impression that *Malcolm Gossett* was perhaps a little lucky. *Gossett* left Scotland Yard because he wished to play a lone hand and to act "for the possibly innocent man who is accused of being a criminal." His would seem to be a profession that leads to wealth. On two occasions his reward for services rendered was five thousand pounds, and in the last story, "Uncle Hiram Saves the Situation," he received the knighthood which his wife so ardently desired. But I hasten to add that these tales are effective and excellently told, and at the modest price asked for them must be considered a bargain.

A. A.

Mr. Anthony Armstrong needs no introduction to *Punch* readers, and the multitude of his faithful followers will be delighted to find that, amid the hurly-burly of his new and extremely successful career as a playwright, he can still snatch a few moments to produce a book. *While You Wait* (Methuen, 3/6) is a collection of commentaries, written in the author's own easy-going friendly way, on various familiar aspects and incidents of daily life, ranging from by-pass roads and the club wine-waiter to the Sad (and perhaps not so familiar) Case of Smetting, who was perpetually trying to get himself sent by post and had eventually to be destroyed as "perishable matter insufficiently stamped." "My Lil Dawg" will probably win more votes than anything else in this book, but the description of the over-helpful Map-Expert and some advice on How To Eat Dessert should on no account be missed.

Charivaria.

"CHRISTMAS comes on a Monday this year," declares a contemporary. We were afraid this secret would leak out before long.

***

At a recent fancy-dress ball twenty men wore suits of chain-armour. They made a deep impression on their partners by their dancing.

***

"The octopus is the only thing we know with eyes at the back of its head," says a weekly paper. How about gossip-writers?

***

A machine was shown at the Business Efficiency Exhibition that writes out and signs cheques. All we want now is some trifling gadget that will keep the account in funds.

***

A dramatist says that he has often sat at his desk for weeks without the faintest glimmer of inspiration. All work and no play, so to speak.

***

At the wedding of a ganger some of his mates formed an arch with their picks and shovels. Fortunately no dinner-hooter went off as the happy couple left the church.

***

There was said to be a plot recently against the production of a musical comedy. This must be the nearest a plot has ever got to a musical comedy.

***

Six bandits raided a New York night-club in the early hours of the morning and got away with a lot of money. The waiters were naturally the chief victims.

***

"Cannibals," says a French explorer who has returned from New Guinea, "are complaining that the modern white man is tough and reeks of tobacco." But have they sampled our girls?

***

It has been suggested in America that the State of Georgia should be renamed to commemorate the War. They might like to call it Lloyd Georgia.

***

A writer thinks that people in this country keep too much to themselves. No blame attaches to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for this.

***

One of his many interviewers was impressed by Herr HITLER'S disarming manner. But is he really disarming?

***

Ploughing in Essex has been done after dark, headlights being fixed to tractors. This has ruined the digestions of local birds who have to get up in the middle of the night for their worms.



Manager. "THAT 'S NOT A CALL; THEY 'RE BOOING."
Artiste. "I HEARD ONE 'ENCORE.'"
Manager. "YES, THAT WASN'T FOR YOU, IT WAS FOR THE BOOING."

***

"I know of one errand-boy," writes "SCRUTATOR," "who habitually wears an Eton tie." There is nothing new in that. "SCRUTATOR" will have something to brag about when he sees an errand-boy wearing an Eton collar.

***

"How much should one pay for household coal in the autumn?" asks an evening paper. Less.

***

"This is an age of great insincerity," declares a writer. The only people with real convictions are in gaol.

***

An old man at Reading claims that as a boy he could throw a half-crown from one bank of the Thames to the other. But of course a half-crown went further in those days.

***

Certain manufacturers claim to have discovered a new cloth which no laundry can tear. There may be such a cloth, but we doubt if there is such a laundry.

***

"Distance," says Lord LONDONDERRY, "is the greatest enemy of international understanding." Possibly, but it is also a very good substitute for it.

***

Strategists have been discussing the possibility of a German attack on France through Geneva. It would be construed as a pointed affront to the League of Nations.

***

As the mysterious "monster" that haunts Loch Ness is never seen on dull days, there is strong support for the theory that it is a sun-bather.

***

Poker has become a craze among Turkish women. Those who haven't poker faces would welcome a revival of the veil.

***

"Attractive females often turn out badly," says Judge CRAWFORD. The unattractive ones, on the other hand, are often badly turned out.

***

Sir JAMES BARRIE has written a preface to Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S book of reminiscences. But he omitted to call him "The Little Minister of Mirth."

***

A film-actor has boasted that his wife is one in a hundred. The *Bluebeard*.

***

A motor-car recently ran over a man's wooden leg. It is only fair to point out, however, that the motorist didn't know it was a wooden leg.

***

It has been predicted by a reviewer that even if novels cease to be read they will always be written. And of course reviewed.

"Curiouser and Curiouser."

NOT to be outdone by *The Daily Express*, which has decided to educate its two million readers in the loftier truths of philosophy and interest them in the lives of philosophers from the days of ARISTOTLE to the days of JOAD, Mr. Punch is happy to present, now and for all time—

The Children's Philosophy Corner;

or, to use another and perhaps better title,

Nanny's Epistemological Guide.

THE PLATO LEAGUE.

How to Join.

Collect six of these enrolment forms, dearies, and write down the names and addresses of six of your friends who would like to know all about PLATO, the great Greek philosopher. Enclose as many penny stamps as you can find in Mother's stamp drawer, and send them to us. You will then receive a lovely stainless metal badge with the head of an ichneumon, under which will be inscribed

"THE IDEA OF THE GOOD,"

and in course of time your little friends will get it too.

Remember that the human soul, like the modern newspaper, has three parts or elements: (1) the rational; (2) the spirited element; (3) the appetitive. Write on one side of the paper only, and then cut carefully along the dotted line.

Now, kiddies, let us turn to

THE ADVENTURES OF CLARENCE IN ARISTOTLE LAND; or, THE PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHY.

So Clarence went on walking through the wood
Until he met a boy called Alexander,
Who said, "My tutor is extremely good
And educates me as a great commander."

"What does he teach you, Alec?" Clarence asks.
"He wins the praise," said Alec, "of all critics
By setting me the most improving tasks,
Especially the Posterior Analytics."

"I think that I should like to join his class,"
Said Clarence, "and be taught to guide and rule men."
Just then they heard a voice, and there he was
The Idol of the Mediæval Schoolmen.

IN DR. JUMBO'S MENAGERIE.

The Doctor had taken the boys down into the kitchen, where there was a lovely sizzling noise.

"Oo! I do love bacon!" cried Billy the Porcupine, rubbing his quills together.

"I am very glad to hear you say that," said the Doctor, "for BACON was a great man. Not content with writing SHAKESPEARE, he abandoned the deductive logic of ARISTOTLE and relied on the accumulation and systematic analysis of isolated facts, to be obtained by observation and experiment."

"Cor!" said Billy. "Did he reelly do that?"

"He did," answered Dr. Jumbo. "And now can any boy here tell me the names that BACON gave to what he called 'phantoms of the human mind'?"

"I can," squealed Tommy Tiger, putting up his right fore-paw. But at that moment Jimmy Giraffe stuck a pen-nib into him and he burst out crying.

"Never mind," said Dr. Jumbo. "We will deal with the *Novum Organum* in more detail to-morrow."

DEAR CHICKS,—I wonder how many of you would care to join the SPINOZA CIRCLE? It consists of children who are willing to say every morning, "*Cogito ergo sum*" ("I think, therefore I am"), read this paper regularly, and do one deed of kindness a day for a pet canary.

Your loving AUNTIE HEGEL.

THE STORY OF KANT.

KANT was a good man who in-vent-ed the ca-te-go-ries as syn-the-ses in cor-res-pon-dence with the a-na-ly-ses of the func-ti-ons of the judg-ment. His fa-ther was a strap-ma-ker, and is thought to have been of Scot-tish des-cent. At any rate, KANT did not make ma-ny jokes. He was on-ly five feet high and ve-ry thin. Yet, for his time, he knew as much as Vis-count CAS-TLE-ROSSE or a-ny of our great men to-day. He al-so thought of the ca-te-go-ric-al im-pe-ra-tive, and lived at Kö-nigs-berg, which is still in Ger-ma-ny.

Can you beat it, boys?

A NEW GAME.

Here is a jolly nursery party for wet days!

All the players sit round in a ring, and each one takes one letter and writes down as many great philosophers as he or she can remember who begin with it.

Thus, under "H" you have Hobbes, Hendren, Hume, Habakkuk, Hergesheimer; under "S" come Spotlight and Spinoza; and under "B" will be found Bacon, Beaverbrook, Bentley, Bolingbroke, George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, and William Barkley, Political Correspondent of *The Sunday Express*.

The one who gets the most names wins and is given a copy of *The Nicomachean Ethics*, signed by the Dragoman, or a new jumper pattern if preferred. EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

"CHEAP SELECTION OF UNCALLED-FOR UMBRELLAS."
Notice in Shop-window.

"Thank you for sending on velvet coat from which you wish moths removed and repaired."—*Extract from Cleaners' Letter.*

It would puzzle them to patch up the ones we come across.

"A fracture of a single rib in a fat parson is very easily overlooked."—*Medical Paper.*

Hence the inhuman custom of "dropping the sky-pilot."

"Of Mr. H. W. Austin's article in *The Daily Mail* one can say that it was the best sermon that has been delivered for a long time (clergy, please copy) with the text of '*Mensa sana in corpore sano.*'"

JUVENAL, please copy.

"Desirable House near Frinton; 1 dining-room, 1 sitting-room, 1 bath-room, 4 bed-rooms, 1 combination-room."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Can this be a cross between a Vestry and a Pantry?



THE RACE FOR THE EDDYSTEIN LIGHTHOUSE.

["I noticed how the monotony of a quiet life stimulates the creative mind. . . . Certain callings in our modern organisation entail such an isolated life. . . . I think of such occupations as the services in lighthouses . . . Would it not be possible to fill such places with young people who wish to think out . . . problems?"—*Professor* EINSTEIN *at the Royal Albert Hall.*]



Shipwrecked Crew (to skipper). "WE 'VE JUST BIN 'AVIN 'A ARGUMENT, SIR. 'OW WOULD WE GET ON IF A 'EAT-WAVE STARTED NOW?"

The Romance of Cigarette-Making.

THERE is something indescribably fascinating about rolling one's own cigarettes. Not with one of those little machines you sometimes see in shop-windows—a fig for such unworthy mechanical aids!—but with a few deft passes of the human fingers.

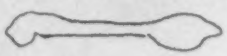
Just look at me (if my movements are not too quick for your eye to follow). I gauge the necessary amount of tobacco with all the apparent insouciance of a cocktail-mixer pouring out his ingredients. I lay it upon a small piece of paper. I give a twist, a flick, and, hey presto! there you are. At least I hope it will work out like that when I have learned how to do it properly.

To me the making of one's own cigarettes in public has always seemed an action gloriously romantic and, if I may say so, somewhat Don Juanesque. Picture me in some Bohemian café as I sit at my table with my absinthe in front of me. My nervous sensitive fingers are for ever at work. I hum a chansonette and sweep the room with bold flashing glances.

The more modest among the damsels blushingly avert their gaze; but over there in that corner Carmencita the dancer catches my eyes and holds them. Her enigmatic lips curl into a provocative smile. . . . Up to now the only thing that has happened in this direction was last evening when Miss Prymme, my aunt's companion, got up from her game of patience and left the drawing-room in a marked manner. I am afraid that this was because I swore when I found I had got the gummed edge on the wrong side.

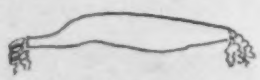
But in the face of manifold disappointments I am still carrying on; for after all there are compensations. And the chief of these is variety—the never quite knowing what is going to happen next. What could be more terribly monotonous than the way in which each manufactured cigarette comes out of the packet? It is just as long as the one that preceded it and as the one that will follow it. It is just as round (or as oval). It is just as firm. It is just as guaranteed to prevent sore throat, to burn uniformly throughout, to aid digestion and to be the only smoke possible for palates of discrimination. A most damnable repetition.

But there is nothing of this as far as I am concerned. I get all kinds of delightful surprises. For example:—



"THE ISTHMUS."
(*A very popular Brand.*)

Or again—



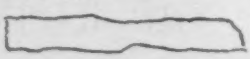
"THE DOUBLE BEAVER."
(*We are doing a large number of these.*)

Or sometimes—



"THE DOG-LEG."
(*Suitable for smoking when going round corners.*)

And once (only)—



"THE PERFECTO DE LUXE."
(*This model cannot be repeated.*)

But really, when I come to think of

it, nothing has been more gratifying than the marvellous economy that I have effected by making my own cigarettes. The man in the shop where I bought my materials told me that I would be surprised to find how much cheaper it comes out that way. And he was right. Either my productions possess some peculiar quality that renders them incapable of being smoked unless I hold them in place with my fingers, after the manner of a man playing the flute (which takes up a deal of time), or else they so closely resemble the real thing that I haven't the heart to ignite them, but sit rapt in awe and admiration of my own handiwork. So that one way and another my smoking hours are considerably curtailed, which of course makes for economy.

But where I chiefly score in the matter of saving is when I am among friends. At first they are interested in what I am doing. After a few minutes some of them begin to laugh. But I do not mind. I know that if I only go on long enough some Samaritan will say, "Here, don't bother with all that nonsense; have one of mine." And what could come out cheaper than that?

The Modern Side.

Georgina has
A Mademoiselle
Especially
From Neuve Chapelle;
And she says "*Oui?*"
And "*Très jolie!*"
And "*S'il vous plait*
Du beurre" at tea;
And tells Georgina
Every day
The French for things
She wants to say
(Like "*confiture*"
Instead of "jam");
And calls her "*Ravissante!*"
And "*Choux*";
And does her verbs
With her at night;
And so of course
She gets them right
Next day at school,
And I am made
To look a fool
The whole way through
The French exam.,
Because we can't
Afford so well
A governess
From Neuve Chapelle.

Louisa has
A German Frau
Sent straight from
Oberammergau;
And she says "*Nein!*"
And "*Ach, wie klein!*"
And has an album
Of the Rhine,
And tells Louisa
"*Schnee*" means "snow"
And other words
She wants to know
(Like "getting dressed"
And "window-pane");
And calls her "*Lieb*"
And "*Wunderschön*,"
And asks her neuter
Nouns at night,
And so she gets
Her genders right
Next day at school,
And I am made
To look a fool
And told to learn
My words again,
Because we can't
Afford just now
A nurse from
Oberammergau.



"ER—WAITER, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PLUMS WERE IN THIS PIE? I THINK I 'VE SWALLOWED A STONE."

"OTTER HOUNDS DANCE."
Yorkshire Paper.

Perhaps they couldn't sing.

"Large crows assembled at St. Edmund's Church, Northampton, to see the Mayoress of Northampton married to Mr. A. H. Jackson."—*Sunday Paper.*

A clear case of unjust caws and impediment.

At the Pictures.

ENCHANTRESS AND OCTOPUS.

THE cult of MARLENE DIETRICH has been making it very hard to walk along the west pavement of the Haymarket; but I am doubtful if many people have paid *The Song of Songs* at the Carlton a second visit. For it is a disappointing production, in which this alluring star does not add to her triumphs at all. In fact she shows some retrogression, the result, I should guess, of a profound



A FILM PROTEST AGAINST NUDISM.

Richard Waldow . . . BRIAN AHERNE.
Lily . . . . . MARLENE DIETRICH.

want of belief in the part she has been called upon to perform. What was first intended, after the decision to base a picture on a passage from SOLOMON'S ecstatic poem of love (physical or spiritual, according to the reader's taste), I have no notion; but I have a very strong suspicion that that intention did not long persist.

To begin with, we are not convinced that this provincial girl with all those petticoats had such words in her mind at all; and, secondly, if she had, we fancy that she would have developed into a sculptor's model with more deliberation. But since there was urgent need that a representation of her body in the nude, should be revealed to us according to the pictorial promises outside the theatre, and since films have to work quickly, there you are!

As a credible story *The Song of Songs* does not deserve attention. As a vehicle for exhibiting this wan and wistful yet seductive woman and giving her exquisitely sad voice an opportunity to be heard again it will just do.

LEE TRACY, the "go-getter," is worth seeing in *Turn Back the Clock*, the plot of which has an ingenuity that is sometimes almost too bewildering. Briefly it is an underlined treatment of the second-time-on-earth motive, in which LEE TRACY, after discovering in a drunken fit that he has married the wrong woman and has missed the real joys of life by being unambitious, is permitted to begin again, marry the other woman, and dedicate his days and nights to amassing "dough." The peculiar interest of this latest variation on the old theme is that the period of his second life coincides with the recent past, so that we are able to check the events. When, for instance, the War comes, TRACY, or rather *Jim Gimlet*, remembering what happened, buys up all the available lorries in America to sell to the Allies. (An Englishman, of course, could have done equally well, and ruined the bookmakers into the bargain, by recalling the names of Derby winners.) Financial disaster comes to him only through the treachery of his wife, and he then wakes up.

It is unnecessary to say that the action of this amusing picture is swift



A WHOLE-SOULED FRIEND OF SCIENCE.

Diane Templeton . . . . . FAY WRAY.

and forcible; for everything that LEE TRACY does has the perfection of mechanism.

I was pointing, a week or so ago, to *Dinner at Eight* as an admirable example of the direct film in the sharpest possible rivalry with the stage. *Below the Sea*, at the Regal, might be cited as an equally striking example of a film that scrupulously minds its own business and hardly ever infringes upon the domain of its elder sister at all. Beyond a few brief conversations it has nothing which a theatrical producer, not even Augustus Druriolanus in his most ambitious days, could cope with, from the opening fight between a German submarine and a camouflaged gunboat to the final moment when the sunken treasure is lost and the wicked captain follows it overboard. This, I maintain, is as it should be: the films should chiefly concern themselves not with what the stage can do but with what it can not.

I was wondering how soon the influ-



JOLLY SAILORS.

Steve McCreary . . RALPH BELLAMY.
Kar Schmeller. . . FREDRIK VOGEDING.

ence of King-Konkiness would be apparent on the screen, and I suspect that a trace of it is to be found in the octopus that provides the special thrill of *Below the Sea*, although I personally found the whole story more exciting than this one episode. This perhaps is because the octopus not only is seen under water, but is so fashioned by nature that its movements are difficult to follow. Enough that one of these monsters of the deep, in his tentacular rage at being photographed, endangers the lives of a pelagic observer and Miss FAY WRAY in a diving-bell, and that the brusque but heroic RALPH BELLAMY descends with a flaming torch and burns him away. But this is an interpolated incident which takes only a few moments. It is the story proper, dealing with the Hun commander, terrifyingly played by FREDRIK VOGEDING, and the bullion, which is the thing; and as an example of courageous filming and good enough acting I recommend it.

E. V. L.

"There was a proposal that a party of Scottish League officials and club managers would fly to Belfast. They, however, did not do so. They went across by boast."
Local Paper.

American fashion.

Dugald.

FOUR golden autumns I have stalked the red deer with Dugald. Gaunt, confident and unsmiling, he heads the little column of men and ponies "on the hill"; and if an empty stag-cart has creaked its way home at sunset the failure (to my shame) has never been his. At least not until this year.

And this year something happened. It is almost an insult to associate emotion with Dugald, but for one moment his feelings got the better of him, with results which we shall both remember. And it came about in this way.

Everything augured a successful stalk. His first words when we met by the lodge filled me with hope.

"It looks a likely day, Dugald," I said. This was ground-bait.

"I can believe that."

By which, as I was well aware, he meant that the prospects were excellent. And then we followed the formula, which varies little from year to year. Dugald rarely speaks "on the hill," excepting to give curt instructions in words that I have learnt to wait for with a secret joy.

After two hours' silence we had climbed beyond the heather, and there was nothing to be seen but moss and lichens among the granite. Then I heard the familiar click of an opening spy-glass and a deeply-breathed "Aye" from some remote dungeon of Dugald's anatomy. He came towards me with his gigantic unhurried strides.

"Lave pownies luttle," he muttered.

So we left the tubby hill-ponies among the mosses and walked cautiously on.

"Three fine staggies yonder; crahl."

And we crawled.

After half-an-hour—"Bide a bittie," growled Dugald.

Then for the first time I saw four beasts moving upwind with six or seven hinds in attendance.

"Shall I take the one on the right?"

"Ye *could* dee that."

But I did not; I knew that phrase. "Don't make half-witted suggestions," it meant, when translated into the coarser speech of the Sassenach.

A long pause, then "'Tis a worthless beast," added Dugald (ostensibly to himself), confirming my interpretation.

In a silence that made my wrist-watch sound like Big Ben he edged my rifle towards me.

"On the left—a brave beast."

But a hind came between us.

"Take the next."

"A poorish head," I whispered.



"I SAY, YOU FORGOT TO TELL THEM WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO WIN."

"'Tis wholly a stag."

And then it happened. I spent a minute trying to ease my position before shooting, for the sharp edge of a boulder pressed into my thigh and a small stream was running through my boots. And as I did so there stole up through the mists that swept along the glen the far-away music of the pipes. "The Road to the Isles" they were playing.

Suddenly a hind, suspicious as ever, looked straight at us. Then another—and another.

I looked at Dugald out of the corner of my eye. His face was expressionless, but, alas! both his thumbs were tapping out the tune on the case of his spy-glass. His feelings had caught him in an unexpected quarter. He had not, so to speak, thought of his thumbs.

But it was enough for the deer. Suspicion became certainty and they were away before I had even raised the rifle, my "brave beast" with them.

"Theer goes the heero," said Dugald in his accustomed phrase, having by now recovered himself.

That was only a piece of bluff—an attempt to recapture the formula. He knew that a change had come over our relationship. Jove had nodded and I was in the advantageous position of having seen him nod.

Later, as we sat in the heather at the foot of the hill passing round the ceremonial dram, Dugald avoided my eye. But once when he faced me I hope he caught what was meant to be a friendly grin.

It was worth losing the stag to find a human failing in an immortal.

The Compleat Modern.

II.

An Alphabet containing Much Good Advice and also Numerous Useful Hints Concerning Things which one should Not Believe In.

Beauty.

This has nothing to do with colour or line or anything like that. Beauty depends upon Essential Subjective Content, *i.e.*, the people who know a thing is beautiful know because they know, and they are right.

Belief.

Remember above everything else that as a Modern you Do Not Believe in things. It is your job to point out that all the poor fools who believe in things *are* poor fools. The more things you can find Not to Believe In the more modern you are. This is what is called Freedom of Thought. Don't worry if it sounds a little destructive. After all nobody *minds* whether you believe in Christianity or Faith, Hope and Charity. The main point is that most people *do* believe in some of them to a greater or less extent, so not doing so gives you that touch of difference which makes the Modern.

If in doubt, never believe in a thing. Belief is so old-fashioned that if you firmly disclaim something your friends believe in they will just think they are behind the times.

Bible.

The Bible is still considered to be written in quite decent English.

Birth Control.

Do not seek to gain a reputation as a Modern by advocating birth control. Assume its desirability and general practice as a matter of course.

Possible openings:—

1. Stories of families of fourteen all of whom died in infancy.
2. Sarcastic references to the morality of the United States and the Comstock Laws.
3. Personal reminiscences (not necessarily founded on fact).
4. Queer stories.

On the whole, birth control as a subject leaves the Modern fewer opportunities than of yore.

Bore.

Any person with a louder voice than oneself.

Cant.

Cant is the same as Believing in Things, and should be carefully avoided.

Casual.

Casualness is an essential point in the modern make-up. Bear in mind that no credit should be given to a person who accomplishes an end by working hard. Any fool who has the energy can do that. The people to be admired are the men who *do things without trying.*

Censor.

The Censor is very useful. No critic is completely reliable, but one may take it as a rigid rule that anything barred by the Censor is Art. There is no known instance of the Censor barring anything which was not the artistic triumph of the age.

Always remember that the Censor hates Art in its truest forms. The Censor is the outward manifestation of the Modern's *bête noire*—the conventional mind. On the other hand, do not feel too bitterly about the Censor. You can always buy the things he bans in Paris, and many of the best modern writers depend on him for a living.

Charity.

A form of self-deception popular in Victorian times. (*See* "Kindness.")

Children.

See "Marriage." In general it is permissible to approve of a limited number of children for other people.

Cinema.

The key point of modernism in discussing the cinema is to dislike all American and British films. German possibly and Russian certainly may be liked. The cinema as an art should always be approached with heavy patronage.

Good effects can often be produced by the use of technical terms, *e.g.*, "Camera angles," "Wipe dissolves," "Panning shots."

On no account consider the cinema as entertainment in conversation.

As in Art, it is always permissible to like primitives. Mack Sennet and early Chaplin may be mentioned with appreciation. It is always safe to state categorically that the commercial cinema caters entirely for half-wits.

Miss C. A. Lejeune's articles in *The Observer* will be found to be very helpful if in doubt, but be careful to disagree with her sometimes.

I have had good results from regrets at the departure of silent films.

Civilisation.

For Heaven's sake don't believe in this. It is almost entirely responsible for things being like they are. Give unwavering support to a Return to Nature.

(*N.B.*—Don't go trying to do anything about this or you'll be a crank. Returning to Nature is cold and wet half the time and one perpetual series of midge-bites for the other half. Besides it may get you into trouble with the police. Stay by the gas-fire. After all it's no use returning to Nature by yourself. It is a thing that calls for a great National Awakening.)

Class (Social).

Do not believe in this. It should be pointed out at intervals that there is no essential difference between yourself and the man who sweeps the roads. Then point out the difference at some length.

(*N.B.*—Care should be taken not to make statements of this kind to the proletariat. You may be misunderstood. And anyhow it is doubtful if the dustman will be as pleased as he should.)

Complacent.

Useful term of abuse for the old-fashioned.

Conform.

Never do this.

(*To be continued.*)

PRESENCE OF MIND.



"GOING UP! MILLINERY, DRESS MATERIALS, GENTS' OUTFITTING, SPORTS, CHINA AND GLASS, FURNISHING, STATIONERY AND BOOKS, RESTAURANT AND ROOF-GARDEN."

"GOING DOWN! RESTAURANT, STATIONERY AND BOOKS, FURNISHING, CHINA AND GLASS, SPORTS, GENTS' OUTFITTING, DRESS MATERIALS, MILLINERY, GROUND FLOOR, BASEMENT, FIRST AID DEPARTMENT."



Misleading Cases.

Rex v. *Smith.*

THIS was an appeal to the High Court upon a case stated by a Metropolitan magistrate.

The Lord Chief Justice said: "This is one of the cases in which His Majesty's Judges, through no fault of their own, are unable to do justice and can but gloomily enforce the law and respectfully condemn the Legislature. The appellant, Mr. Smith, was passing peacefully along a London street when he observed a miscreant ripping up the tyres of an unattended and stationary motor-car. A man of more than usual courage and determination, Mr. Smith seized the miscreant and succeeded in detaining him by force until a police-constable arrived. The malefactor was duly prosecuted and punished for his offence, but, having, it appears, some knowledge of the law, he issued a counter-summons against Mr. Smith for assault, upon which Mr. Smith was convicted. Against this conviction Mr. Smith has appealed.

"I am sorry to have to say that the magistrate was right and that Mr. Smith was properly convicted. Mr. Smith may well be surprised, for the citizen is frequently informed that it is the duty of all able-bodied persons to assist the officers of the law to the utmost of their powers in the prevention of crime and, in certain circumstances, the apprehension of the criminal. Unfortunately the important words in the sentence last spoken are the words, 'in certain circumstances,' and they are the snare into which the gallant Mr. Smith has fallen.

"Mr. Smith's conviction rests upon the ancient but now, in substance, meaningless distinction between felony and misdemeanour, which ought to be abolished.

"All indictable offences are either treasons, felonies or misdemeanours. A felony, by the Common Law, was a crime so strongly deprecated by the State that, apart from any other punishment, it involved the forfeiture of the offender's property. Lesser crimes were known as 'Transgressions' or 'Trespasses,' and later 'Misdemeanours,' and these did not inevitably carry forfeiture. Statutes from time to time added new crimes to both categories. Originally all felonies (except petty larceny) were punished with death, but not a misdemeanour. Forfeiture for felony, however, was abolished in 1870, and the death penalty is now practically restricted to the felony of murder (though I must warn Mr. Haddock, if he is in court, that he may still be hanged for setting fire to a Royal Dockyard or to any ship in the Port of London). Thus the origins of the distinction have disappeared, and there appears to be no logical ground for its retention. Yet it survives.

"Felonies, to particularise, include murder, suicide, manslaughter, burglary, housebreaking, embezzlement, larceny and bigamy; while some of the better-known misdemeanours are perjury, conspiracy, fraud, libel, blasphemy, bribery, false pretences, riot and assault.

"It cannot even be said that all felonies are more repellent crimes than all misdemeanours; for it is a felony to steal a penny, but only a misdemeanour to defraud a man of a million pounds. Most of us would think that perjury, conspiracy and criminal libel were offences at least as dangerous and detestable as a mild burglary or inadvertent act of bigamy. But the former are misdemeanours only and the latter felonies. Perjury, as the admirable Mr. KENNY has pointed out,* may cause the death of an innocent person, yet is only a misdemeanour; while it is a felony to keep a horse-slaughterer's yard without a licence. Embezzlement is a felony but fraud a misdemeanour. To carry off a young woman is sometimes one and sometimes the other.

"If it were only an historical curiosity, like the Woolsack, which did not impede the flow of justice, I should not, for one, have much to say against this quaint old classification of offences. Unfortunately some practical consequences of importance do still proceed from it.

"For example, the convicted felon loses any office or pension; he cannot vote for or sit in Parliament or hold military or civil or ecclesiastical office until he has been pardoned or has worked out his sentence. 'These disqualifications' (I am again quoting the good Mr. KENNY) 'are not entailed by any misdemeanour.' So that, if a Bishop, Colonel or Member of Parliament commits a burglary he will be deprived of his office; but if he is found guilty of perjury or fraud he may still, so far as the Common Law is concerned, continue to be a Bishop, Colonel or Member of Parliament, as the case may be.

"I now come to the strange but, to the appellant, vital distinction which in the present case must govern this reluctant Court. Since felonies were at one time the most heinous of offences, the immediate apprehension of the felon was of paramount importance to the State. And in an age when the officers of justice were less numerous and well-equipped than they are to-day, wide powers of arrest were granted not only to the constable but to the private citizen. Any person—constable or citizen—who sees a felony committed not only may but *must*, so far as his powers permit, arrest the felon at once; and he may use any violence that may be necessary to do so. Further, if the felony has already been committed the law permits the private citizen to arrest another whom he suspects upon reasonable grounds to be guilty.

"But in the case of a misdemeanour the Common Law was more cautious. Not even an eye-witness of a misdemeanour might arrest the offender without first obtaining a warrant from a magistrate; and that is still the law, apart from certain exceptions introduced by statute—as, for example, where a private citizen finds another signalling to a smuggling vessel, committing an offence against the Coinage Offences Act, 1861, or, upon certain conditions, the Malicious Damage Act, 1861.

"Now to slash the tyres of a stationary motor-car is not a felony but a misdemeanour; nor is it covered by any of the statutory exceptions to the general rule, for motor-cars were not imagined by the authors of the Malicious Damage Act, 1861.

"At law, therefore, Mr. Smith was not entitled to seize the body of the miscreant. His proper course was to stand at a reasonable distance and deliver a moral address upon the iniquity of malicious damage. He might, I think, have added a warning that if the miscreant was not careful he would tell his mother; but even this might have made Mr. Smith liable to a summons for using abusive or threatening language.

"I would add, for the general guidance of citizens like Mr. Smith who go about seeking to protect the lives and property of their fellow-citizens, the following rules of conduct. 'Ignorance of the law excuses no man'; and, though there are vast areas of the law with

* *Outlines of Criminal Law.*

which I am not familiar, the citizen is expected to know it all. Mr. Smith, then, and those like him, must study the text-books upon criminal law until they have mastered the differences between felony and misdemeanour. If they are unable to commit them to memory they should carry upon their persons a list—or rather two lists, in parallel columns—of the various indictable offences, the felonies on one side and the misdemeanours on the other. And, on perceiving another citizen engaged in what appears to be a violent and unlawful act, they should not lay hands upon him until they have consulted their lists and assured themselves that the circumstances are such as to justify them in making an arrest. If after this precaution they are still in doubt as to the precise nature of the offence, or if they have mislaid their lists, the only proper course is to invite the assistance of the miscreant, who, *ex hypothesi*, should know better than any other citizen what class of offence he is committing.

"A man who is found handling documents in an office after working-hours may be guilty of housebreaking, embezzlement or larceny (which are felonies), or only of fraud or trespass (which are misdemeanours), or perhaps of forgery (which may be either one or the other); and before Mr. Smith takes the risk of arresting him the man should be asked to make his position clear. In the present case Mr. Smith should have said, 'Pardon me, Sir, but in your opinion is your conduct felonious? *Prima facie*, I should say that it was covered by the Malicious Damage Act, 1861, but in the laws of England, as you know, there is many an unsuspected *hiatus*, and, unhappily, I have left my copy of the Statute Book at home. If you yourself are in any doubt, Sir, the simplest course would be for you to strike me on the nose and threaten to do it again, for I am entitled to arrest a person committing a breach of the peace in my presence and while there is danger that the peace may continue to be broken.' If during this address the miscreant had made off, Mr. Smith would at least have put himself on the right side of the law. As it was he neglected these simple precautions and he has been properly convicted of assault.

"The appeal is dismissed."

A. P. H.

Merrithought.

Though Justice, oft with louring brow,
Our erring feet would guttle;
In tangles matrimonial
Observe her lighter side.
For see! In gentler humour,
Unbending when she can,
She gave us first a MERRIVALE
And now a MERRIMAN.

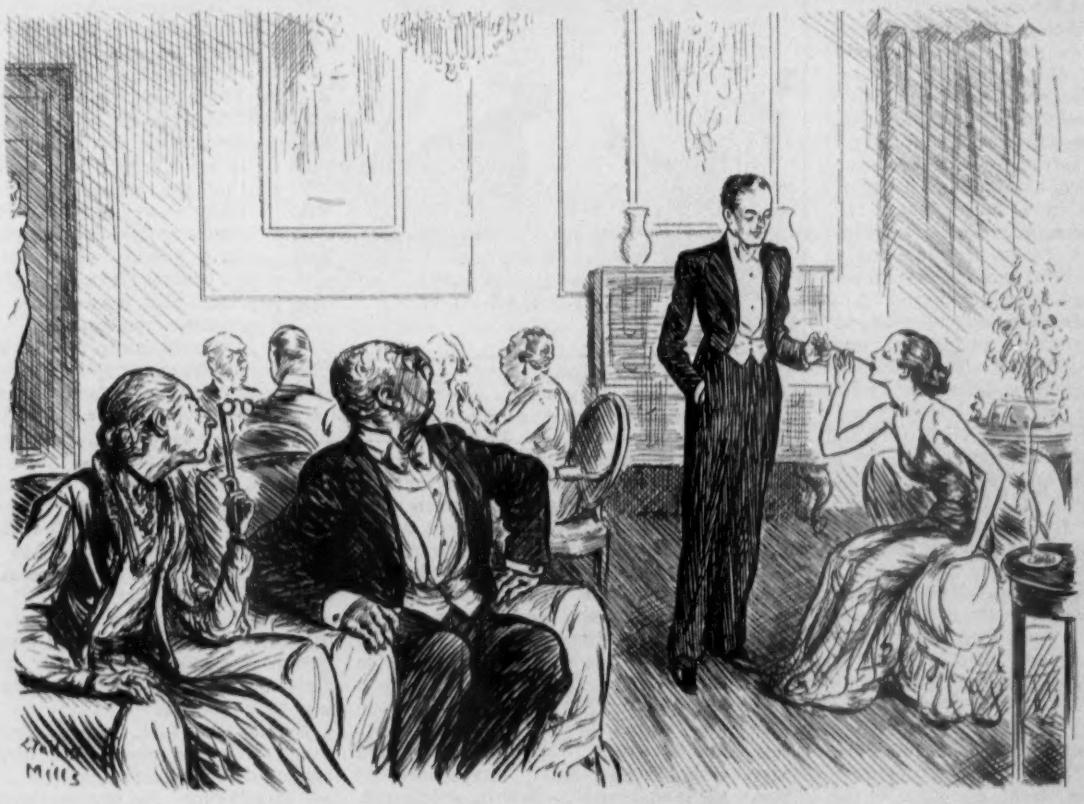
An Impending Apology.

"Commencing Friday. 'The Infernal Machine.' Paul Cullen at the Wurlitzer Organ."
Cinema Advt.

"LOST.

Cocker Spaniel, blue, roan, green colour, 8 months old. Reward."
Notice in Australian Paper.

So that's what we saw the other evening.



"SO SAD—THAT POOR CHILD SMOKES LIKE A FISH."

Figure Causerie.

I WENT to it quite by accident. If I had not taken the wrong turning in the nightgown department of Fender and Hobson's I might never have seen those intriguing blue velvet curtains discreetly drawn across a usually open archway. Having seen them, of course it was impossible not to part them and look inside; nor, having looked, could I do anything but slip through?

The room—or, as Messrs. Fender and Hobson would say, salon—in which I found myself was three-quarters filled with rows of gilt chairs. At one end had been erected a little dais with concealed lighting and a blue velvet backcloth. About half the chairs already contained women; though perhaps "contained" is hardly the word, for the chairs were very small and the women very large. While waiting for the theatre to fill up I looked at one of the leaflets which were freely scattered about on the empty seats.

"A Figure Causerie," it said, "illustrated by Living Models, will be given daily at 12 noon and 4 P.M. by Miss Ruby Thorogood, the Phynephyt Corset Company's well-known Demonstrator and Lecturer."

I settled down to the prospect of half-an-hour's delight.

It was five minutes to twelve. More women came in, some of them in pairs, frankly interested and cheerful; others alone, glancing round furtively as though they hoped they would not see anyone they knew. They spread themselves and their parcels over the gilt chairs until wood and cane creaked in protest. Behind the scenes someone put a new record on a panatrope. (It had already played, optimistically enough, "Shepherd's Hey" and "The Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy.") Halfway through, however, it was faded out. The clock said 12 noon. Miss Ruby Thorogood appeared on the little dais.

She was a dark jolly woman of forty-five or so. Left to herself she might have been called buxom, but she had not been left to herself, and you could hardly apply that romping Arcadian adjective to the controlled *embonpoint*, the suavely upholstered convexity which, as an employee of the Phynephyt Corset Company, she had obviously made it a point of honour to achieve. She advanced to the front of the stage, cleared her throat, smiled, and looked round at us all with such a benign yet authoritative glance that her first word came as quite a surprise to me.

"Ladies," she said. I had almost expected her to say "Girls."

For two or three minutes she talked to us in a general way about figures. To have a good figurr was not only a pleasure, she said, but a doody. (She was American, though the Phynephyt Corset, she assured us, was a hundred per cent. Briddish.) It was a doody that we owed to everybody we knoo—to our husbands, our children and our friends. And why? Because a good figurr was beaudiful to look at, and a thing of beaudy was a joy for ever.

Her hearers drooped visibly, looking as guilty as a midnight cocoa-party surprised by the headmistress. "*But*, ladies," continued Miss Thorogood leniently, "there is no need to imagine that a good figurr necessarily means a *small* figurr. A woman of eleven stone may be just as pleasing to look at as one of seven"—here her eyes rested rather disparagingly upon me—"if she is well-proportioned or, atennyrut, well-controlled. In other words, if I may coin an expression"—she gave a deprecating smile—"though some of us cannot help being bulky there is no need for anybody to be *bulgy*."

Her audience revived; the cocoa-party was not going to be so severely censured after all.

"Now I want to show you, with the aid of these three gurrls, just how splendidly Phynephyt can smooth away all your figurr difficulties."

Three female forms, clothed in satin-and-swansdown *négligées*, sidled into the room and on to the dais. Then, at a sign from Miss Thorogood, they let these elaborate and frothy garments slip to the ground, revealing underneath (decorously allied with pink silk combinations) three separate triumphs of the Phynephyt Corset Company's art. Irreverently I remembered a scene in *Maya*.

There were, Miss Thorogood reminded us, three main types of abnormal figurr: the Large Hip, the Large Diaphragm and the Large Bust. For convenience she proposed to refer to them by their initials. "Come hyurr, dyurr"—she beckoned to the first model, a good-natured blonde of about thirty-five, one of whose chins had a dimple in it.

"Now this gurrl," said Miss Thorogood, "is indoobitably L.H. (Turn right around, dyurr.) If you look at her, ladies, I'm sure you will agree that she carries her weight *hyurr*"—she patted ever so genteelly the offending curve. "Yet you see what wunnerful control Phynephyt gives? Note the front-lacing, the elastic side-inserts . . ." She launched into a spate of technicalities, ending with the stock number and the price. Then L.H. stepped down from the dais and made a tour of the room, twirling serenely this way and that. Every now and then one of the women in the audience would lean forward to finger the material of the gleaming pink carapace or to say earnestly "But tell me—is it really comfortable when you *sit*?"

I longed for an eye to catch, but there was none. Feverishly I tried to commit every detail to memory. I was going on to a women's lunch-party; how they'd laugh!

By the time L.H. had finished her round Miss Thorogood had already begun on the second model.

"Now, hyurr," she was saying, "we have a very defnut case of L.D. (Turn half sideways, dyurr.)" L.D. turned



"LET 'S FOOL 'EM AND SIT TIGHT. THE MAJOR WON'T SHOOT; HE 'S A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE."
"YES, I KNOW, BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHER ONE?"



Gentleman (taking charge of accident). "IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE CROWD?"

half sideways. She had sleek black hair, plucked eyebrows, thin scarlet lips and a bitter little smile. She must have been very good-looking before she began to put on weight.

"Now this gurrl's figurr," said Miss Thorogood with a pride which seemed to me misplaced, "is an almost exact replica of my own. You mightn't believe it, ladies, but I measure fordy-six around the waist. The garment she has on is idennical with the one I wear myself. As you will notice, it does away with all unsightly fullness *hyurr*"—she prodded the L.D.—"while at the same time allowing complete freedom of movement." She dropped her handkerchief, then stooped and recovered it with a little air of triumph, as who should say "Ally-oop!"

L.D. stepped down from the dais, made her tour of the room, strutted, postured and twirled. She stopped when requested and answered questions civilly enough, wearing all the time that thin-lipped smile. But when she drew level with me she paused of her own accord and gave me a long, cold, bitter, resentful stare.

All of a sudden the entertainment lost its savour for me. Aldwych farce had turned to TCHEHOV. It was as though the sun had gone in. Miss Ruby Thorogood and her audience was no longer exquisitely funny, a mine of unconscious gems, the raw material of a luncheon-table saga. And I myself was no longer a Small Lady strayed into a friendly Brobdingnag; I was a spy in a hostile camp, an infidel whose very presence was disturbing to the atmosphere of mysteries which I had no right to attend.

I got up as quietly as possible and slipped away through the blue velvet curtains. JAN.

"HARLEQUINS AT HOME TO BATH."
Evening Paper.

Is this an annual fixture?

"Last Sunday an attempt was made to send the U.S.S.R. into the stratosphere, but it proved a fiasco."—*Daily Paper.*

Wouldn't the bomb go off?

Souvent Femme Varie.

No woman once was counted fair
Unless she had a figure;
Her crowning glory was her hair,
A downcast glance *de rigueur.*

Now charming heads are closely cropped
And balances are shifted,
For waists have been allowed to drop
While faces have been lifted.

The Long, Long Trail.

"On reaching the Thurgarton lane, turn left for 50 years before turning right through the handgate leading to Bleasby via Gibsmere."—*Notts Paper.*

"Insertion of false teeth and eyes by the best methodists."—*Trade Advt. in China.*

Not primitive ones, we hope?

"Mr. —— was born in London, his bather being the Cuban consul at the time. The Cubans claim that he is Cuban."
Sunday Paper.

But only by ablution, of course.



EVIAN LES BAINS.

CHEERIO!

The Hidden Eye.

["It slopes so acutely that the wearer's right eye is blotted out."—*Description of the latest hat.*]

Delia, I would gladly utter
  Much of merit in your praise;
I would specify (with butter)
  Your attractions and your ways;
I would sing your eyes of blue;
Have you, as a detail, two?

Understand, I ask it merely
  As your admirable hat,
Though it shows the near eye clearly—
  And a speaking orb, at that—
Like a blinker, cuts the right
Out from the observer's sight.

If, as may have come to pass, I
  Know not how, the casual gods
Have endowed you with a glass eye,
  To a poet, what's the odds?
After all, they're made so well
Now that one can hardly tell.

You, again, might hold it dismal
  If by Fate's untoward whim
Something, shall we say, strabismal
  Lurks beneath that sheltering brim;
Trust the singer; if 'twere so,
It would not abate my flow.

Lastly, should the orb that bluely
  Gazes on the moving scene
Be ill-matched by one unduly
  Grey, or brown, or even green,
What a noble chance 'twould be
For a faithful bard like me.

Like a Sappho, bright and fierce, I'd
  Sing in words that sear and burn
First the off-side, then the near-
    side,
  Taking each of them in turn;
Getting two themes out of one
Pair, which isn't often done.

Thus, my Delia, if you'll kindly
  Start by taking off your hat,
I'm prepared to go it blindly,
  And I can't say more than that;
Failing this, my song and lute
Are, if you'll excuse me, mute.

DUM-DUM.



BUSINESS AS USUAL.

JOHN BULL. "I SHOULDN'T MIND THEIR HAVING SUCH LONG HOLIDAYS IF ONLY THEY WOULDN'T PLEAD 'NO TIME' WHEN THEY GET BACK."



WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Fashion Note.—SOME REALLY SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING GOWNS MODELLED ON ANCIENT GREEK LINES.

Magic Casements.

MINE do not open on the foam of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn. They open only on a village street. But they are magic for all that—that is, as long as they remain closed.

Through them I do not see the sedate and uninspiring life in Little-Squelch-ton-in-the-Puddle. No, I look out upon a world as strange as any that the ingenious mind of man has conceived. A savage place, unholy and enchanted, where there is no orderly sequence of events, no friendly changelessness of solid objects; but instead a universal flux and mutability of things that banishes all homeliness and restful triviality from a world whose very essence is the weird, the bizarre, the grotesque, the macabre. Do let me give you some examples.

Not two minutes ago Colonel de Foie passed below me. He is tall and thin, I know, but he was short and fat to-day; and a vague wavy fluidity of outline lent an air of indecision to his usually martial bearing. His manner of walking too was equally intriguing. He kept kicking his feet well out in front and one actually came right off for a breathless moment before it flew back into place as though attached by elastic.

At the other end of the street appeared Our Miss Plimmer, setting out on her round of benevolent good works. Her method of progression was less eccentric than the Colonel's. Indeed there was nothing unusual about her except for the trifling fact that her hat changed gradually from a flat sombrero shape and became tall, conical and witch-like.

As she approached the Colonel, however, a slightly agitated shimmering beset her outline also. This became more and more marked, and culminated in a sudden, but I am glad to say only temporary, disappearance of her legs from the knees down.

Manifestly overcome by the sight, the Colonel's circumferential ditherings increased to an alarming extent. His hand shot up to his head and for a moment it looked as though he were indulging in a gesture of quite uncalled-for contempt. Then his hat vanished magically, but appeared again about the moment that Our Miss Plimmer, her limbs mercifully restored to her, abandoned herself to a sort of hula-hula which persisted until she was out of sight.

And now observe the Vicar as he emerges from a cottage. No Adonis, you must admit. Good, doubtless, but certainly not beautiful. He has no nose, of course, and his mouth is just under his right eye. But the halo is really quite distinct; a rather pale pinky-bluey one—round his feet. . . .

Of course I am not a bit afraid of being seen by the passers-by peering out in this way. To them I probably look like an aspidistra in a fit of hysterics. Bottle glass, after all, has two sides to it.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

II.

July 11*th*.—Car of extremely antiquated appearance rattles up to the door and efficient-looking woman in grey trousers and a jumper gets out, evidently Mrs. Tressider. The Boy is shortly afterwards revealed, cowering amongst suitcases, large kettle, portions of a camp-bed, folding rubber bath and case of groceries in back of car. He looks pale and hunted, and is said to be fourteen, but seems to me more like ten. (Extra milk, however, almost certainly superfluous. *Mem.*: Tell Cook to use up for pudding to-night.)

Mrs. T. very brisk and talkative, says that she and The Boy are on their way to Cornwall, where they propose to camp. I hint that the holidays have begun early, and Mrs. T. shakes her head at me, frowns, hisses, and then says in a loud voice and with an unnatural smile that The Boy hasn't been very strong and was kept at home last term, but will be going back next, and what he'd love better than anything would be a ramble round my lovely garden.

Am well aware that this exercise cannot possibly take more than four-and-a-half minutes, but naturally agree, and The Boy disappears, looking depressed, in the direction of the pigsty.

Mrs. T. then tells me that he had a nervous breakdown not long ago, and that the school mismanaged him, and the doctor did him no good, and she is taking the whole thing into her own hands and letting him run wild for a time. (Should much like to inquire how she thinks he is to run wild on back seat of car, buried under a mountain of luggage.)

She then admires the house, of which she hasn't seen more than the hall-door, says that I am marvellous (very likely I am, but not for any reason known to Mrs. T.), and asks if it is true that I am off to America. Before I know where I am we are discussing this quite violently, still standing in the hall. Suggestion that Mrs. T. would like to go upstairs and take her hat off goes unheeded, so does appearance of Florence with kettle on her way to the dining-room. I keep my eye fixed on Mrs. T. and say "Yes, yes," but am well aware that Florence has seen grey trousers and is startled by them and will quite likely give notice to-morrow morning.



"EVIDENTLY MRS. TRESSIDER."

Mrs. T. tells me about America—she knows New York well, and has visited Chicago, and once spoke to a Women's Luncheon Club in Boston, and came home *viâ* San Francisco and the Canal—and is still telling me about it when I begin, in despair of ever moving her from the hall, to walk upstairs. She follows in a sleep-walking kind of way, still talking, and am reminded of *Lady Macbeth*, acted by Women's Institute last winter.



"SAYS THAT HALF A DEAD RAT HAS BEEN FOUND."

Just as we reach top-landing Robert appears in shirt-sleeves at bathroom-door and says that *half* a dead rat has been found, and the other half can't be far off. Have only too much reason to think that this is probably true. Robert then sees Mrs. T., is introduced, but—rightly—does not shake hands, and we talk about dead rat until gong sounds for tea.

The Boy reappears—inclination to creep sideways rather then walk into the room—and Mrs. T. asks Has he been galloping about all over the place? and The Boy smiles feebly but says nothing, which I think means that he is avoiding the lie direct.

Mrs. T. reverts to America and tells me that I must let my flat whilst I am away, and she knows the very person, a perfectly charming girl who has just been turned out of Taviton Street. I say: Turned out of Taviton Street? and have vision of perfectly charming girl being led away by the police to the accompaniment of stones and brickbats flung by the more exclusive inhabitants of Taviton Street: but it turns out that no scandal is implied, lease of perfectly charming girl's flat in Taviton Street having merely come to an end in the ordinary way. She has, Mrs. T. says, absolutely *nowhere* to go. Robert suggests a Y.W.C.A., and I say what about the Salvation Army? but these pleasantries not a success, and Mrs. T. becomes earnest, and says that Caroline Concannon would be the *ideal* tenant—literary, intelligent, easy to get on with, absolutely independent, and has a job in Fleet Street. Conceive violent prejudice against C. C. on the spot, and say hastily that flat won't be available till I sail—probably not before the 1st October. Mrs. T. then extracts from me, cannot imagine how, that flat contains two rooms, one with sofa-bed, that I am not in the least likely to be there during the summer holidays, that it would Help with the Rent if I had a tenant during August and September, and finally that there is no sound reason why C. Concannon should not move in on the spot, provided I will post the keys to her at once and write full particulars. Robert tries to

back me up by saying that the post has gone, but Mrs. T. is indomitable and declares that she will catch it in the first town she comes to. She will also write to C. C. herself and tell her what an Opportunity it all is. She then springs from the tea-table in search of writing materials and Robert looks at me compassionately and walks out into the garden, followed at a distance by The Boy, who chews leaves as he goes as if he hadn't had enough tea.

Feel worried about this, and suggest to Mrs. T. that Fabian doesn't look very strong, but she laughs heartily and replies that The Boy is one of the wiry sort, and it's against all her principles to worry. Should like to reply that I wish she would apply this rule to her concern about my flat, but do not do so. Instead, am compelled by Mrs. T. to write long letter to her friend, offering her every encouragement to become my tenant in Doughty Street.

This, when accomplished, is triumphantly put into her bag by Mrs. T. with the assurance that she is pretty certain it is going to be absolutely All Right. Feel no confidence that her definition of all-rightness will coincide with mine.

We then sit in the garden and she tells me about education, a new cure for hay-fever, automatic gear-changing and books that she has been reading. She also asks about the children, and I say that they are at school, and she hopes that the schools are run on New Thought lines—but to this I can only give a doubtful affirmative in Vicky's case and a definite negative in Robin's. Mrs. T. shakes her head, smiles and says something of which I only hear the word Pity. Feel sure that it will be of no use to pursue this line any further and begin firmly to tell Mrs. T. about recent letter from Rose, but in no time we are back at education again, and benefits that The Boy has derived from being driven about the country *tête-à-tête* with his parent. (Can only think that his previous state must have been deplorable indeed if this constitutes an improvement.)

Time goes on, Mrs. T. still talking, Robert looks over box-hedge once and round may-tree twice, but disappears again without taking action, The Boy remains invisible.

Gradually find that I am saying, "Yes" and "I See" at recurrent intervals, and that features are slowly becoming petrified into a glare. Mrs. T. fortunately appears to notice nothing and goes on talking. I feel that I am probably going to yawn and pinch myself hard, at the same time clenching my teeth and assuming expression of preternatural alertness that I know to be wholly unconvincing. Mrs. T. still talking. We reach Caroline Concannon again, and Mrs. T. tells me how wonderfully fortunate I shall be if what she refers to—inaccurately—as "our scheme" materialises. Decide inwardly that I shall probably murder Caroline C. within a week of meeting her if she has anything like the number of virtues and graces attributed to her by Mrs. T.

Just as I am repeating to myself familiar lines, frequently recurred to in similar situations, to the effect that Time and the hour ride through the roughest day, all is brought to an end



"INCLINATION TO CREEP SIDEWAYS."

by Mrs. T., who leaps to her feet—movements surely extraordinarily sudden and energetic for a woman of her age—and declares that they really must be getting on.

The Boy is retrieved, Robert makes final appearance round may-tree, and we exchange farewells. (Mine much more cordial than is either necessary or advisable, entirely owing to extreme relief at approaching departure.)

Mrs. T. wrings my hand and Robert's, smiles and nods a good deal, says more about Caroline Concannon and the flat, and gets into driving-seat. The Boy is already crouching amongst luggage at the back, and car drives noisily away.

Robert and I look at one another but are much too exhausted to speak.

E. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Orpheus at the Zoo.

As I walked alone in a Berkshire wood
  Near the summit of Winter Hill,
A most desirable neighbourhood,
Far from the City's scares and stunts,
  Where all was hushed and still,
And, marvelling at the "autimnal tunts,"
  I stopped and gazed my fill,
Suddenly, hidden from my view,
A cow gave forth a plaintive moo
  In tones I shall never forget,
  Recalling exactly a bass clarinet.

And then in a flash it occurred to me
Why doesn't the bountiful B.B.C.,
With its bands of every sort and kind
For every taste and mood designed—
Orchestras great and orchestras small,
Conducted by BOULT or HENRY HALL,
Ever alert for something fresh
In syncopated synchromesh,
Ranging from BACH to Ballyhoo—
Why doesn't it promptly recruit from the Zoo,
  Where the players are ready to hand,
  A great all-animal band?

The elephant's trumpet is louder far
Than any metallic trumpets are;
And neither CARUSO nor CHALIAPINE
Could match the gorilla's hoot *de poitrine*.
The cockatoo and peacock outshriek
The piccolo's most piercing squeak.
Beetles and bees are enchanting hummers
And snipe the most delicate of drummers;
While donkeys can always be trusted to bray
Descending ninths in the proper way.

It only remains to provide a score
Embracing the lion's and tiger's roar,
The chiff-chaff's chatter, the quagga's laugh,
And the *basso profondo* of the giraffe;
And I venture to think that HAGENBECK, with
The aid of SCHÖNBERG and HINDEMITH,
Would prove the best available team
For realising my beautiful scheme
  Entire or *mutandis mutatis*,
  Offered them here, free gratis.

C. L. G.

"CABBAGE FLIES IN ESSEX."
Daily Paper.

Pigs will do it yet.

"Mr. ——, for the wife, said that the couple went through a foam of marriage at the Gretna Green smithy."—*Daily Paper.*

Bubbly, by Jove!



Knight-Errant. "I AM SORRY YOU MUST WALK HOME, BUT HOW WAS *I* TO KNOW HE WOULD SWALLOW THE HORSE."

The Surplus.

THE Emperor Wang (says the historian) was investigating the finances of the Empire.

"Go Long," he said with some satisfaction to his Chancellor, "I am pleased to note that there is a considerable surplus."

"This egregious egotist was too modest to point out the obvious fact," replied Go Long, kowtowing.

"Let us now," resumed the Emperor, "pursue the pleasant task of arranging for its disposal."

"This intemperate scoundrel has ventured to relieve Your Majesty of that burden," replied Go Long. "At their tri-monthly conference the Mandarins of Public Instruction considered the matter. They decided that grave fears were entertained for the safety of the Empire."

"How fortunate is the Empire that has such vigilant guardians!" said the Emperor. "What else did they decide?"

"They instructed this unlettered pig to convey the following decision to Your Majesty," replied Go Long. "Unless the method of instruction in all the schools of the Empire be immediately changed the sun of Your Majesty's glory will set at an early date."

"This is alarming news," said Wang. "Perhaps we had better consult the Chief Mandarin of Public Instruction."

Accordingly the Emperor and Go Long proceeded to the Street of Ineffable Content, where they found the Mandarins of Public Instruction immersed in their labours in the ivory-and-ormolu pagoda dedicated to that purpose.

"Explain to the Humbler of Ambitions," said Go Long to the Chief Mandarin, "the exact nature of the danger which threatens the Empire."

"This obnoxious driveller fears that such an explanation would be impossible within the limits of a single conference," said the Chief Mandarin, kowtowing. "Perhaps it will be sufficient if this crazy bumpkin indicates the only and infallible remedy."

"Proceed," said Wang.

"The methods of public instruction must be instantly revised," said the Chief Mandarin. "Every child in the Empire must immediately receive tuition in folk-songs and carving in ivory."

"And nothing else?" asked Wang.

"Nothing else," replied the Chief Mandarin firmly. The Empire must emerge from the chains of mediæval pedantry and emancipate itself from the dregs of an outworn curriculum."

"Give the details," ordered the Emperor.

"One million yen," said the Chief Mandarin briskly, "have been expended in the purchase of all the ivory in the Empire. Another million yen are at present being expended in training half the pedagogues in the Empire in carving."

"Why only half?" asked the Emperor.

"Let the Sun of Magnificence regard this miserable oaf's love of economy," replied the Chief Mandarin. "The other half are studying the folksongs of the Empire. It is not necessary for them to be proficient in carving. Carving in ivory is a pursuit which fosters self-reliance, correlation of hand and eye, and unselfishness. Folksongs, on the other hand, if sung regularly, produce a frame of mind that is at once peaceful and patriotic. The next generation of Your Majesty's subjects will therefore be self-reliant, unselfish, peaceful and patriotic, and their hands and eyes will be correlated—and all for a total cost of three million yen. Does this unblushing trifler make himself clear?"



"AY, ANGUS, YOU PLAY A BONNIE TUNE. BUT WHY HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BOOTS OFF?"
"THE WEE WIFIE IS ASLEEP UPSTAIRS AND I DINNA WANT TO WAKE HER."

"Perfectly," replied the Emperor. "Let the work proceed." And so saying he left the ivory-and-ormolu pagoda and returned to the palace.

* * * * *

A year later he again visited the Street of Ineffable Content. Again he found the Mandarins of Public Instruction immersed in their labours in the pagoda dedicated to that purpose. The Chief Mandarin rose and kowtowed as the Emperor appeared.

"This obscene bungler rejoices at Your Majesty's visit," he said. "My honourable brethren and I have found a way of disposing of this year's surplus."

"Indeed?" said the Emperor suspiciously. "How are the folksongs and the ivory-carvings progressing?"

"Folksongs?" said the Mandarin wonderingly. "Ivory-carvings? Is it possible that Your Majesty has not been informed of the epoch-making discovery made by the Board of Public Instruction?"

"You have my permission to unfold the news," said Wang.

"This is indeed an honour for this unmitigated blackguard," replied the Mandarin, kowtowing again. "A new era is about to dawn. We are going to free the Empire from the slough of ignorance in which the mistaken enthusiasms of the past have imprisoned it. Folk-dancing, Your Majesty's experts have discovered, fosters a spirit of unselfishness and self-reliance, and correlates the eyes and hands of the dancers. On the other hand it has been found that all those who carve in ebony become at once peaceful and patriotic. The next generation of Your Majesty's subjects will therefore be peaceful, self-reliant and patriotic, and their hands and eyes will undoubtedly be correlated—and all at a cost total of——"

"Well?" asked the Emperor.

"This unworthy lout has not heard the amount of the surplus," said the Chief Mandarin with hauteur.

The Emperor permitted himself a smile. "There is no surplus this year," he said.

At the Play.

"BEFORE SUNSET" (SHAFTESBURY).

WHAT a family old *Matthew Clausen* had! His son-in-law in particular, a detestable cad, never for one moment failed to win from us a hearty abhorrence. His daughters, fretful or silly or hard—oh, dear! they were terrible. The elder son, *Wolfgang*, was a professor, but Heaven knows of what; the younger a fairly good-natured dolt. Could you be surprised then that, in spite of his dead wife's portrait hanging in the library, so that these distressing persons could perpetually allude to it, old *Matthew Clausen*, in whom "the flame of life" still burnt, felt a desire to cut himself adrift from the whole wolf-gang (if you will allow me that one), cubs and all, and start life afresh with little *Inken*, who loved him quite passionately for himself alone, and never troubled either her heart or her head about his age or the money he had?

In the world outside the stage a marriage between April and December is apt to be discussed cynically, to say the least of it; and even on the stage there must be a good deal of co-operation between author and cast to make us feel that here is an idyll, here is romance—or even (since we are well aware that the ending will be disastrous) here is the stuff of tragedy. No such sweet and charming consolation found its way into the broken life of *King Lear*.

The dice, therefore, are very heavily loaded by the dramatist in favour of old *Matthew*. His children are watching him, waiting for his wealth. They are not competent to run his business. He himself may be white-haired, but a man is only as old as he feels. *Inken* would be ready to commit suicide if he left her or sent her away.

The play in translation—possibly even more so as it was written—is emotional, intense, unashamedly sympathetic towards the old man's dream. I cannot be certain whether this makes the part of *Matthew Clausen* more easy for WERNER KRAUSS to play—whether he would have been less effective in a drama where more justice was meted out to both sides, in a *rôle* which demanded less passion and more restraint. I can only assert that with a completely Teutonic intonation he drove me to tears (which doesn't happen often) for his love, and to furious indignation (which happens even more seldom) for his wrongs. If I go on to say that he is a marvellous actor, who deserves to be seen—perhaps as much by English actors as by English audiences—I am not merely paying a conventional compliment to a foreign guest. I mean it.



BEFORE SUNSET—BUT NO MATTER.
Professor Geiger . . . . . MR. O. B. CLARENCE.
Matthew Clausen . . . . . MR. WERNER KRAUSS.

He was beautifully helped by Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT as *Inken*, who never seemed to go wrong in presenting this devotion of a mere child for a man three times her age as a sweet and natural impulse. It was very certain that whatever happened afterwards there could be no romance in her life like this.



DER RING.
"SEE WHAT SANTA CLAUSEN HAS BROUGHT YOU!"
Matthew Clausen . . . . . MR. WERNER KRAUSS.
Inken Peters . . . . . MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

Minor studies of the greatest merit were FELIX AYLMER'S *Hannefeldt*, the solicitor acting on behalf of the family, whose interview with *Matthew* in order to tell him that he was to be certified as insane was one of the best scenes in the play; Mr. O. B. CLARENCE'S *Professor Geiger*, an old friend whose gentle sagacity makes a fine foil for the hero's impetuosity and fits of rage; and Miss JOYCE BLAND'S *Bettina*, a daughter whose filial devotion depends on her father's good behaviour and readiness to do exactly what the family thinks right.

Mr. WERNER KRAUSS was inhospitably received by a part of the audience on the first night of this play; which is a great pity. But it takes all sorts of fools to make a world.

EVOE.

"WHAT HAPPENED THEN?" (KINGSWAY).

The *Bromley* family, as they are to be met in the programme and on the stage at the Kingsway Theatre in *What Happened Then?* sitting in their unimaginative drawing-room, strike you as nice conventional people, of the type who would rather dress for dinner than not. But the presence of judges and counsel and detectives in the programme is warning enough for the astute playgoer that trouble is coming, and he is not deceived by the love-making, to distant dance-music, in the garden at night, with which the play begins. Something is going to happen, and sure enough the second scene is played entirely in the dark and consists of one horrible yell.

The lover of Act I. Scene 1 is then found in the dock, being tried and condemned for his life for unculocide. He is plainly and indeed aggravatingly innocent, a gentle browbeaten sculptor who cannot hope to win much sympathy for himself from an audience which does not mind the idea of blood—an idea which from his sixth year has made him come all over queer.

Anyway, he has no chance at this trial. The Court does not somehow seem to be a Court of Justice, perhaps because it is entirely filled with male and female barristers, with no solicitors or friends and none of those comings and goings and subdued noises of a real Court. It is like a hurried court-martial

behind closed doors at night. All the witnesses in a difficult case resting on circumstantial evidence are rushed through their examinations and cross-examinations in about half-an-hour, and as they are mainly eccentrics of one sort or another it is impossible to believe in the Court or to avoid feeling contempt for it, excellently irritable though the *Judge* is. The best reason for finding a verdict of "Guilty" is not the finger-print or other evidence for which the prisoner cannot account, but the massive plausibility of Mr. FRANCIS SULLIVAN as the prosecuting counsel. He walked away with the scene.

Dramatists should beware of trial scenes if they are pressed for time, because leisurely thoroughness is of the essence of legal processes, and all of a three-hour play is none too long. But once she has escaped from the unfamiliar purlieus of the criminal law, the authoress finds her stride. Her play is notable and unusual in that each Act is better than its predecessor.

In the middle of the Second Act we begin to realise that there is something wrong with one of the *Bromley* sons and that the secret of the malignantly-planned murder of Act I. is to be found beneath the placid exterior of *Bromley* life. There is a madman in our midst, and as his mother and brother begin to suspect the horrible truth the suspense increases.

The action takes place while the days are running out in which the innocent but condemned man may yet be saved; and, as the *Bromley* family circle contains his *fiancée* and his sister and his oldest friends, the authoress has a difficult task in portraying their sustained and desperate anxiety without letting it weigh down the play or wear out the audience. She manages this and much else that needs skilful handling. For the madness of the villain is the new sort of madness, and the play is one of those in which dramatists seek to annex for the drama the new fields of pathology plotted out by medical science. Head injuries in youth, an atrophy of the moral sense, a devilish ingenuity go with great filial love and a charming naïveté in the make-up of the criminal.

In a play full of character-drawing—some of it simple enough and of the kind that goes down well in charades and pierrot sketches, but sometimes rich and deep, as in the very fine performance of Mr. GEORGE ELTON as an old cobbler, taking his time in narration but ready at need to defend himself with his awl—Miss GRACE LANE has a particularly subtle part to play as *Mrs. Bromley*, and Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY as *Cookson*. It is always depressing in murder dramas if the butler is the murderer, and it is rather depressing if the faithful retainer has to be a red herring under temporary suspicion. *Cookson* is something different, and the audience at *What Happened Then?* can see a butler being hypnotised—a sight very rare in real life and full of instruction. But the main honours go to Mr. RICHARD BIRD for a performance which grows in strength and intensity to the final trigger-pull.

D. W.



THE HANDSOME YOUNG PRISONER.

AN IDEAL MODEL FOR A TUSSAUD ARTIST.

Counsel for the Crown . . . . . MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.
Sir Gavin King (for the defence) . . . . MR. CECIL RAMAGE.
Raymond Rudford . . . . . MR. WILLIAM FRESHMAN.

The Young Psychiatrist and the Post-Prandial Orator.

A Fable.

A YOUNG Psychiatrist was sitting in his Consulting-room wondering what his First patient would be Like, when a Post-prandial Orator, who Manifested symptoms of an Interesting neurosis, entered the room Abruptly and asked Hysterically if the Young Psychiatrist could cure him of a Terrible recurring dream which was threatening to Unseat his Reason.

Before expressing an Opinion the Young Psychiatrist stipulated for Full details; whereupon the Post-Prandial Orator continued with a Shudder: "Every night I am Awakened by my Dream, Bathed in Perspiration and suffering Intense mental Anguish. Always in this Dream I rise to make my Speech at a Ceremonial Banquet, and Always as I utter the Words, 'When I entered this Hall to-night I did not Know I was to be Called upon to Speak,' I become filled with a Carking Suspicion that the Rapt attention of my Audience is not wholly a tribute to my Eloquence. It is then that I discover that I am Stark Naked, whereas of course the Function is one where Etiquette requires Full Evening dress, with Medals and Decorations."

After Pondering on this, the Young Psychiatrist made the Routine observation that the Post-Prandial Orator had come to consult him Only just in time. He then referred Darkly to Inhibitions and the Sub-conscious Mind, and Finally expressed his Opinion in these terms: "To sum up, your Morbid fear of appearing Unclad has given you a Complex. Obviously the First thing We must do is to Work off that Complex. Join a Nudist Society At Once and come and see me in Three Months."

Now when barely One Month had run its Course the Post-Prandial Orator burst into the Young Psychiatrist's Consulting-room Much wilder in the Eye than on the Previous occasion, and before the Young Psychiatrist could Murmur, "How are We feeling Now?" the Post-Prandial Orator began:—

"I joined a Nudist Society, as you Prescribed, and Already I am Cured of my Dream. Nevertheless it seems to Me that you have made matters Worse, for a More terrible Dream, which Prostrates me Twice Nightly, has taken its Place. Always in this New Dream I rise to make my Speech at a Nudist Banquet, and Always as I utter the Words, 'When I entered this Hall to-night I did not Know I was to be Called upon to Speak,' I become sensible of Pent-up Ferocity behind the Fixed Attention of my Audience. It is then that I make the Appalling discovery that I am wearing Full Evening dress, with Medals and Decorations, whereas of course the Function is one where Stark Nakedness is *De Rigueur*."

Moral: There is No Cure for Habitual After-dinner Speaking.



"DON'T FUSS ME. YOU KNOW I ALWAYS WAIT FOR AN EMPTY SPACE TO COME ALONG."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXII.—Drinking Song.

LEAVE, Muse, your bowers of myrtled shade
And solitudes riparian,
And deign to visit with your aid
A valetudinarian.
Let others hymn the praise of wine,
Its fragrant taste and odour;
My theme—and one not less divine—
Is Slippup's Saline Soda.
I drink no brandy and no beer;
I seldom touch Madeira;
I find the taste of cocktails queer
And their effect is queerer.
I ask no vintage red or white,
And spirits spoil my appetite,
But Slippup's is my heart's delight,
And what delight is dearer?

Then sip with me the best of drinks,
The best of drinks that be,
The drink that beats the rest of drinks,
From turnip-juice to tea.
Canary stands accurs'd of drinks,
And whisky is the worst of drinks,
But here's the Safety First of drinks,
The first of drinks for me.

Then fill your glasses up, my boys,
And in potation free
We'll sip the safest sup, my boys,
Of all the sups there be—
The healthy sup, the sprightly sup,
The tasty and the sightly sup,
The daily sup, the nightly sup,
The only sup for me.

I do not care for other drinks
Renowned in song and story;
Liqueurs to me are coloured inks
And stout is purgatory;
By noxious elements in these
My stomach is offended;
But in the drink that brings me ease
All elements are blended.
It is the Air of Health Divine,
The Fire that does not cauter,
That savours of the Sea, like brine,
And of the Earth, like porter;
Then up, my boys, and let your choir
Bid all who would to health aspire
Come warm their beings at this fire
Of Earth's Aerated Water.

Then pour your wine away, my boys;
To Tophet with your tea;
In Hock there's hell to pay, my boys;
There's poison in Bohea;
Port-wine will turn you pink, my boys;
Then pour it down the sink, my boys,
And drain with me the drink, my boys,
That spells efficiency.

Fill up, fill up, fill up, my boys,
And in potation free
We'll sip the safest sup, my boys,
Of all the sups there be;
The healthy sup, the sprightly sup,
The tasty and the sightly sup,
The take-your-troubles-lightly sup,
The face-the-future-brightly sup,
The treat-your-stomach-rightly sup,
Enjoy-yourself-politely sup,
The daily sup, the nightly sup—
The sup, my boys, for me.

The Child.

THE magistrate looked sternly at the woman in the dock.

"You do not seem to realise the heinousness of your offence," he said; "you have not grasped the golden principle that in the enlightened twenty-first century your children belong not to you but to the State. A kindly Government allows you to feed and clothe them, but you are expressly forbidden to take any hand in their education—moral, intellectual or physical."

"I only suggested to the boy, your worship, that it was about time he washed his neck."

"*Only* suggested that it was about time he should wash his neck! Do not trifle with the Court, Madam. By suggesting to the boy that he should perform his ablutions you not only arrogated to yourself an authority which properly belongs to the State, but ran the risk of endangering the boy's entire future. By an Ordinance of the Ministry of Psychology of 2028 it is clearly laid down that even those deputed by the Government to attend to the training of the young shall on no account make any suggestion or give any order to a child. It is the desire of the State that children shall grow up as Nature intended them to, free from complexes. By suggesting to your boy that he should 'wash his neck' you have no doubt let loose in his mind a dozen complexes and scores of repressions."

"But the boy had not washed his neck for six months."

"That is *his* business. The State has done its part by providing a fine block of municipal juvenile baths and washhouses. You will not deny, Madam, that this town boasts the finest municipal baths and washhouses in any civilised country—not excluding America?"

"That is true, your worship; but there has been some friction between the Baths Ministry and the Water Board, with the result that no water has been laid on. We have our own well at home, and though it is against the law to wash except at the municipal baths, I thought——"

"You *thought!* Only children and Government officials, Madam, are allowed to think. Call the boy."

The boy, aged five, stepped into the witness-box. Looking benevolently through his horn-rimmed glasses at the magistrate and putting his ear-trumpet to his ear, he made a strong plea on behalf of the erring woman who had treated him so ill.

"Don't send my Ma to prison," he said with a sob in his voice. "She is only young, and I am the first child she has had to train her in the way she should go. Her crime, serious as it is, was more the result of thoughtlessness than vice, and I think she was led away by bad companions. *Please* give her another chance."

The magistrate took the black cap from a peg and used it to wipe away a tear. "A mother's best friend is her boy," he said.

"It is her first offence. Please, please let her off with a caution!"

"Would that I could!" said the magistrate. "For I was once a son myself, and I know how hard it is to bring up a mother when temptation stalks the streets and leans up against the municipal public-houses. But if I were to let your mother go it would create a precedent. We should have all the mothers of England claiming the right to wash their sons' necks. Where would it stop? One shudders at the prospect. The Children of England, the Heirs of the Ages, would soon find themselves once again in the state of bondage from which they were released when the Bureaucratic Government came into power. Saint Neill, the Father of Modern Education, would rise from his grave. . . . Six months in the Third Division, Southern Section."

The woman was led away, and the boy with a choking sob turned blindly round and staggered to the emergency exit.



". . . AND SOMEWHERE JUST ABOUT WHERE WE ARE STANDING NOW MUST HAVE BEEN THE GREAT NORTH ROAD."



She. "No, Fred. It was on my birthday that you shut your moustache in the china pantry door, and it was August the Fifth, 1932, that it caught fire."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Churchill upon Churchill.

Having already to his credit what is perhaps the best biography of a father ever written by a son and what has been widely acclaimed the most brilliant account of the most stupendous of wars, Mr. Winston Churchill has turned his attention to a remoter ancestor and battles longer ago. The first volume of *Marlborough : His Life and Times* (Harrap, 25/-) stops short of the great campaigns; but the story of handsome Jack Churchill's rise in the world, of his intrigue with the wanton Castlemaine and his courtship of the imperious Sarah, of his ambiguous and still disputed dealings with Stuart and Orange has a fascination of which none is lost in this present telling. Mr. Churchill, who by right of blood has had access to the jealously guarded archives of Blenheim, is convinced of his hero's essential political fidelity, and he trounces Macaulay (who held other views) with that vigour of sarcasm which many a living antagonist has experienced. Yet he has much in common with the eloquent Whig—a like delight in rhetoric and the coloured phrase, a like gift of bringing men and their traffic vividly before the mind's eye, and, it might be added, a like pugnacity. All of which qualities make his book the more readable while none of them makes it the less valuable.

The Front Families at Play.

Considering the monotony of marble *patios*, swimming-pools, flunkeys and exotic meals which apparently environ the millionaires of Palm Beach, considering too the almost imbecile conformity to type exhibited by these gentry, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer has shown considerable skill in wresting ten short stories out of a *Tropical Winter* (Cassell, 7/6) in Florida. Toilworn Big Business aspiring to "upper-crust" society, an English novelist picking up gold and silver on a lecture-tour, a *passée* mother of tiresome children capturing her late husband's secretary—these are the mainstay of his course. The young of Palm Beach, I gather, are villainous but candid. They enjoy their degeneracy and have no objection to onlookers sharing their pleasure. This at least is the case with *Marthe Vibard*, who loses a neck-and-neck race for a second husband, and the two terrible offspring of *Mrs. Gwin Levis*—a pathetic study and an unusually sound one. A tenderness for luxurious detail which Mr. Hergesheimer acquired, I think, over his early translations of D'Annunzio stands him in good stead; and his stories will be enjoyed rather for their atmosphere—enervating though it is—than for their subsidiary felicities of characterisation.

Galsworthy: Vale.

John Galsworthy, a realist in method, was at heart a romantic. He believed in a standard of conduct, in decent and dignified living, in beauty and in what, from the purely literary point of view, is even more important—good prose. Of all these creeds there is ample manifestation in this, unhappily, the last novel that we shall have from his pen. *Over the River* (Heinemann, 7/6) is, like its predecessors in a happily achieved trilogy, a study of "good" people—the inverted commas have our author's sanction—in a situation not so good. The younger

daughter of the *Charwells* (pronounced Cherrell), close connections of the *Forsytes*, having married herself to a very unpleasant person, flies, with no evil intention, into the arms, whose ardour she is careful to restrain, of a young man by no means unpleasant. "*Hinc*," as remarked a poet with whom GALSWORTHY had noticeable affinities, "*illæ lacrimæ*"; and hence a situation in which strife and the man of property, loyalties (personified by staunch *Dinny* of *Flowering Wilderness*) and justice (with an ironic capital) re-engage the talent of this great twentieth-century novelist. GALSWORTHY went down with flying colours—colours blended of English dawns and London dusks.

Manse and Romance.

As though remembered through the years
  Of half a life's expanse,
The Gowk Storm tells delightfully
An old-world tale of sisters three,
  The daughters of the Manse;
They're prim young folk, distinctly dears,
  Whose placid days are spent
In social rounds, with now and then
A formal word with gentlemen
  And suchlike merriment.

But don't imagine you detect
  Within this outlined plot
The early nineteenth-century miss
Exploited once again, for this
  It certainly is not;
For though in deed these maids reflect
  A grim paternal rule,
Their inner thoughts reveal the lore
Associated with a more
  Emancipated school.

Stern matters come within their ken—
  Bigotry, death, despair;
The shrewdness of the peasant mind,
The dulness of the higher kind,
  Each lends the tale an air.
N. BRISSON MORRISON her pen
  It is wherewith it's writ,
And that alone's a guarantee
It's worth the three-half-dollar fee
  That COLLINS asks for it.



"AT *last*, DARLING, WE ARE REALLY AND TRULY *one*. COFFEE AND BUNS FOR TWO, PLEASE, MISS."

More Irish Memories.

Since the appearance of Miss SOMERVILLE'S record of her visit to America she has, in welcome disproof of the saying about prophets in their own country, become a Litt.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. No better justification of this honour could be wished than in *The Smile and the Tear* by E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS (METHUEN, 7/6), a brief but brilliant commentary on MOORE'S summary of the dualism of the Irish character. The sketches and studies here collected, mostly memories of an earlier and happier Ireland, "when it was still talking English in its most engaging form, before we had all grown politically minded," retain all the old magic which ran through the partnership of the Irish cousins who gave us *The R. M.*, *The Real Charlotte* and a dozen other books on men and women, hounds and horses. Love of Ireland does not blind the writers to her faults, her brooding on old wrongs, and the strange avarice that goes hand-in-hand with generosity. There is hardly a page without a memorable anecdote or phrase reproduced with inimitable fidelity from the living speech of the people, and the connecting-links and comments are always in perfect keeping with the spirit of the Irish story-teller, whether the mood is tragic or comic. The story of the "sevare old cadger" on pp. 60-61 describes a beggar and beggars description; and the epilogue to "For Richer or Poorer" is a masterpiece of unforced pathos and unfaltering choice of the "sovran word." Dr. SOMERVILLE'S spirited illustrations, whether landscapes or portraits of

country men and women, dogs and horses, never fail to reinforce the appeal of the narrative.

A Storehouse of Song.

Unlike those austere spirits who see in the anthology a sort of trippers' funicular to the heights of Parnassus, I am all for having as many compendiums of English poetry as there are enthusiasts to edit them. On this account, and for merits of its own, I welcome *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems* (DENT, 7/6), in which five hundred lyrics, none of them longer than "Kubla Khan," exemplify the output of the English Muse up to the year 1900. Mr. GERALD BULLETT, who has tried (he says) to conciliate both tradition and personal bias, seems mainly to have followed the first course with occasional outbursts of the second. The mediæval stuff is fairly balanced, the Elizabethans and Jacobeans rather conventional; but from SHELLEY on the selection strikes me as capricious. Nine BRIDGES to two BROWNINGS, one unrepresentative STEVENSON and no HENLEY, eight CLARES and not a single BARNES—undoubtedly one service of the anthology is to send age back to the beauties it neglects while impelling youth down the avenues it indicates. Personally I deplore all the "cuts"; but I commend the enterprise which occasionally rescues a poor poem for the sake of one superlative verse.

Tempered Strength.

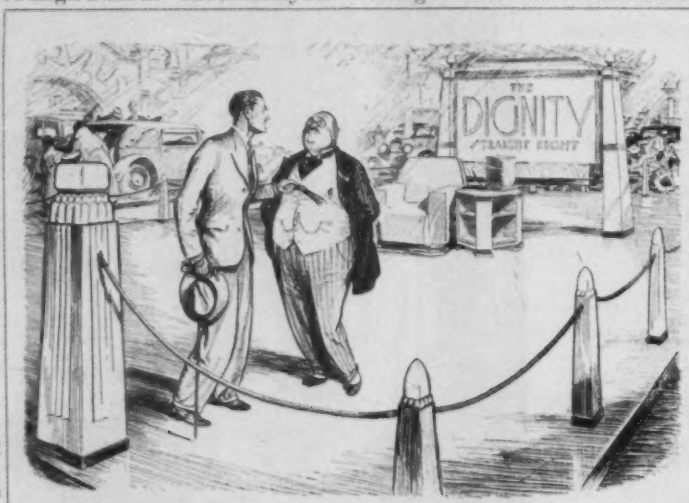
Mr. L. A. G. STRONG, whose name corresponded so well with his earlier writing, has, in *Sea Wall* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), given us something gentler but no less interesting. It is with the childhood and the growing-up of an Irish boy named *Nicky D'Olier* that we are concerned—a childhood inherently normal but complicated by a number of odd circumstances, and a growing-up accelerated by a brief experience of war. The sea wall which runs from Kingstown (to ignore the silly pagan label now gummed so indecorously on the place) to Sandycove Harbour played a great part in *Nicky's* early life, for the reason that he almost lived on it, harassing the rock-bream and the pollack. Actually he lived in a small house facing the wall under the guardianship of those beautifully-drawn characters, the *Duchess* and the *Doctor*. The story is told with humour and understanding, and, although *Nicky* is shown against a varied background, his own development is always the main theme. A fine novel, and, in spite of its subject and of current literary fashions, in no need of a psychological glossary.

A Dog's Days.

Mrs. BROWNING'S famous spaniel has already a considerable place, as dogs' places go, in literature, and now VIRGINIA WOOLF honours him with a biography all to himself. *Flush* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) is largely founded on Mrs. BROWNING'S letters and follows its subject's known history with sufficient faithfulness, reinforced by imagination where no facts were forthcoming. Mrs. WOOLF, in attempting to take a dogseye view of *Flush's* life, often makes him rather unpleasantly human; I fancy too that anyone meeting "E. B. B." here for the first time would scarcely do justice to her common-sense or her delightful humour; indeed it is remarkable that Mrs. WOOLF has been able to quote so many of her actual phrases and yet make her so subtly unlike ROBERT BROWNING'S beloved "Ba." Admirers of the poetess will not like this clever book, but those who revere the splendid cocker family will appreciate the honour done to one of that clan. My position as a great admirer of both has been extremely difficult.

A Race Against Time.

The stage of *The Clock Ticks On* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is so crowded with crooks and toughs that to follow their trail is not too easy. *Gerry Cloan* had been condemned to death for a murder of which young *Trevor Dene*, of Scotland Yard, did not believe him guilty. So *Dene* hastened from England to America in the hope of collecting evidence that would save *Cloan*. Time was precious, and *Dene* wasted none of it. Indeed he had scarcely arrived in New York when he found himself involved in a series of dangerous and hair-raising adventures. A knowledge of American slang will add to the pleasure of reading a story which, in spite of its sensational incidents, cannot be placed among Mr. WILLIAMS'S most successful thrillers.



"BUT HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO INTEREST PEOPLE IN YOUR CARS IF YOU DON'T EXHIBIT ONE ON YOUR STAND?"
"OUR REPUTATION IS SUFFICIENT."

Harmony.

Lady VYVYAN, whose books, written under the name of Miss C. C. ROGERS, have attracted considerable attention, has now turned aside from the Cornwall which she knows so well to make an anthology—*Bird Symphony* (MURRAY, 6/-). Clearly a bird-lover herself, she must have determined to take the greater part of her selections from the works of those who in poetry or prose have shown that they shared her sympathies and affections. "Bird first and Author second" has been her motto. It is a principle as daring as it is original, and courage has won the day. Let me mention some of the writers who, to my mind, have especially enriched this symphony: BLAKE AND BARNES (WILLIAMS), DONNE, CLARE AND KEATS (JOHNS), CRABBE, BORROW AND DEWAR (GEORGES). One regret—I looked in vain for JACQUES DELAMAIN. But it is a rich and carefully chosen feast, and I prophesy that for many a day discerning readers will be applying to it for refrains and refreshment.

Our Censorious Contemporaries.

"The engagement is announced of Mr. ——, the only sin of Mr. and Mrs. ——."—*N.Z. Paper.*

"STONE POSTMAN BITTEN BY DOG. OWNER SUMMONED."
Wouldn't a dentist have been more useful?

"COST OF LIVING IN BATH."—*Headline in Local Paper.*
You can't expect to get constant h. and c. for nothing.

Charivaria.

"I WISH to contradict the rumour that I wish to slosh Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS," says Mr. ERNEST BEVIN. We can only say that no such suggestion appeared in these columns.

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A lady M.P. said recently that we do nothing in this country for newly-married couples. But is she aware that there are fifty-six railway-tunnels each over a mile long?

***

In two-decker Underground trains, which are suggested for the rush hours, the upper deck would have less than six feet of head-room. Tall strap-hangers would have to kneel.

***

Bailiffs sent to seize the furniture of an Italian stone-mason at Lecce found, says a Rome message, that everything—chairs, tables, beds, side-boards—was made of solid masonry. It seems the ideal way to be stony broke.

***

A university for tramps is to be opened next month at Boston, Mass. Some, it has been observed, are born tramps, but the great majority come to it by degrees.

***

According to a foreign journalist there is no chance of the EX-CROWN PRINCE assuming the throne of Germany. That country probably realises that she cannot be cured by the heir of the dog that bit her.

***

A man shot his partner in Chicago last week because he revoked during a game of bridge. No doubt he was buried with simple honours.

***

"Taffy," the regimental goat of the 2nd Battalion of the Welch Regiment, has died at Rawalpindi, India. It is rumoured that the sensitive animal has never been quite the same since the rank and file of a rival regiment took to calling it "Gandhi."

***

We are reminded that "A turkey-cock in his pride" is the crest of the family whose ancestor introduced the bird into England. It would be interesting to know who is entitled to bear "A plum-pudding in splendour."

***

"Only if one has a really pleasant character," says the Chairman of the National Bridge Congress, "can one be a really good bridge-player." The sort of bridge-player that would scorn to hit an adversary below the line.

***

A writer says that it is generally lady-anglers who enjoy sea-fishing most. Gentlemen prefer ponds.

***

By substituting gold for paper, an inventor has produced a document that will last for ever. A similar substitution, curiously enough, is often the only way a document can be got rid of.

***

An anxious householder wants to know how he can keep the gas-bills down. We suggest, with deference, a paper-weight.

***

"How is it," asks a writer, "that widows always seem to marry again?" It would be unkind to put forward the theory that it is because dead men tell no tales.

***

"You may be surprised to hear that I picked and ate three ripe strawberries in my garden yesterday," writes a Hampshire correspondent. Not a bit; we should have done the same thing ourselves.



"WHAT'S THE PRICE OF THAT BIG ONE? I WANT SOMETHING THAT MY GRANDSON CAN FIRE AT WITH HIS AIRGUN."

"A man who broke into several houses yesterday made a varied haul of £7 in money, a bicycle, a pair of spectacles, some cigarettes, a door-key, and a supper of bread and pickles. He left footprints."
Sunday Paper.

We hope the recipients were satisfied.

This and That.

"People of England, Men of England, it is your King who speaks to you."

"Young, slim, with pale worried face, he stares from the shadow of his basinet."

"He is speaking, this brave young King, speaking for the last time to his people."

"See him as he stands there on the knoll of English earth that will for ever bear his name."

"Dickon stands on Dickon's Nook . . . ."

"It was not so much a civil war as a battle of England against the foreigner."

The battle alluded to is Bosworth Field, and I am quoting from a recently-published book on RICHARD III.* According to the author it was HENRY VII. who killed the young Princes in the Tower, and RICHARD III., besides being the handsomest and bravest, was also one of the best of English kings. In fact he seems to have been the last great Englishman.

I used to be rather a fierce Yorkist and anti-Lancastrian myself until a study of that awful tree which shows the descendants of EDWARD III. convinced me that everyone who had any of that blood in him tried to kill all the others, and usually did. But somebody had to be left at the end, and it happened to be HENRY VII.

I feel certain the author of this book goes too far in his revaluation of history. But it must be great fun.

Ah, John! John! would that that last fell bumper had not been drained! Was there no henchman to stay the royal hand, toying once too often with the ripened fruit, or dash it from the lips of the last and most beloved of our Angevin kings? Where is thy luggage, young Jack? The Wash has overwhelmed it, my Johnnie, overwhelmed the hope of England, taken away thy crown!

Look! he speaks to his people for the last time! Severe gastritis at Newark has laid the mightiest of the Plantagenets low. . . .

These are extracts from my forthcoming historical treatise, which proves amongst other things that little PRINCE ARTHUR was murdered by STEPHEN LANGTON in Canterbury Cathedral for a bet.

After that I shall do BELSHAZZAR, the last and noblest of the Babylonian kings.

* *
*

Thank Heaven we live in an age not of long swords but of lengthy words!

How cheap, for instance, is the sneer at Conferences! Why not regard them as the most noble fruit of our time? How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of a Select Sub-Committee sent forth to hold preliminary conversations about the phraseology of a formula! I do not see how a generation in whose blood the spirit of conference has been infused can ever go to battle, even though it arms and re-arms. Let the men who talk talk on and on and on.

It was owing to a lack of conferences that the last Great War occurred. I see the growth of conferences as a thick impenetrable hedge, stronger than the fortifications of war. And I do not speak lightly, for already I notice that there are two kinds of conferrers—the hotheads, the wild feckless men who insist on moving the initial resolutions preparatory to the inauguration of an adjournment on the date actually fixed for them, and the procrastinators, the dawdlers, the men who say *"Mañana,"* the men who attempt to postpone the discussion of probable forthcoming agenda until the middle of the week after next.

There is something to be said, no doubt, even for this latter point of view. If you put off the resumption of negotiations long enough, how incredibly distant the breakdown of negotiations is bound to become! Yet I am on the side of the Ruperts of debate. If the delicate sounding of Central European opinion as to the possible entertainment of a proposal unofficially sponsored in Rome is fixed for the 31st of November, on the 31st of November, I say, let it sound. Why allow the favourable reaction of French opinion towards a hypothetical proposal for the basis of a concordat to pass without a further interchange of views simply because it is holiday time or the mistral has begun to blow? Now is the moment. Now!

"Although the progress made was not sufficient to justify a public discussion at this stage, he was convinced that a further postponement of the General Commission's meeting would arouse suspicion that the Conference no longer intended to formulate a genuine convention."

Sentences of that kind thrill me like a clarion call!

I mean to say, of course, that they thrill me like the cooing of doves. They make me feel that whole dictionaries of official phraseology stand between Europe and the chance of another war. Let a convention fail and a pact will rush into the breach. Let the pact lie broken in the ditches and a conversation will rush to its aid.

If you say that while all this goes on the armaments of Europe increase, is it not possible that the over-production of armaments will break down, just like the over-production of food? A surplus of wheat does not create wealth. Why should a surplus of guns create war? I suggest that in a few years' time, in order to give employment to munition-makers, munitions will have to be thrown into the sea so that the munitions industry can start again.

* *
*

By the way, how ought the Swastika to go? A correspondent in China tells me that 卐 means life, light and bliss, whereas 卐 (the German way) indicates death, darkness and misfortune. Is it so? EVOE.

* *King Richard III. A Chronicle* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON).

Our Champion Weight-Lifter.

"The huge passenger carried will again be piloted by Captain O. P. Jones, who has already established a record at Renfrew for joy-riding figures."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Peeps at the High and Mighty.

"Long before the hour appointed for the arrival of the Governor, the benches were crammed to capacity with elegant women and the perfume of Tasmanian boronia, hyacinth and freesia rose on the somewhat musty air, particulary pungent near the President, awaiting Sir Philip Game."—*Australian Paper.*

"The Rector said they were not giving the Bishop a towel, as was customary on such occasions, because they knew he had at least one."—*Australian Paper.*

Quite right. Cleanliness after all is not nearly so important as godliness.

"In an epoch of hustle, which is made the excuse for lack of politeness, it is well to remind my countrymen that even in Republican Spain courtesy is still a national creed. The French say, 'La politess toujours,' but for a real lesson I recommend a visit to Portugal."—*Weekly Paper.*

We should recommend a visit to France.



THE HAPPY PRODUCER.

"NOW AIN'T THAT LOOVELY, MY DEAR?"

(With Mr. Punch's congratulations to the Milk Marketing Board.)



[A firm of motor manufacturers is employing a dress-designer for the upholstery and colour scheme.]

"THE ENGINE, SIR? I'M AFRAID THAT IS NOT IN MY PROVINCE, BUT I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO *COSTUME* THE CAR FOR YOU."

Nemesis.

WE were talking about collecting, Boggs and I, after an excellent dinner at his small but very modern flat. Boggs is able to do himself rather well.

"It runs in the family," he said. "My father had a really worth-while philatelic collection, but my grandfather ran to unusual things. He had, I suppose, the most remarkable assortment of wild-animal teeth in the world. Not that he was a big-game hunter himself, mind you; but he made it worth while for those who were to extract a tooth from various specimens and send them to him."

After a pause devoted to the very fine brandy which accompanied our coffee Boggs went on: "Now, with all modesty, I may say I think that my own collection is probably second to none."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Rejection-slips from periodicals all over the English-speaking world."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "I had no idea you wrote! Congr—er—confoundedly interesting."

"You don't understand," Boggs replied frostily, "I'm not interested in writing—never was."

"Then how——?"

"Let me show it to you."

He produced a large album. We pored over it together.

"Now these—*Sydney Southern Star*, *Bombay English Courier*, *Australasian Times*, *Canada Freethinker*, *Yukon Northern Light*, *Capetown Leader*, *Transvaal Nugget*, and so on, as you see. Very comprehensive, don't you think?"

"Very imperial," I agreed.

He turned a few pages. "All the home periodicals, of course—*The Illustrated Babbler*, the Harmsbrook publications, and so forth. And here—pages of women's magazines from all over the map. And America—a whole section to itself, you see. Not many people, for instance, would have *The Watkins Centre Enlightened Farmer*."

"Amazing!" I exclaimed. "How *do* you do it?"

"Quite simple," Boggs answered, opening a drawer of his writing-table. "I simply send one of these to the periodical from which I require a slip." He handed me a typewritten sheet. I read:—

"A SHORT DEFINITION OF TRIPE.

The modern meaning of the word 'tripe' is not, as one might suppose, the lining of the stomach of an animal, to be cooked and served to persons of plebeian tastes. It is rather a succession of words which, when summed up, produce the answer: Nothing.

Tripe is very easy to write; gives one mental indigestion to read perhaps, but leaves no after-effects beyond a slight feeling of nausea *ad nauseam*.

Let us by all means then cultivate an appreciation of tripe *à la mode*."

It was signed "H. J. B." "Couldn't send a thing unsigned, you know," he explained modestly.

"What would you do if it were to be

accepted by some misguided editor?" I laughed.

"It won't be," Boggs replied, patting his album affectionately. "It hasn't failed me so far."

* * * * *

A little later I met Boggs at the club. He was looking decidedly green.

"What's up, old boy?" I asked, slapping him on the back. "Mental indigestion?"

"Don't mention tripe," he snapped. "Read this." Pulling a long envelope out of his pocket, he handed it to me.

"It's from that new magazine. *Twentieth-Century Poet*, you know."

I opened the letter:—

Henry J. Boggs, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in accepting your free verse contribution, for which, upon publication, we will forward you payment at our usual rates.

We have however, taken the liberty of altering somewhat the form of your contribution, without, we hope, detracting in any way from its charm. Enclosed is an amended copy.

Trusting we shall have the pleasure of seeing more of your work,

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
WILTON WILFRID WILLBROD,
Editor.

The enclosure was headed—

"TRIPE.

The modern meaning of the word!
Tripe is not, as one might suppose,
The lining
Of the stomach of an animal,
To be cooked
And served
To persons of plebeian taste.
Rather it is
A
Succession
Of
Words
Which, when summed up,
=
0."

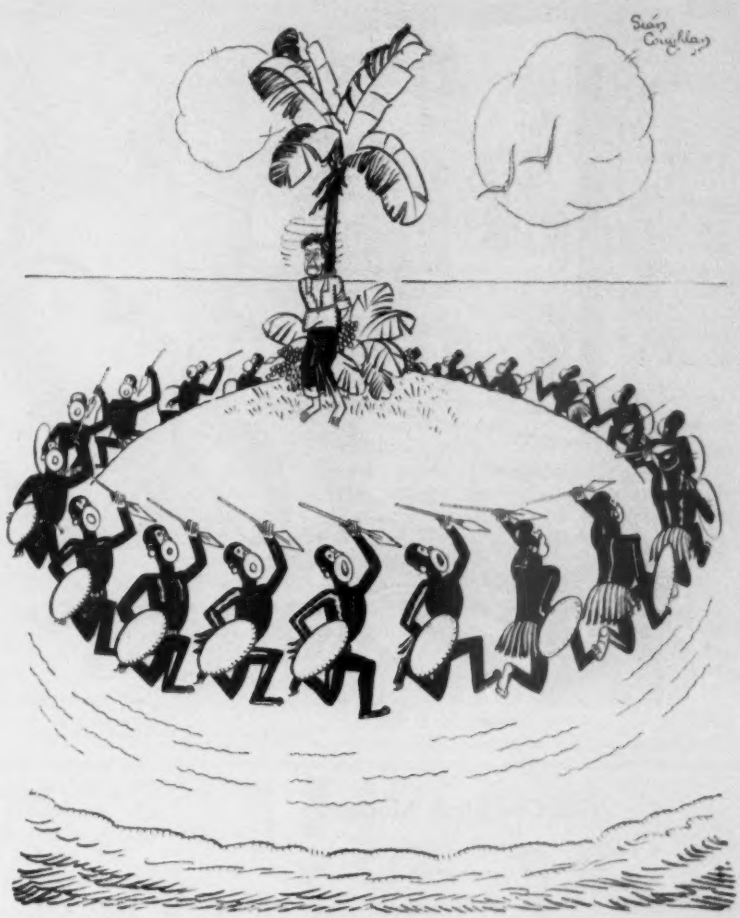
"It is quite evident," my dear fellow, I said, "that you've missed your calling all these years."

* * * * *

I heard just the other day that Boggs had reverted to his father's stamp-collecting. That seems to me quite safe.

Naughty Words at the Cross-Roads.

"The cross-roads near the Council Schools were the scene on Thursday afternoon of a collision between two motor-cars. There were no personal injuries, although one of the cars was dam aged."—*Local Paper.*



Merry-go-Round Attendant. "I GO TO THE EXPENSE OF A SEA-TRIP TO FORGET ABOUT MY WORK AND THIS IS WHAT I GET."

October.

THE starling goes in flocks to roost,
In flocks the rook retires to slumber
(This fact no doubt has introduced
Autumnal verses beyond number;
But what care I?), the fruit is ripe
On tall untidy privet hedges,
And while dejected robins pipe
Chilled earwigs cross my window-ledges.

The comma butterfly still flits
(One of the species of Vanessæ);
Still the red admiral drunken sits
On fallen apples pulped and messy;
And prudent kinds of bird migrate.
As all-considerate Nature taught 'em,
And the she-spider bites her mate—
Bites him to death, because it's autumn.

The small gnats mourn (for whom *see* KEATS),
They die; the semi-famished spider
In consequence her husband eats
And weaves her web a good deal wider;
She weaves her web where I must pace—
Weaves it head-high, and I get in it;
And spiders' webs across the face
Are grisly things for half-a minute.

The leaves, as P. B. SHELLEY said,
Scuttle like ghosts from an enchanter;
The days collapse like poppies spread
(A simile from *Tam o' Shanter*);
While the first equinoctial storm,
Heading a watery procession,
Proves, like my verses, true to form.
The product of a deep depression.

VERGES.



"BUT LISTEN—I CAN *EXPLAIN* THIS."

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

III.

COURAGE.

Do not believe in this. It is useful and comforting to remember that the man who does courageous things on the spur of the moment obviously gets no credit, while the man who does courageous things, although afraid, is equally obviously a cleverly disguised coward. And, anyhow, it all depends on the ductless glands. If you ever *do* do anything rather courageous and someone happens to see you, remember to be very bored. The best attitude is that of BRUCE at Bannockburn—"I have broken my good battle-axe."

On no account be pleased. And, on the other hand, remember that there is really nothing to be ashamed of. Just make it quite clear that you don't believe in the whole thing.

CRANK.

A crank is a person who believes in something so much that he tries to do something about it.

CULTURE.

The Modern should aim at acquiring culture. Culture consists essentially of knowing very little about a large number of things and talking about them incessantly. Do not overdo it. To know too much about anything is vulgar. No one really *wants* you to talk like one of Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY's characters; you will only be accused of showing off. Remember that a good listener is always popular and that your friends probably like being cultured too.

CYNICISM.

Only undergraduates are cynical. Always disclaim cynicism very firmly. Make it clear that you would love to believe in things and be as warm-hearted and ingenuous as BARRIE if only your damned intellect (curse it!) would let you. If you *do* think the world is a pretty rotten sort of spot and people rather a hypocritical gang of fools, it isn't because you *want* to; it is because with the best will in the world things *are* like that. You don't hate your fellow-creatures. You're just sorry they haven't got any brains. And, after all, they may be right. Of course you are at least consistent—you don't even believe in yourself and your own opinions. Only in *this* case (purely by chance) you happen to be right, as any logical person can see.

DECENCY.

As someone has so beautifully said, the idea of decency was the greatest burden left us by the Victorians.

In regard to decency, attack is the best defence. Take some notable champion of conventional morals (preferably one who splits his infinitives, thereby making himself easy prey) and characterise his views as grossly indecent and obscene. The true Modern must not believe in LAWRENCE but he may follow him to this extent. Remember that anybody who does not discuss sex in public is indecent, because this shows him to have a prurient mind. Cite FREUD, pronounced (approximately) "Froydt," as proof. He may not actually have *said* this, but no one will know.

DEMOCRACY.

The only reasonable modern reaction to the word "Democracy" is a bitter laugh. The bitterer the better.

DEMONOLOGY.

Although the Devil is scarcely a modern conception, demonology is definitely in. Don't actually believe in it, but know a recipe for raising an odd devil or so if the occasion arises.

Don't practise the Black Mass.

DESIRE.

See "LOVE."

DICTATOR.

This is what England needs—something to bring people into line.

DIVORCE.

Strictly speaking you don't believe in this, because you don't believe in marriage.

But on the whole agitate for bigger and better divorce all the same, because people *will* go and get married, poor fishes, and there's no need to be *spiteful*.

DOGMA.

Other people's opinions. No disciple of freedom can put up with dogma.

Take the ridiculous dogma about people having souls. Any logical person knows that people haven't souls.

Always be very firm with dogma.

DOLE.

A deliberate conspiracy to destroy the self-respect of the unemployed. You have only to look at a man on the dole to see that his self-respect is being undermined. Do not believe in the dole. Believe in putting everyone back to work at once.

DORA.

A deliberate infringement of the rights of the individual.

DRINK.

There are two possible attitudes which the Modern may legitimately adopt towards drink:—

(1) A somewhat noisy appreciation of alcohol in any form.

(2) A cynical attitude which enables the guest to say when refusing a glass of sherry, "No, thank you. I never drink, except for the specific purpose of getting drunk." The tone should make it clear that the speaker drinks himself into insensibility on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

On the whole it is safe to express a liking for beer, particularly if you are a female. A demand for stout is also a good effect.

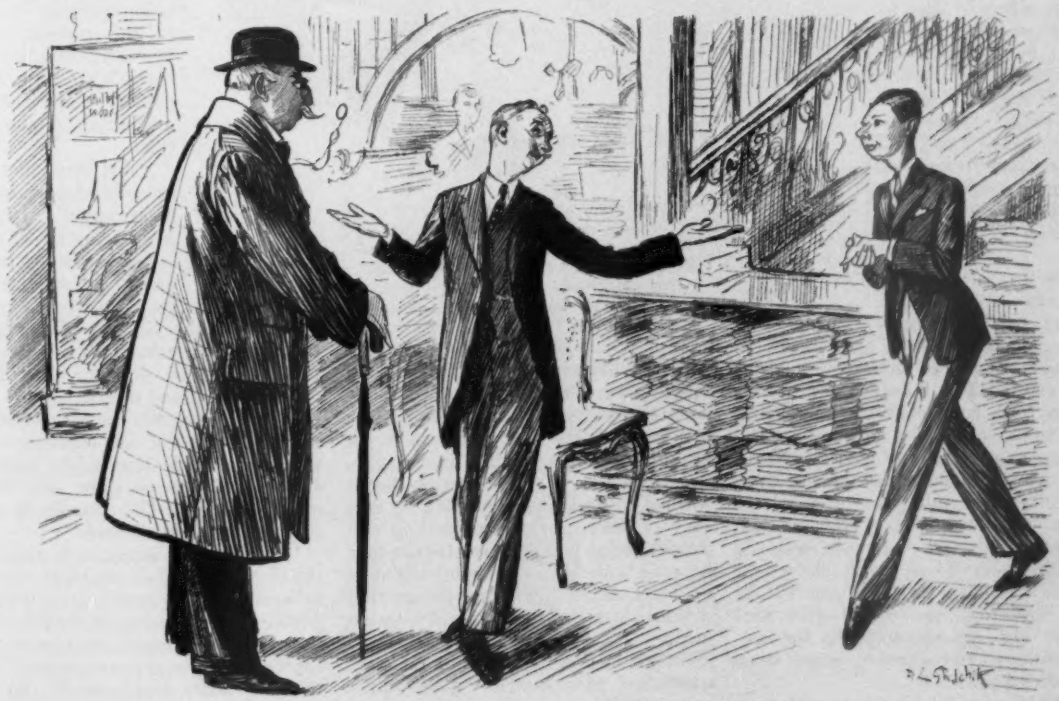
I find myself in difficulties with regard to sherry and cocktails. At any given moment it is always very old-fashioned to prefer one or the other, but they alternate so rapidly that no rigid advice can be given.

No harm is done by demanding vodka, but it is advisable to make quite sure that none is available before doing so. Deliberate naïveté, such as asking for water or lemon-squash, forms a pleasant variation.

ECONOMICS.

This is a rather silly science, entirely concerned with things that look as if they are so but aren't so really. The only thing which the Modern should remember is that the more money people spend the more they've got.

(*To be continued.*)



Customer. "I WANT SOME WINTER UNDERWEAR, PLEASE."
Shopwalker. "CERTAINLY, SIR. MR. GUTHERIDGE, FORWARD. KINDLY SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN OUR NEW SEASON'S SNUGGIES."

Misleading Cases.

THE AGENT PROVOCATEUR.

THE Court of Criminal Appeal to-day quashed the conviction of a publican for the sale of a sweepstake ticket.

The Lord Chief Justice said :—

"In this case the appellant, Mr. Barrel, a publican, was convicted by the magistrates on a charge of selling a ticket in an unlawful sweepstake. Mr. Barrel's evidence, which has not been disputed by anyone, was as follows. An elderly lady of robust physique became a frequent visitor to the bar-parlour of his inn, 'The Blue Moon.' By some means not yet disclosed this worthy female (who looked, according to Mr. Barrel, 'more like a missionary') became aware that he was the possessor of a 'book' or packet of tickets for the Irish Sweepstake, the distribution of which is unlawful in this country. On five separate occasions the lady implored Mr. Barrel to sell her such a ticket. On four occasions Mr. Barrel refused. We do not know why he refused, nor is the Court concerned to inquire. For all the Court knows Mr. Barrel found this 'book' in the street and was anxious to keep its dangerous contents from circulation among the public.

"Be that as it may, on the fifth occasion Mr. Barrel yielded. The woman, he says, besought him almost with tears in her eyes to do her this small favour. She represented herself as a lonely female who had small joy in life and little hope of material happiness. The possession of a remote chance of winning £30,000 would brighten her drab existence, she said, for five or six weeks. There was nobody else, she said, in her small and indigent circle of acquaintances from whom she could obtain a ticket. So eager was she to have one that she would give him twelve shillings-and-sixpence for it—two shillings-and-sixpence more than the official price.

"Whether moved by compassion or cupidity or the fatigue and indifference which importunity produces, Mr. Barrel at last consented. The woman took and paid for the ticket, and later laid an information against him. It turned out that she was a policewoman, a cunning actor, cleverly disguised.

"I cannot in this Court form phrases which would sufficiently express my disgust at these manœuvres. We were told by earnest reformers that the addition of women to the police-force was necessary for the protection of women and young children, because male constables were lacking in the finer feelings. If women constables are to be employed for this sort of purpose they might as well have stayed in the home.



Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS *(counting his pips)*—
"This year, next year, some time, never;
This year, next year, some time, never;
This year, next year, some time, never;
This year, NEXT YEAR!"

"But the sex of the *agent provocateur* is immaterial. Male or female, there is a short and simple description of their operations: it is dirty work. In this country we boast of the fairness of our judicial system. The scales are weighted, as many think, in the prisoner's favour. Upon arrest he is warned at once that anything he says may be taken down and used in evidence against him. Any confession that he may make will not be admitted as evidence against him if it appears that it was extracted from him by unfair means; that is, by any threat or inducement. If he goes into the box he is not compelled to answer any question the answer to which may incriminate him. These guarantees of fair treatment are the wonder of the world. But what is the value of these elaborate precautions to ensure that an arrested person shall be fairly and honourably treated if the cause of his arrest has been dishonestly manufactured?

"We condemn the use of the 'Third Degree' to extract a confession; but the 'Third Degree' means little more than continual badgering; and in this case Mr. Barrel was continually badgered, not to confess but to commit the offence. What is the ethical distinction?

"I sympathise with police-officers who find that the strict rules of evidence prevent them from bringing a known malefactor to justice. But if there is any serious leakage of justice from this cause the remedy is to relax the rules of evidence in court, where a judge has control of what goes on, and not to permit irregularities outside, where he has not.

"There are circumstances without doubt in which such methods can be justified—I mean in case of serious crime or danger to the State. The Crown need have no conscientious scruples in the pursuit of the treason-monger, the murderer, the blackmailer, the forger, the incendiary or persistent thief.

"But even here some sense of proportion must be preserved. If a man were suspected of habitual arson it would evidently be an excess of zeal to persuade him to burn down the House of Commons in order to secure his incarceration. A police-officer in disguise may legitimately watch and inform upon a reckless and dangerous motor-driver, but not if he himself has challenged him to a race upon the public highway. For there two dangers are created instead of one. The remedy, in short, is worse than the disease.

"In that last sentence is contained the clue to the whole problem. By that criterion all the methods of punitive justice must be assessed; and by it the use of the disguised *agent provocateur* for the pursuit and punishment of petty offences must emphatically be condemned.

More is lost to the State by way

WITH THE GUNS.



PROBABLY A LOT OF YOU SAW THAT INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR BEASLY GUGGINS' SHOOTING-PARTY WHICH APPEARED IN *THE ILLUSTRATED PRATTLER*.



WELL, IT WASN'T NEARLY SO INTERESTING AS THE ONE THAT DIDN'T.



Aggrieved Competitor (at hunter trials). "AND WHY, MAY I ASK, AM I BEING SENT OUT?"
Ring Steward. "AGE, VICE AND UNSOUNDNESS."

of damage to the mutual confidence between police and public than is gained by the apprehension of the offender. The spy teaches the citizen to regard the policeman not as a friend but as a dishonest enemy; the *agent provocateur* creates offences under pretence of preventing them; and the police in either case are taught to think that any manœuvre is fair and desirable which results in a conviction. Thus both the public and the police are corrupted.

"I observe with regret in the public sheets that these methods are being employed increasingly throughout the land in case of the small offences with which our modern life abounds. I do not blame the police-officers, but those authorities, whoever they are, who order or permit the mischief. Indeed, once begun, it is easy to perceive the temptation to extend it. It is the hope of every young detective that he may one day go about in masterly disguises and entrap the murderer or horrid blackmailer; and unless he is checked he sees no reason why he should not try his 'prentice hand on the beer-drinker or the seller of sweepstake tickets.

"Moreover, there is the fascination of fancy-dress. I have noticed at the Royal Tournament how much our gallant soldiers enjoy themselves when they are permitted to discard their uniforms and appear as actors in the costume of dervishes, Red Indians or Cossacks. No doubt it was similarly refreshing, in the first instance, for the police-constable to visit night-clubs in evening-dress; and one thing leads on to another. What is right in a night-club is right in a public-house or club; what is seemly for a policeman becomes seemly for a police-woman. If the police may spy upon the 'Night-Hawks' in the evening costume of a peer they may enter the Athenæum in the habit of a bishop or lurk upon the Labour Benches disguised as railwaymen.

"I wish to say that the process has already gone too far. There are ample halls and theatres in the cities where our excellent police may indulge their taste for private theatricals; but this inoffensive hobby must not be allowed to corrupt the stream of justice. I have seen it stated that the Metropolitan police-force is being 'militarised.' This kind of case suggests to me that the word is ill-chosen, for militarisation must involve the teaching of the soldier's code of honour. No soldier, I am sure, would authorise or defend the mean devices by which Mr. Barrel's conviction was secured. The soldier knows very well what is done to a soldier found upon the battlefield in civilian clothes; the soldier, more than any man, detests the spy and thinks that there are certain things which even in uniform he ought not to do to an enemy.

"No, this is not 'militarisation'; it is some new poison which has found its way into our English life, I know not from what quarter, and it is for His Majesty's Judges to cast it out.

"In the present case we find that Mr. Barrel was improperly convicted. There is nothing to show that without the agency of the policewoman this ticket would have been put into circulation at all. The offence, if any, was hers, and I order that she be arrested and charged. The conviction of Mr. Barrel is quashed. God save the King!"

Plush L.J. and Raddle L.J. concurred.

A. P. H.

"FOG STOPS GLIDING."
Sunday Paper.

In London it generally stays put.

Woman and Wine.

[A speaker at a recent Wine Luncheon suggested that it would greatly help if wives were to be given wine money, as well as a dress-allowance, in order that they might be able to soothe their husbands with vintages.]

WHENE'ER my husband's face is grim
I shall recall the words of him
Who told us that it would be fine
If woman soothed her mate with wine.

Before he spoke, I do confess
I had a secret tenderness
For ancient codes of chivalry
And thoughts of Thomas soothing *me*.

My weakness is condoned, some say,
Because I come from U.S.A.,
Where cocktails shake and men are slaves
And Britons do not rule the waves.

What do they know of song and wine,
Of old and tawny superfine?
Poor nit-wits, they employ their lives
Procuring candy for their wives!

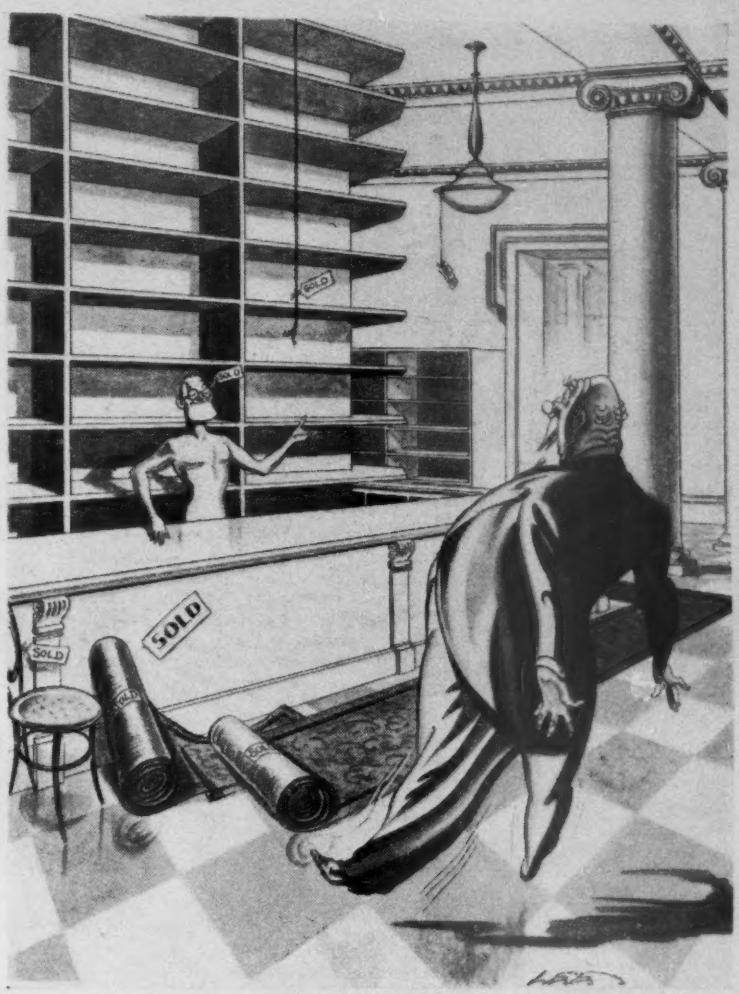
The cultured man turns white and cold
At crudities like this, I 'm told;
Pink and mature, he sits at ease,
A stoup of wine upon his knees.

And by his side with votive hands
A woman with a wine-list stands,
She offers vintage of Médoc
And supplicates him with a Hock.

She knows them all, she knows them well,
Pommard and Chablis and Moselle;
When pain and anguish wring his brow
She knows that claret is enow;

She knows the raptures that are stirred
Within her lord when comes the bird,
Accompanied with Romanée,
To win his vinous heart away.

Oh, Thomas, do not spend your life
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The time will not be very long
Before the weak shall wine the strong.



Super-Salesman. "NO, THERE 'S NOTHING WRONG. SIMPLY THAT I 'VE SOLD EVERYTHING IN THE DEPARTMENT."

The Old is Better.

I HAVE recently had some experience of a rather old-fashioned tourer which still keeps a firm hold on popular favour. It is very different in many ways from a modern car, but any feeling of strangeness soon wears off and it becomes a delight to travel by it.

The general appearance is extremely attractive. There is an impression of sturdy reliability that is confirmed by use. It is a thoroughly well-built job (British made, of course), with no mass production about it. The particular model I had to do with was finished a rich brown, with real leather upholstery; but there is a wide range of colours to choose from.

The comfort it affords has to be felt to be believed. There is plenty of leg-room for the tallest man, and the uninterrupted field of vision gives a sense of security in traffic. The roughest roads make no difference to the smoothness of the riding, and ample ground-clearance allows even fields to be negotiated in safety. I must admit that I noticed at first a slight body-sway on corners, but that may have been only due to—due to the contrast with my own lower-built car.

Absence of noise is another very pleasant feature. Nothing can be heard of the engine or transmission, and it is impossible to crash the gear-box. There is no squeak or rattle from the body-work, and the only sound is that of contact with the road. Conversation is always possible without raising the voice.

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Aggrieved Competitor (at hunter trials). "AND WHY, MAY I ASK, AM I BEING SENT OUT?"
Ring Steward. "AGE, VICE AND UNSOUNDNESS."

of damage to the mutual confidence between police and public than is gained by the apprehension of the offender. The spy teaches the citizen to regard the policeman not as a friend but as a dishonest enemy; the *agent provocateur* creates offences under pretence of preventing them; and the police in either case are taught to think that any manœuvre is fair and desirable which results in a conviction. Thus both the public and the police are corrupted.

"I observe with regret in the public sheets that these methods are being employed increasingly throughout the land in case of the small offences with which our modern life abounds. I do not blame the police-officers, but those authorities, whoever they are, who order or permit the mischief. Indeed, once begun, it is easy to perceive the temptation to extend it. It is the hope of every young detective that he may one day go about in masterly disguises and entrap the murderer or horrid blackmailer; and unless he is checked he sees no reason why he should not try his 'prentice hand on the beer-drinker or the seller of sweepstake tickets.

"Moreover, there is the fascination of fancy-dress. I have noticed at the Royal Tournament how much our gallant soldiers enjoy themselves when they are permitted to discard their uniforms and appear as actors in the costume of dervishes, Red Indians or Cossacks. No doubt it was similarly refreshing, in the first instance, for the police-constable to visit night-clubs in evening-dress; and one thing leads on to another. What is right in a night-club is right in a public-house or club; what is seemly for a policeman becomes seemly for a police-woman. If the police may spy upon the 'Night-Hawks' in the evening costume of a peer they may enter the Athenæum in the habit of a bishop or lurk upon the Labour Benches disguised as railwaymen.

"I wish to say that the process has already gone too far. There are ample halls and theatres in the cities where our excellent police may indulge their taste for private theatricals; but this inoffensive hobby must not be allowed to corrupt the stream of justice. I have seen it stated that the Metropolitan police-force is being 'militarised.' This kind of case suggests to me that the word is ill-chosen, for militarisation must involve the teaching of the soldier's code of honour. No soldier, I am sure, would authorise or defend the mean devices by which Mr. Barrel's conviction was secured. The soldier knows very well what is done to a soldier found upon the battlefield in civilian clothes; the soldier, more than any man, detests the spy and thinks that there are certain things which even in uniform he ought not to do to an enemy.

"No, this is not 'militarisation'; it is some new poison which has found its way into our English life, I know not from what quarter, and it is for His Majesty's Judges to cast it out.

"In the present case we find that Mr. Barrel was improperly convicted. There is nothing to show that without the agency of the policewoman this ticket would have been put into circulation at all. The offence, if any, was hers, and I order that she be arrested and charged. The conviction of Mr. Barrel is quashed. God save the King!"

Plush L.J. and Raddle L.J. concurred.

A. P. H.

"FOG STOPS GLIDING."
Sunday Paper.

In London it generally stays put.

Woman and Wine.

[A speaker at a recent Wine Luncheon suggested that it would greatly help if wives were to be given wine money, as well as a dress-allowance, in order that they might be able to soothe their husbands with vintages.]

WHENE'ER my husband's face is grim
I shall recall the words of him
Who told us that it would be fine
If woman soothed her mate with wine.

Before he spoke, I do confess
I had a secret tenderness
For ancient codes of chivalry
And thoughts of Thomas soothing *me*.

My weakness is condoned, some say,
Because I come from U.S.A.,
Where cocktails shake and men are slaves
And Britons do not rule the waves.

What do they know of song and wine,
Of old and tawny superfine?
Poor nit-wits, they employ their lives
Procuring candy for their wives!

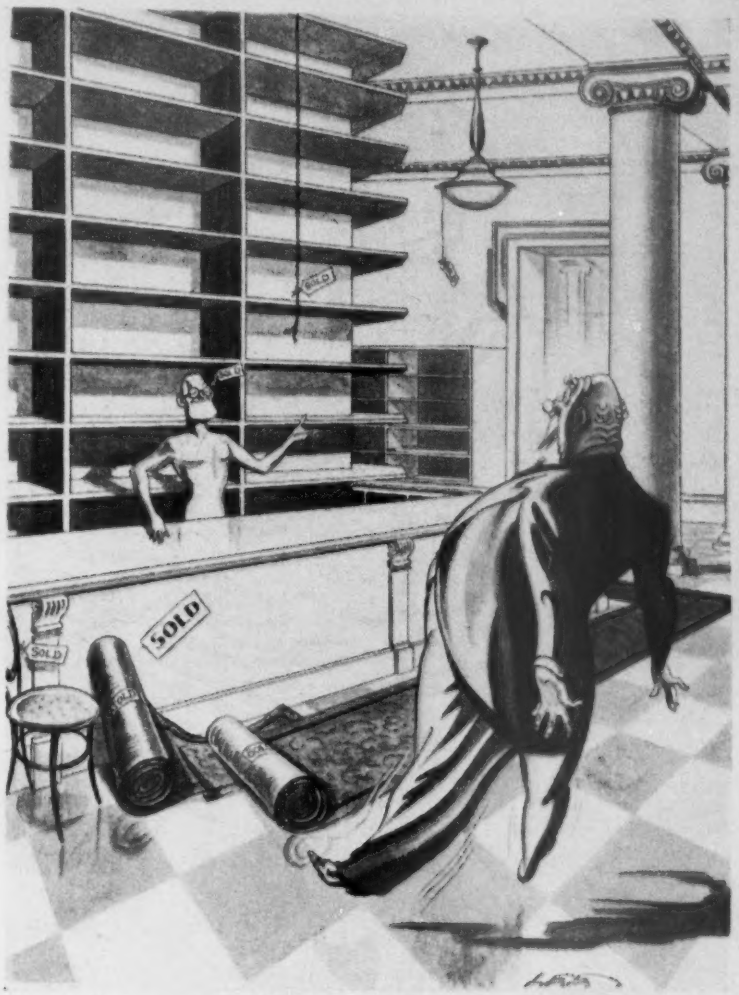
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Lady Handwriting Expert (*examining testimonials of cook-applicant*). "CURIOUS! ALL YOUR TESTIMONIALS ARE WRITTEN BY PEOPLE SUFFERING FROM NEURASTHENIA AND DYSPEPSIA."

A Ballad of Deep-Breathing.

THERE was once a bright youth who, to fill the *hiatus*
In bards who are short of celestial *afflatus*,
Invented a totally new apparatus.

And being the son of a scholarly rector
Renowned as a patron and poets' protector,
He called it the "Pegasus Uplift Projector."

At "The Poetry Teashop" they loyally tried it,
Where most of the customers promptly applied it,
Though some—a minority—dared to deride it.

But, after a thorough and rigorous test,
Unmistakable symptoms which seemed to suggest
Delirium teamens became manifest.

The Harley Street swells diagnosed *emphysema*
Complicated by grave subcutaneous *œdema*
And facial distortion suggestive of Rima.

Mr. KEYNES, who inspires *The New Statesman and Nation*,
Indited a page of severe castigation
Of methods involving illicit inflation.

JAMES DOUGLAS was vocal in daily expressing
His thanks for this "noble and national blessing,"
While "BEACHCOMBER" gave it a drastic down-dressing.

So the battle was joined and the pundits rejoiced
Or reviled the new poets, stentorian-voiced,
Till by his petard the inventor was hoist.

For one of his new triple-engined machines,
Devised to exhilarate singers and deans,
Exploded and blew him to small smithereens.

Now the factory's closed and the premises bare,
With notices bidding the public beware
Of installing a plant for producing hot air. C. L. G.

An Appeal Out of Season.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are famous for (among many other things) your love and devotion towards our great national game of cricket, and I, your petitioner, humbly beg that you will use all the vast weight of your influence to combat a suggestion that has been put forward concerning that game.

In the columns of a leading London daily the following words recently appeared: ". . . . and even though it might cause a distinct flutter in the dovecotes of Lord's to see a numbered eleven taking the field, it would give much more enjoyment to the inexpert spectator. . . ." *Numbering players at cricket*, indeed! Mr. Punch, I implore you!

And who am I, you rightly ask, to endeavour to enlist your august sympathies against a proposal which would, we are told, increase the enjoyment of so many? I, Sir, am a person who is very much concerned in this matter and whose interests have been completely and callously ignored. *I am the man in the crowd who knows who all the players are.* If ever you leave your comfortable seat in the pavilion (a position to which your prestige and authority so justly entitle you) and venture to sit on a bench in the less exclusive parts of the ground, I am always in the neighbourhood ready and willing to help you.

"That was a fine piece of fielding," you say to your companion. "I wonder who it was?" and then *I* tell you. I lean forward (or back or across) and say, "That was Fleetman. One of the most promising covers in the country, he is." And then I tell you where Fleetman came from, his batting average for last season, of a catch I saw him make at Hove, and many other interesting and personal details. Where should I be, I ask you, Sir, if Fleetman flaunted a great ugly "5" on his back so that you could pick him out for yourself without having to invoke assistance?

I am the man who informs you who the new bowler is long before the secret has been revealed on the board. It is my voice that cries, "Caught, Tompkins!" while even the scorers are still debating who it is. You hear from me that that is an Old Cromptonian cap that Tompkins is wearing. In the eleven there for four years he was. Has a birth qualification for Kent; they'll be sorry they didn't snap him up. Pretty useful at football too. Oh, Sir, what are they going to do to me?

"Those two players are very alike."

"Those, Sir, are the Willowshire twins, Smith (Roland) and Smith (Ronald). Yes, it is a bit confusing. That is Roland who turns his foot in slightly. Had a nasty accident touring South Africa. Ronald always wears his cap rather on one side. Pity he hasn't had a better season, for he has his benefit match next week. Hullo! here's a substitute coming out to field. Would you lend me your glasses, Sir, and I'll try to place him? Yes, I thought so—young Jones of the ground staff. Played a good innings against Surrey Second last Thursday. Bowls a bit as well. Might quite easily train on."

Numbering the players! Increased enjoyment! What do these reformers care if one heart breaks, if one voice is for ever silent? And if, despite your efforts, Sir, this horror should come to pass, will you sometimes think of me sorrowing among that well-informed and unquestioning crowd? Will you sometimes in your great humanity come and sit next to me and, turning your card face downward, let me as of yore tell you who they all are?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient but apprehensive
Servant, "EXPERS."



"COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH ONE OF YOUR MENU CARDS? I FEEL I'D LIKE TO DO WITHOUT A REALLY GOOD DINNER TO-NIGHT."

What's in a Name?

". . . a witness mentioned that he saw a man hurrying away from the Reichstag soon after nine o'clock and in his view it was Popoff."—*Daily Paper.*



"DARLING, CONGRATULATE ME—SUCCESS AT LAST! I'VE BEEN GIVEN A SMOKING PART."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXIII.—I Am That Which Began.

HEAR my voice, every man
To whose ears it may come.
I am that which began!
Hear my voice and be dumb.
I am that which ye seek,
The original thing.
Hear the words that I speak!
Hear the song that I sing!
I am that which began;
I was fashioned of yore.
Hear my voice! I am Man
Before Taking The Cure.
I care nothing for what may come
After;
I am that which existed Before!

I am bald like an egg
And I buzz like a bee;
I have cramp in the leg,
I have pains in the knee;
All the ailments there are
I have known and still know;
I have croup and catarrh
And a paralysed toe.
Bitter things to divulge
Are my ills—a whole troop;
I am bent, yet I bulge;
I am stout, yet I stoop.
I make very few business connexions,
And a noise when I swallow my soup.

I grow old but not wise
With the passing of years;
I am weak in both eyes,
I am deaf in both ears;
I feel limp like a rag
At the end of a week,
I have trousers that bag
And goloshes that leak.
I am that which was once
Before "Flippo" began—
The Superlative Dunce,
The Primordial Man.
I catch every complaint that is going
And make every mistake that I can.

Very weak is my throat,
Very feeble my brain;
I feel sick in a boat,
I am ill in a train.
Strange unspecified pains
Pierce my chest like a sword,
I have varicose veins
And I am not insured.
I am Man as he was
Before "Flippo" was made.
Not an inch, not an oz.
Of my frame but is flayed
By complaints unexampled, outnumbered,
Unresting and still unallayed.

Hear my voice, every man
To whose ears it may reach;
Oh, attend, all who can
And give ear to my speech;
Study well my physique
And observe it with awe;
I am that which ye seek—
Humankind in the raw.
I am that which began—
Hyper-crock and Arch-muff.
Hear my voice! I am Man
Before taking the stuff . . .
But I am not what I should be After,
And for that I am grateful enough.

P. B.



TRIAL FOR ARSON.

EUROPA. "PRISONER, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF CARRYING A LIGHTED TORCH THROUGH THE COLONNADES OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE. DO YOU ADMIT IT?"

HERR ADOLF HITLER. "YES—AND NO."



"IF I HAD KNOWN IT WAS GOING TO BE THIS MODERN STUFF I WOULDN'T HAVE COME."

Where Eggs is Eggs.

WE appear to have offended against good taste in Nafadam. The egg-lust of the healthy Briton is thwarted. Fresh eggs are "tabu."

It's a bit hard. The local native is not squeamish about most things, but in this matter he conveys to us that it is simply not done.

Most of our little foibles have been regarded with amused tolerance. Some as actually reasonable, the filtering of water in the Mess compound being accepted as a religious ceremony, and the mosquito-net accounted for as first-class protection against the "do-do," a night-spirit of terrifying reputation.

But it is the eating of eggs that has outraged the community. Apparently they regard an egg as a chicken under age, and the eating of them as most unsporting.

A grimy pagan with a leather satchel on his back that contains dried lizards for the larder will give vent to candid criticism of our habits, and our request for eggs—fresh eggs—falls on ears that are deliberately deaf.

It is amazing. Passing through a village raucous with the cackling of laying hens, one tells the interpreter to ask for eggs. Everyone throughout all normal Africa has asked for eggs. As market produce, as a gift, they were brought before LIVINGSTONE, and in basket-loads they followed STANLEY.

So one asks for eggs. The word is passed round. The local inhabitants gather in some force and unanimously deny the existence of eggs. So one draws an oval in the sand with a stick, points to a hen that strolls by, and rattles a few coins in the pocket. It is no use depending on the interpreter, who is probably repeating the wrong word for them.

There is a dead silence. Then ensues ten minutes' friendly conversation on outside matters, neither party understanding in the least what is said.

The ice broken and good feeling established, one reverts to the stick and again draws the egg.

Reluctantly they admit that there are—or have been known—eggs, and ask, "What for?"

Suppressing the desire to explain that one comes over broody at times, one makes signs of eating, to be greeted with such a chorus of disapproval that one leaves the village in a hurry and without eggs, feeling extremely small and that the prestige of the white man is in a pretty bad way.

Heavy bribes will occasionally procure an egg that has been handed down for some generations, addled eggs that sound liquid or pop when shaken; but a new-laid egg, it is not known. Even our servants are influenced.

Rogers tried to explain to his cook what was wanted.

"This place no have got, Sah," was the answer.

The painstaking Rogers, trying to pursue the fresh egg with simple logic, said, "Look here, Suli, these people have hens, haven't they?"

"Yes, Sah."

"Then they have eggs too?"

"Yes, Sah"—in some doubt.

"Then," feeling that he is nailing the argument down, "at some time or other they must be fresh?"

"I no think, Sah"—decisively; "I thinking them fowl done born old eggs all the time."

It is irony that in a land overflowing with supplies that this should be denied us. Breakfasts are not the same.

Taking your chair in the Mess you begin automatically, "Bacon-and——" to the steward. You pause. Significant glances pass between the black staff.

Tantrum, coming to the rescue, says,



Father. "WELL, WOT DID THEY LEARN YER AT SUNDAY SCHOOL?"
Betty. "THAT I 'M A CHILD OF SATAN."

"Try some of this liver. I got a reed-buck in the river-grass last night."

Meagrim makes the futile remark that it is a fine day.

You might well retort that with four months of dry season yet to go the day might well be fine.

But you don't. You are conscious of brick-dropping. The egg-inferiority complex is upon you.

It was long before we could bow to the acceptance of this. There were no lengths to which we would not go.

Meagrim himself, inveigling a friendly pagan from a distant village into his compound, made demonstration of what was required with half-a-dozen round white stones and an intelligent interpreter who accompanied him with cackling noises. To no purpose, the pagan being under the impression that he was witnessing a sacrificial rite, and, uncertain of his own part in it, disappearing over the mud-wall in the middle of things.

And Rogers' discovery of turtle-eggs along the banks of the Niger was only a temporary help. They were very good when you got used to the soft shell; and we kept a native going for them—till that snake-hunt in Tantrum's garden showed how similar snake-eggs were, and how much less trouble they would be for the messenger.

So we are now thoroughly egg-conscious, and will have to await a leave to resume the old careless friendly decapitation at the breakfast-table.

T. R. H.

Letters to an Exile.

ENGLAND'S JEWELS.

DEAR ROONA,—I must return for a moment to the windmill in order to say that Sussex now has another glorious example in good going order—at any rate from without. This is the mill on the high ground at Chailey, adjoining the Heritage Cripples' Home, which, after some years of decay, now, at the touch of a Royal hand, whirls and glistens once more. But, alas! that is all that it does, for there is no machinery inside. Still, to stand up magnificently and catch the sun and wave its arms is so much better than nothing. And from its platform and windows such a stretch of the Downs can be seen, east and west, as probably cannot be excelled.

One lives and—if one is not deaf, for most odd lore comes through the ears—learns. Three new pieces of information have I recently acquired which, in default of telling you by word of mouth, I must write.

One is that seeds sown when the moon is waxing have a far better chance of prospering than if sown as it wanes Better still if they are sown during the moon's first quarter. Whether the rule applies to the planting of bulbs I was not told; but I assume that it does, and during this very week I shall act accordingly.

We expect strange influences from the moon: but the next tip was surprising. Having complained to a wise woman that I was sleeping badly, she said, "You should put cold cream on your eyelids when you go to bed." I did so and was troubled no more.

Finally—but this is more difficult to test—I was assured by a countryman that a certain fragment of bone from a horse's leg, or even a paring of its hoof, if carried in one's pocket, will prevent molestation from even the most savage dog. This device I have not tried; but if the statement were true there would be no more jokes about postmen.

A propos of dogs, everyone keeping them, or being kept by them, must have noticed the uncanny power of prevision that these modest yet domin-

ating creatures possess: how they foresee, even without the ocular proof of trunks, bags and suitcases being packed, that a journey is in prospect, and, more than likely, a journey in which they are not to participate; how they know, without the mention of any name, when they are being talked about and whether the conversation bears favourably upon themselves or otherwise.

Of this clairvoyance I have just heard an interesting proof, but in this case the mysterious bond illustrated is not that between dog and man but between dog and dog. A friend of mine who shoots in Sussex and until recently had two particular gun-dogs, a spaniel and a golden retriever, was met one morning by his gamekeeper with the news that the spaniel was ill and shut up in a loose-box and the retriever would be working alone. The party therefore went out with only the retriever; shot, had lunch, and in the afternoon were taking a last turn among the roots when suddenly the retriever stopped in his eager quest, flung up his head and gave tongue to the most dismal heart-rending howls. Nothing could move him; there he stood in the midst of his paradise, heedless of the proximity of birds, pouring out a dirge of distress. The party therefore made for home, my friend chancing to look at his watch and noting that it was exactly four o'clock. On arriving at headquarters they were told that at exactly four o'clock the spaniel had died.

Now, if dogs know on Monday—as they undoubtedly do—that their beloved is going away on Wednesday, and if—as the story I have just related proves—they can be aware, at a distance of three or four miles, of the precise moment when the soul of another dog is passing, the importance of acquiring a knowledge of their language is obvious. The society of anyone who can read the future is worth cultivating, and not solely by those who bet on horses.

When you come back you will find all London and many parts of the country in the power of three coloured lights, red, yellow and green, serving as traffic signals. The red says "Stop," the yellow warns you to expect a change, and the green says "Go." I am told that rich men in the company of pretty ladies are made terribly nervous by these lights, because they suggest, very definitely, precious stones; but the poor jewellers, who have been having such a thin time, are correspondingly delighted.

I was with your Cousin Harry the other morning on our way to St. James's Park and his office, when at Grosvenor Place we were held up by the ruby. While we waited at the corner for the topaz to gleam and the emerald at last to say "Go"—and how slow the emerald can be!—I was conscious of a sumptuous highly-powered car near the kerb, pointed City-wards, and in it an elderly man making pencil jottings on his morning paper.

"Look," I said, "the typical master-mind of commerce and the films. Grey hair, grey moustache, tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, and already at work on the Money Market, arranging the morning's coups. Directly he gets to his desk how the telephones will buzz!"

Then the emerald lit up, the cars began to move, and as this one passed us it was possible to see more clearly what the magnate was so intent upon. It was not Stocks and Shares, but the crossword-puzzle.

Yours, E. V. L.



"AND THEY SAID IF YOU 'ADN'T GOT NONE OF THOSE WOULD YOU SEND A BOOK OF RUMMY NUISANCES?"

"WOMEN FIGHTING FOR HUSBANDS. REASON FOR TO-DAY'S SCANTY ATTIRE." *Headlines in Indian Paper.*

"Don't go down the bargain-basement, Daddy."

At the Play.

"So Good! So Kind!" (Playhouse).

Miss Marie Löhr it is who is so good and so kind, at the Playhouse. She is well fitted out for the part, and the authoress, Miss Nesta Sawyer, has equipped her with a comfortable town house and a very superior old cottage at Taplow, discreet servants, an adequate income and position, as well as a heart of gold. Miss Löhr herself contributes an immense vivacity and unflagging zest for conducting "scenes."

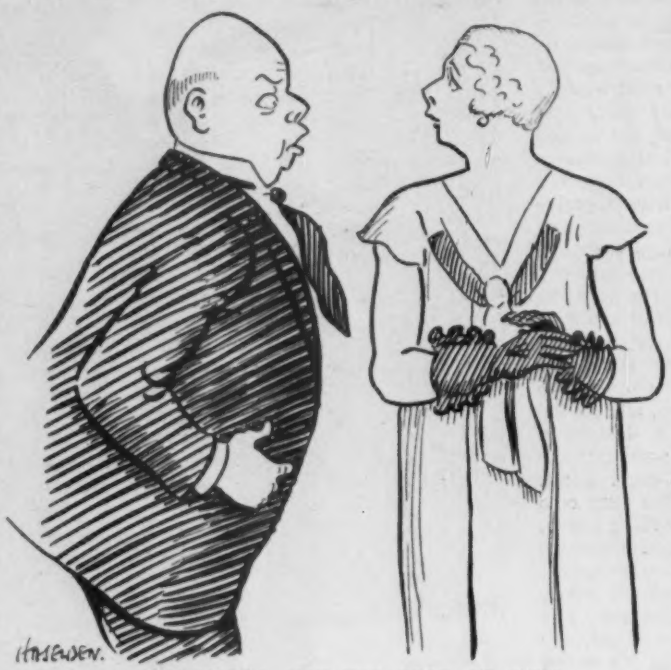
In the life of *Lady L'Estrange*, we gather, it is only good luck in the past which has saved her from many similar imbroglios. We witness a few hectic days when everybody is voluble and excited, and yet it is all about very little. By the end of Act I. *Lady L'Estrange* has done no more than to lend the Taplow cottage to two young people on the verge of marrying and to a mildly dissolute peer for an intrigue. In her flurry she lends the cottage for the same week-end, and the two pairs get reassorted in Act II., but rearrange themselves in Act III. There is a moral, forcibly pointed, that good-nature of the weak and woolly sort which *Lady L'Estrange* oozes does no real good and earns no gratitude, and that it is better really to be clever than to be that sort of good.

She is not an aggressive busybody, but one who sits and receives and lets herself be universally imposed upon. The scales are loaded against her by the addition of a Futurist picture, hung the wrong side up, which she has placed over her fireplace and which symbolises the lack of understanding accompanying her eager desire to participate in the life around her. There are some good moments when the artist finds his cherished picture upside-down and removes it in a torrent of reproach.

In a way this play is framed on the lines of a morality play. *Lord* and *Lady Conistone*, both of them friends of the heroine, are people in whom certain quite common characteristics are personified. There is nothing to *Lord Conistone* but his urbane and mild but inveterate infidelities, or to his wife but her hard ambition and waspish tongue. Miss Mary Hinton as *Lady Conistone* conveyed these qualities so convincingly that it left the mystery why there was any friendship between her and *Lady L'Estrange* quite unfathomable.

Miss Rosemary Fenwick, the daughter of a self-made business-man, was acted by Miss Pauline Vilda with an excellent comprehension of all the small gamut of emotions through which so bright and shallow a young person could run. The suspense and interest of the play would have been greater had the authoress drawn a more attractive young girl. Her *affaire* with *Gerald Gill*, a rather priggish young intellectual who was lucky to have the good looks of Mr. Tony Bruce at his disposal, is the only thing really at stake, and it is not easy to take it seriously enough for it to make us care very deeply what happens next.

It is the great difficulty of drawing-room comedy that the plots and situations which are plausible are difficult to make arresting, while dialogue tends to move between two poles of being natural and being flashily entertaining. In this comedy there are many cut and polished lines of the near epigram order—not quite quotable delights in themselves but very different from anything normally heard in drawing-rooms. The tirades and mild hysterics — particularly those of Miss Sunday Wilshin as *Lady Cynthia Lushington*—are good farce, and Mr. Aubrey Mather as the business-man of lowly origin but intrepid temper was first-rate farce. He would have been even better if he had not been so jovial in his wrath. These scenes might have been seen at the Aldwych, but the whole idea behind the comedy was something which made them out of place—a light and subtle idea which needed to be worked out among intensely natural and real people. Miss Löhr might well look out of place and at a loss amid such allegorical types. She had, however, one strong support. It is difficult not to think of Mr. Guy Newall as the *Colonel* in *While Parents Sleep*; and as *Sir George O'Gorman* he seemed through the greater part of the play to be a super—the most delightful luxury, and no more. This is, to say the least, a pity, because he needs to be



A FEW WORDS—NOT TOO GOOD OR KIND.

Marcus Fenwick . . . . . Mr. Aubrey Mather.
Lady L'Estrange . . . . . Miss Marie Löhr.



RELIEVING THE MONOTONY OF HAREM LIFE.

Ali (Mr. Bruce Winston) knits.

confronted with real immediate difficulties, and is essentially an actor who reveals the workings of a mind perplexed. But all came right in the end, for the play, which was left without any other final climax affecting the chief player herself, ended very neatly with *Sir George O'Gorman* holding the stage and the heroine, and with Mr. NEWALL enjoying a clear run for the last five or ten minutes and making of his chances his delightful most. D. W.

"NYMPH ERRANT" (ADELPHI).

There is nothing new to us in the pathetic illusion, cherished by so many theatrical producers, that a good novel can by a more or less mechanical process be converted into an equally good play. With some producers it is not so much an illusion as a desire to rope in a ready-made public; but I do not for a moment believe this of Mr. COCHRAN, and I cannot understand how, with his high standards, he ever came to sanction the dramatisation of Mr. LAVER'S novel.

For *Nymph Errant* was an excellent case of a best-seller whose qualities were purely literary. It was an episodic fantasy, and its unbelievable joints failed to creak simply because of the skill with which Mr. LAVER employed a number of ingenious and purely literary devices. Further, its shamelessly amoral plot was lifted from the sordid to the abstract by the pretty blend of wit and irony which Mr. LAVER'S pen happens to distil.

The point I am trying to make is that, as literary atmosphere and dramatic atmosphere are totally different things, they are seldom transferable; and for this reason alone the stage version of *Nymph Errant* cannot be called a success.

Here is its story. *Evangeline*, on leaving her finishing-school at Lausanne, receives from her science-tutoress the parting counsel *to experiment*. In the Paris Express a few minutes later opportunity for this offers in the person of *André de Croissant*, celebrated impresario; and, a lost ticket assisting, almost before she knows she has embarked on a course of bio-chemistry proper at *Neauville* (*Test-tube* 1). Tiring of *de Croissant*, she goes to Paris with a melancholy Russian (*Test-tube* 2). Tiring of the Russian, or rather finding herself out of harmony with a dual suicide, she moves on to Venice in the company of an aged Austrian count (*Test-tube* 3). The Count, deciding to link his title in marriage with a dollar-princess, is good enough to present *Evangeline* to a Greek merchant (*Test-tube* 4), from whom she is stolen by the Turks during the sack of Smyrna, passing *viâ* a slave-market into the harem of an eminent Turk (who is absent at the League of Nations) (*Test-tube* 5); from which she is rescued by an idealistic American plumber (*Test-tube* 6), who packs her back to Paris and Oxford. In four of these episodes she is surprised to meet old schoolmates from Lausanne, the circumstances of three of them being as embarrassing as her own.



NYMPH AND KNIGHT ERRANT.

Evangeline . . . . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.
Count Hohenadelborn-Mantalini. . . . . MR. MORTON SELTEN.

We are given to understand that her relations with these various gallants never exceeded the platonic—a fact which she found disappointing; and, though this variation from Mr. LAVER'S original may sound commendable, it unfortunately involves the play in a weak opening, while a stage parson makes an idiotic bet with a stage girl-guider about the average English girl's immunity from alien enticement, and a weak ending, while the bet is claimed.

It is hard to determine why this debatable thesis has been introduced, but that it is intended as a balm to such tender susceptibilities as remain to the theatre-going public is unlikely, in view of the taste shown in certain other portions of the play.

Such episodic treatment does not flatter her, but Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE contrives to be entrancing. I continue to think that she is at her best in an intimate straight play, whether comic or tragic, but it would always be worth walking miles to see her in any part.

After her in the plus-column come the facts that, on the whole, the acting is praiseworthy, especially that of Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR; that, as always under Mr. COCHRAN'S production, the piece moves quickly and the Chorus-work is marvellously neat; that Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN'S *décor* is notably good, from her cruel parody of a Victorian villa to her exhilarating impression of *Neauville;* that the music of Mr. COLE PORTER and some of his lyrics are above the normal; that there are various undoubtedly funny moments; and that there are the usual selected plums in the COCHRAN cake—Miss ELIZABETH WELCH, a coloured lady, who sings what is known as a hot jazz song about SOLOMON in a startling but rather fascinating way; Miss DORIS CARSON, who tells us of that nineteenth-century nymph errant, GEORGE SAND; and EVE.

I am fully conscious of the sublimity of EVE'S disjointedness, but I wish I could watch her without experiencing the uncomfortable feeling that one gets when the acrobats are crossing the ceiling at Olympia. ERIC.

"Wanted. To buy Novels, cr. 8vo Juveniles. Condition immaterial if popular titles. Large or small lots anywhere. Send rice, etc."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We are sending prunes.

"So far Mr. Ford has shown no intention of contributing to the success of the National Recovery Act, to the success of which he has so far shown no intention of contributing."—*Daily Paper.*

So much at least seems clear.

Railway Salesmanship.

THE science of railway salesmanship, with its accompanying theory of the travelling public, is beautifully divided into three stages.

I.—THE PASSENGER AS CRIMINAL.

This theory reigned without a rival from 1830 till a year or two ago. A typical sales encounter went like this:—

Passenger drums on suitcase, chinks money and calls aloud for five minutes.

Booking-clerk. Oompf?

Passenger. Can I get a return to Mugsby from here?

Booking-clerk. Vbirmgumvbletschl?

Passenger. *Viâ* Birmingham, please. When is the next train?

Booking-clerk. Oompf! (*Retires for five minutes.*) Nothing va Birmgum till 2.25 A.M.

Passenger. Is there anything *viâ* Bletchley?

Booking-clerk (*after lengthy telephone consultation*). Yes.

Passenger. Can I go by Bletchley?

Booking-clerk. Oompf. Ticket's va Birmgum.

Passenger. But it's the same date.

Booking-clerk. Just stand over there, will you? (*Retires for ten minutes.*)

Enter Stationmaster.

Stationmaster. You are the passenger who wants to go to Mugsby *viâ* Bletchley on a ticket *viâ* Birmingham? Just let me have your name and address. (*Disappears for a quarter-of-an-hour, returning with a paper two-foot square.*) Sign here. And here. Give me your ticket. You'll have to pay the extra at the other end.

Passenger. Thank you so much. Where does the Bletchley train go from?

Stationmaster. Platform 9.

[*Passenger rushes to Platform 9. He is interrogated by a conference of ticket-collectors, who at length say, "All right. Let him through."*

Passenger. What time is the train?

Ticket-collector. Last train *viâ* Bletchley went three minutes ago. Nothing else till to-morrow, only the 2.25 A.M. *viâ* Birmingham. You'll have to buy another ticket for that.

[*Exit* Passenger, *who is shadowed till well out of the station.*

II.—THE PASSENGER AS HUMAN BEING.

This theory, which has lately been adopted, has already produced gratifying financial results. The procedure is very simple. Thus:—

Passenger. I want a return to Mugsby, please.

Booking-clerk. Twenty-five shillings, please. Thank you, Sir.

Passenger. When's the next train?

Booking-clerk. The best train is the 9.15 from Platform 2, *viâ* Birmingham. Failing that, the 9.30 *viâ* Bletchley, also from Platform 2. You can go by any route——

Passenger. And return when I like!

[*He marches off to Platform 2, with his baggage carried by a porter, who appears both careful and polite.*

III.—THE PASSENGER AS SALES PROSPECT.

This theory will shortly be put into practice to bring railway salesmanship up to the level of other commercial enterprises. The model procedure is like this:—

As the Passenger approaches from the street a brilliantly-clad official flings open the magnificent doors of a sumptuously-appointed booking-hall and with a sweeping bow introduces him to a faultlessly-groomed Salesman, who shakes hands very warmly and conducts the Passenger to a luxurious armchair.

Salesman. What can I show you to-day, Sir? First-class sleeping compartment with private bath on the John o' Groats express? Were you thinking of a year's season ticket to Land's End? Perhaps you would like to see our latest list of fashionable resorts?

Passenger. I was thinking of a return to Mugsby.

Salesman. Ah, yes—Mugsby. Do you just want the usual two hundred miles excursion round Mugsbyshire or would you like something a little better? We have a superior trip starting from Wafflemouth all round the coast of Scotland and Wales and across the Cotswolds; really high-class country, Sir, inclusive of meals, returning through Bargebury, one of the most beautiful junctions in Europe.

Passenger. I'm afraid I haven't much interest in that part of the world.

Salesman. What a pity, Sir! Just let me have the privilege of showing you one or two films. No trouble at all.

[*They enter a private cinema, where the* Passenger *is shown all the glories of Great Britain in half-an-hour.*

Salesman. Yes, Sir, I can thoroughly recommend Bargebury. You just want a return ticket to Mugsby, with extensions round the coast of Scotland, North and South Wales, including our special Ascent of Snowdon, a seaboard trip through Devon and Cornwall, and a go-as-you-please exploration of the Garden Heart of England. Were you wanting to come back through Mugsby, or would you rather take the extra hundred miles to see that marvellous old castle at Battlehampton? You will go to Battlehampton? I congratulate you, Sir. How many are there in your party?

Passenger. I was thinking of going alone.

Salesman. And what tickets do you require for your family, Sir? Would you like a separate trip arranged, or shall we arrange for them to accompany you? Three tickets, did you say Sir? No additional facilities for household pets? Were you wanting an exclusive coach? Good-day, Sir. I fancy Pandemonium will win the Lunacy Stakes.

[Passenger, *having signed cheque for fabulous amount, shakes hands with all the* Salesmen *and walks out as if on air.*

A schoolmaster relates that when he had admonished one of triplets he found the others in tears. This reminds us of the twin who couldn't sit down when his brother had been caned.

One London statue is on top of a 200-ft. steeple. But only one unfortunately.

"A cat in the house," says a writer, "makes for a sense of homeliness." It also makes for the fish.

The proposal that contract bridge should be played in silence is regarded in America as an attempt to make the game more difficult for Mr. ELY CULBERTSON.

A number of London taxi-drivers have formed a concert-party. Will there be a "quick-change" artist among them?

Only a few months ago our leading jockey little expected to become so famous that a judge would ask, "Who is GORDON RICHARDS?"

The floor paving of an English castle still bears marks where a mediæval knight was slain. Proving that you cannot get blood out of a stone.

A German field-gun at Glendale School, Wood Green, N., is to be sold for scrap, says a news-item. The very thing, curiously enough, that it was made for.



Vicar. "DID YOU HEAR THE GREAT EXPLOSION LAST NIGHT, MRS. SMITH?"
Mrs. Smith. "THAT I DID, SIR. I THOUGHT AS 'TWAS THE JUDGMENT DAY."
Vicar. "WHAT DID YOU DO?"
Mrs. Smith. "I GOT OOP AND MADE MYSEN A COOP O' TEA."

Subject to Beelzebub.

II.—The Grasshoppers.

BELOW me past Locarno and the Lake
the mountains struck at heaven. At my feet
were multitudinous flowers in whose wake
the racing air divided and was sweet.

And those bronze-mailéd troops scraped wing on wing
green sabres on green hones, and took the air
with so precisely lateral a spring
they framed blue distance in their small green square.

Nor when I hear them like a tumbled voice
of all the larks in heaven come to ground,
do I make question of Athene's choice,
whose helmet with a grasshopper was crowned.

For well she knew—the wisest in Parnassus—
over what hills there waits the muffled drummer,
who, when he sounds tattoo for lad and lasses,
after the first there is no second summer.

Therefore she wears the grasshopper as token
of that which in the teeth of death replies,
for those who leave their own defence unspoken,
"They had their hour. They perished. They were wise."

HUMBERT.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

III.

July 17*th*.—Decide that I must go to London, interview Caroline Concannon and collect Robin and Vicky on their way home from school. I tell Robert this, and he says in a resigned voice that he supposes this American plan is going to Upset Everything—which seems to me both unjust and unreasonable. I explain at some length that Caroline C. has been foisted on me by Mrs. Tressider, that I have been in vigorous correspondence with her for days about the flat and should like to bring the whole thing to an end, and that an escort for Vicky from London to Devonshire would have to be provided in any case, so it might just as well be me as anybody else. To all of this Robert merely replies, after some thought, that he always knew this American scheme would mean turning everything upside down, and he supposes we shall just have to put up with it.



"LOOKING CYNICALLY AMUSED."

Am quite unable to see that Robert has anything whatever to put up with at present, but realise that to say so will be of no avail, and go instead to the kitchen, where Cook begs my pardon but it's all over the place that I'm off to America, and she doesn't know what to answer when people ask her about it. Nothing for it evidently but to tell Cook the truth, which I do, and am very angry with myself for apologetic note that I hear in my voice and distinct sensation of guilt that invades me.

Cook does nothing to improve this attitude by looking cynically amused when I mutter something about my publisher having wished me to visit New York, and I leave the kitchen soon afterwards. Directly I get into the hall remember that I never said anything about eggs recently put into pickle and that this has got to be done. Return to kitchen; Cook is in fits of laughter talking to Florence, who is doing nothing at the sink.

I say, "Oh, Cook," which is weak in itself as an opening, deliver vacillating statement about eggs and go away again quickly. Am utterly dissatisfied with my own conduct in this entire episode and try to make up for it—but without success—by sharply-worded postcard to the newsagent who never remembers to send *The Field* until it is a fortnight old.



"AS I CRANED MY NECK BEHIND CURTAINS."

July 20*th*, *Doughty Street*.—Am taken to the station and seen off by Robert, who refrains from further reference to America, and regain Doughty Street flat, now swathed in dust-sheets. Remove these, go out into Gray's Inn Road and buy flowers, which I arrange in sitting-room, also cigarettes, and then telephone to Miss Caroline Concannon in Fleet Street Office. Fleet Street Office replies austerely that if I will wait a minute I shall be Put Through, and a good deal of buzzing goes on. Draw small unicorn on blotting-pad while I wait. Another voice says, Do I want Miss Concannon? Yes, I do. Then just one minute, please. At least three minutes elapse and I draw rather good near-Elizabethan cottage with shading. Resentfully leave this unfinished when C. Concannon at last attains the telephone and speaks to me. Voice sounds young and cheerful, nicer than I expected. We refer to Mrs. Tressider and recent correspondence and agree that an early interview is desirable. Shall she, says Caroline C., come round at once in her tiny car? Nothing could be easier. Am much impressed (*a*) at her having a tiny car, (*b*) at her being able to drive it in London, (*c*) at the ease with which she can leave Fleet Street Office to get on without her services.

Look round flat, which has suddenly assumed entirely degraded appearance, feel certain that she will despise both me and it and hastily powder my nose and apply lip-stick. Fleeting fancy crosses my mind that it would look rather dashing and perhaps impress C. C. if I put on last year's beach-pyjamas—red linen with coffee-coloured top—but courage fails me, and I remain as I am, in blue delaine, thirty-five shillings, off the peg from Exeter High Street establishment.

Car is audible outside. I look from behind curtains and see smallest baby-Austin in the world (I should imagine) draw up with terrific verve outside the door. Incredibly slim and smart young creature steps out—black-and-white frock with frills, tiny little white hat

well over one ear, and perfectly scarlet mouth. She is unfortunately inspired to look up at window just as I crane my neck from behind curtain and am convinced that she has seen me perfectly well and is, rightly, disgusted at exhibition of vulgar and undignified curiosity.

Bell rings—very autocratic touch surely?—I open the door and Miss C. comes in. Should be very sorry to think I am dismayed solely because she is younger, smarter, and better-looking than I am myself.

Agreeable conversation ensues, C. C. proves easy and ready to talk, we meet on the subject of Mrs. Tressider—Boy looks browbeaten, Mrs. T. altogether too breezy and bracing—and further discover that we both know and rather admire Pamela Pringle. What, I ask, is the latest about Pamela, of whom I have heard nothing for ages? Oh, don't I know? says Miss C. Not about the Stock Exchange man, and how he put Pamela on to a perfectly good thing, and it went up and up, and Pamela sold out and went to Antibes on the proceeds and had a most thrilling affair with a gigolo, and the Stock Exchange nearly went mad? At this I naturally scream for details, which C. C. gives me with immense enthusiasm.

We remain utterly absorbed for some time, until at last I remember that the flat still has to be inspected, and offer to show Miss C. round. (This a complete farce, as she could perfectly well show herself in something under five minutes.)

She says, "How lovely" to everything, but pauses in the bathroom, and I feel convincedthat she has a prejudice against the geyser. (It would be even stronger if she knew as much about this one as I do.) Silence continues until I become unnerved and decide that I must offer to take something off the rent. Just as I am getting ready to say so, C. C. suddenly utters, to the effect that she would like me to call her Caroline.

Am surprised, relieved and rather gratified, and at once agree. Request, moreover, seems to imply that we are to see something of one another in the future, which I take it means that she is prepared to rent the flat. Further conversation reveals that this is so, and that she is to move in next week on the understanding that I may claim use of sofa-bed in sitting-room if I wish to do so. C. C. handsomely offers to let me have the bedroom and take sofa herself; I say, No, No, and we part with mutual esteem and liking.

Am much relieved and feel that the least I can do is to write and thank Mrs. Tressider, to whom the whole thing is owing, but unaccoutable reluctance invades me, and day comes to an end without my having done so.

July 22nd.—Ring up dear Rose and consult her about clothes for America. She says at once that she knows the very person. A young man who will one day be a second Molyneux. I



"Oh, don't I know? says Miss C."

mustn't dream of going to anybody else. She will send me the address on a postcard. She also knows of a woman who makes hats, a remedy for sea-sickness, and a new kind of hair-slide. I say, Yes, and Thank you very much, to everything and engage to meet Rose for lunch to-morrow at place in Charlotte Street where she says elliptically that you can eat on the pavement.

Just as I have hung up receiver, telephone-bell rings again and I find myself listening to Mrs. Tressider. She has, she says, left The Boy in Cornwall with his father—(never knew he had one and am startled)—and dashed up on business for one night, but is dashing back again to-morrow. She just wanted to say how glad she was that Caroline and I have settled about the flat. She always knew it was the ideal arrangement for us both.

Experience instant desire to cancel deal with Caroline C. on the spot, but do not give way to it, and conversation ends harmoniously with promise from myself to let Mrs. T. know when and in what ship I am sailing, as she thinks she may be able to Do Something about it. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)

The Good House.

(Covesea, Morayshire.)

A HOUSE by the sea
Looking over to Ross,
A dyke and a tree
And a braeside of moss,
A cliff and a beach,
The surf and the spray—
And the long sea-reach
Over Cromarty way.

A house with a view
From the Ord to the Main
And a far-away blue
Beyond Brora and Tain;
Morven waist-deep
In his lowlier kin
And Clebrig asleep
At the back of Loch Shin.

If the gods were inclined
To send gifts to the good,
If fortune were kind
And we lived where we should,
It would maybe hold me,
It would maybe hold you—
That house by the sea,
That house with a view. H. B.

"After the reception Mrs. —— —— left a travelling coat of blue, trimmed with silver fox, over a matching blue frock."
Evening Paper.

They shall be sent on immediately.

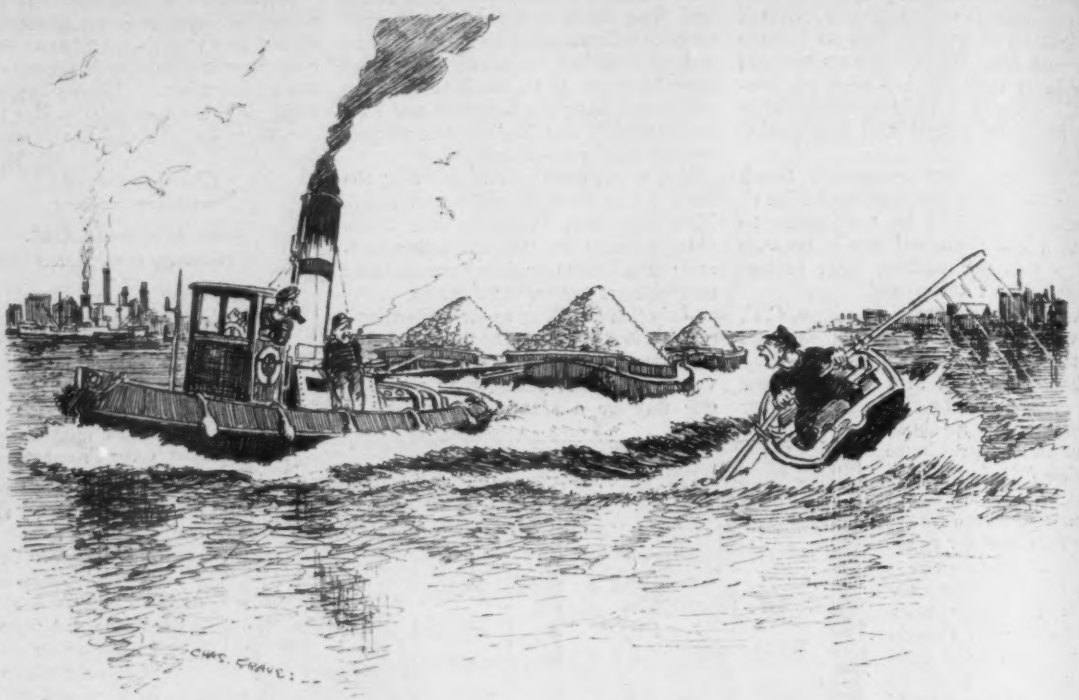
"ASTRONOMY.—Lady seeks private intuition from qualified teacher."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We ourselves learned to recognize the Great Bear by sheer hard work.

A Vicar stated recently that a mouse had eaten one of his sermons. We understand that he found the little creature fast asleep.

"Scarf ends can be banded with fur, and it would be quite amusing to wear a small tail of the same fur as the hat trimming."
Daily Paper.

Amusing for whom?



The Man in the Boat. "DON'T SWANK, PHARAOH, JUST BECAUSE YOU 'VE GOT THE JOB OF TOWIN' THE PYRAMIDS."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

War in Suspense.

IN *Fifty Years of Europe* (CASSELL, 21/-) Mr. J. A. SPENDER tells once again how the disintegration of the Turkish Empire and the German bid to outbuild the British Navy decided the alignment on one side or other of all the Powers of Europe in a quarrel which was, in any event, surely drawing them every one within its orbit. That essential dispute centred about France's lost provinces, and while it was unsettled Europe was a house slowly tilting to instability. The Great War was no sudden unexpectable explosion, but a roaring down in ruin when the critical balancing point was passed. Mr. SPENDER can never be dull, and, though there is nothing in this volume that is not familiar history, his interpretation, particularly of that innocent or Machiavellian British attitude which so much puzzled the professional diplomatists of the Continent, is both enlightening and entertaining. His estimate of forces shows the high political game tending always to defeat itself. BISMARCK and AEHRENTHAL and ISVOLSKY might reckon nations counters on a board, treaties things to be rescinded as soon as made, and moral scruples the natural handicap of simpletons, but in the end it was the moral values that came into their own.

Twinkling Humour.

Mr. A. A. MILNE must have had too much fun over the writing of his latest novel and been far too enchanted in the company of his slap-dash heroine, *Jenny*, to consider whether his critics would think her ways improbable. But I don't believe the incredulous (if any) will be right about the young lady, for what would a romantic excitable girl do if she found the body of an aunt (who in life had been rather a skeleton in the family cupboard) lying dead in an empty house? Of course she would behave like *Jenny*—remove finger-prints without stopping to think, and, having thought, nip out of the window, remembering too late that she had left her marked handkerchief behind. Then she would disappear with becoming and rather childish mystery, and, being too nice for any but a hero, have adventures with a charming young man until the happy ending. Mr. MILNE has told more than this in a tale which for all its disguise as a novel is an excellent play, complete with witty dialogue and absurd and thrilling situations. I hope that *Four Days' Wonder* (METHUEN, 7/6) may be more than four hundred nights' entertainment when the time comes; meanwhile it is a joy as it is.

More Browning Letters.

When BROWNING returned to London after his wife's death and published *Dramatis Personæ* he had produced, Professor SAINTSBURY maintains, the best of his work, apart from a few lyrics in *Asolando*. The same limits can, I think, be assigned to the pick of his letters, which are undoubtedly those addressed to his "lyric love"; but this is not to say that the three hundred odd *Letters of Robert Browning* (MURRAY, 18/-) collected by Mr. THOMAS J. WISE are unworthy of the piety with which they have now been edited. Professor THURMAN HOOD of Yale rightly insists that they illuminate the man rather than the poet. There are (early) exceptions to this rule—notably the "cowslips and Windsor Park" letters of 1838. But the conventional man of letters and society of subsequent years, bungling a *mariage de convenance*, pathetically preoccupied with the small successes of his son, fiercely snubbing would-be biographers and callous-hearted critics of his wife, is a

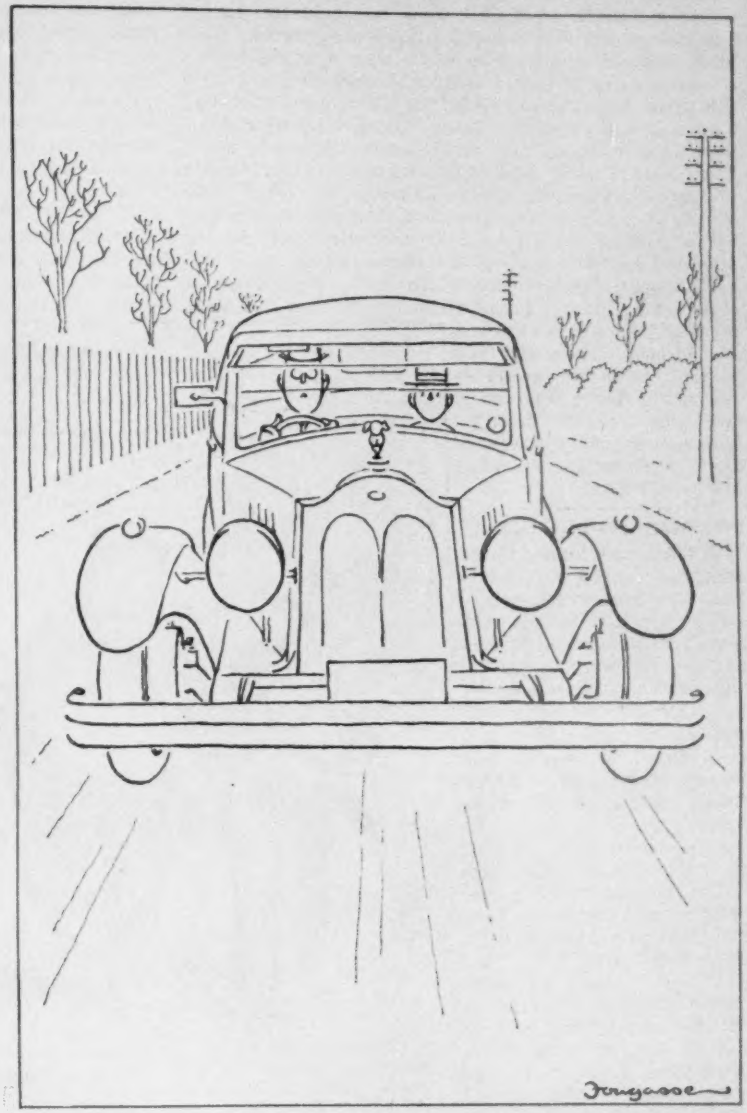
figure, I feel, for commiseration. Lovers of the poet will return to his poetry with relief, if also with added insight. The critic and student will cherish this scholarly volume as it deserves.

Bookshelves of a Novelist.

Discursive, opinionated and fragmentary though it be, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE's review of the reading purveyed to him by his generation is as stimulating as it is meant to be, and even more provocative. The method of *Literature in My Time* (RICH AND COWAN, 6/-) is the method of ANATOLE FRANCE, "the good critic narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces"; and if this particular adventurer's ports of call between *Alice in Wonderland* and *Ulysses* have not always been of the first importance, his reactions at least strike me as sincere and entertaining. As becomes the author of *Guy and Pauline*, Mr. MACKENZIE is most eloquent when championing the romantics; and the three finest things in his book are his eulogies of RUSKIN and MORRIS and his defence of STEVENSON. His personal appreciation of the æsthetic movement of the 'eighties and of the hideous conventions from which it temporarily delivered us is far more of a literary feat than the remainder of a volume whose manner is sometimes less than workaday. For notable fairness to writers whose trend the author dislikes I commend the chapter on GALSWORTHY, BENNETT and WELLS.

America in the Melting-Pot.

Mr. J. F. HANNAY has already three novels to his credit, all of them agreeable examples of hereditary talent; and in his new book we are reminded that his father's first and, as some critics think, his most brilliant novel, *The Seething Pot*, was a story of national unrest. There, however, the upheaval was impending; here we have a detailed picture of the collapse of American civilisation with all its attendant horrors, as the result of the "direct action" and sabotage of the "Key Men's Council." Mr. HANNAY disclaims the intention of seeking to prove that the events of the kind narrated could actually happen. His aim is to illustrate dramatically the precariousness of American civilisation, and he has carried it out with formidable and even terrifying thoroughness; though the abruptness of the end suggests that he has shirked the full illustration of the maxim, *La Révolution mange ses enfants*. But the contents of *Rebels' Triumph* (METHUEN, 7/6) make it clear that Mr. HANNAY has studied the organisation of American industrial life on the spot, and he has a command of the American language which is sometimes embarrassing to the English reader. For the rest we may take such comfort as we can from the experiences of 1926, which showed that England is less at the mercy of technicians than America. All the same, the lessons of this forecast can hardly be said to minister to national complacency.



"AN EGOIST, MY BOY, IS A MAN WHO STICKS UP 'CONCEALED DRIVE' OUTSIDE HIS PLACE AND EXPECTS EVERY CAR, BUS, LORRY, TRUCK, TRACTION-ENGINE AND BIKE TO SLOW DOWN, ON THE OFF-CHANCE THAT HE MIGHT WANT TO COME OUT WITHOUT DOING SO HIMSELF; AN EGOTIST, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS A MAN WHO EXPECTS IT WITHOUT STICKING UP A NOTICE."

Mr. ROBEY, in his *Looking Back on Life* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), tells us that someone once called him the Prime Minister of Mirth. It is inadequate. Those eyebrows, expressive at will of surprise, reproof or indignation, the uplifted hand, his admonitions to his audience when their laughter becomes unseemly ("Let there be mirth, but let it be tempered with reserve"), have nothing to do with mere Prime Ministers. Though he once stopped a possible panic by a stentorian

"Shurrup," "Desist" is his customary expression. High Priest or Arch Druid of Mirth would fit him better. He has the divine gift of making one laugh afterwards. This sticks out particularly in his memories of that great series of appearances in light musical pieces which began with *The Bing Boys* and has ended for the moment with *The Jolly Roger*. He recalls for us the bride with her triumphant opening declaration, "The strife is o'er, the battle won." Once more he nobly declines an offer of help; "No, I could not accept a loan from a woman, *especially a lady*." And we can live again the moment when, annoyed in a soliloquy by an elephant which insisted on trumpeting "off," he disappeared, to return bearing an enormous pair of tusks and exclaiming, "I 'll teach elephants to argue." Most Robeyish of all is his remark, "I don't think I ought to repeat what my neighbour's parrot has just said *to me*." Those last two words contain the secret of Robeyism. There is no adjective that exactly describes him. Let ingenuity make one. There is something jubicund about the fellow.



The Small One. "YOU MUST BE MORE ARTISTIC, BERT. WHEN YOU SES YOU AIN'T 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT BUT ONE POTATO-CRISP FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS THEY BEGINS TO DOUBT YER HONESTY."

"Ye Mariners of England."

Vice-Admiral GORDON CAMPBELL, who appropriately prefaces his volume with his namesake's familiar ballad, sets himself, in *Sailormen All* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), to illustrate by a series of episodes from British Naval history the qualities of "adventure, self-sacrifice, self-control and courage" which, as he justly claims, are as necessary in times of peace—piping or the reverse—as in those of war. With this idea in mind he has chosen such incidents as exemplify more particularly individual daring and initiative. Of those which deal with "the Old Navy" some are well-known, like the last fight of the *Revenge*; others, such as PELLEW's action with the *Cléopatre*, less familiar to the general reader. And it is well (lest enthusiasm for peace should obscure the memory of the Great War's naval heroes) to recall the heroism, self-sacrifice and endurance shown at Jutland, Coronel and Zeebrugge. It would be interesting to know if Admiral CAMPBELL has historical warranty for his statement that PELLEW's crew "sang their sea-shanty" when getting the anchor. If so, it must be one of the earliest instances of shantying on record.

Wings and Words.

There is a form of autobiography much in vogue at the present time which has affinities to both the novel and the newspaper. The newest exhibit in this class is *An Airman Marches* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), by Mr. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P. for Thanet. The most interesting period of his life was that of the Great War, in which he gained well-deserved distinction. In his record of military flying he scarcely does justice to himself; he allows details to overshadow his pictures. Still, some impressions emerge of gallant and often desperate adventures in the air. The last third of the book, describing life in Fleet Street and Parliament, is less entertaining and, if I may say so, written with too little care. Names of famous and notorious persons occur with frequency, apparently on the principle that "These names make news." The political disquisition at the close is straight from the platform—and Thanet platform at that. My final complaint is that this highly-priced book is printed on inferior paper. I wonder whose fault that is?

Among the Fun-Seekers.

Mr. EDWARD SHANKS, who once treated us to a somewhat overlong sojourn in *Queer Street*, now takes us to *The Enchanted Village* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) for a short country holiday in the company of some confirmed Londoners. The author retains his peculiar atmosphere of joylessness and futility, his austere prose and his fastidiously critical mind. So, although this cannot be called a jolly book for a wet afternoon, it is a sincere if minor work of art. The chief characters, of the cocktail type, are well understood and exhibited; while the technical difficulties of the narrative are fairly met and overcome. Perhaps I should warn readers that the author makes no attempt to prove the thesis outlined in the publisher's blurb. I doubt whether he could have done it anyway.

A Glimpse of the Future.

The first part of *Unthinkable* (METHUEN, 7/6), in which a South African Antarctic Expedition meets with irretrievable misfortune, is so graphically told that those who read it may easily imagine that they are face to face with stark facts. Puzzled because no relief by sea or air had been sent to them, the explorers eventually escaped from Antarctica in a cutter and two whalers; and then Mr. FRANCIS H. SIBSON allows his imagination to have full play. It is unfair to reveal the condition of the world when *Dane*, the leader of the expedition, and some of his companions returned to so-called civilisation. But if the picture of the future that Mr. SIBSON draws is gloomy enough, his tale as a whole is remarkably impressive and unusual.

Robert the Robot.

Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON, exploring new fields of humour, has in *Button Brains* (JENKINS, 7/6) created a mechanical contraption which resembled a human being and, under pressure, behaved like one. If, however, the pressure was haphazardly applied astounding complications ensued; and these were the more disconcerting because the contrivance, both in face and figure, was a facsimile of a very vital young man. With such an invention at his command Mr. CLOUSTON cannot fail to be amusing; but, although his main figure of fun will doubtless produce numerous guffaws of laughter, I doubt if it will provoke many quiet chuckles.

Charivaria.

In view of President ROOSEVELT'S reported intention to cut down Hollywood salaries, several film-stars are believed to be willing to have theirs reduced to what they actually are.

***

The discovery of an artificial limb on a pavement in Manchester the other day has led to the belief that pedestrians have taken to carrying spares.

***

A rubber-topped dinner-table is a novelty which should have the advantage of being soundless when thumped.

***

Both the divorce and the servant problems have apparently been solved by the Frenchman who recently engaged his ex-wife as a cook.

***

"Recruiting," says a Dublin message, "has been stopped for all branches of the Free State Army, except the Irish-speaking Infantry battalion." Presumably there is no Irish word for "stop recruiting."

***

A left-handed whelk was recently offered to the British Museum. According to a leading whelk-merchant such specimens are not uncommon, but are always in great demand by people with a left-handed swallow.

***

"The undergraduate of to-day," says *Isis*, "sips only one glass of sherry for every bottle drained by his prototype of fifty years ago." We would like to point out that even in our day that sort of thing was confined to the college prototopers.

***

A much-advertised British film is stated to have cost £20,000 to produce. An American expert declares, however, that this figure has been greatly underexaggerated.

A French expert has ascertained that the chance for mistake in identification with finger-prints is one in seventeen billion. Nevertheless it is little things like this that lend zest to the criminal's otherwise drab existence.

***

On reading of interesting experiments at the Post-Office research station we were disappointed to find no mention of any advance towards the discovery of a liquid ink for the use of the public.

***

Germany is to have an election authorising Chancellor HITLER to let the German people have his own way.

***

On being made an "able blackshirt," PRIMO CARNERA had to have an outsize uniform specially made for him. And of course he requires a lot of room for his Fascist salute.

***

"The Hampshire Avon," says the Zoological Department of Southampton University College, "is stocked with far more food for salmon than is ever likely to be eaten." So, if it comes to that, are the fishing-tackle emporia.

***

A wild bear seen recently in Western New York was the first to appear there since early settlement days. A fugitive from Wall Street, no doubt.

***

When Herr HITLER'S silver hammer broke in his hand the superstitious regarded it as a bad omen. Others took the view that it was a bad hammer.

***

A Pennsylvania man got three years in prison for a hold-up in which he got only sixty cents from his victim. At twenty cents a year, crime can hardly be said to pay.

***

Special handbags are made which, to ensure extra security, are fitted with two locks. The modern woman takes every precaution to keep her schoolgirl complexion.

***

A suburban shopkeeper announces a "stock clearance of unrepeatable lines." In the opinion of some people this is just the sort of man who is now wanted as a Censor of our modern plays.

***

"By a strange coincidence," writes a correspondent, "my wife and the woman next-door both suffer from chronic lumbago." Very sad. But we suppose they are often able to enjoy a little back-chat.

***

"Our cigarettes don't burn the tongue," reads an advertisement. They do if you put the lighted end in your mouth.



"IT'S NO GOOD SENDIN' 'ER TO ANY SHOWS—SHE AIN'T GOT THE COMPETITION SPIRIT."

The Animals Went in Two By Two.

DEALING with a Conference in London at the end of this month, which is to "draw up a revised international convention for the preservation of the fauna and flora of Africa," *The Times* mentions that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has advocated international co-operation, and promised the support of His Majesty's Government.

Rogue elephants, whom all men cherish,
Good hippopotami, be gay!
Black buffaloes, you shall not perish—
You have not had your day.

Hyænas and rhinocerotes
And crocodiles who weep or bark,
All things whom NOAH, giving notice,
Sailed with inside his ark—

You shall have pleasure-grounds with hedges,
You shall have sandy soil and trees,
Guarded by implemented pledges
And twelve-Power guarantees!

These are the things we seldom bungle;
Excursionists shall come from far
To tour the statutory jungle,
Travelling by armoured car.

By conference, by stern endeavour,
By solemn treaty and by pact,
The world shall swear to keep for ever
Wild Africa intact.

But who shall find good reservations
For fauna that we need not name,
Trumpeting war-songs through the nations—
And keep wild Europe tame?

EVOE.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

IV.

EDUCATION.

As is only to be expected, the essential point in the modern theory of education is Freedom. On no account must children—

(*a*) Be made to do anything.
(*b*) Be prevented from doing anything.
(*c*) Be taught anything.

(*Note.*—The ill-mannered brats who make one's palms itch in railway-carriages are the results of attempts to apply this system by people who do not really Understand. One's own children, if any, brought up on these lines merely develop Individuality and Free Self-expression. The people who glower at them in railway-carriages are obviously old-fashioned and repressive.)

It is hardly necessary to say that you must pour scorn on all public schools and universities. If you have had the misfortune to go to either, make it clear that you realise that your own school or university is the worst in the world. Mr. OSBERT SITWELL's comment on his own education as taking place "during holidays from Eton" may be quoted with approval.

At the same time, when in company with other unfortunate victims of our educational system, you may admit that public schools and universities confer a certain indefinable cachet.

EGOIST.

Believe in this too. It is worth while to state firmly and clearly that you are an egoist. It saves people the trouble of thinking of the word themselves.

ELIOT, T. S.

Believe in this. Mr. ELIOT's work has all the qualifications for great poetry. (*See* "POETRY.")

EMOTION.

Remember that emotion, like sentiment (*q.v.*) is a Victorian relic. Avoid it like the plague. If you find that JANET GAYNOR makes you cry, either

(1) Pretend you *like* a good cry and elaborate on the relief of nervous tension, or
(2) Give up going to see her.

Above all avoid dragging your emotions into your relations with the other sex. Realise that what you feel about Celia is just ordinary animal desire, and don't go all emotional about it. That sort of thing was all right in the days of crinolines, but now it *won't do.*

EMPIRE.

Do not believe in this. Make it quite clear that you know that Englishmen exploit the Colonies and Dependencies at all possible points, and that the various peoples of the Empire hate us very much.

The term "Empire-Builder" is useful as scornful abuse.

ENGLAND.

Bear in mind that there is nothing in England to compare with the same sort of thing in other countries. To compare England greatly to its disadvantage with some foreign country fulfils a double purpose—

(1) It suggests that you have been to the other place.
(2) It clears you at once of the charge of being patriotic. (*See* "PATRIOTISM.")

Do not choose the more obvious tourist resorts for laudatory comment. Most of your friends have also spent a week in Paris. Get a good map and choose some obscure spot in Central Europe. Good sarcastic play may be made with the theme, "England, the land of the free"—particularly when refused drinks after hours.

ENTHUSIASM.

See "CRANK."

EPIGRAM.

An epigram is a remark that sounds as if it seems something but doesn't really. It is thus an invaluable method of expressing modern views. Do not, however, believe in epigram. Epigram went out with OSCAR WILDE. On the other hand there is no harm in saying terse, witty, brilliant things. Do that all the time. But *don't* indulge in epigram. It is old-fashioned and a device much used by one's adversaries when wishing to appear brilliant or witty or terse.

FAMILY.

It is absolutely necessary to dislike one's family. Remember—

(1) That you didn't ask to be born.



OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS.

["THE TRADE OF THIS COUNTRY . . . IS MUCH BETTER THAN IT WAS TWELVE MONTHS AGO."—*Mr. BALDWIN at Birmingham.*]



HOME-MADE WINGS.

Pupil (to Teacher arranging Tableaux). "PLEASE, MISS, MUVVER SEZ CAN I BE A ANGEL 'COS THE WHITE CHICKENS IS MOULTIN'?"

(2) That your upbringing was enough to ruin any child not possessed of superlative gifts.

(3) That the family was the rock of Victorianism and still harbours all its exploded sentimental ideas.

(4) That it is absurd to expect you to tolerate a lot of people amongst whom you were forced to live for a long time.

(5) That your family had no conception of the word Freedom. (Think of the complexes that might have resulted from that revolting scene after you broke that window!)

(6) That of all people a Family are always the last to Understand and Appreciate.

(7) That a man has a right to live his own life.

If after all this you still find that you like your family, there is nothing for it but to put it down to repressive early training. Anyhow, make it clear that if you ever have the bad luck to have children you won't think of bringing them up at all—you will just let them happen.

Useful openings:—

"My father, who is a remarkably silly little man of low intelligence . . ."

"My mother, unfortunately, is a moron . . ."

"My particularly detestable brother Claude . . ."

"My sister, one of the most unbearable females of my acquaintance . . ."

FORM (BAD).

No precise definition of Bad Form can be given. It is approximately the same thing as Going Too Far or Things That Do Not Pass. The Modern should be careful to realise that Bad Form is not a permanent conception; *e.g.*, when indulging in Fun it is permissible to shout in restaurants. At other times it is Bad Form to do more than talk at the top of one's voice.

(*To be continued.*)

The Economical Guest.

I TRAVELLED third to Forres, and they met me at the station;
I saved my board and lodging on a fortnight's invitation—
I got three trunks all carried by an antiquated loafer,
I didn't tip the butler and I didn't tip the chauffeur,
I didn't tip the footman who so carefully unclamped them;
I wrote three dozen letters and I don't quite know who stamped them.
Very energetic practice I at every driven grouse made—
I didn't tip the keeper and I didn't tip the housemaid;
And the reason why my shooting was decidedly erratic
Is because I found some cartridges forgotten in an attic.
But the chauffeur who removed me to an early morning train
Said, "We 're betting in the Servants' Hall you won't be asked again!"

"An American owner, Mr. Joe Widener, who has only a couple of horses in training in England, won the Cesarewitch this afternoon with Seminole, a cold that, until a day or two ago, it was not intended to run."—*Daily Paper.*

We can't stop ours running either.

The Road to Hautbois.

It was clear that I had gone wrong somewhere. Ten minutes' driving in what appeared to be a deliberately-designed maze of by-roads had convinced me of that. There seemed to be an extraordinary number of lanes in this part of Norfolk—many more, I could have sworn, than had been discovered by the Ordnance Survey. Not that I had my map with me; as usual, I had left it at home. It was all most annoying, because I really did want to get to Hautbois that afternoon, and I had no idea whether I was going north or south when the lane gave another twist and revealed a road-mender doing something with a pick.

I stopped the car and said, "Excuse me, but can you tell me the way to Hautbois?"

I was a stranger to Norfolk and the language spoken there, so, following the light of nature and the dictates of an expensive education in French, I pronounced the word as (possibly) the original Norman conquerors pronounced it—certainly as a modern Frenchman would. I realise now that I was asking for trouble.

In reply to my question the road-mender put an enormous hand behind his ear. Thinking he was deaf, I switched off the engine and shouted into his cupped hand, "Am a right for Hautbois?"

He withdrew a foot or two, grinned and said, "Nor I ain't 'ard of 'earin' neither, bor; but weer was it you said?"

"Hautbois," I said, still in my best French, but feeling that something was wrong about this conversation.

"Never 'eard of it," he answered briefly.

"Oh, come," I said, "that won't do. You live here, don't you?"

"Ah," he said, "I live 'ere all right, bor. Forty year or more."

"Well," I said, "the place I want to go to is within five miles of us, so you must know it."

"What did you call it?" he said again.

I began to feel inexpressibly a fool. It seemed that the correct pronunciation of the word had been forgotten by the natives and that I was condemned to go through all possible variants in order to make my meaning clear.

"I want to go to Hautbois," I said, only this time I pronounced it "Hotboys."

He shook his head.

"Hortboys," I said.

"There ain't no such place," he answered calmly.

"Oboe," I suggested miserably, with faint memories of orchestras.



"Thank you, Wilson, only one pair of bedsocks. I mustn't be pampered."

A gleam of laughter came into his eyes. "Seems you don't rightly know *weer* you want to get to, bor," he said.

"I do know really," I said earnestly, "but to tell the truth I can't pronounce it and I've forgotten my map; but I'll tell you what I'll do," I added, "I'll write it down—no, I haven't got anything to write with. Oh, this is the limit! I must find the place somehow. There simply can't be more than a dozen ways of pronouncing a short word like this."

"Well, bor," he said, "you say it all the ways you can think of an' I'll tell you when I 'ears un."

Feeling that I was living in a nightmare, but determined to see the business through, I drew a deep breath and embarked on a list of possible pronunciations.

"Listen," I said, "I want to go to Outbor, or Outboys, or Otboys, or Houtboys, or Hotboys, or Horbuss, or Habbuss, or Orbuss, or Hubbuss, or——"

"Oh," he said, "I've got it now—Hubbis; that's what you mean. Straight on, bor, for 'alf-a-mile, and then turn right weer the road forks. You can't miss it." He chuckled. "Hubbis," he said pityingly, "that's what you meant."

But when I got to Hautbois and explained to my friend what had made me so late he merely said, "My dear fellow, why didn't you *spell* the word? You'd have saved yourself a lot of trouble."

Well, yes, I suppose I could have done that.

"The bride's travelling dress was of blue angora, with a grey coat, a grey Persian lamb collar, a grey hat, and shoes, gloves and bags to match."—*Wilts Paper.*

Is *nothing* hidden from our journalistic sleuths?

At the Pictures.

DENTIST, RADIO STAR AND EX-CONVICT.

IF the Plaza was not packed to repletion last week when GARY COOPER was the chief performer, in a picture



Amy Lind (FRANCES FULLER), *a victim of unrequited affection, to Biff Grimes* (GARY COOPER). "BY THE RULE OF OPPOSITES YOU OUGHT TO BE FOND OF ME."

called *One Sunday Afternoon*, the reason must be that word had got round (as it so quickly and mysteriously does among film audiences) that this time that incomparable giant and hero was neither soldier nor sailor, cowboy nor Foreign-legionary, but—a dentist. Not an ordinary dentist, I hasten to add: not neat and quiet and tactful, but a dentist all the same, even though the larger part of the story is devoted to the chrysalis stage when he was earning and justifying the nickname of *Biff*.

To find GARY, the long, the lean, the lithe, the beloved, with forceps in his great hands and dentures all about him, was one surprise; another was to find that he can act. Hitherto his inches, his easy gracelessness and his grace have been sufficient; they have been skilfully set in the right surroundings and a story has emerged. But as *Biff Grimes* he acts very persuasively. None the less I hope he is not deserting the wide open spaces, where men are not occupied with other people's teeth, permanently.

Another surprise that was waiting for me at the Plaza on the same evening was that a star named GINGER ROGERS is not, as I had not unreasonably deduced, a funny man but a leading lady. Not to have known this before may indicate a deplorable ignorance; but I confess to it. The film she was in, called *Imaginary Sweetheart*, has novelty in being an exposition of the cynicism that controls not, as we have come to expect, either theatrical back-stage or screen back-stage, but the back stage of radio. I had not before thought of the dark secrets of broadcasting as material for drama; but here they are.

The story is of a radio star named *Glory* (played by this same GINGER ROGERS), who, as "The Purity Girl," is so powerful a draw over the wireless that obviously the big, warm-hearted listening-in public must never, never dream that she is anything different in private. Nor, beyond sometimes losing her temper and desiring an occasional highball and cigarette, is she: the fun lying in the fears and activities of rival managers and agents, among whom GREGORY RATOFF, in the part of the usual excitable scheming polyglot Jewish promoter, provides most amusement.

There are some absurdities in *Hunted People*, the German film at Cinema House—not least the packing of a man and a boy into one ordinary-sized coffin and, after it is closed, showing them there side by side—but taken as a whole it has a story that demands attention. And this not merely because when anyone escapes from justice and is pursued we always want to know what happens, but because the central figure of *Hunted People*, EUGEN KLOEPFER, the ex-convict making good as an undertaker, is so able an actor. Still, he tries us very high now and then, first by his delay in getting away at all, and afterwards, when in Marseilles, by the pains he takes to look guilty rather than innocent. Some day, perhaps, a film-producer dealing with criminals evading the police will suggest to those criminals that their chances would be immensely increased by the assumption of a little nonchalance. As it is, they seem to be encouraged to do all they can to draw attention to their plight. In *Hunted People* such an attitude is peculiarly foolish because by a French Statute of Limitations the crime would be expiated in two days, and therefore all that was necessary was to hide for that trifling period, and particularly to hide without the incommoding company of a small boy.



Vincent Olivier (EUGEN KLOEPFER), *police fugitive, running about the town with his son Boubou* (HANS FEHER), *after description broadcast.* "IT'S MARVELLOUS HOW I'M GETTING AWAY WITH IT."

This, however, is a counsel of perfection, for were it adopted there would be no old-clothes dealer, no fair, no bearded lady, no female phenomenon without legs, all of them making for entertainment. And, even more serious, there would be no *Boubou*, the small boy, whose charm and discretion, as manifested by little HANS FEHER, are so remarkable. The unhappy undertaker would, as I have pointed out, have been far wiser to have spent the two necessary days alone; but if a small boy was to be taken too, this was pre-eminently the one to take.

E. V. L.



A PRESS INTERVIEW.

Elmerada . . . . . ZASU PITTS.
Glory . . . . . GINGER ROGERS.

The Truant.

"THE prisoner," said the Court Missionary, "is by trade a carpenter. I have been making inquiries as to his general character and I find that he is considered, as carpenters go, a good carpenter. The Municipal Director of Buildings speaks highly of his work. He is a total abstainer, does not smoke, and his only vice is an addiction to the plays of SHAKESPEARE——"

"And who," asked the magistrate, "is SHAKESPEARE?"

"He was an Elizabethan poet who enjoyed a certain vogue in the pre-Bureaucrat period. His real name was BACON."

"And the prisoner is charged, I understand, with playing truant from night-school? How old are you, my man?"

"I shall be sixty-three next birthday."

"Young enough to know better! I understand that you not only played truant on three occasions from Compulsory Night-School, but behaved extremely badly when you were there. On one evening, according to the indictment, you deliberately set fire to a copy of the works of Mutt, the Poet Laureate. Do you plead 'Guilty,' or do you require me to hear the witnesses?"

"I plead 'Guilty.'"

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"Only that whatever happens I refuse to go to Compulsory Night-School again. Four nights a week for seven weeks we have been grinding away at the works of the so-called poet, Mutt——"

"Do you mean to insinuate that the great Mutt, elected by the vote of the entire nation as Poet Laureate, cannot write poetry as good as this—er—SHAKESPEARE fellow for whose miserable blether you have such an indecent craving?"

"I admit that Mutt was elected by the vote of the people. But the people know precious little about poetry. Most of them——"

"Such a statement amounts practically to treason. Has not the entire nation been attending Compulsory Night-School for the last seven years?"

"Certainly they have. And most of that time they have been engaged on the works of the poet Mutt. But you can't *make* people cultured by feeding what they call their brains on the works of the poet Mutt. They elected Mutt Poet Laureate because he was the greatest speedway rider in the world."

"I think you have said enough. You are obviously a hard case. Before passing sentence I want you thoroughly to understand why you are being punished. When the People took over the reins of government in 2033 they elected a Council of Five Hundred to preside over the destinies of the nation. This Council of Five Hundred decided that if England were to regain her lost prestige she must become culture-conscious. It was felt that the best way was to make an entirely new start, and all the old books were burned in the municipal incinerators. Tenders were then called for to supply given quantities of various sorts of culture, and the lowest tenders commensurate with good workmanship were accepted. Fourteen excellent poets were engaged at twopence a line, and their poetry taught to the People through the medium of Compulsory Night-Schools. Early this year, the Poetry Fund showing a surplus, it was decided to revive the office of Poet Laureate and to pay the Poet Laureate an additional halfpenny a line. The choice of the Poet Laureate was left to the people, and Mutt was elected by a huge majority. It is possible that the vote was influenced by the fact that he was a well-known speedway rider; but that is neither here nor there. You are sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and you will be required to learn thirty lines of Mutt per diem."



"I SAY, NURSE, IS THERE A PARENTS' SUPPLEMENT THIS MORNING?"

Why Germany Left.

"At first the question was discussed as to whether a reply should be sent to Germany or whether it might not be better for the General Commission to continue with the work of preparing a draft convention despite the absence of Germany."—*Daily Paper.*

The Burglar's Opus.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I received the other day a delightful compliment to you from an unexpected source. The writer of the letter, to judge from internal evidence, has from time to time been compelled by economic circumstances (or shall we say "world-causes"?) to engage in the adventurous occupation of burglary. At any rate, he had just come out of "stir"—not, he said, for the first time. While in "stir," he said, he was fortunate enough to get a "floater." A "floater" is an old magazine, book "or even a newspaper" which is smuggled irregularly from cell to cell. With luck it "floats right round the prison, unless a 'screw' happens to find it wandering, then the unlucky one who has charge of it at the time gets three days' bread-and-water—a dear price to pay, but well worth it for a good read."

"Well worth it for a good read." Ponder, Sir, that heroic phrase. And now prepare to swell with pride. For my friend acquired as a "floater" an old copy of you, Sir, and asked me politely if I would let him have some more of you. "I cannot afford," he said, "to buy such a luxury as books, and I dare not get to work—the nights are too light. . . ."

I sent him some more of you, and was politely thanked. And now—true gratitude—he has sent me a contribution for you. He has still, he says, too much time on his hands, while going "half-straight," and modestly puts his first attempt at literature down to that. It may only mean that the nights are still too bright for ordinary work. But I prefer to think, Sir, that you have inspired him.

Really, Sir, I am not going to send on his whole contribution, for I am a good Trade Unionist, and we cannot have these unlicensed fellows butting in on our overcrowded trade. But I have promised, if you should think fit to print this letter, to share the "swag" with him, on condition that he is a good boy so long as it lasts—and he says he will be.

My friend's little sketch represents a surreptitious dialogue between two prisoners doing "hard" in some sort of prison work-room. From time to time the conversation is sternly interrupted by a "screw." Apart from its "human" flavour it has a strong literary interest by reason of its close kinship with *The Beggar's Opera* of MR. JOHN GAY.

You remember, Sir, the words of *Peachum's* opening song?—

"Through all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Trull and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions berogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine."

You remember, Sir, how that theme is played upon, to the verge of tedium: If there are any honest men, the common thief is the honestest, and the villain who holds his head highest is the worst. *Polly*, you remember, was upbraided by her parents for marrying a highwayman; but it would have been worse still if she had married a lord.

Well, Sir, my twentieth-century friend may, for all I know, have been studying the eighteenth-century poet, though I doubt it; but certainly he strikes the selfsame note. Listen:—

'Side in Stir'

"What's he in for Bill?" "Who Alf?", that miserable looking tyke over there?" he's only a debtor, dont know why they put them among good thieves"

"Did you hear who is to be librarian now that 'long firmer' has done his time?"

"Yes Alf, a rotten manslaughter, drunk in charge of a car, fifteen months second division, the 'old man' always gives them sort the plum jobs, regular thieves, like us the kind that keep these sort of places going never get a staff job, all we are fit for is sewing these mailbags."

"Besides, how can he know what kind of books we like, if I dont get an Edgar Wallace next change day I shall complain to the guvnor"

"Now then A.2.10, stop talking, get on with those mailbags."

"Whisper Alf or this screw will 'case' us, cant afford to lose any more remission, I'm due out next month"

"All right Bill," "See that little ginger headed bloke over there?" "which one Alf?" him sewing tabs?" "Yes" "he sat next to me in chapel yesterday, and I said, what are you in for mate?", he said, 'screwing' "thats what they all say, they dont know, the new ones dont, that their offence is printed on the backs of the cards outside their cells," he's in for neglecting his four kids, so I says to him, you couldn't screw the lid off a corned beef tin for your kids, never mind a door of a safe, you should have seen his face!.

I reckon they ought to segregate those blokes, it aint right we should be asked to mix with his sort."

* * * * *

"Do you remember that star bloke who used to work in the stores? him who went out last week?"

"Not so loud Bill, this screws got us taped, I know who you mean though, done a 'stretch' for bigamy, didn't he?"

"Yes, thats the one, used to throw the clean washing at us on bathdays, as much as to say, 'here you are you scum,'

"Well he's back again, saw him waiting to see the guvnor this morning, it seems when he was sentenced last time there was another bird he married besides the one he got his stretch for, so they pinched him as soon as he got out, he's waiting trial again now,"

"If he had not been so high and mighty we might have told him that it is always policy to have them all taken into consideration," "remember that lot you had taken in Alf when we 'fell' last time?" "I thought the Chief Constable would never finish reading them out."

"Do you think this is the House of Commons A.2.10?" If you dont stop talking you're for the guvnor in the morning, I have just about had enough of you to-day, get on with that sewing. shut up."

"Be glad when this screw gets relieved Bill, he must have eyes in the back of his head, see who they have put on the boilers?", "that ex-officer looking chap,—in for the 'black,' its the best place for him, out of the way in that boiler house, no one will speak to him anyway."

"Put your work away A.2.10. I have told you enough times this morning, you should know better for an old hand, lock yourself in your cell for the day, you're for the guvnor in the morning." "And you A.2.2. go and help B.1.4. stoke those boilers."

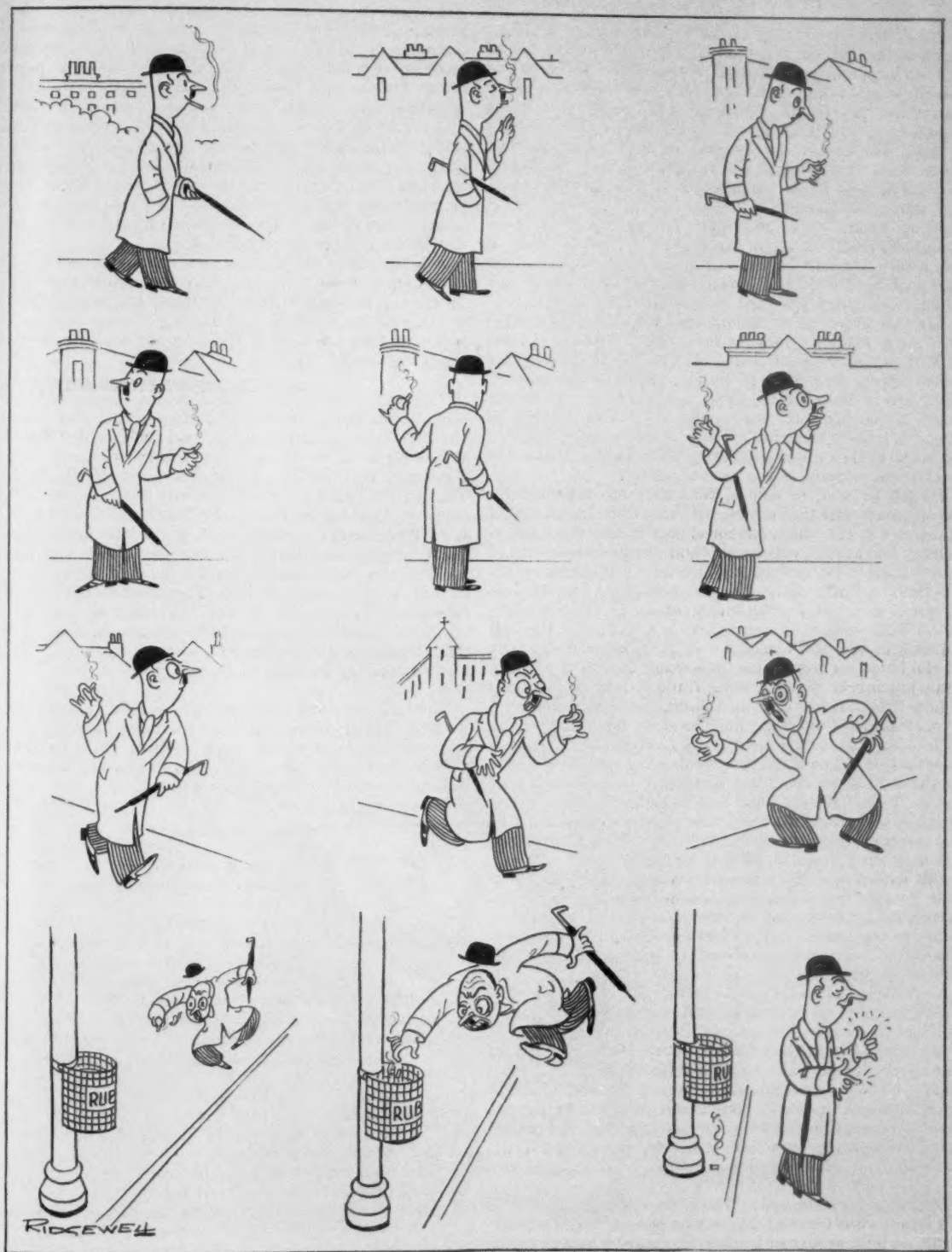
A sad little story, Sir, told, you will agree, with economy and effect. I own that professionally I am jealous of the writer; but as a citizen I hope that, if only for the sake of the citizens of ——, you will print his composition. Also for his own sake, for he is a philosopher. "Should this effort of mine be worth a little," he says, "it may be the means of buying some gear for me to get at the old Father Xmas game, twopenny dips, which is always a cert living for a couple of months. If it doesn't I shall not cry, I have seen enough of the dissapointments in this world to let them worry me. I remember one well, I expecting eighteen months at the least and only got six."

I am, Sir, A. P. H.

Our Gallant Contemporaries.

"FOOL-PROOF CARS AT BIG SHOW.
MANY MORE WOMEN EXPECTED TO DRIVE."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

THE PURIST; OR—



ANTI-LITTER.

Sport for the Million.

Now that the opening of the hunting season is almost upon us the time has come for me to put in a plea on behalf of that large and great-hearted section of the British public which, whether through lack of funds, fear of horses or other cause, has no personal knowledge of the chase. Not that I would have you think that I myself have never attended a Meet. Far from it. In the good old days before the War, when foxes were twice as big and fierce as they are to-day, my tall athletic figure was often to be seen moving to and fro among the hounds ("Down, Bluebell . . . goo' dog! Tinker, then!") or accepting stirrup-cup ("Mornin', Countess; plenty of scent to-day, eh?") from the lady of the house—ay, and I warrant I sat as firmly in the saddle and rode as straight as the best of them, even though my mount was only a spavined bicycle hired for the day.

My plea, however, is concerned not with the sport itself—you must read my riding recollections, *Awheel with the V.H.W.* for my views on that—but with the hunting reports which appear from time to time in the daily newspapers. They are so businesslike, these reports, so grimly to the point, so starkly and unrelievedly dull. Can nothing be done, by making them less esoteric, more humane, to widen the scope of their appeal—to bring them, in fact, within the intellectual compass of the general public?

I shall be told, of course, that they are intended for hunting-men, and that others, without either knowledge of or interest in the chase, cannot expect to find them entertaining; but against this narrow and ill-considered point of view I must most emphatically protest. With other sports it is not so. I have little knowledge of chess and still less of water-polo, yet I read the accounts of these sterling games with avidity. There is always a chance of the ball bursting in the last chukka or of Bogoljubow being sent off the board for fouling his opponent's Queen. I admit I don't much care about wading through long descriptions of how Evans, receiving from Wilson, transferred to Higgs, who, rounding Gunbolt in effortless style, found the rigging with a screaming left-footer (though I am pleased for Higgs's sake that he did so well); but my flagging spirit is upborne by the reflection that at any moment a purple patch may occur. I shall be told that Rogers had to be sent off for biting or that Button's deplorable display in goal must be put down to a recent bout of influenza. The human note will have been struck and I shall be happy.

But from the hunting reports anything in the nature of a personality seems for some reason to be rigorously debarred, and they become in consequence rather worse than caviar to the general. What can one do—what, I wonder, can even a hunting-man do—with a column or two of this kind of stuff?—

"Finding in Giblet Wood hounds ran well past Dillwash End and Hatchley Bottom to Cobbleigh, where their fox turned right-handed into Thruply Park. Crossing the railway by Benthorpe Oaks, he headed for Gobfield, but, scent failing, hounds were stopped at Pimley Beacon. Finding again in Stinchley Copse, hounds ran very fast by Eggpen Flats to Boring Cheeper, returning, after a check at Footling Spinneys, to Stinchley Copse, where fog put an end to the day's sport."

Stinchley Copse indeed! Who cares where that is?

You see what I mean? There's no passion in it, no heart-throb, no light or love or laughter to make an appeal to the tenderer emotions. One sighs in vain for the human touch.

Not for a moment, mind you, would I wish to imperil the time-honoured phraseology, the technical jargon of the hunting-field. But surely it is possible within this esoteric framework to construct a picture of a more lively and a lovelier scene! There must be more in hunting than the insensate perambulation of hounds from copse to copse; incidents of a more breath-taking nature than the passage of the fox through Hatchley Bottom must constantly be occurring. Why, then, is information on these points withheld? Why do I see no report of Colonel Ketchup's splendid riding; of the pretty way in which young Mr. Anthony held the gate open for Lady FitzErse; of what the Master said to the Hon. Brian Trelawney at the water-jump? What, again, of Lord Bellacre's spirited display; of Miss Constance Pinwiddy's new habit, or the laughable incident of Viscount Axminster and the brandy-flask?

It is high time our hunting correspondents realised that *these* names make news, not Stinchley Copse and Boring Cheeper. A murrain on Stinchley Copse and Boring Cheeper—yes, and on Gobfield and Pimley Beacon too—unless and until they are kept in their proper subordinate place, the background! Thus:—

"A fox found in Giblet Wood provided excellent sport, Mrs. Purvis losing her hat at Dillwash End and Admiral Crabtree falling heavily on his head in Hatchley Bottom. Following a 'View Halloo!' the Admiral ran very fast to Cobbleigh and finally caught his horse left-handed in Thruply Park after a punishing twenty minutes over uneven country. Crossing the railway by Benthorpe Oaks I noticed Lord Knockeridge jokingly stick a pin into Lady Cruickshank's bay mare. Before her marriage she was of course the Princess Vazimova Narienska de Petit-Gruyère, and has only recently learnt to ride. The Countess of Camberley too seemed in excellent spirits. 'He must be heading for Gobfield,' she called out gaily to the Master; and we all rode right-handed to Pimley Beacon, where scent failed. There was an amusing incident at Stinchley Copse. . . ."

Would I were still game enough and sufficiently full of running to lead you on, with many a check for social gossip and enlivening ancedotes, over Eggpen Flats to Boring Cheeper and back! But, alas! it is not to be. Somehow, even now, Stinchley Copse depresses me.

I am going to ground. H. F. E.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXIV.—I Was a Bustle-Maker Once, Girls.

When I was a lad of twenty
And was working in High Street, Ken.,
I made quite a pile in a very little while—
I was a bustle-maker then.
Then there was work in plenty,
And I was a thriving man;
But things have decayed in the bustle-making trade
Since the bustle-making trade began.

I built bustles with a will then;
I built bustles with a wit;
I built bustles as a Yankee hustles,
Simply for the love of it.
I built bustles with a skill then
Surpassed, they say, by none;
But those were the days when bustles were the craze,
And now those days are done.

I was a bustle-maker once, girls,
Many, many years ago;

I put my heart in the bustle-maker's art,
And I don't mind saying so.
I may have had the brains of a dunce, girls;
I may have had the mind of a muff;
I may have been plain and deficient in the brain,
But I did know a bustle-maker's stuff.
I built bustles for the slender;
I built bustles for the stout;
I built bustles for the girls with muscles
And bustles for the girls without.
I built bustles by the thousands once
In the good old days of yore;
But things have decayed in the bustle-building trade,
And I don't build bustles any more.

Many were the models worn once;
But mine were unique, 'tis said;
No rival design was so elegant as mine;
I was a bustle-maker bred.
I was a bustle-maker born once—
An artist through and through;
But things have decayed in the bustle-making trade,
And what can a bustle-maker do?

I built bustles to enchant, girls;
I built bustles to amaze;
I built bustles for the skirt that rustles,
And bustles for the skirts that sway;
I built bustles for my aunt, girls,
When other business fled;
But a bustle-maker can't make bustles for his aunt
When a bustle-maker's aunt is dead.

I was a bustle-maker once, girls—
Once in the days gone by.
I lost my heart to the bustle-maker's art,
And that I don't deny.
I may have had the brains of a dunce, girls,
As many men appear to suppose;
I may have been obtuse and of little other use,
But I could build a bustle when I chose.
I built bustles for the bulging;
I built bustles for the lithe;
I built bustles for the girls in Brussels
And bustles for the girls in Hythe.
I built bustles for all Europe once,
But I've been badly hit.
Things have decayed in the bustle-building trade,
And that's the truth of it.

P. B.



"Now, Colonel, I hate making mistakes. Tell me, are you a Nazi, a Communist, a Fascist or a Buchmanite?"

An Early Model.

HE sat in the window beside a table strewn with all the motoring papers. He wore a Norfolk jacket, leather waistcoat and leggings. His moustache recalled vaguely the works of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. A big scar—a happy memory of 1900, when a car slipped the jack and fell on it—added a further interest to his face.

Although it was Show Week he lacked the general animation which informed the club. Strangely, he seemed to need cheering up.

"Going to the Show?" I asked.

"What show?" he returned.

Was the old man wandering? One does not ask, "What London?"

"Oh, come," I said gently. "If you mean the toy-shop at Olympia," he amplified, "I *am* going. My grand-daughter is taking me." His ironic lack of emphasis failed. "And I remember when they called them 'nasty smelly things,'" he concluded.

"And, mark you, they *were* smelly," he went on. "Why not? Who wants attar of roses?" His blue firm eyes fixed me hard.

Well, as man to man, I indicated, who *does* want attar of roses?

Mollified, he continued: "Motoring was motoring in those days—and driving was driving. Now look at it!" He blasted the assembled journals with a basilisk glare. "Clutches you can't jam, servo brakes, electric starting. . . . It was electric starting began the rot. It was then, Sir, that motoring began to go to the dogs."

When a man interjects "Sir" I take to cover.

"Weren't engines a bit stubborn?" I ventured mildly.

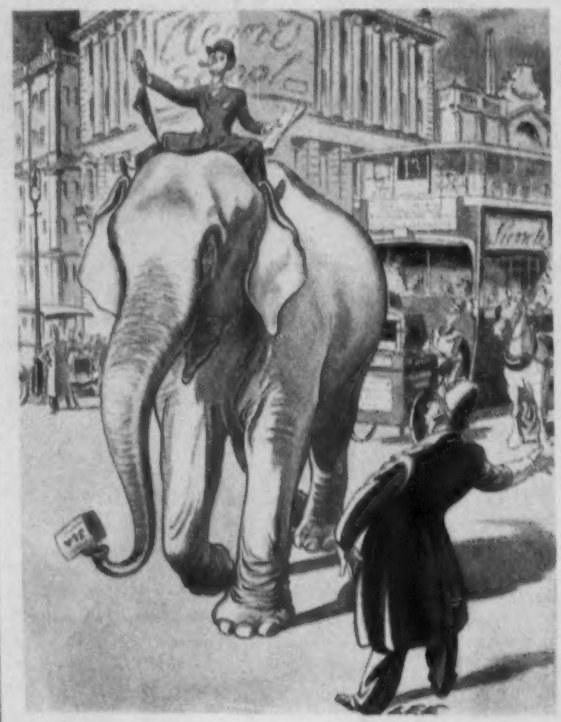
"Stubborn!" He gave a short acid laugh. "I've ground for an hour. And see this wrist? Never been the same since I had it broken in nineteen-three. Fixed ignition—a grand old Hotchkiss, that was."

His glance, beaming with treasured recollection, fell on a big advertisement display. "Look at that," he spluttered, "automatic advance and retard, thermostat-controlled cooling, safety glass. Screens! I was wrong—windscreens were the first downward step. Perhaps you've not noticed my left ear?" He displayed an empurpled lobe. "Frost-bite," he declared triumphantly—"winter of Jubilee year.

"Great days, great days," he mused. "You motor yourself, of course?"

"Well, I run about in a car," I said warily.

"Exactly—you 'run about in a car.' Have you ever had your brakes seize, or go phut on a hairpin? Has your propeller-shaft dropped out on the road? Or an acetylene-lamp burst in your face? Have you ever changed a tyre—a real tyre? Remember the old chrome-leather covers with steel studs? I lost the tip of my little finger getting one of those on."



"WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GOING ABOUT LONDON LIKE THIS?"
"OH, I'M JUST ONE OF THOSE CHAPS WHO HATE TRAVELLING IN TUBES."

I maintained a modest silence. I seemed to have missed an almost ceaseless round of pleasure.

"Still," he resumed judicially, "these are trifles. The heart of a car is the gear-box, and the art of driving is changing gear. Sounds like poetry, doesn't it? Of course it does. You remember what the great PANHARD said about the sliding gear? It ought to be in letters of gold in every club-house. '*Il est brusque et brutal*,' he said, '*mais il marche*.'"

The veteran dug me in the waistcoat. "What did PANHARD mean?" he demanded.

"Er—I suppose he meant——"

"Exactly—that's just what he *did* mean. Did PANHARD want a smooth sickening lounge-lizard of a gear? No; PANHARD was a *man*."

"Doubtless," I agreed. "Still, weren't there attempts—didn't DE DION do something with expanding clutches?"

"He did—and I never thought the better of him for it. But yet, I don't know, perhaps I was unjust. If they didn't jam they slipped. I remember doing Henley in four hours. I daresay it was only DE DION'S joke. His heart was sound."

The old warrior was well launched on the stream of reminiscence. "Ah! there were artists in the trade in those days. When I think of the old quadrant changes—you were never sure of the right notch. And the early dog-clutches that were always jumping out. I've driven all the way to Brighton holding on to the lever. Talking of levers, the early Daimlers had a separate one for reverse. That was a pretty job; with a bit of luck you could get both in together. Then she'd hiccup. They understood the spirit of the game in those days."

"Must have been interesting."

"Interesting? It was Life! I've gone up Westerham in reverse before now."

The bright memory faded. "Look at it now," he growled—"free wheels—fluid flywheels—pre-selective muckings. . . ."

With one movement he swept half-a-dozen Special Show Numbers to the floor. He was old, but he still had his strength.

But he hadn't seen the worst. Somewhere in the pile was a description of a fully automatic self-changing affair. For a few short hours I would dam the flowing tide.

"I suppose you'll be seeing the Old Crocks' run?" I ventured.

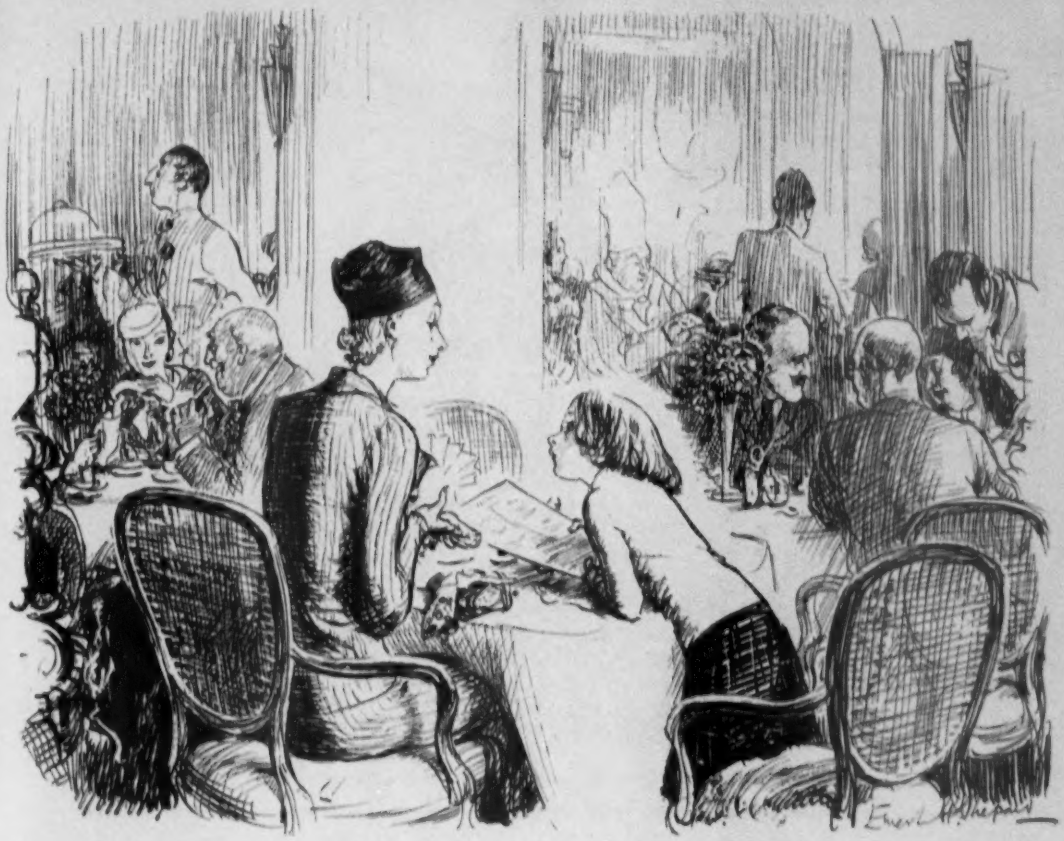
"Don't know," he said listlessly. "Is it any good turning the dagger in the wound?"

"But suppose I could get you a mount?"

"A mount!" The old war-horse sniffed the battle.

"Yes; a friend of mine was entering but he burnt his hair and eyebrows off. It put him off a bit."

"Pshaw!"



Susan (thrilled by the menu). "MUMMY, IT SAYS HERE 'WHOLE PHEASANT, TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.' IS THAT THE TIME IT TAKES TO EAT IT?"

It's not really easy to say "Pshaw!" but he managed it twice.

"What is it?" he added eagerly.

"One-lung Oldsmobile—1898. Absolutely vintage. Single chain to the back-axle."

His face lighted up. "Tiller steering?" he asked.

"Yes—and candles in the side-lamps."

He took both my hands in his. "My boy," he said tremulously, "now I shall die happy."

There seemed a chance of that. A silence charged with feeling was broken by an insistent hooting from the street. It came from a fish-like car with a pretty girl at the wheel.

"That's Betty," said her grandfather. "Well, I can go through with it now." He took up his hat—a museum-piece with a peak fore and aft, indissolubly associated with *Sherlock Holmes*—and we went down to the street. At the step he stopped me.

"Come round to my place some time," he said; "I'd like you to see a number-plate of mine. 'Z 1'—I've got it framed. And," he made a palpable effort, "I've got a red flag in my safe."

We exchanged a silent handclasp and walked over to the car.

"Look at it," he muttered; "it'd go under a bus. That chit has never seen over a hedge in her life."

He brightened a little as he noted that the screen was folded forward on to the dash. The old blood ran true.

He smiled and settled himself beside the driver.

She, with the insouciance of her age and sex, slipped in too high a gear and stalled the engine. She withdrew the clutch and the automatic starter span the engine. The old man had forgotten that one. He started as if he'd bitten on a sore tooth and turned to me a look that expressed the inexpressible.

"Cheer up," I said. "Remember—nothing later than 1904."

My charity was rewarded. He was smiling happily as he slid away to a desecrated Olympia—steeled to anything by the thought of November and the Veterans' Parade.

I'd kept it from him that he would be "Exhibit A."

Sally's Way.

THE merriment of Sally's laugh
Is sunshine in dull weather;
More wit has Sally's careless chaff
Than all the books together.

She borrows half her clever things?
She must have heard or read them?
Like butterflies with folded wings
They were till Sally said them!

W. K. H.

"On Monday they were shelled for four hours by armoured cars, and a gunboat replied with machine-guns from the windows of the hotel."—*Weekly Paper.*

Tell it to the Marines!

"Visitors and players are reminded that traps are laid for rabbits on the course."
Notice in Golf Club.

We need no reminder, thank you.



"Go on, Daddy, answer him back! You mustn't lose your prestige."

Moon-Effect.

A Nocturne.

The moon is shining brightly,
And brings the silvery hour
When minor poets lightly
Sing with unwonted power;
She makes their task as easy
As falling off a log,
And has the self-same breezy
Effect on yonder dog.

I know him well, a creature
Of grave and sober tones
Who has no salient feature
Except a love of bones;
His days are unexciting,
And when the world grows dark
He curls up like a whiting
And sleeps without remark.

By what strange force uplifted,
By what soul-grief unnerved,
A beast so little gifted
And, as a rule, reserved,
Should, 'neath the full moon, go it
And wail the long night through,
Though, be it said, no poet,
I know no more than you.

Creatures there are, nocturnal
In habit, like the cat,
Whose night-song 's most infernal
And all too often flat;
E'en the domestic cow, too,
Spoiled of her early calf,
Will make a midnight row too
Melodious by half.

But not maternal lowing
Nor passion of the tiles,
Though, once the latter 's going,
It can be heard for miles
And keep one mad till all hours,
Vie with that funnel nose
That cleaves the silent small hours
When chaste Diana glows.

O cries of men in trouble
With mental cares, or mumps,
O agonies that bubble
From camels with their humps,
O songs on barren tideways
By yearning mermaids sung,
You 're one and all knocked sideways
When this lone beast gives tongue.

Regard my neighbour's cocker,
O orbèd moon, and shun
To drive him off his rocker
As hitherto you 've done;
Tell him the night is cheerful;
Say that the stars are glad;
If he could be less tearful,
It wouldn't be as bad.

Dum-Dum.

To-Day's Bargain.

"South Africa For £40."
Daily Paper.



THE RESTIVE GUEST.

SPIRIT OF WAR. "ANOTHER ONE GONE. THIS MEANS THAT I CAN TAKE BACK MY THINGS AND SAY GOOD-BYE."

SPIRIT OF PEACE. "NOT AT ALL. IT MEANS THAT OUR DISCUSSIONS ARE NOW MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER."



CURIOSITIES OF LONDON CLUB LIFE.

PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT THE INITIATION OF A NEW MEMBER AT THE LAPLANDERS' CLUB.

The Autumn Morning.

My dears, the first fog in Paris has been too divine—and what do you think I have seen? Before *premier déjeuner* I noticed on the boulevards home-made and plaited costumes with the shortest of coatees. Knotted skirts too, mostly of bass or binder-twine, with a distinct change in warp. The materials are hirsute—not too much but just a semblance of fluffy hairiness. And you will revel in the latest creations of Bonnechance—mandarine (better than tangerine) and *bêche-de-mer* plaid, also from Scotland naturally, to go with vert-de-gris and soap-bubble for a coatee; and there is too a very coarse sienna rabbit. All these have a phosphorescent surface which deftly leads the optic from the form.

Hortense, by the way, adopts a glittering emerald pelota with folding wings, and there is too a belota in natural tones of Turkish blue-bottle. Siamese cat and honey-bear are fashionable too.

* * *

To a slight woman basks and fins give an elastic far-away look; close-fitting fins and scales are more suitable for the statuesque. Coats fasten with an illuminated zipp down the back, or are in five pieces, held together by three buckles of fossilised acorns. Collars are decidedly prim, draped to a plimsoll-line about the nape and finished with a crystallised oak-apple.

The short coatee does not have a collar. The five-eighths coatee may have the remote suggestion of a ruff, but this should be held well up to the chin by a single halibut bone.

* * *

Sleeves of forenoon jackets are rolled back and held by burnished coil-springs, while sacked coats and shopping overalls have voluminous sleeves pochetted with diamanté cuffs and epaulettes in ruby sequins. Skirts are slim and flimsy, with a flare from the left knee and hip-pouches in wildebeeste. Edges are bound in elephant-whisker and touched up neatly with pipe-clay or luminous paint.

Very *chic* is the smooth backless skirt with reversed box-pleats and inverted pockets well gusseted. Zig-zag accordions cross-cut and hemmed are still wearable. Short skirts with springy fins and obtuse rudders in three-ply may be worn without visible support, relying only on the tiniest band of armoured hose-pipe.

Blouses and jabots are mostly of chrysanthemum shades, so thoughtful to the older woman. A wide armhole with fringe of painted cowries is intriguing. Shoulders should bulge so as to fit snugly under the vest-coatee; but these will depend on the shape of the arm.

* * *

Little women are wearing exotic colours in the hours of dawn, the shades fancied being cerise, smoke-stack black and Chartreuse. Calico is the right foundation, although Malheureux favours mouseskin-lamé and sateen lambkin. Short scarves with Lima beans and tiger-trotters *appliqué* go with every coatee and blouse. Swastikas in all forms are out.

You may light upon many intimate accessories to homespun clothes. There are racy horsehair waistcoats with vitreous lapels, flannelette muffs and chamois mittens; and all these inviting extras are of carbolised goat (Maltese, *not* the Cambrian), quilted spider-hide or plain yak.

Plastrons trimmed with ferret dwindle into nothingness down the back and are given importance by a



Supporter. "TACKLE HIM, ANDY, MAN! TACKLE HIM!"
His Fiancée. "WHAT A NUISANCE THESE YELLING MEN ARE, DEAR! ANDY CAN'T HEAR YOU."

good cameo at the point. Capes may be of feathers (or leaves), in which case old canary or young heron is the vogue. Belts are of asphalt with a white line, and stone-studded, waterproof; or of fine emery-paper with a bow of perfumed pine-needles.

Low-heeled shoes should appear with very, very low blouses. A higher shoe is the mode with a higher blouse. Bags may match anything or nothing, as they are now of glass and can be seen through. Morning gloves are of amiable lynx; for noon and *déjeuner* gauntlets of green caoutchouc with dappled cayenne and well-marked stitches in thistledown are always correct.

The Key.

WHEN Mary and I first went to Egypt the older residents kindly gave us several pieces of advice, the most unanimous being that we must not trust Berberine servants. They admitted openly that their own cooks were thieves and their *suffragis* liars, and spoke with pride of the formidable locks which guarded their store-cupboards. We gathered that no expert housewife ever paid her cook more than half the sum he maliciously pretended to have spent in the market, or failed to subject his market-basket to a daily examination so meticulous that it extended to counting the peas.

Distrust, like other human virtues, is not to be acquired without effort, and our Abdel Aziz did not lend himself readily to the experiment. He was a dignified and elderly man, with high cheek-bones and an ascetic face, and his manner to us was courteous and somewhat fatherly. Although we told each other that, being both cook and *suffragi*, he must be a liar *and* a thief, our tone lacked conviction. We thought it wise to start distrusting him in a small way. We felt that if we could establish the principle of having a locked store-cupboard it would be easy to advance later to halving the accounts and computing the peas.

We accordingly installed a store-cupboard and in somewhat deprecatory tones explained its uses to Abdel Aziz.

"Every morning," we said, "you will attend the *sitt*, who will unlock the cupboard and give you what may be necessary."

Rather to our surprise Abdel Aziz made no objections to the new system. His attitude towards it was courteous and non-committal, and might have been regarded either as respect for our able housewifery or as toleration for a childish game. We preferred the first interpretation and became proud of our distrust. We even began to admit to later comers than ourselves that our Abdel Aziz was a thief and a liar.

The only difficulty connected with the store-cupboard was the disposal of the key. The lock was as formidable as the most suspicious housewife could desire, and the key was large in proportion. It was not practicable to carry it about either in my pocket or in any of Mary's numerous handbags. We were obliged to hide it. After reviewing a number of possible places we hid it under some papers in one of the drawers of Mary's desk, and as nothing ever disappeared from the cupboard it was safe to assume that this hiding-place was unknown to Abdel Aziz. Nevertheless as time went on and we became more experienced in distrust we began to be afraid that Abdel Aziz, thief and liar as he was, might suspect its whereabouts, and we changed the place. To keep Abdel Aziz off the scent we made a practice of changing the place fairly frequently at cunningly irregular intervals.



"I WANT SOME HERRING-ROES AS WELL, PLEASE."
"YES, MADAM. HARD OR SOFT?"
"OH—MEDIUM."

And at last a day came when Mary hid the key hurriedly and forgot where it had been concealed. We searched in all the unlikely places, in all the likely places, and even as a last resort in some of the obvious places; but when Abdel Aziz attended the *sitt* to draw the daily necessaries it still had not been found.

Abdel Aziz waited in patient silence for the *sitt* to open the cupboard, while we looked at each other guiltily and sought for a form of words which would explain the loss without admitting the blame.

"Listen, Abdel Aziz," I said at last, "a serious thing has occurred. The key of the store-cupboard is not in its usual place."

Abdel Aziz evinced no surprise. Neither did he start in the manner of an evil-doer who has been caught red-handed. He looked at us with the reproachful eye of a kindly nurse whose patience has been much tried.

"It has long been my wish," he said in a tone of gentle rebuke, "to speak to *ganab el sitt* on this matter of the key. At first it was very well. It remained always in the second drawer of the desk. Then it was removed to the small cupboard in *ganabkum's* bedroom. Recently it has been placed under a cup in the china cabinet, but yesterday the *sitt*, being pressed for time, left it beneath the visiting-cards in the bowl on the hall table. This is not a good thing. A day may come when Abdel Aziz will not be able to remind the *sitt* where she left the key. It would be better, for the sake of safety, to leave it with Abdel Aziz."

As it is not practical to permit an untrustworthy servant to supervise the manner in which he is distrusted we agreed.

At the Play.

"COMMAND PERFORMANCE" (SAVILLE)

RURITANIA is by now among the better-known of Eastern European countries. But it is a country to be visited with a decent solemnity lest it should fade altogether from the map. The frontiers of Baroc and Vassau, the kingdoms in which *Command Performance* takes place, adjoin Ruritania, but these new kingdoms are obviously temporary affairs in which nobody believes. The Ministers of State of Baroc, who sing at their Council table, are politicians of the English or French type, and there is a flavour of direct and crude parody of contemporary English politicians in their utterances.

The *King* of Vassau is a type now familiar on the stage—the henpecked man of pleasure full of sly indolent retorts to a shrewish spouse and fond of a little flirtation on the side. It takes all Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH's distinction and urbanity to make it quite plain that this is not *Baron Hard-up* of pantomime over again. The *King* and *Queen* are like any squabbling middle-aged couple, except that they have complacently ordained the murder of all unsuccessful suitors for their daughter's hand. This peculiar and pointless ferocity gives Mr. DENNIS KING his opportunity. When the action begins he is *Peter Mali*, an actor, wanted by the police for assaulting the *Crown Prince*. To escape the saltmines he agrees to impersonate this *Prince*, to make the dangerous visit to Vassau and to woo the *Princess*. After the formal betrothal it is intended to substitute the real *Prince* and cement the alliance which will save Baroc.

Most of the scenes are laid in the Palace at Vassau, and show the successful wooing of the *Princess* by the pseudo-prince, and his confession. He confesses because he has really lost his heart to the *Princess Katherine*. The audience did so too, and Miss JEANNE AUBERT, talking English as the English love the French to talk it, and singing and dancing and acting with a gay radiance and zest, was an immediate and enormous success.

The ending is of course happy. The real *Prince* flees the country rather than marry without love on either side, and Baroc policy can only be saved if *Peter Mali* makes permanent his impersonation of the heir to the throne.



COUNCIL CHAMBER MUSIC BY CABINET MINSTRELS OF BAROC.

There is a foolish solemn paragraph on the programme relating how a Russian peasant passed himself off as a royal prince and became ruler of Montenegro in the late eighteenth century. This is printed to show that royalty has been impersonated successfully before now, but anything less relevant to this piece could be hardly found. We see nothing of any peasant-folk in Baroc or Vassau, and our whole business is in antechambers and royal apartments, among people who call for whisky-and-soda and read *The Tatler* and *The Sketch*.

Perhaps too many cooks have had a hand in this broth, but the result is that *Command Performance* is neither very exciting nor very amusing. There is enough *opéra bouffe* to mar Mr. DENNIS KING's now famous sword-and-cape methods, but not enough wit or swing, either in words or music, to make a plot unnecessary. The applause which Miss JEANNE AUBERT and MR. DENNIS KING gained for themselves in their duets was deservedly warm. But some part of it seemed to be due to the readiness of the audience to forget all about Baroc and Vassau and to delight in the singing talents of the actress and the actor, without thinking that anything of particular interest was likely to be held up by encores.



LOVE'S CONFIDENCES.

Katherine . . . MISS JEANNE AUBERT.
Peter Mali . . . MR. DENNIS KING.

Ruritania cannot quite stand all the liberties that musical comedy likes to take with it. If there is to be no attempt at collective illusion and the show betrays its plot and becomes rather a revue in a palace setting, then the individual performers must be given full scope for their various talents. There must be coruscation. In *Command Performance* many chances were thrown away, not by the cast but by those who decided what the cast was to say and do. The *Chancellor* of Baroc, the *Queen*, the *Crown Prince* were all well-acted, but all had to struggle with flat and commonplace and yet unnatural lines; and their plotting was no more exciting than a woman consulting her lawyer over some small piece of business.

Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER as *Vasco*, the stage director who seeks to betray the identity of *Peter Mali* and to shoot him, is excellently vigorous and wild, and seems very sanely aware that a few pistol-shots will not be out of place in either palace.

B. W.

"THE FARE INCLUDES ROMANCE" (GATE THEATRE STUDIO).

The explanation of this mysterious title is not that horse-shoes are found in the plum-pudding, but that when *Mr. Doggett*, of Doggett's Tours, offered in his ingenuous advertisements to hand the tired British public the key of the Continent, he guaranteed that the wearer's of Doggett's coat and badge in foreign parts should be well-educated young English gentlemen. And in confidence he admitted that he put this in as a lure to British spinsters who might think fifteen guineas well spent which brought them the experience of being in Venice and the company of a well-educated young English gentleman at one and the same time.

Greenwood is *Doggett's* ace-courier, which means that while on duty he gets less drunk than the others and preserves his temper better in the face of an imbecile rain of interrogation. He is not altogether a bad youth, but weak enough to find difficulty in declining the advances of those young women from amongst his fortnightly flocks whose fiction-reading has taught them that on the Continent nothing really matters.

In the first scene he tells *Doggett* so and resigns. But *Doggett* merely raises his salary and packs him off to Lucerne, where a small band of the faithful will soon be due.

These, when they arrive, are as incongruous a collection as one could wish to see. For there is *Miss King*, a Scots lady of markedly ungenerous habit, who is aching to expose the *Doggett* organisation in *The Daily Mail*, and who only asks the courier the heights of mountains so that she can contradict him publicly from her *Baedeker*; there is *Mrs. Chetwynd*, all gentility and inquiries for the dear Queen's health; *Mr. Willis*, a fine hearty vulgarian and a sterling chip of the country's back-bone; his solemn comrade, *Mr. Barker*, from the North, who takes the view that one travels to improve the mind; two girls, one a masculine schoolmistress, the other a feminine little typist; and *Miss Thompson*, a flighty blonde who has thrown up the Chorus for a lady's life since her boy-friend died and left her all his money.

It is not what you would call a very matey party, nor is it even imbued



A DOGGETT'S LIFE.

Greenwood (the courier) . . . . . MR. LEWIS SHAW.

with any common purpose, such as to investigate the archæology or the night-life of other countries. But *Greenwood* has been facing similar gangs for five years, and the moment they arrive he lets into gear an admirable technique of mechanised courtesy.



RAPID ROMANCE.

Mr. Willis . . . . . MR. NORMAN SHELLEY.
Miss Thompson . . . . . MISS VIOLA LYEL.

In the ensuing scenes Mr. A. R. TURPIN has devised from rather easy materials an amusing satire on the English middle-classes abroad. As a play it lacks dramatic impetus because the plot scarcely develops at all, each scene being really a further exhibition of *Greenwood* v. *The Rest*. But as entertainment I enjoyed it. The characterisation is sure, and on the whole the dialogue is commendably bright. The best moment of all occurs on the summit of the Rigi, when *Greenwood*, thinking it is time he did something to please the party, indicates a white spot on a distant mountain as the scene of ELINOR GLYN'S *Three Weeks*. Stampede. Curtain, and a very nice one.

The romantic, and for a short time the tragic, elements are introduced by the typist, *Molly*, falling violently for *Greenwood* and insisting that he shall make love to her, which he does. When the fortnight is over she goes back on her word and begs him in vain to return to England with her. Somehow this pathetic interlude is not so convincing as it might have been, and personally I rejoiced when the two matrons, scandalised, telegraph for *Mr. Doggett* himself, who is rash enough to come. Just before the last curtain, in which *Doggett* is torn to pieces, *Greenwood* again resigns, but whether owing to the imminence of another party or qualms about *Molly* I couldn't decide.

Mr. LEWIS SHAW as *Greenwood* gave a well-balanced performance, enlisting our sympathy in general and yet sketching in his inherent feebleness with sure touches. As the flighty blonde Miss VIOLA LYEL was delightful, the final thaw in her refrigerated manner being masterly.

I make no comment as to the truth or the untruth of this picture. But, although Mr. TURPIN'S satire is directed more at the *clientèle* than at the organisers of travel tours, this is not a play which I recommend to these latter gentlemen with any real confidence. ERIC.

"SUES CANAL DUEZ.
MORE CRITICISM."
Bangkok Paper.

It seems to be needed.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

IV.

July 24th. Arrival of Robin at Waterloo, where I go to meet him and see customary collection of waiting parents and think how depressing they all look, and feel certain they think exactly the same about me. Train is late as usual, and I talk to pale mother in beige coat and skirt and agree that the boys all come back looking very well, and that schools nowadays are quite different, and children really adore being there. After that she tells me that her Peter hates games and is no good at lessons, and I say that my Robin has never really settled down at school at all; and we agree that boys are much more difficult than girls. (Shall not, however, be surprised, if I find occasion to reverse this dictum after a few days of dear Vicky's society at home.)

Train comes in, and parents, including myself, hurry madly up and down platform amongst shoals of little boys in red caps. Finally discover Robin, who has grown enormously and is struggling under immensely heavy bag.

We get into a taxi and dash to Poland Street, where Green Line bus deposits Vicky with suit-case—handle broken and it has to be dragged— bulging hat-box, untidy-looking brown-paper parcel, two books—*Mickey Mouse Annual* and *David Copperfield*, which I think odd mixture—and half-eaten packet of milk chocolate.

She screams and is excited, and says she is hungry, and Robin supports her with assertion that he is absolutely starving, and we leave luggage at depôt and go and eat ices at establishment in Oxford Street.

Remainder of day divided between shopping, eating and making as much use as possible of underground moving stairway, for which R. and V. have a passion.

July 25th. Telephone appeal from Caroline Concannon saying Can she move into Doughty Street flat immediately, as this is the best day for the van? Am alarmed by the sound of the van, and ask if she has realised that the flat is furnished already and there isn't much room to spare. Yes, she knows all that, and it's only one or two odds and ends, and if she may come round with a tape-measure she can soon tell. Feel that this is reasonable and must be acceded to, and suggest to the children that they should play quietly with bricks in the bedroom. They agree to this very readily, and shortly afterwards I hear them playing, not quietly at all, with a cricket-ball in the kitchen.

Caroline Concannon arrives soon afterwards—velocity of tiny car, in relation to its size, quite overwhelming—and rushes into the flat. No sign of tape-measure, but the van, she says, will be here directly. This proves to be only too true. and the van shortly afterwards appears and unloads a small black wardrobe, a quantity of pictures—some of these very, very modern indeed, and experience fleeting hope that the children will not insist on detailed examination, but this probably old-fashioned and not to be encouraged—two chairs, at least seventeen cushions, little raffia footstool that I do not care about, plush dog with green eyes that I care about still less, two packing-cases (probably china), a purple quilt which is obviously rolled round a large number of miscellaneous objects, and a portmanteau that C. C. says is full of books. I ask, What about her clothes? and she says, Oh, those will all come later with the luggage.



A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the old device—
"Disarmament."

["The higher Alpine passes are now blocked by snow and closed to vehicles."
"The Times," October 19.]

Am rather stunned by this and take no action at all. C. C. is active and rushes about, and shortly afterwards Robin and Vicky emerge from the kitchen and become active too. Small man materialises and staggers up and down stairs carrying things, and appeals to me—as well he may—about where they are to go. I say, "Here," and "What about *that* corner?" as hopefully as possible, and presently find that all my own belongings are huddled together in the middle of the sitting-room, like survivors of a wreck clinging to a raft, while all C. C.'s goods and chattels are lined in rows against the walls.

C. C.—must remember to call her Caroline—is apologetic, and offers rather recklessly to take all her things away again if I like; but this is surely purely rhetorical and I take little notice of it. At twelve o'clock she suddenly suggests that the children would like an ice and rushes them away, and I am left feeling partly relieved at getting rid of them and partly agitated because it is getting so near lunch-time.

Make a few tentative efforts about furniture and succeed in clearing a gangway down the middle of the sitting-room—this a definite improvement—but find increasing tendency to move everything that seems to be occupying too much space into kitchen. Caroline has evidently had same inspiration, as I find small armchair there, unknown to me hitherto, standing on its head, two waste-paper-baskets (something tells me these are likely to be very much used in the near future), large saucepan, Oriental-looking drapery that might be a bed-spread, and folding oak table that will not, to my certain knowledge, fit into any single room when extended.

Telephone-bell interrupts me—just as well, as I am growing rather agitated—and Rose's voice inquires if I have done anything yet about my clothes for America. Well, no, not so far, but I am really going to see about it in a day or two. Rose is, not unjustifiably, cynical about this, and says that she will herself make an appointment for me tomorrow afternoon. Can see no way of getting out of this, as Felicity Fairmead has offered to take children for the day so as to set me free, and therefore can only acquiesce. Unescapable conviction comes over me that I shan't be able to find a complete set of undergarments that match, for when I have to be tried on—but perhaps this will only take place at a later stage? Must remember to bear the question in mind when dealing with laundry, but am aware that I have been defeated on the point before and almost certainly shall be again.

Caroline Concannon returns with children; we all go out together and have inexpensive lunch of fried fish, chipped potatoes and meringues at adjacent Lyons, after which there seems to be a general feeling that C. C. is one of ourselves, and both the children address her by her Christian name.

Am much struck by all of this, and



Loquacious Guide. "AND REMEMBER, LADIES AND GENTS, THAT THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE WAS 'IS 'OME: AND FOR THEM AS WANTS TO SEE 'EM THE TORTURE-CHAMBER AND DUNGEONS WILL BE SIXPENCE EXTRY."

decide that the Modern Girl has been maligned. Possible material here for interesting little article on Pre-conceived Opinions in regard to Unfamiliar Types? Have vague idea of making a few notes on these lines; but this finally resolves itself into a list of minor articles required by Robin and Vicky, headed, as usual, by Tooth Paste.

(*Query:* Do all schools possess a number of pupils whose parents are unable or unwilling to supply them with tooth-paste, and are they accordingly invited to share that of the better-equipped? Can think of no other explanation for the permanently depleted state of tubes belonging to Robin and Vicky.) E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

Another Political Acrobat.

"The Hon. A. ——, since his appointment as a Minister of the Clown, has shown considerable agility in dealing with deputations."
New Zealand Paper.

"LONGER DAY SKIRTS."—*Daily Paper.*

And only yesterday we were remarking how the evenings were drawing in!

A Bursary Ballad.

(*According to the official report of the operation on* HAROLD LARWOOD'S *foot "a thickened and inflamed bursa, with the underlying sesamoid bone, was removed."*)

THOUGH the ethics of bodyline bowlers
No longer my passions excite
And the cables of Test Match controllers
Have ceased to disturb me at night,
I confess that I joyfully carolled,
With lyrical rapture replete,
On learning that LARWOOD, stout HAROLD,
Was sound in his feet.

When I'm asked what I think of Locarno,
Or those who initialled the pact,
Or dared to deny that there are no
Good reasons they should not be sacked;
Or if KAYE DON is greater than GAR WOOD—
No ink am I tempted to sling;
But the sesamoid process of LARWOOD
Inspires me to sing.

When cricketing heroes wore braces,
Ere toppers had yielded to caps,
I can find no conspicuous traces
Of this metatarsal collapse;
But the physical effort connected
With pastime incessantly grows,
And players are always expected
To be "on their toes."

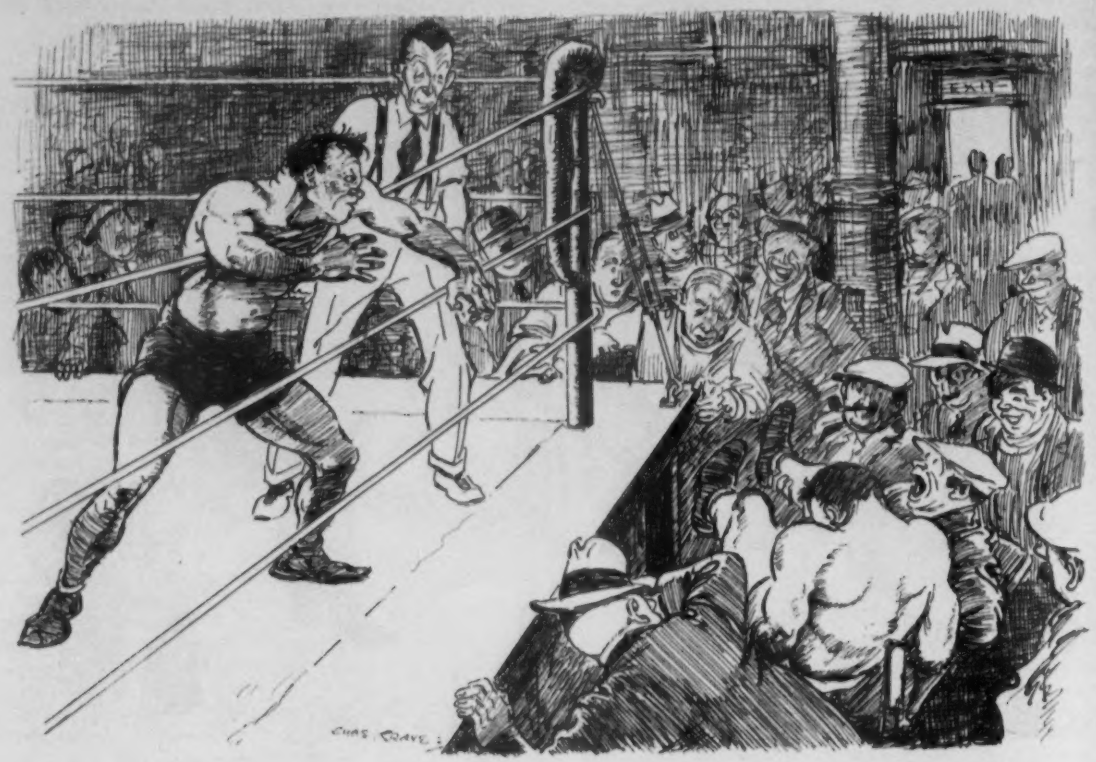
I rejoice that the bursa which thickened
His toes has been cunningly healed;
That his pace will be probably quickened
When next he appears in the field;
But I grieve when I think that no winner
I've backed for a twelvemonth or more,
And my bursa, or purse, is far thinner
Than ever before. C. L. G.

"EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS WANT SLEEPERS."
British Guiana Paper.

Only sound ones need apply.

"There are not many parishes that can produce a congregation of two hundred and fifty per cent."—*Parish Magazine.*

We never doubted it.



Spectator (to All-in Wrestler). "CAN'T YER CHUCK 'IM AT SOMEBODY ELSE? I'VE 'AD 'IM FIVE TIMES."

La Pèche En Mer.

(To the great army of fresh-water fishermen who, like me, have only to approach a loch or river for it to be instantly transformed into an inviolable asylum for even the cheapest sorts of fish: and more particularly to those amongst them who—from much morbid contemplation of fishmongers' windows—imagine, as I did, that in the sea, because it is bigger, angling is different—I dedicate this illuminating article.)

IT was Theodore Bunn's idea that we should go together for a fortnight to the little port of St. Grenadine-sans-Picon on the Mediterranean and acquire proficiency in the marine department of our joint sport. Nobody knew much about what swam in the Mediterranean (apart from Antibes), but Theodore's gastronomic chart of France vouched for tunny and turbot, which seemed good enough to begin on. We wisely limited our tackle to five or six rods and their et-ceteras, but at the last moment Theodore was persuaded to buy a tunny-reel, equipped with three-speed gear and hydraulic brake.

The journey to the South was not wasted time, for on it we absorbed, in all its charming intricacies, *A Manual of Sea Fishing*, and when we arrived there was nothing we did not know of Whiffing for Bass, Booming for Mahseer or Dapping for Conger-eels.

* * * * *

The first thing we noticed about St. Grenadine was that most of the male population were out on the quay fishing. In the distance this seemed encouraging. But when we came closer we made the discovery, revolting to anyone steeped in *A Manual of Sea Fishing*, that to a man they were using bamboo poles with lengths of string tied to the end.

"How the mediæval survives!" said Theodore. "There must be lots of big fish out there who have read the *Manual* and are simply longing for a gentlemanly paternoster to be cast to them."

Our first move was to visit La Veuve Daudet ("*Toutes Les Choses Pour La Pêche*") and inquire about local bait. Fresh supplies had just come in, and she was able to offer us hideous little red worms or some small snails—both "*formidable comme amorce.*" We took the worms for the reason that with them one could see the worst at a glance.

It would be idle to pretend that our presence at the end of the quay that afternoon went unremarked. No sooner did the word go round that here were two men with rods which put together and had big reels clipped on to them than there was a clatter of bamboo poles and the sound of a multitude running. But in spite of friendly barracking we maintained our dignity, impaled our worms and prepared to demonstrate to the unbelieving the deadliness of modern tackle.

"*Prenez garde!*" cried Theodore, and with a great swing of his rod entered on his sea-fishing career. Not, however, too happily. He failed to give just that flick which speeds the parting cast, with the result that the paternoster came full circle and its lead caught the harbour-master neatly between the eyes. While its three worms settled inextricably in the hair of three policemen. . . .

A couple of hours later, when the crowd had begun to thin, Theodore landed our first victim. The congratulatory buzz which arose was genuine. "*Ça c'est la rascasse—la meilleure pour*

la bouillabaisse—le vrai poisson de la Méditerranée!"

Before flinging it away we weighed it bitterly. A full two ounces.

"Look here," we said to our hotel proprietor—"surely there's tunny-fishing on this coast?"

"Tunny-feeshing?" he replied. "Zere is no need. We 'ave ze best tunny in teens. I vill see you 'ave heem to-morrow."

"No, no," we cried; "we want to fish for it. *Pour le sport*," we added desperately.

"*Ah! le sport!*" A new light infused his eye. "I send for Hippolyte."

Hippolyte had a nine-carat smile, an old motor-boat and just enough sense not to commit himself about the monsters of the deep. We soon came to terms, and the next morning, full of rods and optimism, the *Marie-Céleste* chugged seawards.

Some miles out we assembled the tunny-rod and the three-speed reel and began to troll a mackerel on the kind of hook with which they suspend calves in butchers' shops. I won the toss and had the first half-hour. Nothing happened except that my wrists nearly cracked and seven mackerel were washed off the hook.

Then Theodore took over, with no better luck. Hippolyte just crouched by his rusty engine and spat black tobacco over the side.

It was during Theodore's fifth innings, when France had receded to a dim shadow on the horizon, that it happened. There was a sudden wild cry of "A BITE!" fathoms of line whizzed out of the reel, and Theodore all but fell overboard.

"A big brute, by gad!" he yelled. "I'll have to change gear to hold him."

"Play him carefully," I cautioned. "Remember what it said in italics on page 409!"

"Which page?" he cried.

"409!" I shouted, eager to be of help.

After we had towed the creature for some way and had presumably tired him, we decided to reel in slowly. The rod bent nearly double, but the line came steadily in. Theodore was quite white and his knees were knocking. I couldn't be certain which was my heart and which the engine. Even Hippolyte was moved. And then, with a swirl of water, a ship's laundry-basket appeared in our wake. . . .

Have you ever noticed what a sense of the dramatic some engines have? Just ten seconds later was the moment—the masterly moment—chosen by the *Marie-Céleste* to run out of petrol.

ERIC.



Magistrate. "WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?"
Witness. "I KNOCKS UP THE CHAP WOT KNOCKS UP THE CHAPS WOT GOES TO WORK."

Armed with a revolver a man entered a Co. Down chemist's shop and demanded money. We expect the chemist offered him something just as good.

* * *

A genius has invented a plastering machine that will work in the same manner as a man. We hasten to add, however, that it cannot lean up against a wall and have a smoke.

* * *

The *Curé* of a French village near Rochefort-sur-Mer has discovered that the Colorado beetle is poisoned by petunias. It is only what we should expect.

One of our famous cricketers is so tall that he has had to have the ceilings and doorways of his new house heightened. Naturally he objects to a long series of ducks.

* * *

A critic says every man over thirty has a novel in him. Perhaps it is the best place.

"Two important factors are:
First, Germany is bound by the Peace Treaty, which forbids her to re-arm; and,

Secondly, Germany is bound by the Peace Treaty, which forbids her to re-arm."—*Evening Paper.*

All right, all right; we are not deaf.



"He must be someone of importance. Look at the Savile Row cut of that tie."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Divine Sarah.

Few feats are harder to revive than the triumphs of the actor; and I catch myself wondering whether, had I not belonged to the generation that just saw *Sarah Bernhardt* (Peter Davies, 5/-), I should have been recaptivated by Mr. Maurice Baring's admirable study of her art. Undoubtedly I should have appreciated the tact which ignores the legend of her private life; for her public life—which began when she played the *Archangel Raphael* in a convent-play at the age of twelve—was the life that counted with the actress herself. Her enthusiasm for plays, from *Phèdre* to *Froufrou*, with the right theatrical stuff in them is understood and communicated; and Marion Crawford is quoted for her interruptions of the reading of a scenario with comments of "*C'est du bon théâtre!*" Having reluctantly made up her mind to become an actress, she pursued this idea single-minded, and was, you feel, the perfect professional as against Duse, who was something less and something more. It is the only blunder of Mr. Baring's exquisitely-balanced survey that he goes out of his way to minimise the Bernhardt's notorious depreciation of her only possible rival.

A Dartmoor Borgia.

Not only is it impossible to like *Avis Bryden*, the heroine, as perhaps her author would call her, of *A Shadow Passes* (Hutchinson, 7/6), but it is not very easy to believe in her. She is too remorsely true to herself to be quite true to nature. That Mr. Eden Phillpotts can interest us in her fortunes is, therefore, conclusive evidence of his skill in sheer narrative. At the beginning of this story *Avis*, as previously recorded, has already two murders to her credit, and it soon becomes apparent that she is ripe for another. But to befog us as to who her next victim shall be the pea and the thimble are most cleverly manipulated; while the game of double-crossing between her and *Barnaby Marchant*, an adversary as unscrupulous as herself but less cold-blooded and therefore more vulnerable, appeals to our highest sporting instincts. We sometimes feel a little impatient that these dynamic protagonists and their satellites should hold up events by talking like books which they have read and marked but not quite perfectly digested. But we may excuse them with the reflection that they but echo the idiosyncrasy of a veteran novelist who is a master not only of melodrama but of dignified and well-nourished prose.

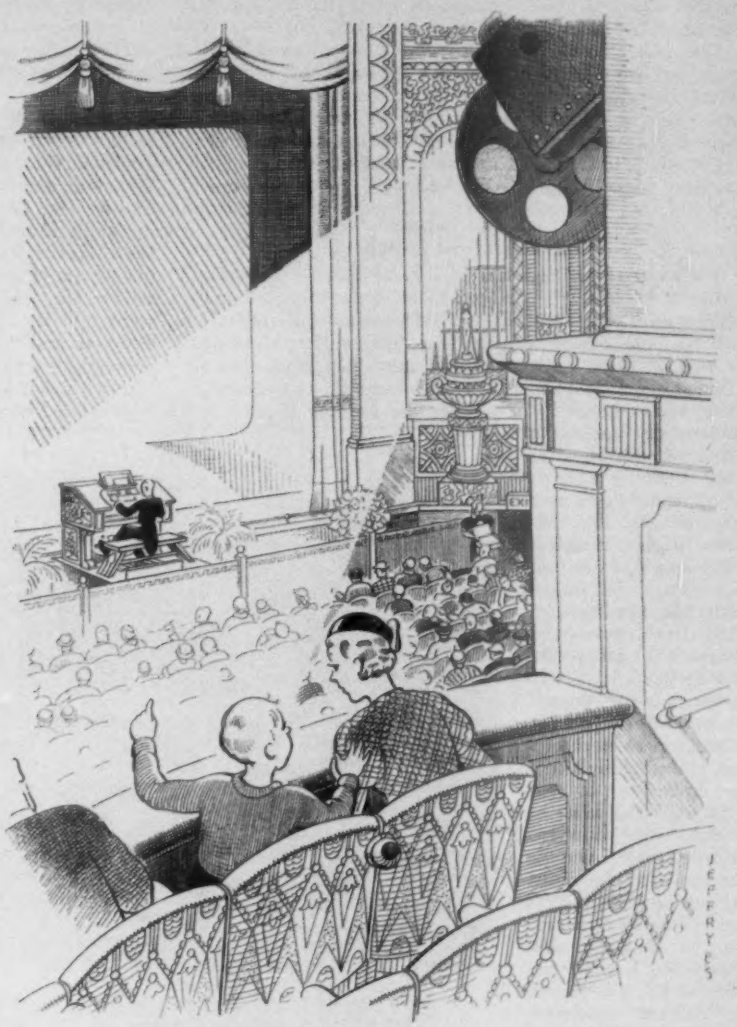
Don Juan at His Best.

While inclining, I feel, to take Byron at his own valuation, M. Maurois suggests that his hero's immortality hinges on *Don Juan*, the shorter lyrics, the journals and the letters; and in *The Letters of George Gordon, 6th Lord Byron* (Dent, 7/6), three hundred of which have now been admirably edited by Mr. R. G. Howarth and prefaced by the French critic himself, the most genuine exposition of the man is coupled with the rarest evidences of the poet. M. Maurois resumes his illuminating version of the Byron legend: of the Calvinism and sentimentalism which waged perpetual war with the sensualist and cynic, of the poetry

that was a safety-valve for passion and the prose which expressed a more humorous and balanced character. He introduces the "ballet" of BYRON's correspondents: the "Dowager," AUGUSTA, Cambridge acquaintances, the MELBOURNES, LAMBS and MILBANKES, the SHELLEY set, MURRAY and MOORE, the English patrons of the Greek adventure—motes only visible, he insists, in the ray which is BYRON, as indeed, save for SHELLEY and SCOTT, they are. A striking figure surrounded by *âmes d'acolytes*, the BYRON of the Letters not only bestows life on their recipients but on every situation and sentiment he handles.

Edwardian England.

The first fourteen years of the present century would seem to be an age without a name. At least Mr. E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD does not seem to have been able to think of any better designation for them than *The Victorian Aftermath* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6). Nevertheless he is forced to admit that there was a distinctive "Edwardian environment" and even "a definite improvement in the standard of everyday taste." Edwardian England made no attempt to deny its somewhat flamboyant enjoyment of the pleasures of life. It had indeed need to drain the cup to the dregs. Fourteen years after the passing of the Great Queen came the World War and the disappearance of all that had been held secure and sacred for nearly a century. There is much to ponder over in Mr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD's vivid and sweeping—perhaps too sweeping—survey of EDWARD VII.'s brief reign. All that glittered in that plutocratic civilisation was certainly not gold. If seen in retrospect across the ruin effected by the World War, it becomes tawdry even to eyes that formerly held it to be fair. This is a provocative and entertaining book.



"WILL HE STOP WHEN THE RED LIGHT COMES ON?"

The Australian Uncle.

There are some points of similarity between *Claimants*, by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (COLLINS, 7/6), and the story of that once so celebrated Claimant of our youth. Young *Sir Piers Johnne*, a baronet of ancient lineage, is just succeeding to a fine estate and is engaged to a charming girl, whom he proposes to marry as soon as he comes of age, when a stranger of sinister aspect is discovered in the grounds looking over the property with a knowing eye. Soon the family solicitor arrives, bringing the painful news that this stranger claims to be *Uncle Joseph* from Australia—an elder brother of the young baronet's father, who had been presumed lost when the *Blantyre* foundered with all hands on a voyage from Rio to Australia. There is the usual conflict of opinion. This time the family solicitor and the old nurse are on the side of the intruder, but the mother refuses point blank to recognise him as her son. However, when the trial comes on, the claimant makes out a very good case, and it looks at one time as though our baronet (who was perhaps too fortunate a youth to last) would have to surrender the title and the greater part of his estate. How everything is finally straightened out we will leave to Mr. MARSHALL to explain. He is a competent craftsman, and keeps the reader pleasantly on the rack of suspense almost to the last chapter of a very readable book.

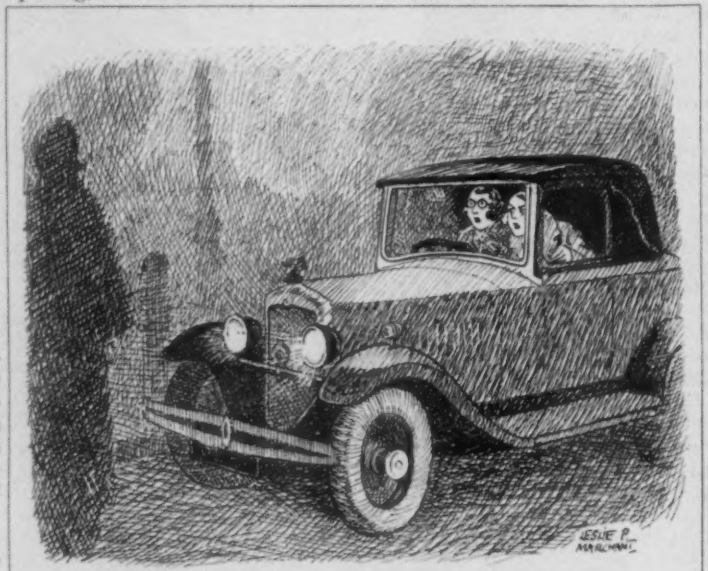
Frost and Mosquitoes.

In *The Land that God Gave Cain* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 12/6), Mr. J. M. SCOTT tells of his change from the life of a Cambridge undergraduate to that of an explorer. In 1928-29 he accompanied the late Mr. H. G. WATKINS on three surveying trips through little-known Labrador, travelling both in winter and summer. The third journey—to fix the position of the "Unknown Falls"—was accompanied by hardship and hunger such as are usually only known to the Polar explorers, yet the party remained cheery and resisted any temptation to give up. The author gives full credit to the hired guide, ROBERT MICHELIN, who certainly deserved it for his courage, skill and efficiency. The primary object of the travels was to map the sug-

gested line of the Canada-Newfoundland boundary through Labrador and prepare for aerial surveys. The reader is left to wonder if, beyond being allowed to land their equipment free of Customs duties, these young men were compensated by either Government for their work and expense. But I suspect that the work and success were higher pay. An amusingly-written and interesting book, which will give instruction to some who decry the modern youth. The photographs are good, and one is grateful, in a book of exploration, for such excellent maps.

Lob-Teach-in-the-School.

I do not think that the *Mr. Thompson* of Miss ANNA GORDON KEOWN'S second novel is likely to make many ordinary acquaintances; the servants of time and convention will not bother to accompany him further than the length of two or three pages, but the more gay and random-minded will delight to follow him through the extraordinary term when, bored by exploring, he became master in a preparatory-school for backward boys. He went there because he heard that there were exceptionally fine trees in the neighbourhood; he left because, in a Lob-like way, he fell in love with the headmaster's wife. In the interim, he alternately exasperated and enchanted his companions, wrote poetry, maintained (oddly enough) perfect discipline, philosophised, kept an aquarium in the attic and said what he thought—the latter was rather odd. One is tempted to use worn words such as "eldritch" and "whimsical" in trying to describe *Mr. Thompson*, but all the same he has the charm of brilliant madness. Miss KEOWN writes at times beautifully, at times a little tiresomely, but with such consistent humour that I think very many readers will delight in the curious company of *Mr. Thompson in the Attic* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6).



"DO YOU THINK THAT'S A POLICEMAN IN FRONT, DEAR?"
"DRIVE GENTLY INTO IT, DARLING, AND INQUIRE."

The Wife of a "Lion."

The "shop" of certain callings interests many people and perhaps Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA'S new novel, *Namesakes* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), will have a great success simply because it deals so exhaustively with the daily round of a popular novelist. We go with *Willoughby Gaveston* to the literary prize-giving, to the literary dinner; we hear him consult with agent and publisher and mark his cordial kindness to the beginner, seeing everything through the eyes of his young wife, *Angela*. Once herself an object of his goodness to the tyro, she is now beginning to feel a doubt as to her husband's sincerity either in his public pose or his attitude to herself. The story deals with her matrimonial difficulties and their solution and *Willoughby's* fall from the pedestal of fame and sporting effort to leap back on to it. His, though not a taking personality, is a brilliant study of a certain type of writer; *Angela* so much a name attached to a bundle of qualities that it is not very easy to care exactly what happens to her; on the other hand the literary "shop" is extraordinarily well done, as might be expected.

Hard Cases.

The dozen tales in SAPPER'S collection provide ample evidence that *Ronald Standish* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), was born to be a menace to malefactors. Although *Standish* is not always provided with problems worthy of his skill, I readily acknowledge that in the majority of these stories SAPPER retains the form that is responsible for his popularity. "The Third Message," in which the villain has the audacity to invite *Standish* to visit the scene of the crime, is excellently conceived and constructed, and "The Second Dog" gives the detective fine opportunities to use both his eyes and his ears. But "The Man with Samples" deals so drastically and humorously with a blackmailer that I esteem it the prize specimen in a well-stocked basket.

A Devonshire Drama.

So plausible from the outset is the principal scoundrel in *Behind the Headlines* (ARROWSMITH, 7/6) that I cannot agree with the statement that the climax will "surpise the majority of readers." Nevertheless Mr. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND'S story, which is staged in and around Dartmoor, contains qualities that make it an acceptable addition to the flood of sensational fiction. Without neglecting incident, Mr. SUTHERLAND clearly does not believe that thrills are the only items of importance in a thriller. So he has found time and space to attend to the atmosphere and peculiarities of the district in which his chase after culprits is conducted. I can recommend this yarn to those who enjoy a lively hunt over a carefully described and pleasant country.

It is Mr. Punch's pleasant duty to welcome two further collections of reprints from his pages. *The Cricket in the Cage* (A. AND C. BLACK, 7/6) consists of a selection of Mr. PATRICK R. CHALMERS' light verses, delightfully illustrated by Mr. ERNEST SHEPARD; while the title of Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S *Still More Misleading Cases* (METHUEN, 5/-) will need no elucidation to *Punch* readers.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

AN Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at The Mortimer Museum, Hull, from November 1st to 30th; at Blackpool, December 16th to January 13th; and at Southport, January 20th to February 17th. Invitations to visit these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

"HUMAN beings are taller in the mornings than at night," says a Harley Street expert. And much shorter again at the end of the month.

***

A Detroit official was recently married in his office over a railway-station, in spite of the old warning about marrying above one's station.

***

"Many an American schoolboy is treasuring a flattened dime that the Royal Scot has passed over," says a New York message. In this country a coin passed over by any Scot is supposed to be something of a rarity.

***

Extract from a publisher's announcement: "*The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War*. By Lord CECIL, GILBERT MURRAY, W. ARNOLD-FORSTER, C. M. LLOYD, Sir NORMAN ANGELL H. J. LASKI, C. R. BUXTON. 5/-." A less scrupulous publisher would have said "*Men's*."

***

"Some people," says a writer, "carry money in a belt worn next to their skin. We wish taxi-drivers wouldn't.

***

An American jazz-musician has just learned to play the harp with his nose. This leaves his hands free for self-defence.

***

Leipzic Town Council has reduced the tax on thoroughbred dogs from £3 to 10/- per year, mongrels being charged for at the old rate. The strain of having to decide whether to have Herman stretched into a dachshund or shortened into a pair of Frankfurters must be simply agonising.

***

Owing to the obstruction caused at a New York suburban station by wives kissing their husbands when seeing them off to business the practice has been prohibited. Our Underground authorities have never had to cope with the Kiss-hour.

Professional street beggars are said to be liable for income-tax. Even this fails to excite our compassion.

***

The problem of what to do with old safety-razor blades is said to have been solved in Scotland. It seems they shave with them.

***

A man when arrested by the police for drunkenness said that his name was Ptolemy II. Napoleon George Washington Omar Khayyám Bass. This would be his *full* name.

***

Memo for the Rising Generation: Remember, these are the good old days you will have to tell your grandchildren about.

***

The PRIME MINISTER on a recent visit to the P.O. Research Station at Dollis Hill was shown a new machine which mechanically dials numbers on the automatic telephone. A useful instrument, no doubt, but can it press Button B?

***

"My little son pricked a bull with a pin and the animal charged into a wall," states a writer. We pricked three horses with a pin last week and they also ran.

***

An American visitor declares that our public statues are the best in the world. That is the sort of news that makes people cancel their visits to foreign countries.

***

In a recent essay a schoolgirl stated that she is determined to marry a doctor, but meanwhile will continue to play tennis. That solves the problem of what to do till the doctor comes.

***

"Beauty's latest discovery," says a Women's Page, "is turtle oil. This is supposed to work miracles, even on the sceptics, and it does not grow hair on the skin." Anyway, not on the turtle's skin.

***

An umbrella that folds up to fit the pocket has been invented. The trouble is that it will fit other people's pockets too.

***

Among the cargo carried by the *Graf Zeppelin* from Friedrichshafen to Rio, says a news-item, were eighteen queen bees in paper-bags. As MAETERLINCK shrewdly observes in *The Life of the Bee*, females will wear anything.

***

Efforts to persuade American girls to drink tea instead of cocktails are stated to have completely failed. Then why not try prohibiting the stuff?

***

A doctor predicts that the old-fashioned corsets will again be worn by women. There is a wave of apprehension amongst whales.

***

"A bald-headed man can perform any task ever undertaken by a shock-headed youth," says a Midlands magistrate. Except, we venture to suggest, part his hair in the middle.



"DO FORGIVE ME FOR RUSHING ALONG, MY DEAR. WE REALLY MUST HAVE A LITTLE CHAT ONE OF THESE DAYS."

A Poem at Last.

It is not my wont to criticise current poetry before it is issued in book or booklet form. But there are moments when verse of so much power and so much beauty appears like a star in the night of contemporary journalism that I am compelled by a sense of justice to the British-speaking world to break my accustomed rule.

Such a moment arrived with the tremendous publication (in very large type and occupying a full page) of the lines addressed simply

To Lady Houston

in the ever-fastidious and scholarly *Saturday Review* on the 21st of October—Nelson's Day. Defying the taunts of pedantry and snobbishness recently flung at this paper by a correspondent, I intend here and now to express my appreciation of a panegyric which in many ways surpasses the Odes addressed to the Ptolemies by Theocritus, or the eulogies written by Dryden of the various political *régimes* under which he served:—

"O Lady of the Bannered Muse,
Wrapped in red, white and blue,
May a mere daughter of the Jews
Endorse her thanks to you?"

It is thus that the poem begins, and with one swift beat our hearts are stirred by the magnificent vision of a titled lady going about her ways not unattended, but always in the company of one of the Sacred Choir which danced and sang on Mount Helicon.

In the company, I say, of a Muse. But not a Muse bearing pen, ink, harp, history-book or any other of the common impedimenta of her calling, but bandaged tightly about with the colours of our own country's flag, although not so tightly, one hopes, as to impede the circulation of the blood or restrict the free movement of the arms and legs.

And if it be urged that not only in metre but in rhyme and assonance the lines have a strange similarity to the famous pæan addressed by a Merionethshire poet

To a Scottish Officer and Gentleman,
In Return for a Present of Game,

beginning, as many of my readers will remember—

"O Wilson of the tartan trews,
Red, blue and green and white!
May a mere Welshman (Mr. Hughes)
His humble thanks indite?"—

I do not believe that either poem can be said to suffer from the comparison.

But immediately we are rapt to still loftier planes—

"Your answer to the Mosleyites
And Low was full of wit,
Even Moses of the Israelites
Would have felt proud of it."

Gone for the moment is the vision of Mount Helicon, and instead we see Sinai, with the great lawgiver descending therefrom to rebuke the rebellious congregation, prominent among whom are the figures of Sir Oswald Mosley and the unregenerate cartoonist, David Low. And if no witty or even humorous remarks are actually recorded in the Pentateuch as being uttered by Moses on this occasion, the sublimity of the conception and the march of the prosody must stifle this criticism even as it rises to our lips.

Ever on mounting wings the ode continues—

"I thank you for my people's cause,
O Lioness! . . ."

The lady with the wrapped-up female attendant, the leader of the Exodus, now gives place to the tawny monarch of the jungle, zoological emblem of our national pride. Still upward the singer strains. She identifies the subject of her poem with Truth, with Reason, with Loyalty—

"Long may you spur" (she continues) *"our faith and trust,*
Our Royal House and Isle:
Your days be glad, your ways be just,
Your fate and fortune smile."

There are spurs on the lioness now, spurs on the law-giver, spurs on the Bannered Muse. With incredible daring she uses them not only to urge forward our flagging patriotism, but, regardless of *lèse-majesté*, even the Royal Family itself—unless the words "Royal House" are to be taken literally as referring to some actual building, such as Windsor Castle or St. James's Palace or Balmoral. But I do not think this can be so, as the police would certainly interfere.

We arrive at the felicitous end—

"God bless you, Britain's lucid Dame:
Chaotic madness raves,
Yet as a symbol of God's Name
Long may you rule the waves! R. M. B.
Sept., 1933."

What a crescendo! What a climax! What a *finale!* Who is "R. M. B."? Questions rush into our mind. Booted and bannered and deified and spurred sits the leonine lady at last, with the Ten Commandments in her hand, brooding over the seas that wash the world. Perhaps it is the penultimate, or perhaps again the ante-penultimate line which moves us more deeply than any of the others.

Evoe.

Opinions.

O Fascists and O Nationalists,
O Communists and Rationalists,
O Socialists, Idealists
And Anarchists and Realists,
Eugenists and Protectionists
And Anti-Vivisectionists,
O Pacifists, Imperialists,
Behaviourists, Materialists
And Tunnel-under-Channelists
And Freudian Psycho-analysts—
Since hardly anyone exists
Who *isn't* in the list of "ists"
I think there are too many of you;
And I'm not joining any of you.

"'I now simply have to work, and I enjoy every minute of it,' he said, 'but I want you to let me off with four sermons a week instead of five, for it is Lord Horder's order.'"—*Daily Paper.*

And, he might have added, "Horders is horders."

Early returns in the referendum held in Iceland during the week-end indicate that the country has voted 'wet' by a wide margin."
Daily Paper.

Henceforward, we hope, their depressions will not be so deep.



THE REJECTED PROPHET.

THE FRENCH WHALE. "I LIKED YOU AS WELL AS ANYONE, MON AMI, BUT I CANNOT DIGEST YOUR SUIT-CASE."



Butler (to Detective). "'ER LADYSHIP DID NOT 'AVE MUCH JEWELLERY ABOUT, AS FORTUNATELY MOST OF IT WAS STOLEN WHILE SHE WAS STAYING IN THE COUNTRY LAST WEEK."

A Personal Letter

To My Income-Tax Inspector.

DEAR SIR,—The absence of all bitterness has, as I think you will agree, been a most praiseworthy feature of the correspondence that has passed between us hitherto. From the arrival of your very first letter—and what an excitement that was, to be sure, with my name all neatly typed on the envelope and "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE" printed as bold as you please above it!—until to-day no trace of vexation, no sign or symptom of acerbity has marred the even flow of buff and light-blue forms from you to me and (in due course) back again from me to you. How well I recollect the dawning of that Glad New Financial Year in which your eagle eye detected in me for the first time a possible source of increment to the State, and how eagerly, with what a swelling sense of patriotic pride I welcomed the right to a stake in my country's destiny! I sent you seven-and-sixpence then (do you remember?) and pondered much, as in truth I still ponder, over the manner of its eventual distribution. I like to think—for when all is said and done we are at heart a seafaring nation—that it went *in toto* to the Navy Estimates and helped to keep this blessed plot safe from infection and the hand of war. "Seven-and-sixpence Keeps the Navy Afloat for One Minute"—such was the thought that kept my spirit soaring as I made out my slender cheque and crossed it "Inland Revenue Account" in obedience to your whim. But in actual fact, I suppose, it was divided—one-and-eightpence for Education; a shilling between the Services; fourpence for the Board of Trade—a far, far less satisfactory procedure. Even if one knew for what fraction of a second one's fourpence kept the Board of Trade sitting it would be difficult to extract emotional enjoyment from the idea. There's no poetry in it.

However, Sir, I must waste no more time on digressions nor allow reflections on the past, however pleasant, to deflect me from the quarrel which you, by your indiscretion of yesterday's date, have forced upon me. On your own confession you have been guilty of an act which at a single blow sweeps away the solid foundations of confidence and mutual esteem so painstakingly laid in the past, and in their place sets such a gulf between us as I fear neither time nor the mediation of our fellow-men can ever hope to bridge. These are hard words, but the time for soft speaking is at an end.

You have been snooping about among my sources of income. Without the slightest reason to doubt my integrity or the accuracy of my Returns you have had the inconceivable audacity, the almost limitless impertinence to go sneaking behind my back to my employers and to ask them in so many words the extent of their disbursements to me during the past year. Could ingratitude go further? Is it for this, miserable man, that I have laboured on

far into the night, checking over and over again my meagre but scattered stipends in order that no single penny should be lacking from the final tally? Is it for this that every temptation to omit some casual and quite untraceable addition to my income has been sternly resisted? Very well, then; you have asked for war and you shall have it.

Henceforward no known method of reducing my taxable income will be too low or too expensive for me to adopt. I shall pay premiums for life assurance up to the maximum one-sixth of my total statutory income; I shall continually claim allowances for Wear and Tear of Machinery and Plant whenever my car or my cactus shows the slightest symptom of disintegration; I shall not hesitate to maintain under my roof as many relatives incapacitated by old age or infirmity as can conveniently be assembled together. I may even go so far as to abandon my present occupation and become a clergyman in order to claim a reduction of one-eighth under Schedule A in virtue of the use of a part of my dwelling-house mainly and substantially for the purposes of my duty. [*See* NOTES IN REGARD TO THE STATEMENT OF INCOME FOR THE YEAR ENDED 5 APRIL, 1933, REQUIRED BY SECTIONS B, C & D OF THE FORM No. 12A (Part I., (2) (*e*))]. Of the loss that these and similar measures will entail to His Majesty's Government it is unnecessary for me to speak. Yours, perfidious fellow, shall be the task of reckoning it; and remember, when the crushing total lies before you, that it is your action and yours alone which has been responsible.

It might well be supposed that at this point emotion, arising from the shock of your present misdemeanour, would choke my utterance and a rain of tears make indecipherable the final stages of this communication; but unfortunately for you such is not the case. No silly sentiment or unmanly weakness shall stay my hand while yet the very head and summit of your villainy remains untold; for your researches into my financial status disclose the fact that far from understating (as no doubt you fondly hoped would be the case) my annual income, *I have actually overstated it*. That you should at once in these circumstances offer to reduce the figure at which you had assessed me was perhaps too much to expect, but at the least one might have thought you would apologise handsomely for your mistrust, and thank me for my generous (if involuntary) gesture towards the Treasury. And what in actual fact have you done? You have calmly said, "*In order that I may reconcile the figures furnished me by your employers with those supplied by yourself, please inform me what sources of income you possess in addition to those already specified.*" Not a hint, mark you, of the possibility of an error in my original calculations; not a suggestion that I might perhaps be deliberately trying to overtax myself in the interests of the nation; merely a bald and *utterly unwarrantable*—that's the expression I've been wanting—assumption that I had failed to acquaint you with all the facts.

I need hardly say that but for the disclosures you have made I should never have noticed the serious error in my arithmetic in time to appeal, as I hereby do, against my present assessment; so, you see, most pestilential of inspectors, you have made a bloomer—and a bloomer that is likely, both now and in the future, to cost your country dear.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Yours faithfully, H. F. E.

P.S.—On reflection it occurs to me that, as I am shortly removing to a different district, another and (I hope) a worthier inspector will in future be in charge of my assessments. With him I shall start fairly—as I started, in my innocence, with you—but I shall send him, just in case, a copy of this letter; and at the end I shall write, as I write now—

"YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!"



Artist. "ER—I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD SIT FOR ME?"
Woman. "WHAT YER MEAN—SIT?"
Artist. "OH—ER—JUST STAND, Y' KNOW."

"In 'The Cook of Kerith' George Moore was wise enough to avoid that pitfall."
Daily Paper.

Not so, alas! the compositor.



"ALL ALONE, DEAR? COME ALONG AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME."
"NO, THANK YOU. I'D RATHER FEEL I'M AT A PARTY."

Among My Books.

I'M tired of novels full of sex,
I'm bored with tales of moral wrecks;
Better and brighter seems to me
The Railway Guide or *A.B.C.*,
In which is written
Train information between London and the principal
Stations in Great Britain.

Its style is pure, its teaching sound;
So now o' nights I may be found
Scanning, a tankard by my side,
The *A.B.C.* or *Railway Guide*.
(I wish you'd
Get it and read the big scene where the hero finds out
How ordinary single, week-end return, tourist and cheap
Day fares and through tickets are issued.
It's fine;
Not a dull line.)

It tells of Eggesford (Devon),
Of Meadow Hall and Lee,
Of Lartington and Leven,
Of Bilbster and Lochee;
And then (p. 557)
We come to Brondesbury,
And I hold that life is heaven
In lovely Brondesbury.

The men of Tumby Woodside
Pay one-pound-twelve-and-two
In solid dross to reach King's Cross,
And it's worse, far worse, at Looe;
But the Brondesbury crowd laugh long and loud,
For elevenpence sees them through.

They dance in Dent and Dolwen,
They jig in Danby Wiske,
They pirouette in Preesgweene,
Where the Shropshire air is brisk;
But come with me to Brondesbury
And you'll find you fairly frisk.

The beer they brew at Selling
Leaps strongly from the vat;
A quart at Loth or Melling
Will knock stout drinkers flat;
But in Brondesbury men start yelling
On half-a-pint—if that.

I used to know a fellow
(No names; we'll call him X)
Who claimed that down in Wellow
No cares the soul could vex,
For the buttercups were yellow
And the pubs would cash his cheques,
But is the heart less mellow
In Brondesbury (Middsx.)?
Not it.
Not a bit.

I'm tired of novels full of sin,
Where heroines take heroin.
Give me a tale of Brondesbury
In *The Railway Guide* or *A.B.C.*,
Which I can read with a breath that's bated,
Even though the Proprietors do not guarantee the
Accuracy of the information contained in this Guide
Or undertake any responsibility for errors or omissions;
And despite the fact that the several Companies do not
Guarantee the arrival or departure of the trains or
Boats at the times stated.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

V.

FRANK.

A MODERN should always be this. It is an attribute of freedom.

Frankness should include:—

(1) Being very rude very often.

(2) Hurting other people's feelings. People who are old-fashioned enough to have feelings deserve it.

(3) Avoiding false modesty. If anyone says to you, "Do you play tennis?" don't make the herd-reply, "A bit." Speak out and tell the truth; say "Brilliantly."

(4) Frankness about one's feelings. If you stay with anyone and he asks you if you enjoyed yourself be frank and say "No. I was never so bored in my life."

(5) Frankness about one's motives. If you kiss a girl because there's nothing else to do, tell her so. It isn't fair to let her think you enjoyed it. Remember that if everyone were frank with everyone else a lot of silly restrictions and conventions would be removed.

Make it quite clear that you want people to be really frank with you. After all, if they think you're right they may as well say so. If not, you have under-estimated their intelligence and had better know it.

FREEDOM.

This is the keystone of modernism. Briefly put, freedom is a state in which everyone follows his or her own impulses. In actual practice freedom is almost entirely negative and consists of refusing to do what other people feel one should. True marks of freedom are:—

(1) To dislike one's parents.
(2) To shock other people.
(3) To be rude to women.
(4) To smoke at least fifty cigarettes a day.
(5) To drink too much.
(6) To owe money to tradesmen.
(7) To avoid work.
(8) To believe in Russia.

FREUD.

Pronounce "Froidt" (approximately). *See* "SEX."

It is unnecessary to read this author's rather dull books. Some of his followers, whose works may usually be bought as remainders for a very modest sum, are much more exciting and suitable for one's purpose.

The expression "Freudian," pronounced "Froidtian" (approximately), is very useful—

(1) As a justification for immorality.
(2) To suggest a double *entendre* in any innocent remark.

(*Note.*—It is not always safe nowadays to Believe in FREUD. In advanced company express a preference for the theories of JUNG, pronounced "Yuung" (approximately). On no account try to read him. He is very dull.)

FUN.

Fun is essentially a modern conception. It should not be confused with sentimental ideas like Joy and Gaiety. Fun may be—

(1) Any bizarre occupation, *e.g.*, Going to church.
(2) Any means of wasting time, *e.g.*, It is fun to get drunk.
(3) Any occupation which shocks and annoys others, *e.g.*, insulting waitresses, porters, policemen or other public servants.

Fun is always a sign of freedom. People having fun can nearly always be recognised by the expression on their faces, which is one of extreme *ennui* and superciliousness.

N.B.—Fun is essentially a *subjective* game. Indulged in by others, it is the same thing as childishness or Bad Form.



THE FIRST BRUSH OF THE SEASON.
MR. LANSBURY.

FURNITURE.

There are two main schools of thought about furniture—

(1) *Functional.* These people think that furniture should always look like furniture and be useful. Example: An armchair should look like an armchair.

(2) *Not so Functional.* These people believe that furniture should look like something else.

Care should be taken on entering a strange room to make sure which school it belongs to, or mistakes may arise.

In furnishing a modern room distinguish carefully between the things you want to use and the things for your friends to look at. Don't buy antiques. They are all fakes; and if they aren't no one will believe you. The modern has a fascinating choice of materials before him—steel, iron, copper, brass, chromium plating, teak, Canadian birch, Austrian oak, Italian walnut and Swiss milk-tin.

Everyman is now in Oxford Street.

Great variety is also available in covering materials. Tweed suitings are now much used for armchair coverings. The impecunious Modern might well consider a combined suit and chair-covering. If two are bought pleasant variety may be obtained by alternating their functions. It would be a *gaffe*, however, to attend a *formal* function in the armchair cover.

GALSWORTHY.

Do not Believe in this author. Even if you happen to like the *Forsyte* Saga there is no need to parade the fact.

(*To be continued.*)

Final Solution of the Loch Ness Mystery.

"Mr. Alexander Ross, the pier master at Temple Pier, who states he has been the creature four times in the last two months."
Daily Paper.

Simple Stories.

The Birthday.

When Mr. Brisket woke up one Saturday morning Mrs. Brisket kissed him, which she hadn't done for some time, and said many happy returns of the day dear and here is a little present for you, I am sorry it is not more expensive but I have put love into the making of it and of course at your age you don't want much.

Well Mr. Brisket was sixty-seven that day but he didn't feel so very old and he had been looking forward to a game of golf as it was Saturday and he didn't have to go to his business unless he wanted to. And he had forgotten all about his birthday but he knew that his family hadn't, because they were quite fond of him and liked to give him little surprises. And of course he had to be very pleased and keep on smiling, which was rather tiring early in the morning, but he prided himself upon being a good husband and father and grandfather and he always did his best.

So he sat up in bed and kept his mouth on the stretch and undid the pink ribbon and tissue-paper in which Mrs. Brisket had wrapped his present, and she had written on a card To my dear husband from his loving Mousie, which was the name he had given her when they had been engaged, but it didn't suit her so well now and he generally called her Henrietta. And the present was six handkerchiefs with a large B embroidered on them, which Mrs. Brisket had done herself so as to put love into the present, and he rather wished she had had his initials done rather smaller in a shop, but he said it was a very good idea to have the B's embroidered in different colours so that he could use the handkerchiefs in turn and one wouldn't get worn out before another, which Mrs. Brisket pointed out to him.

Well when he had said all that he could think of to show how pleased and surprised he was, the maid came in with the morning tea, and her face was all over smiles, and there was a little packet on the tray wrapped up in tissue-paper with a tartan ribbon and a card with For the Master with respects from Sophie and Lizzie on it. So Mr. Brisket had to go through it all again and when he found that the present was a bottle of scent he had to sprinkle some of it on to one of the handkerchiefs, and it nearly made him sick at that time of the morning but he didn't show it, and he said how clever it was of Sophie and Lizzie to think of buying him some scent when they knew that Mrs. Brisket was going to give him some pocket-handkerchiefs, and how nice it was to have such a kindly feeling between upstairs and down. And Mrs. Brisket was pleased with him for behaving so nicely about it, and said that he needn't use a handkerchief with the scent on it except sometimes when he was at home if he took care to wave it under Lizzie's nose when she was waiting at table.



"And then Mrs. Brisket said he had better go to sleep."

And then Mrs. Brisket told him what arrangements she had made for the day, so as to celebrate his birthday, and she said I knew you were going to play golf with Mr. Threw, and I telephoned to him last night to say that you couldn't because it was your birthday and you would want to spend it with your family, wasn't it clever of me to find out who you were going to play with so that I could put him off? And Mr. Brisket said it was, and asked what Mr. Threw had said. And Mrs. Brisket said oh he asked if you were going to have a cake with sixty-seven candles on it, because I had told him how old you were, and he said I was to be sure and give you a birthday kiss from him, I must say Mr. Threw is very amusing.

Well Mr. Brisket didn't think Mr. Threw was at all amusing when he was in that mood and wished he could meet him with a niblick in his hand, but he laughed and said well I suppose I can give up my golf for one day, what are we going to do? And Mrs. Brisket said well I have ordered a motor-car, and John and Ena and the children are coming here at eleven o'clock and we are going for a nice picnic. And Eric and Phemie and George and Ruby are coming to dinner, which will make eight with you and me and Poppy and Donald, and I thought you might go out this morning before we start for the picnic and buy some bottles of champagne, because you don't have a birthday every day and it is only right to spend a little money on it.

And Mr. Brisket said well I see I am going to enjoy myself and went and had his bath. And when he got down to breakfast Poppy and Donald kissed him and wished him many happy returns of the day and gave him their presents, which were a pair of bedsocks which she had knitted herself from Poppy, and from Donald a box of fifty cigarettes but without the coupons, which he was collecting himself. And there were presents from his two married daughters and his daughter-in-law and his three grandchildren, a book called *A Hundred Gems of Poetry* to go in the waistcoat-pocket, some little squares of towel in a canvas cover with *Please Wipe Your Razor on Me* embroidered on it, a silver signal with *No Trumps*, *Spades*, *Hearts*, *Diamonds* and *Clubs* on its arms so that you could have it in front of you on the bridge-table and turn it to whatever was trumps, and an M.C.C. tie from Elsie and Anne and Susan. And Mr. Brisket didn't belong to the M.C.C. but Mrs. Brisket said he must wear it at the picnic so as to please the children, because she knew they had chosen it themselves.

Well they had quite a nice picnic, with ham and jam sandwiches which had got rather mixed, and cake and pears and wasps, and ginger-beer to drink, and played catch after it with a tennis ball, and Mr. Brisket found

that his eye was in and wished he had been playing golf with Mr. Threw, but he fought down the wish because he knew they all wanted him to be happy on his birthday. And then Mrs. Brisket said he had better go to sleep under a tree, as he mustn't overdo it at his age, and he wasn't sorry to do that, but the children came and climbed over him and he hadn't the heart to send them away, though Ena hadn't wiped all the raspberry jam off their faces and they began to get a little fractious as the afternoon went on and there wasn't much to do. But they had tea out of vacuum-flasks, which tasted of paint, and more bread and jam and cake, and after that it was time to go home. And Ena said she and the children had never enjoyed themselves more and she was only sorry that John hadn't been able to come to the picnic but he had found he was obliged to go to the office after all.

And the birthday dinner was a great success, with all of them in dress-clothes which they didn't usually wear except for a party, and Mr. Brisket was glad of the champagne he had bought because it helped him to keep smiling, which was expected of him. And his son-in-law, Eric, who was a curate, made a humorous speech and said that Mr. Brisket had nearly reached the allotted span and he hoped that he would take care of himself and not get his feet wet or anything like that because they couldn't afford to lose him yet, which was quite true for Eric. And Mr. Brisket made a speech and said that it had been one of the happiest days of his life having all his dear ones round him, though he didn't really care about Eric and thought that Phemie might have married somebody better. And after dinner they played bridge for love, because of Eric being a clergyman, and didn't break up till nearly eleven o'clock.

And Mr. Brisket smoked one pipe before he went to bed and drank some whisky-and soda, and he said to himself well I don't feel sixty-seven and I might easily have been dead by this time, so I have a good deal to be thankful for. A. M.

Subject to Beelzebub.

III.—Earwigs.

I WISH I knew the Latin word
for earwigs. For my aim
is to remove the most absurd
injustice of its name.

It wears no wig. Of human ears
its ignorance in fact is
only exceeded, it appears,
by those in aural practice.

Remember then how beaks in Court
for justice commandeer wigs,
and then do nothing of the sort—
oh, how unlike the earwigs!

HUMBERT.

Ominous News for Xmas.

"TURKEY'S TENTH BIRTHDAY."
Sunday Paper.

"This club is Mainly for Musicians. It has one of the longest bars in London."
Daily Paper.

And probably quite a number of crotchets in it.



"DO YOU THINK HE'S LIKE HIS FATHER, MR. SIMPKINS?"
"NOT REALLY, BUT, BY JOVE, NOW I COME TO LOOK AT HIM IT WAS A NEAR THING."

"Tweet-Tweet."

THEORETICALLY I am very fond of pets, but in practice I find that they never come up to scratch, with the exception of cats, which explains why in practice I do not care for cats either.

We have tested them nearly all. You tread on little dogs, and big dogs knock you over. Goldfish just look sad. Parrots blink at you coyly, and when you approach take a piece out of your finger. Jerboas hide themselves at bedtime, and then suddenly spring out from under settees, to the annoyance of important visitors. (If you don't know what jerboas are I wouldn't trouble.) Rabbits get more rabbits. White mice escape, to turn up in napkins. And you can never establish a really working understanding with a tortoise.

This is why when Bobbie wanted to spend a pound he thought his uncle might be going to give him on a monkey I said "No." I even communicated privately with the uncle to ensure that the pound would not materialise. He assured me that there had never been any chance of it.

But a bird in the garden—now that is quite another matter. You can feed it if you want to, but you don't have to. You don't have to change its greasy water or the once-picturesque sand at the bottom of its cage. You don't have to look up bird-books when it mopes or cover it up at night. You don't even know where it goes to at night. All you have to do is to go out in the garden when, so to speak, you feel in the mood for a bit of bird, make unusual sounds in your throat, hear the bird reply, and then watch it alight on the grass. Then you have a little tweet-tweet together, and that's that.

The idea of cultivating a garden bird came to me, I confess, by a happy accident. I was strolling in the garden, making unusual sounds in my throat just for the fun of it, when a bird replied. I immediately rushed in and told my wife.

"Well, suppose it did?" she asked.

If it had been her bird she would have been more enthusiastic.

"What do you mean—'suppose it did'?" I retorted. "It did!"

"You don't know it was replying to you," she answered.

"Nonsense. You can tell!" I exclaimed. "Come out and you'll hear."

"Of course it might be a robin," she said, weakening. "They do get tame in the autumn."

I ran into the larder and pulled a piece of bread off a loaf. (I heard about this afterwards.) Then I raced quickly back to the garden lest the bird should depart, and found my wife waiting for me.

"Now, then—go on," she said.

I made the unusual noise. It was even more unusual than usual. I think it was my wife's presence. One makes one's best bird-noises privately.

"Try again," she said.

It was better this time. As a matter of fact it was the best one I'd done to date. Even my wife was surprised. But she was more surprised when the bird answered. She agreed with me then that it was definitely a response.

"Do it some more," she urged.

I swallowed and did it a lot more. Sometimes the bird answered and sometimes it didn't. We stared up at the thick autumn foliage where the bird seemed to be, hoping my notes would bring it out. But they only brought Bobbie out.

"Is Daddy gargling?" asked Bobbie.

I sent Bobbie in again, but his advent had broken the spell, and as my throat refused to obey me any more I soon went in myself to get it fluent again with tea. After all, now the bird and I had broken the ice, so to speak, there would be plenty of further spells.

"Well, I *did* think he was gargling," muttered Bobbie from the depths of a muffin. "What was he doing?"

"Calling to a dear little birdie," answered my wife, "and the dear little birdie was replying."

"How do you know it was replying?" demanded Bobbie.

"You can tell," said my wife.

I had won *her* over anyway.

"What kind of a bird was it?" asked Bobbie.

"We don't know yet, Bobbie," I responded. "Probably a robin. Go on with your muffin."

"Robins go like this, I know, 'cos a boy at school does birds. He does them for five stamps, or a lion for ten. I'll show you."

He screwed up his face, rolled his eyes till the pupils almost set, and made a noise which for unusualness transcended anything I had ever produced. Of course the muffin helped him.

"I'm sure that isn't like a robin," commented my wife.

"That was the lion," explained Bobbie.

He did not get any stamps.

After tea I looked up *Song-Birds of Our Country and How to Know Them*. It was quite obvious from this that my garden friend was not a robin. Robins aren't the best musicians. Nor was it a twite, a siskin or a corn-bunting. The nearest I could come to it was the water-ouzel, though my wife pointed out that the closest water was two miles away, and even that wasn't the Ouse.

I realised that my wife was not going to be helpful, so went out into the garden again for another shot in the gloaming.

And the bird replied the first time!

I felt emotional. I discovered that I was not merely a bird-lover but that I had a bird-instinct. Some people do. I determined to cultivate this bird thoroughly; to lure it to the lawn, and even to entice it to my study.

"Do you see it?" murmured my wife, who had come out behind me.

"Don't talk!" I muttered.

I tip-toed forward. I reached the clump of foliage, gurgling softly as I went. The bird, as though affected, gurgled softly back. The foliage stirred. I pressed my face into it and nearly kissed my neighbour in the next garden.

"Sh!" he whispered. "There's a bird somewhere here. I've been calling to it all the afternoon, and it's been answering!"

In Memoriam.

THE BATTLE OF CORONEL.

1ST NOVEMBER, 1914.

Off Coronel the seas are red,
Fast flies the storm-wrack overhead;
The wind their only funeral knell,
Their mounds the slowly-heaving swell,
They lie where never foot will tread,
No hand reach down, no tear be shed—
Where they would choose, when all is said,
Beneath the flag they served so well
Off Coronel.

The wide Pacific is their bed,
And swaying weeds above them spread;
What that November night befell
Has been for other tongues to tell.
Remembrance only ask the dead
Off Coronel.

Bottled Busts.

"CANNING STATUE FOR BUENOS AIRES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

"There is considerable argument whether, even in the existing state of aeronautical knowledge, the times of such air-mail services could not be greatly increased."
Daily Paper.

Why not use balloons?



ATTRACTION.

CARELESS SHOP-ASSISTANT FORGETS TO REMOVE THE MOUSE-TRAP.

Misleading Cases.

The Tax on Virtue.

R. v. *Pratt and Fairy.*

THIS case was concluded at the Old Bailey to-day. At the close of the case for the prosecution Mr. Justice Plush held that there was no evidence on which the jury could be asked to convict. He said:—

"In this unusual and painful case the defendants are charged with a conspiracy to do a public mischief by diminishing the revenue. The female defendant, May Fairy, is a distinguished actress earning a considerable income of her own. The male defendant, Mr. Pratt, is, or rather was, her husband, and he is a professor of economics, equally distinguished but not so prosperous. The couple lived happily together for fourteen years, and there were issue of the marriage three children.

"Among their friends and neighbours they were regarded as a model couple; and in the spring of last year much surprise and consternation were caused by the news that the wife was petitioning for a divorce. The news was true, as it sometimes is, and a divorce was duly decreed, the custody of the children being granted to the wife. But two days after the decree absolute was pronounced the two defendants again took up residence together in their London house; and there they have lived ever since, with their family, happily according to the evidence, but technically in sin.

"The writer of an anonymous letter brought these facts to the notice of the King's Proctor, who was asked to make an inquiry upon the ground that the divorce must have been obtained collusively or in other ways have been an abuse of the processes of law. The King's Proctor held that he was *functus officio*, that is, he had no status or excuse for interference in a matter which had been finally determined by the Court. The papers in the case showed without question that the divorce had been duly obtained according to the forms and practices of that queer branch of the law; but, not being wholly satisfied by his inquiries, he referred the matter to the Public Prosecutor.

"The defendants, when challenged, made no secret of their position. Mr. Pratt had caused himself to be divorced, strictly according to the forms of law, in order to free himself from the excessive burden of income-tax and surtax imposed upon him by the married state. While the couple were married their incomes were added together and assessed for taxation purposes as one income, and the impecunious husband was responsible for the tax upon the whole, though he was quite unable at law to get at a penny of his wife's money if she should see fit to withhold it. Further, though his own income never came near to the exalted regions of surtax or super-tax, he was compelled by the bulking of the two incomes to pay tax upon most of his own modest earnings; and if at any time his wife had declined to pay he might have been sent to prison for refusing to pay surtax on an income which has never qualified for it.

"Resenting this position, and without consulting his wife, he provided her with evidence which would formally justify her in seeking a divorce; and formally she took advantage of it. There is no evidence of connivance or collusion; and if there had been anything of the sort we must assume that the learned President of the Divorce Court would have discovered it. The wife may have known what was in the husband's mind after he took the fatal step, but it is not suggested that she knew before. The necessary facts were proved, and the motive of the parties is not material so far as the law of divorce is concerned; nor is there any law against a divorced couple living happily ever after.

"The Crown, then, was in the familiar position of one who wants to find fault but cannot say why, smelling an offence but unable to identify it. And the Crown now says that the facts disclose an unlawful conspiracy not to defraud but to diminish the revenue. There is no doubt that the revenue has been diminished. Now that the parties are single they are separately assessed; each of them enjoys a 'personal allowance' of £100 instead of an allowance of £150 between them; Mr. Pratt pays only the ordinary income-tax upon his slender income: he is not responsible for the taxes on his wife's; and the total contribution to the revenue of the two of them is substantially less.



"IS THAT THE ONLY CAR YOU'VE GOT IN THIS VILLAGE?"
"OH, NO, SIR; BUT THE OTHER ONE AIN'T VERY RELIABLE."

"It is, no doubt, an undesirable thing to act deliberately in such a way as to diminish the revenue; but it need not necessarily be unlawful. A successful surgeon, for example, who chooses to retire at forty and live quietly in a tub will diminish the revenue by the amount of the tax upon his former earnings. If we all decided to sell all that we have and give to the poor we should cause an alarming fall in the revenue, and probably an economic crisis. A solemn thought. But we should not be liable to an indictment for conspiracy.

"In other words, it is an offence to evade income-tax but not to avoid it. If every loving couple in the land decided that they would refrain from marriage because of the extra taxation which it involves they could not be punished by any existing law. Yet it would be a great mischief, for it has always been regarded as the public policy of the land that those who love each other should marry and have children. Accordingly the law of the land makes it easy to enter the married state but extremely difficult to leave it; and the children of married persons have still certain advantages (though these are diminishing) over the children of those who are not. And there are various provisions which reflect the same policy—a contract or legacy, for example, restraining any person from marriage is void.

"One would expect to find, then, that the law of income-tax, being the

only law that in the modern state has any real importance, would be framed in conformity with the same venerable policy; that it would say to Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, 'Since you have taken upon yourselves the responsibility of Matrimony, the upkeep of a Home and the rearing of a Family, all of which are institutions dear to the State, you shall pay less by way of taxation than you would have paid if you had remained two independent celibates or lived together without the lawful tie.'

"What we do find is the exact opposite. The State said to Mr. Pratt, 'You are married, therefore you shall pay more.' And Mr. Pratt replied, 'Then I will not be married.' In other words, we have here a direct conflict between a modern Act of Parliament and the public policy of the land as expressed in other Acts of Parliament and the principles of the Common Law. This is no new or exceptional thing; for many Acts of Parliament in these days appear to have been made by men walking in their sleep—by a Legislature whose right hand is not aware what its left hand doeth. If we are asked to enforce such statutes we have no alternative but to obey. But the present case is different. We are asked to extend the vague and elastic law of conspiracy to cover a set of facts not hitherto contemplated—to create, in effect, a new offence. We are not ready to do so. We cannot find that at law the defendants have done anything wrong. It is as if the State had said, 'You have a motor-car. We shall tax you for it,' and the Pratts had replied, 'Then we will get rid of the motor-car.'

"Counsel for the Crown seemed to suggest that the defendants had no cause for complaint, because together they were well off and could afford to pay the extra taxes. But the principle is the same whether the married persons are rich or poor. It is in effect a tax upon marriage and a tax upon virtue, and no man can be punished for avoiding such a tax unless Parliament expressly says so. It may be that the policy of Parliament has changed and that marriage is to be regarded in future as a taxable luxury. Without doubt much revenue could be extracted from such a popular commodity. Marriages, like intoxicating liquors, might be graded according to their strength; and the most passionate, happy or fruitful couples be made to pay more than the lukewarm or miserable. There are possibilities here. But until Parliament has declared its will we are bound by the Common Law.

"I find that there is here no evidence of a Common Law conspiracy, and I shall direct the jury to acquit the defendants. Further, I think that they have done good service in drawing attention to a grave evil, and I recommend that £6,000 be paid to them out of the public funds." A. P. H.



"MUMMY'S COME HOME AND FORGOTTEN THE SWEETS, SO WE'VE BEEN GOOD FOR NO PURPOSE."

SHAKESPEARE AT A GLANCE. A teacher gave her class a test in which she asked them to name five of SHAKESPEARE'S plays. Among the titles received were these: "King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellow" and "Omelet."

Our Disillusioned Contemporaries.

"BIRTHS.
MARRIAGES.
THANKS FOR SYMPATHY."
Headings in Hants Paper

The Manipulation of Crops.

"This year a considerable acreage was planted with seeds, and the results are stated to be completely satisfactory. Eighty grammes of seeds gave a crop per acre which otherwise would have required 1,200 lb. of BRITISH OSTEOPATHS."
Sunday Paper.

Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER writes poetry. Even so we doubt if he will die poor.



"EEE, YOUNG LIZ, YOU AIN'T NO GOOD LIKE THAT—CORK YER FICE."
"YOU LET 'ER BE. NO 'ARM IN TRYIN' WHAT A BIT O' SEX-APPEAL WILL DO."

Soggs of a Sub-Bad.

XXV.—Cub, Laddlord, Fill the Flowiddg Bowl.

Cub, laddlord, fill the flowiddg bowl
Add pour the driddks out faster;
Dow jollity fills every soul
Add berribedt is baster;
For Subber's drought is passed away
Add Widter's cub to towd-a;
Thed joid be id a rouddelay,
Add siddg "A-dowd, a-dowd-a!"

Dow icicles haddg frob the eaves;
The code has growd acute dow;
The trees are daked of their leaves;
The soggs of birds are bute dow;
The earth bedeath the welkid grey
Lies siledt add expectadt;
But we'll be berry while we bay
Add gargle disidfectadt.

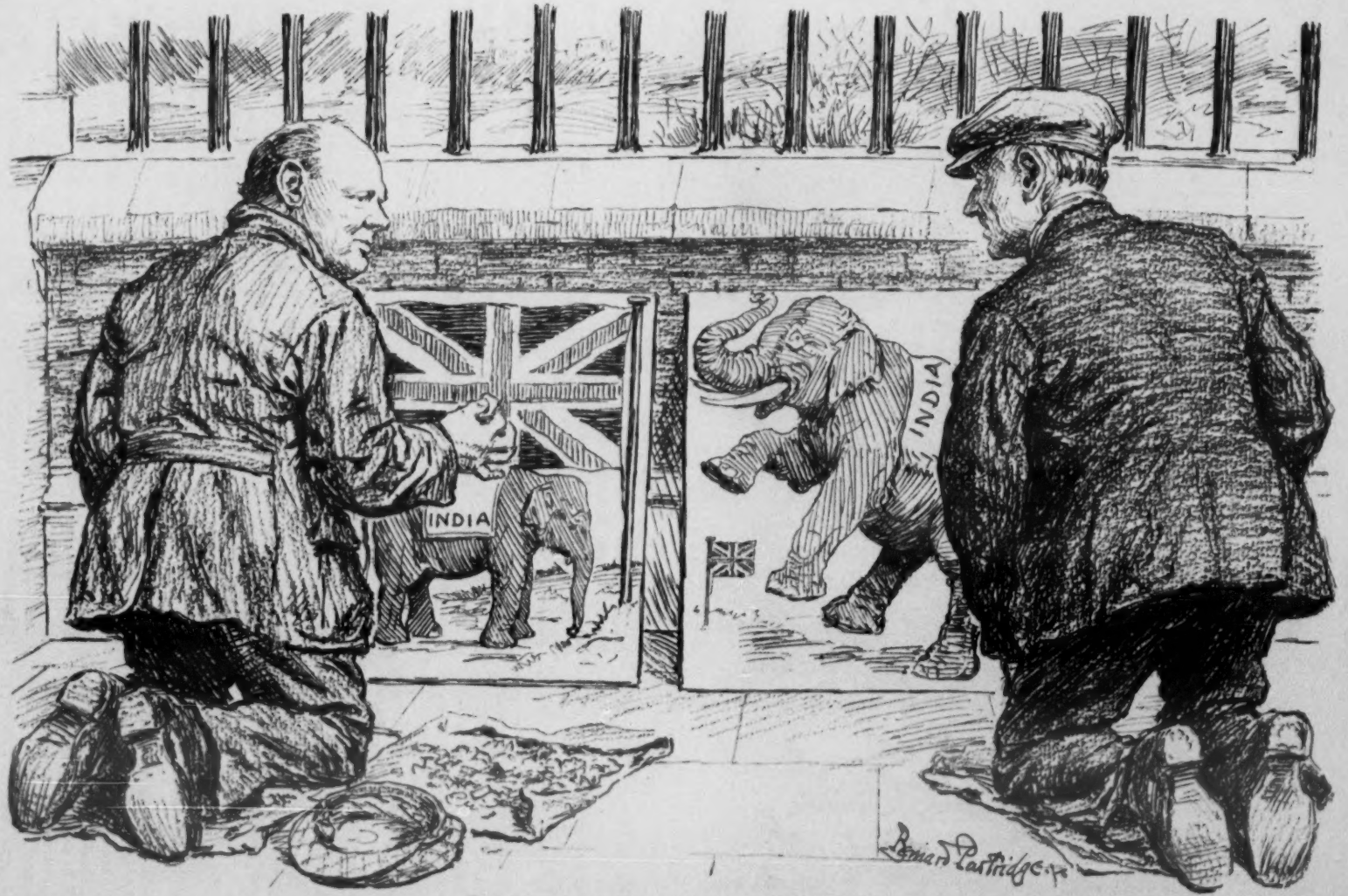
Thed raise your voices, wudd add all,
Id cheerful polyphody;
Joid id by berry badrigal
Add siddg "Hey, doddy, doddy!"
Add siddg "Hey, doddy, doddy!"
Add siddg "Hey, doddy, doddy!"
Cub sdow, cub raid, with bight add baid
We'll siddg "Hey, doddy, doddy!"

Dow skies are dark add sobbre-hued,
With clouds as black as ebod;
Dow stradge hygiedic driddks are brewed
With ciddabod add lebod.
Obdoxious gerbs abroad do roab;
Bed's chests with codes are strickèd,
Add bicrobes lurk id every hobe
Add bucous bebbrades thickèd.

Thed put the kettle od to boil,
Briddg bilk add brad-dy, Babel,
Add fetch the cabphorated oil
Add set it od the table.
With brodchial bassage dight add day
Add vapour-baths a-steabiddg,
We'll wile the widtry budths away
Till Earth awakes frob dreabiddg.

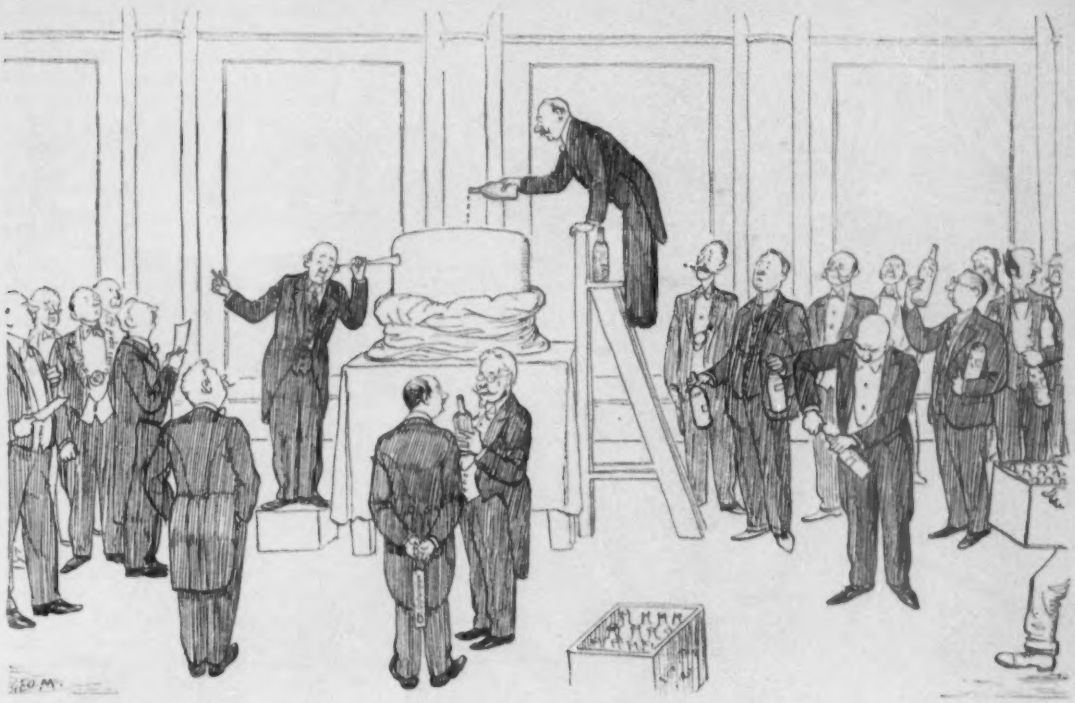
Thed fill your glasses, wudd add all;
The best of health I wish you.
Join in by berry badrigal
Add siddg "A-tishoo, tishoo!"
Add siddg "A-tishoo, tishoo!"
Add siddg "A-tishoo, tishoo!"
Your health add bide, with dide tibes dide!
"A-tishoo, tishoo, tishoo!"

P. B.



THE RIVAL SCREEVERS.

SAM HOARE. "'ULLO, MATE! SO YOU DONE A ELEPHANT TOO?"
WINSTON. "AH! BUT MY COMPOSITION'S DIFFERENT—AN' I'VE MADE A LOT MORE O' THE BACKGROUND."



THE VINTNERS' COMPANY TESTING THE REACTION OF THEIR STILTON CHEESE TO DIFFERENT VINTAGES OF OLD PORT.

Poudingue.

ONCE again the Académie Française has reached a unanimous decision of far-reaching international importance. Without reference to the Society of Gastronomes it has decreed that pudding, for which there is no French equivalent—you may think mercifully—shall be spelt in the good old English way—P-U-D-D-I-N-G. Protagonists of other spellings, such as:—

(*a*) P-U-D-I-N-G

(*b*) P-O-U-D-I-N-G

(*c*) P-O-U-D-I-N-G-U-E

have been bluntly told to go and boil themselves and their puddings.

Travelling in France is thus greatly facilitated and a word of dignity, breeding and wholesome solidity is added to the French language. Moreover Anglo-French relations are assured of a well-cemented medium in PUDDING (Yorkshire), PUDDING (suet), PUDDING (*pain*), PUDDING (*pain-et-beurre*), PUDDING (cabinet), and it is to be hoped that the promulgation of the decree will afford an opportunity for a pudding banquet of no mean order. So far so good.

But was the Foreign Office consulted in this matter? Did the President call formally upon our Ambassador in Paris and ask permission humbly in the name of the Gallic nation if their language might borrow for its undoubted enhancement the English pudding? Is it right that in these days of perfervid nationalism one country should filch from the vocabulary of another a word of historic association without so much as "by your leave" or "courtesy of"?

If these diplomatic *pourparlers* were neglected I protest. It is monstrous effrontery that mean advantage should have been taken of a nation as yet ill-versed in the arts of tariffs and protection. And if France is not prepared to grant immediate and unlimited reciprocity I shall insist that my Member raises the matter in the House on the Adjournment. Alternatively the Académie Française must be severely censured by the League of Nations and instructed forthwith to spell their own concoctions in their own way without so much as a semblance of verisimilitude to the English.

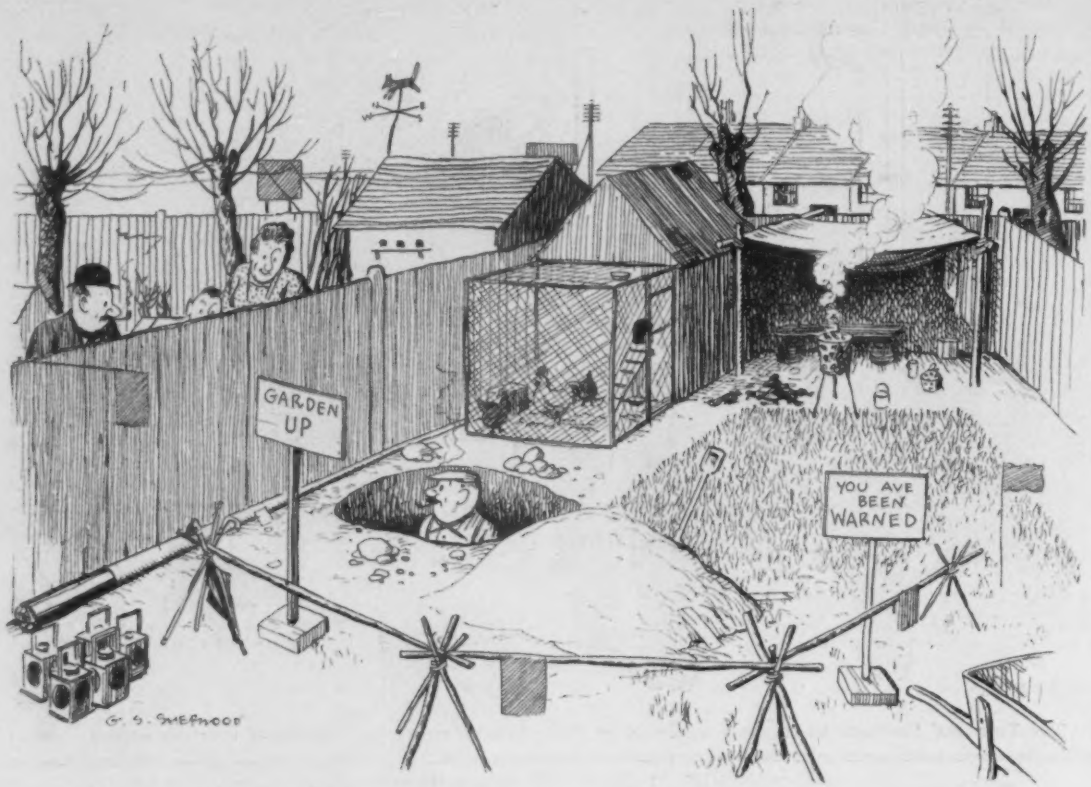
I am inclined to think that P-O-U-D-I-N-G-U-E is sufficiently far removed to avoid risk of confusion with our great national dish, but obviously we shall not be safe from the pilfering of precious words by aliens until the Safeguarding of Verbiage Bill receives the Royal Assent.

The Regiment to the North.

BLUE Bonnets over the Border!
The regiment's hurrying North
From the broad green plains of the Sassenach
To the hills beside the Forth.
On the long last slope of the Cheviots
The wheels of the rolling train
Go bumping over the sleepers,
Drumming our heart's refrain—

Here we come hurrying home from our exile,
Thundering North in a friendly train,
Rollicking down the long shoulder of Cumberland
Back to the hills, the hills again.
Far to the east the shadows of Annandale
Spring in the dawn from out of the plain;
Far to the west the mountains of Galloway—
Back to the hills, the hills again!

Blue Bonnets over the Border!
But not this time for the South;
The song of the wheels is lilting
In every soldier's mouth.
And when in the mist of the morning
We cross by the Gretna burn
Will the hearts of the long-dead reivers not be stirring
For joy at our return?



THE ROAD NAVVY FIXES A WIRELESS-POLE.

Letters to an Exile.

A Problem and a Trick.

DEAR ROONA,—It is noteworthy that at any rate three of the World's Powers are at the moment giving attention to the same problem. The problem is Noise, and the three Powers are Signor MUSSOLINI of Italy, Monsieur CHIAPPE, head of the Paris Police, and the London *Times*. The DUCE is determined to make the Eternal City quieter; M. CHIAPPE has declared war on the taxi-driver, who, he holds, "corns" too much; while *The Times* has been printing the manifesto of the Anti-Noise League, and every day a selection of letters in varying types.

But I am doubtful if any of them will succeed; and I am surprised that either the DUCE or the Policeman wants to, because one is an Italian and the other is a Frenchman, and both are Latins; and all the world knows that noise means nothing to Latin ears. The profound insensitiveness of Paris and Rome to stridency, discordancy and every rattling abomination is one of the first impressions gathered by strangers in those places. And not only Paris and Rome, but every other French and Italian town, whether Marseilles or Genoa, Torino or Bordeaux.

But perhaps the noise of Italy is the more surprising, because it occurs among scenes of ancient peace and even holiness. Milan, for example, has a more assertive and disturbing motor-horn than any other; and there was a time, now perhaps no more, when the drivers had by law to blow it continuously. But does Milan mind? Not in the least. Does the presence of its white and mystical cathedral in the midst of this traffic confer the faintest sense of reproof? None. And does Florence mind when the tramcar wheels screech round corners and the brakes scream and the drivers excitedly and unceasingly toll the warning bell? Not in the least. Does the contiguity of the Duomo or the Baptistery create an atmosphere of peace? None whatever. And why? Because only strangers are aware of the cacophony at all.

To Latin ears nothing abnormal, nothing irritating, is happening. Such clamour and din are an essential part of the common task, the trivial round; and I feel very confident that neither the DUCE in Rome nor the Chief of Police in Paris would have lifted a little finger in this campaign had they been left to themselves. It was outside influence that prompted them. Whose I have no notion; but a foreigner's, English or American most probably. And I can imagine the astonishment of both the administrators when they were told that such a reform would be a good thing. "Noise? What noise? I haven't noticed any. Still, if you really think the gentle murmur of the populace and the friendly intimations of motorists really keep people away, why, I 'll see if anything can be done."

In the matter of ears I certainly am no Latin. Indeed my pleasure in the spectacle of movement without any sound whatever proves this: such pleasure as I have been having this autumn watching peacock butterflies hovering over the long honeyed purple blossoms of a buddleia. Yet when man essays to imitate the flight of birds or insects he fills the firmament with his din. My own country abode is to the

wayfarer retired enough, being two or three hundred yards from the public road, in a district where public roads are narrow and not much used; but appearances are deceptive. The wayfarer cannot know, unless he is there all the day, that I am immediately beneath an air route between England and the Continent. Where then can one retreat? According to STEVENSON, in one of his most beautiful poems, I must go to the Highlands:—

"In the Highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes,
There essential silence cheers and blesses."

But commercial travellers, I read the other day, now visit the Orkneys and Shetlands by plane, so that air-lines must cross the Highlands too. In that case there is only one alternative: the silent tomb.

This reminds me that there is a strangely prophetic line in that old nursery numerical story we used to repeat, beginning with the line, "One old ox opening oysters." The fifth line runs, "Five furriers flying to France for fashions"; which is exactly what happens to-day, probably a century after the nonsense was composed, when there was no flight at all.

And now let me tell you how a Clerk in Holy Orders removed from me the other day five perfectly good shillings.

"Do you fancy yourself as a speller?" he asked.

"Of course I do," I said.

"Will you back yourself," he asked, "to spell correctly, in the space of half-a-minute, three ordinary English words of five letters each?"

"Of course," I said.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five bob," I said.

"Not more?" he asked.

"I think that's enough for you to lose," I said.

"Very well," he replied, taking out his watch. "Now then, 'Siege.'"

"S I E G E," I spelled.

Seize was his second word.

"S E I Z E," I spelled.

"Wrong!" he said.

"What do you mean?" I replied. "It's not wrong. SEIZE. E before I always when——"

"Time's up," he said, putting back his watch. "Five shillings, please."

"But," I remarked, "you never gave me the third word."

"Oh, yes, I did," he said. "'Wrong' was the third word."

Now, Roona, all you have to do is to try this on someone and make a bit—before he also reads his *Punch*.

Yours, E. V. L.



Old Huntsman (after a warm morning cubbing, having swallowed a pint). "NICE DROP O' BEER THAT. I WISH I 'AD TIME TO GET OFF AND 'AVE SOME."

The Shades.

WHEN the first pale sun of November
Has lighted the falling leaves
I doubt not the Dead remember
How it shone on their scarlet sleeves;
And, out of their slumber waking,
Those heroes, the hunting squires,
Swing into their saddles, taking
Their old front place in the shires.

Ay! surely those gallant thrusters
Who lived in the long ago—
MEYNELL and MYTTON and MUSTERS,
FORESTER, BERKELEY and Co.—
Are waiting alert by the gorses
At the first note of a hound
To shorten the rein on their horses
As soon as a fox is found!

And surely they take their places
Where only the best men may,
A confident smile on their faces,
On their lips a "For'ard away!"
And, taking their desperate chances
Where double and ditch lie wide,
The first flight over the fences
Are the ghosts of the men who died.

I see them crossing the meadows
And leading the Hunt as they list.
They glide o'er the vale like shadows,
They melt on the hills like mist;
And never a gate can grass them,
And never a rail withhold,
And never a horseman pass them,
However so keen and bold.

It may be a fancy idle
And a dream deserving scorn
That these should buckle a bridle
As soon as they hear the horn;
But I like when each new November
Sets foot in the leaf-strewn lane
To think that the Shades remember,
And ride in the shires again!

W. H. O.

At the Play.

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Charles Tritton . . . . . MR. ROBERT HARRIS.
Jill Mannering . . . . . MISS JUDY GUNN.



A STUDENT OF BEER AND LIGHT MUSIC.

Gilbert Raymond . . . . . MR. MACKENZIE WARD.

Bards of Commerce.

(*Lines inspired by a study of recent Board of Trade and Treasury Returns.*)

BARDS of Commerce and Finance,
Long denied a decent chance,
Spill your best triumphal lay;
Trade revival's on its way.

Clouds reveal a silver lining;
Unemployment's fast declining.
Steel expands and textiles rally,
Motors boom phenomenally;
Foreign orders bring us new trade;
Hope invades the boot and shoe trade;
Shipyards stir and factories buzz—
Stands Britain where she did? She does.

Yields from Customs and Excise
Swell before our grateful eyes;
Treasury officials grin
As their loot comes rolling in;
Tides that ebbed begin to turn,
Budget prospects brighter burn.
Oh, what boons may yet appear
In the new Financial Year!

Bards of Commerce and Finance,
Celebrate this grand advance!
Let your joyful songs recapture
All the statistician's rapture! C. L. M.

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BEAU WITH TWO STRINGS.

Anne Hargraves . . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.
Charles Tritton . . . . . MR. ROBERT HARRIS.
Jill Mannering . . . . . MISS JUDY GUNN.



A STUDENT OF BEER AND LIGHT MUSIC.

Gilbert Raymond . . . . . MR. MACKENZIE WARD.

Bards of Commerce.

(*Lines inspired by a study of recent Board of Trade and Treasury Returns.*)

BARDS of Commerce and Finance,
Long denied a decent chance,
Spill your best triumphal lay;
Trade revival's on its way.

Clouds reveal a silver lining;
Unemployment's fast declining.
Steel expands and textiles rally,
Motors boom phenomenally;
Foreign orders bring us new trade;
Hope invades the boot and shoe trade;
Shipyards stir and factories buzz—
Stands Britain where she did? She does.

Yields from Customs and Excise
Swell before our grateful eyes;
Treasury officials grin
As their loot comes rolling in;
Tides that ebbed begin to turn,
Budget prospects brighter burn.
Oh, what boons may yet appear
In the new Financial Year!

Bards of Commerce and Finance,
Celebrate this grand advance!
Let your joyful songs recapture
All the statistician's rapture! C. L. M.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

V.

August 15*th*. Holidays rush by with customary dizzying speed and extremely unusual number of fine days. We go for picnics—sugar is forgotten once and salt twice—drive immense distances in order to bathe for ten minutes in sea, which always turns out cold—and Robin takes up tennis. Felicity Fairmead comes to stay, is as popular as ever with children, and more so than ever with Robert, as she has begun to play the piano again and does so whenever we ask her. This leads to successful musical evenings, except when I undertake to sing solo part of "Alouette" and break down rather badly. Make up for it—or so I think—by restrained but at the same time moving interpretation of "In the Gloaming." Felicity, however, says that it reminds her of her great-grandmother, and Robert inquires if that is what 's-his-name's Funeral March, and I decide to sing no more for the present.

Caroline Concannon also honours us by week-end visit, and proves incredibly lively. Am led to ask myself at exactly what stage youth, in my own case, gave way to middle-age, and become melancholy and introspective. C.C., however, insists on playing singles with me at eleven o'clock in the morning, and showers extravagant praise on what she rightly describes as my *one* shot, and soon afterwards she suggests that we should all go in the car to the nearest confectioner's and get ices. Children are naturally enthusiastic, and I find myself agreeing to everything, including bathing picnic in the afternoon.

This leads to complete neglect of household duties hitherto viewed as inescapable, also to piles of unanswered letters, unmended clothes, and total absence of fresh flowers indoors; but no cataclysmic results ensue, and am forced to the conclusion that I have possibly exaggerated the importance of these claims on my time hitherto.

Ask C. C. about the flat and she is airy and says, Oh, she hopes I won't think it too frightfully untidy (am perfectly certain that I shall), and she had a new washer put on the kitchen-tap the other day, which she evidently thinks constitutes conclusive evidence as to her being solid and reliable tenant. She also adds that there is now a kitten in Doughty Street, practically next-door, and that the chandelier needs cleaning, but can only be done by A Man. Am struck, not for the first time, by the number of contingencies, mostly of a purely domestic character, that can apparently only be dealt with by A Man.

August 31*st*. Imperatively-worded postcard from Mrs. Tressider informs me that I am to write instantly to offices of the Holland-America Line and book passages in ss. *Rotterdam*, sailing September 30th. If I do this, says postcard, very illegibly indeed, I shall be privileged to travel with perfectly delightful American, wife of well-known financier and great friend of Mrs. T.'s. Details will follow, but there is not a moment to be lost. Am infected by this spirit of urgency, write madly to the Holland-America Line, and then wonder—too late—whether I really want to thrust my companionship on perfectly delightful unknown American and—still more—whether she will see any reason to thank me for having done so. Letter, however, arrives from shipping offices, enclosing enormous plan, entirely unintelligible to me, over which Robert spends a good deal of time with his spectacles on, and quantities of information from which I extract tonnage of ship—which leaves me cold—and price of single fare, which is less than I expected and reassures me. Robert says that he supposes that this will do as well as anything else—not at all enthusiastically—and Vicky quite irrationally says that I *must* go in that ship and no other. (Disquieting thought: Will Vicky grow up into a second Mrs. T.? Should not be in the very least surprised if she did.)

Second postcard from Mrs. T. arrives. She has seen her American friend (How?), and the friend is absolutely delighted at the idea of travelling with me, and will do everything she can to help me. Idle impulse assails me to write back on another postcard and say that it would really help me more than anything if she would pay my passage for me—but this, naturally, dismissed at once. Further inspection of postcard, which is extensively blotted, reveals something written in extreme right-hand corner, of which I am unable to make out a word. Robert is appealed to, and says that he thinks that it is something to do with luggage, but am quite unable to subscribe to this and refer to Our Vicar's Wife, who has called in about morris-dancing. She says, Yes, yes, where are her glasses? and takes a good many things out of her bag and puts them all back again, and finally discovers glasses in a little case in her bicycle basket, and studies postcard from a distance of at least a yard away.



"If that is What 's-his-Name's Funeral March."

Result of it all is that it Might be Anything, and Our Vicar's Wife always has said and always will say that plain sewing is a great deal more important than all this higher education. As for Our Vicar, says Our Vicar's Wife, he makes an absolute point of seeing that the Infant School is taught its multiplication-table in the good old-fashioned way.

We all agree that this is indeed essential, and conversation drifts off to Harvest Festival, drought in Cheshire, Our Vicar's married sister in despair about her French beans, tennis at Wimbledon, and increasing rarity of the buzzard-hawk.

Hours later Robin picks up Mrs. T.'s postcard and reads the whole of it from end to end, including postscript, to the effect that I must be prepared to pay duty on every single thing I take to

America, especially anything new in the way of clothes. Am so much impressed by dear Robin's skill that I quite forget to point out utter undesirability of reading postcards addressed to other people till long after he has gone to bed.

Am much disturbed at the idea of paying duty on all my clothes, and lie awake for some time wondering if I can possibly evade obligations already incurred towards Rose's friend—the coming Molyneux—but decide that this cannot honourably be done.

Sept. 1*st.* Call upon aged neighbour, Mrs. Blenkinsop, to meet married daughter, Barbara Carruthers, newly returned from India with baby. Find large party assembled, eight females and one very young man—said to be nephew of local doctor—who never speaks at all but hands tea about very politely and offers me dish containing Swiss-roll no fewer than five times.

Barbara proves to have altered little, is eloquent about India, and talks a good deal about *tiffin*, also Hot Weather and Going Up to the Hills. We are all impressed and inquire after husband. He is, says Barbara, well, but he works too hard—far too hard. She thinks he will kill himself, and is always telling him so.

Temporary gloom cast by the thought of Crosbie Carruthers killing himself is dissipated by the baby, who crawls about the floor and is said to be like his father. At this, however, old Mrs. Blenkinsop suddenly rebels and announces that dear Baby is the image of herself as a tiny, and demands the immediate production of her portrait at four years old to prove her words. Portrait is produced, turns out to be a silhouette showing pitch-black little profile with ringlets and necklace on white background, and we all say, Yes, we quite see what she means.

Baby very soon afterwards begins to cry—can this be cause and effect?—and is taken away by Barbara.

Mrs. B. tells us that it is a great joy to have them with her, she has given up the whole of the top-floor to them, and it means engaging an extra girl, and of course dear Baby's routine has to come before everything, so that her little house is upside-down. But that, after all, is nothing: she is old, her life is over, nothing now matters to her except the welfare and happiness of her loved ones.

Everybody rather dejected at these sentiments, and I seek to make a diversion by referring to approaching departure for America.

Several pieces of information are then offered to me:—

The Americans are very hospitable.

The Americans are so hospitable that they work one to death. (Analogy here with Barbara's husband.)

The Americans like the English.

The Americans do not like the English at all.

It is not safe to go out anywhere in Chicago without a revolver. (To this I might well reply that so far as I am concerned it would be even less safe to go out *with* one.)

Whatever happens I must visit Hollywood, eat waffles, see a baseball-match, lunch at a Women's Club, go up to the top of the Woolworth Building, and get invited to the house of a millionaire so as to see what it's like.

All alcohol in America is wood alcohol, and if I touch it I shall die or become blind or go raving mad.

It is quite impossible to refuse to drink alcohol in America because the Americans are so hospitable.

Decide after this to go home and consult Robert as to advisability of cancelling proposed visit to America altogether. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)



"ONE VERY YOUNG MAN."



"HER PORTRAIT AT FOUR YEARS OLD."

"PEER'S SISTER CUTS OX."
Sunday Paper.

The snob!

"For Winter Evenings, Complete.—Ping Pong Set, 4/6. Latest Hair-Clippers, 4/3."
Adv. in Australian Paper.

It looks like being a riotous Christmas.

"There is a small minority of members who intend to remain on the Government benches whatever happens, and no matter what decision is taken in November a spit is inevitable."
Daily Paper.

Before it is too late, may we suggest that such a gesture is unParliamentary?



THE SEASON'S UNDERWEAR.

"THE VERY LATEST. MODOM WILL FIND THEM SO CUNNING AND SLIM-FITTING."

Anti-Bookmanism.

(The inhabitants of Stubbings, in Berkshire, according to "The Evening News," have given up reading books altogether, and the library in the village has had to be closed.)

LET lyrical ink-slingers
  Dilate on love and larks,
On operatic singers
  Or starlings in the Parks;
Let sportsmen talk of cubbings
Or shooting-boots and dubbings—
I sing the men of Stubbings,
  A village down in Berks.

From too much love of LAWRENCE,
  From ALDOUS HUXLEY freed,
They hold in mild abhorrence
  The Neo-Nudist creed;
And, bidding valediction
To antinomian fiction,
They suffer no affliction
  From having ceased to read.

The matin song of roosters
  Their sweet seclusion cheers;
The bleating of book-boosters
  Falls dully on their ears;
Unawed by highbrow snubbings
Or dour decanal drubbings,
The simple folk of Stubbings
  Move in their blameless spheres.

Refuting all the stock tales
  Of rural vice and drink,
They don't indulge in cocktails
  Or paint their toe-nails pink.
The men and maids of Stubbings,
Alike in daily tubbings
Or in their weekly scrubbings,
  From scents and crystals shrink.

The natives of this village
  Invariably refrain
From pilfering and pillage
  And giving needless pain.
No lamentable blubbings
Or parricidal clubbings
Are heard or seen in Stubbings,
  Where all is calm and sane.

Too old to be a rover
  Or strive to win renown,
I long to live in clover—
  But not in London Town;
No, far from shoulder-rubbings
And crowds and money-grubbings,
In blessèd bookless Stubbings
  I mean to settle down. C. L. G.

"The Autumn Session of Members' Monthly Meetings will open on Thursday, when Colonel R. H. Elliot, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.S., D.P.H., F.I.H., F.I.P.H., F.Z.S., will deliver an address on SNAKES. Refreshments will be served."—*Health Journal.*

Could we have them now?

"When autumn comes the birds of paradise turn to thoughts of courtship, and some remarkable displays on the part of the males now enliven the Bird House. . . .

In the case of the blue and Emperor birds of paradise these press their suits in an inverted position, perching head downwards for several minutes at a time."

Sunday Paper.

We ourselves, however badly hit, shall continue to send ours to the cleaners.



Jane. "I AIN'T HAD A WINK OF SLEEP ALL NIGHT, MUM, WRACKING ME BRAINS TO FIND A REALLY SUITABLE NAME FOR THE KITTEN."
Mistress. "WELL, HAVE YOU FOUND ONE, JANE?"
Jane. "OH, YES, MUM—*Kitty.*"

A recent news-item spoke of the bravery of a young grocer. It is, of course, not usual for them to display their grit.

★ ★ ★

Viennese burglars have confided to the police that their expenses are greater than their profits. This would justify the police in advising them to give it up.

★ ★ ★

Oxford University has decided to increase the field of subjects in agricultural training. Honour Muds.

A man ejected from the gallery of the French Parliament was found to have his pockets full of tomatoes. It is thought that his idea was to catch the Speaker's eye.

★ ★ ★

"My business is looking up," said a defendant in a London County Court. An astronomer evidently.

★ ★ ★

"A new hat makes any woman excited," says a fashion expert. It certainly soon goes to her head.

"The St. Andrew's University Archery Club," says a Scottish news-item, "has begun practice at the butts." Habitués of St. Andrew's still maintain that real skill with the long-bow is only to be found at the nineteenth hole.

★ ★ ★

"Thin ears denote a weak character," asserts a physiognomist. Thick ears a weak defence.

★ ★ ★

The question is not what is the world coming to but when is it coming to.



"BEFORE I BEGIN MY SHOW, YOU TOFFS, I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU THAT FOR SPECIAL REASONS I'M DISGUISED. THIS AIN'T MY REAL FACE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Gods Arrive.

WITH the wane of dogmatic theology the task of subserving an other-worldly life has been taken over—not perhaps very satisfactorily for their clients—by poets and artists. On the nothing-like-leather principle the poet naturally expects that his kind will regenerate the globe, and that, I take it, is why "A. E." depicts the redeeming gods of the future as being recognised and hailed by poets, artists and the less practical brand of philosopher. *The Avatars* (MACMILLAN, 6/-) describes a young artist fleeing from civilisation and meeting, in an idyllic mountain country, a "talkative philosopher," a poet and a sculptor all alert to welcome the gods of a better world. How this rarefied intelligentsia recognises its incarnate deities and how materialism garbles the vision and wages war on its adherents is the outline, vivified less, I feel, by "A. E.'s" misty pantheism than by his passionate love of loveliness. I appreciate his solicitude for the creative faculty three-quarters-starved in a world of mechanism, but this and the spiritual outlook it fosters will in the future, I think, be found rather among peasants and craftsmen than among the hierophants of the fine arts.

Desolate Splendour.

"A masquerade" is what Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR calls the book in whose title he has hyphened, as they were so ambiguously hyphened in life, the gorgeous hostess of Gore House and the Last of the Dandies—DISRAELI'S exquisitely frivolous *Count Alcibiades de Mirabel*. And a masquerade it is, with the garish colours of the 'thirties and the faint cloying perfumes of *Keepsakes* and *Books of Beauty*. But *Blessington-D'Orsay* (CONSTABLE, 9/-), for all its fidelity to contemporary atmosphere, is no mere period-piece. I rather suspect that while writing of her Mr. SADLEIR fell in love with *Lady Blessington*. And well he might, for it is a very lovable woman whom he has figured, not only beautiful and witty but large-hearted and loyal, desperately brave as she was desperately extravagant, with the odds against her from the start and gallant to the end amidst the ruins of her splendours. Her elegant companion—and Mr. SADLEIR has a new but convincing interpretation of that ambiguous hyphen—is, in Mr. SADLEIR'S showing, less to be admired; but he too is given his own frail and at the last pathetic humanity in this most sympathetic, brilliant and fascinating story, in which the conscientious historian and the imaginative artist have so perfectly collaborated.

Exodus Up-to-Date.

Mr. OSBERT SITWELL is, I gather, of *Bayes'* opinion on the strictly subservient functions of the plot; but given that the scenario of *Miracle on Sinai* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6) only exists to bring in aspersions on the modern outlook, it has exquisitely and abundantly justified its rather charade-like naïveté. An assorted complement of culture and wealth is discovered at the foot of Sinai, filling the Aaron Palace Hotel with its paraphernalia and views amid a "skeleton landscape" inspired with "Biblical verity." There is *Lord Pridian*, the Press-magnate; the die-hard *Sir Rudyard Ramshakkle*; a broad-minded Bishop (and his wife); a Semitic Baronet (who has built a little Jacobean place at Bethlehem); a valetudinarian novelist of "guts" and sex; an Arab Shereef (with harem)—altogether a score-and-a-half of admirable speaking parts. How *Lord Pridian's* picnic on Sinai culminates in an amazing revelation is, with the detailed individual consequences of that catastrophe, not the strong point of a book whose entertaining

temper is destructive. There is, however, among his cast most acceptable fodder for Mr. SITWELL's skirmishing wit, and of his triumphant dialogue and characterisation at least one fair exponent would do credit to DICKENS.

"Scotland for Ever!"

Here's ben and here's corrie,
Here's highland and island,
And here's ANNIE LAURIE
And Bannockburn won,
And here Athole brose is
And Spartans in tartans,
And here the White Rose is—
This book's never done.

Mr. MORTON has made it
(Of what land but Scotland?),
His tale he has laid it
Where the Muses remain,
And he titles his tissue
Of glory and story
(A METHUEN issue)
In Scotland Again.

Yes, here is the splendour
Of mountain and fountain—
The North ("true and tender")
In legend and lore,
Which I end my report on,
Appending for ending
"My thanks, Mr. MORTON,
And Thank your once more."

Tahiti and Trousers.

M. ALAIN GERBAULT, who, under the title of *The Gospel of the Sun* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6), has here collected a number of impressions of travel which did not find a place in his previous book on the voyage of the *Firecrest*, has a happy knack for finding out the unexpected in the various countries which he visits. Thus in the Isthmus of Panama he is more concerned with the strange racial enigma of the San Blas Indians, whose language, he says, contains some thirty words of Norman as it was spoken at the time of the Battle of Hastings, than with the engineering triumphs of the Canal: and in the Galapagos Islands he encountered not giant tortoises but a phenomenon after his own heart in the shape of a philosophical exile from Russia clearing jungle with a *machete*. The greater part of the book, however, is devoted to his Polynesian experiences. He has given his heart to the islands and their people as freely as HERMAN MELVILLE, STEVENSON, and his own countryman, LOTI. Nor is the feeling unreturned, for he received on one occasion at least an invitation to assume the dignity of kingship. M. GERBAULT disclaims any desire to tilt at white rule in the Pacific, and he is much more moderate in his views on missions than some recent writers. But there is no doubt of his opinion as to the baneful effects upon his beloved "isles of Eden" of European dwellings, canned food and trousers.



"OH, JOHN, HOW VERY TIRESOME OF YOU WHEN YOU KNOW I'VE GOT SAUSAGES FOR SUPPER!"

Light and Shade on the Theatre.

In *The Theatre in My Time* (RICH AND COWAN, 6/-) Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE confesses without shame to having at a tender age filched from the home missionary-box his enforced contributions in order to have the price of a gallery seat to see the Benson Company in *Shakespeare*, in Belfast. Since then he has, as manager, critic and playwright known and served the theatre well and won the right to speak with authority. His judgments are given with a characteristic precision, his generalisations not mitigated by hedging qualifications. . . . Between SHERIDAN and GILBERT there was an arid patch which he dubs the Actor's Theatre. PINERO blazed the trail, SHAW built the road for the Author's Theatre, and the three decades before the War were a golden age. The passing of the actor-manager with the coming of the theatre of ideas has however made way for the syndicate, the rack-renting owner, the overpaid actor—and theatre finance is unsound. . . . The cinematograph helped the popular news-sheet to complete the degradation of popular taste. There arose, too, irrelevant and unwholesome fellows calling themselves Producers. Indeed, what with one thing and another the theatre is in a bad way. . . . But it is a phœnix, imperishable. . . . All this in the author's racy forthright idiom and best provocative manner.

The Old Order Changeth.

I doubt if Miss JOANNA CANNAN has ever written a better novel than *North Wall* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), in which she describes the forced retreat of a family from prosperous country life to an atmosphere of linoleum, stewed prunes and custard in the Cromwell Road. The women of the family are happier than the men, for *Mrs. Wayland* still manages to breathe the air of the past, while *Janet and Gracie*, turned governess and secretary, become rather excitingly involved in the lives of their employers. But *Colonel Wayland*, occupied as club-bore, cannot understand why an Etonian education can produce no better career for his son *Guy* than commercial-travelling, and shows his disgust so effectively that the young man, after losing two jobs, becomes a gigolo in France. Miss CANNAN is neither snobbish nor sentimental about the people whose lives she makes us share. There is a nice cool sanity in this story of adjustments and maladjustments, and she writes of likeable people in a more than readable way.

A Policeman's Lot.

Mandarin Gardens (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), the charming title of Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S new novel, hardly suggests the story of crime which he has to unfold. Yet it suits the book excellently, for the action really begins in Mandarin Gardens, the public park of Sandabar, in the Dutch East Indies; and the crime itself is much less important than the way in which it affects *Thyark*, the Chief Commissioner of Police. It is *Thyark* who finds a lovely girl suffering from loss of memory in the gardens, and his policemen, later, find there, one after the other, a dead man, a revolver and a lady's handbag. By then *Thyark* has involved himself in the matter by keeping his discovery secret; and the spectacle of the head of the police menaced by the activities of his own department is distinctly interesting. I found myself so anxious as to the fate of *Thyark* and his *Marie Céleste* that I could not rest till I had turned the last page; and as for the "local colour," if the Dutch East Indies are not exactly as Mr. STACPOOLE paints them—well, they ought to be.

Frank Autobiography.

Whether writing of his earlier years or relating his experiences during the War and on the cricket-field, LIONEL, Lord TENNYSON is, in *From Verse to Worse* (CASSELL, 10/6), nothing if not candid. For instance he leaves his readers in no doubt that to be brought up in an atmosphere of veneration for a distinguished grandfather was a little asphyxiating. "To myself, at any rate," he says, "there always seemed to me an atmosphere about Farringford which it was extremely difficult to live up to." Lord TENNYSON, to the majority of people, is best known as a cricketer and captain of cricketers, but interesting as the chapters on the greatest of all games are by far the most valuable part of his narrative is that which is concerned with the War. It is amusing, though by no means extraordinary, to find that Lord TENNYSON on one occasion burst forth into poetry, and assessed the value of his verses at a price that prevented their publication. He now gives them to his readers "free, gratis and for nothing." As a conclusion to his book of revelations Lord TENNYSON assures us that "to the follies and high adventures" of his early days he has said farewell; but however busy he may have become I hope he will still find time to play some cricket.



"NOT MUCH USE ARSKIN' 'IM, ALF."

Explorer, Naturalist, Artist and Friend.

"If this book," Mr. APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD writes in his excellent introduction to *Edward Wilson of the Antarctic* (MURRAY, 10/6), "succeeds in showing what kind of man *Bill* was, it will give you courage." Let it be said at once that Mr. GEORGE SEAVER has succeeded in his task: indeed it is impossible to read this biography without feeling a sincere admiration for WILSON in every phase of his life. In this book we can again study the record of achievements that will never be forgotten, the tale of brave men meeting fatal misfortunes with serene courage. We can follow WILSON'S career from his childhood to the day when, beloved by his companions, he died on his way back from the Pole. Exceptionally gifted as he was in many ways the greatest of all his gifts must surely have been his genius for friendship. Beautiful illustrations, almost exclusively by WILSON himself, accompany a most inspiring volume.

The Train Holiday.

Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH has devoted a whole book to proving how right ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was to prefer travelling to arriving—always provided that the travelling is done by train. As *A Pilgrim from Paddington* (BARKER, 7/6) she has contrived to visit many of the loveliest places of the West and to see as many more from the windows of fleeting railway-carriages. Since she finds keen delight in watching the scenery compose itself into a picture, dissolve and compose again—the greatest joy of travel by train—and, what is more, can pass on the essence of her experiences to her readers, Miss ROYDE-SMITH was obviously the right author for this book. The result is so rich in interest that even I, who have always held Paddington the gate to the real England, stand aghast to think of all that I have missed. Lovely photographs and some peculiarities which suggest a jolt or joggle on the part of a railway-coach rather than a failure on the part of proof-reader or printer add local colour to a book which should make holidays on the train our next craze—a craze at once less risky for the susceptible and less ruinous for the hard-up than the fashionable cruise.

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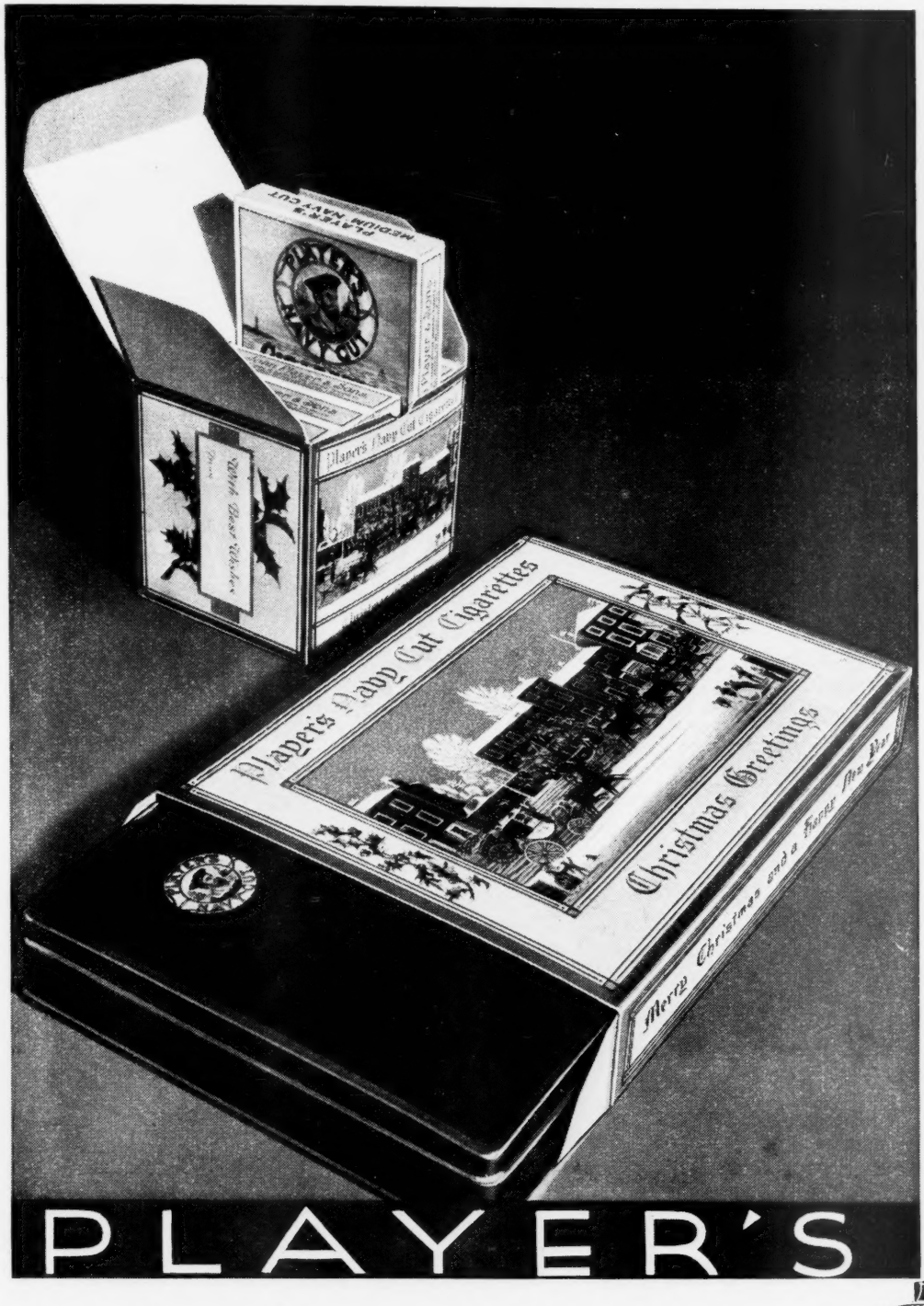
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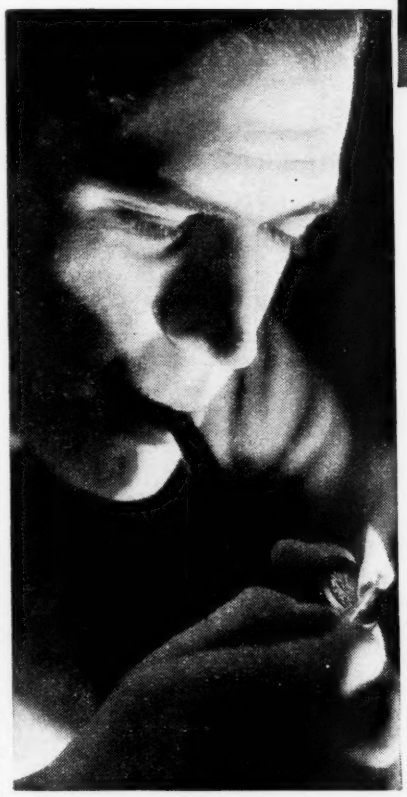
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In an uncertain world, this much at least is certain—you can't be successful or happy if you aren't *fit!* Mr Can takes Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning—and keeps healthy and clean inside. So should you! You would work better. You would play better. Get a bottle of Eno today—and be healthier from now on!

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CVS—116

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Virginia No. 40—2/- per box of 25. Also in Enamelled Tins at 4/- per 50 and 8/- per 100.

Tobaccos :—1 oz. 1/6, 2 oz. 3/-, 4 oz. 6/-, 8 oz. 12/- in airtight vacuum tins.

BALKAN SOBRANIE VIRGINIA No. 40 CIGARETTES

The Balkan Sobranie Virginia which has already achieved astonishing popularity. Hand-made exactly like Balkan Sobranie Turkish, but made of pure Virginia leaf. The usual packing is in handsome black-and-white enamelled boxes.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Virginia No. 40 is available in two new packings:—

A SILVER MOIRÉ CABINET

containing the standard boxes of 25 and containing a scoring card for both Contract and Auction Bridge. Prices per cabinet :—75's 6/-; 150's 12/-; 250 20/-; 500 40/-.

A SOLID WALNUT CASKET

Hand-made from selected grained walnut, lined in mahogany, bevelled lid, baize on base. This beautiful casket contains the standard boxes of 25 and bears no advertising of any kind. A scoring card for both Contract and Auction Bridge is enclosed. Prices per casket :—100's 18/6; 150's 22/6.

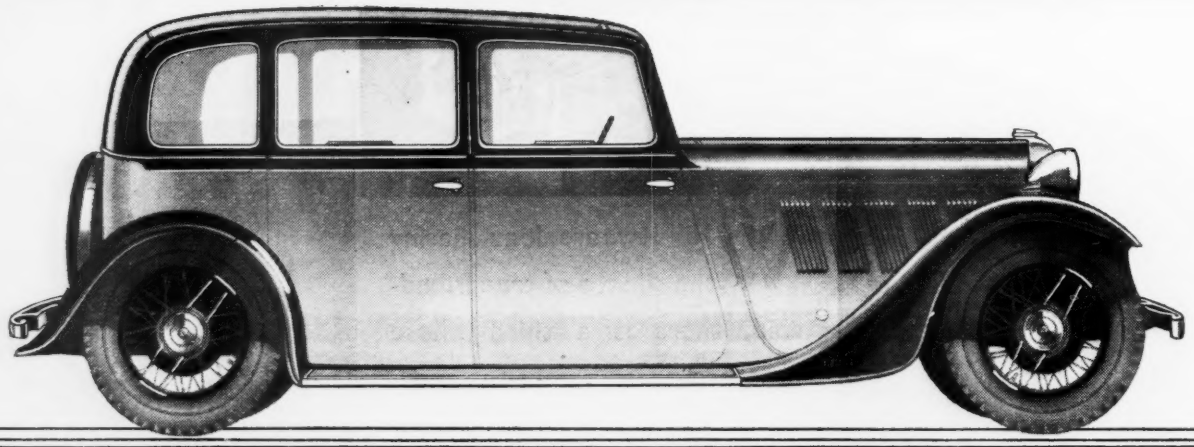
To A. Weinberg, 33, Newman St., London, W.1. Please send me free samples of Balkan Sobranie Cigarettes OR Tobaccos. I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. (Strike out words which do not apply.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

This offer only applies to the U.K.

A. WEINBERG, SOBRANIE HOUSE, 33 NEWMAN ST., LONDON, W.1.



THE 1934 ROVER IS STILL FURTHER AHEAD

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS
AND A NEW 12 H.P. MODEL

- **SUPER POWER O.H.V. ENGINES**
  giving approximately 4 times rated h.p.
- **UNDERSLUNG CHASSIS**
  Low floor line, extra head room, and perfect road holding.
- **LONGER WHEELBASE**
  permitting wider doors, and even greater riding comfort.
- **HANDY GEAR CONTROL**
  (Clutchless gear change—of course).
- **BUILT IN DIRECTION INDICATORS**
  with automatic return.
- **FRONTAL STABILISING**
  The greatest advance since the shock absorber. Rover accomplishes for the whole car what cushioned power has already done for the engine.

AND THE SUCCESSFUL 1933 FEATURES, INCLUDING:-

Freewheel - Clutchless Gearchange - Automatic Restarting - Silent Power - Silent Gearbox - Silent Coachwork

ROVER

THE TEN - from £238
THE TWELVE from £268
THE FOURTEEN „ £288

THE SIXTEEN from £438
THE SPEED 14 from £395
THE SPEED 20 from £495

Write for new illustrated Catalogue and particulars of trial runs to:

THE ROVER CO. LTD., COVENTRY

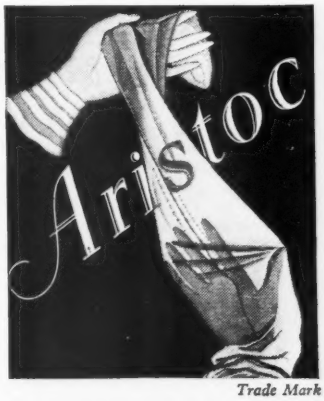
London Distributors:
HENLYS LTD., Henly House, Euston Road, N.W.

PIONEERS OF THE FREE WHEEL AND CLUTCHLESS GEAR CHANGE

CVS—60



See Uncle David through the eyes
Of Niece, who finds, with glad surprise
As Christmas Stocking time draws near
Six pairs of *Aristoc* appear!

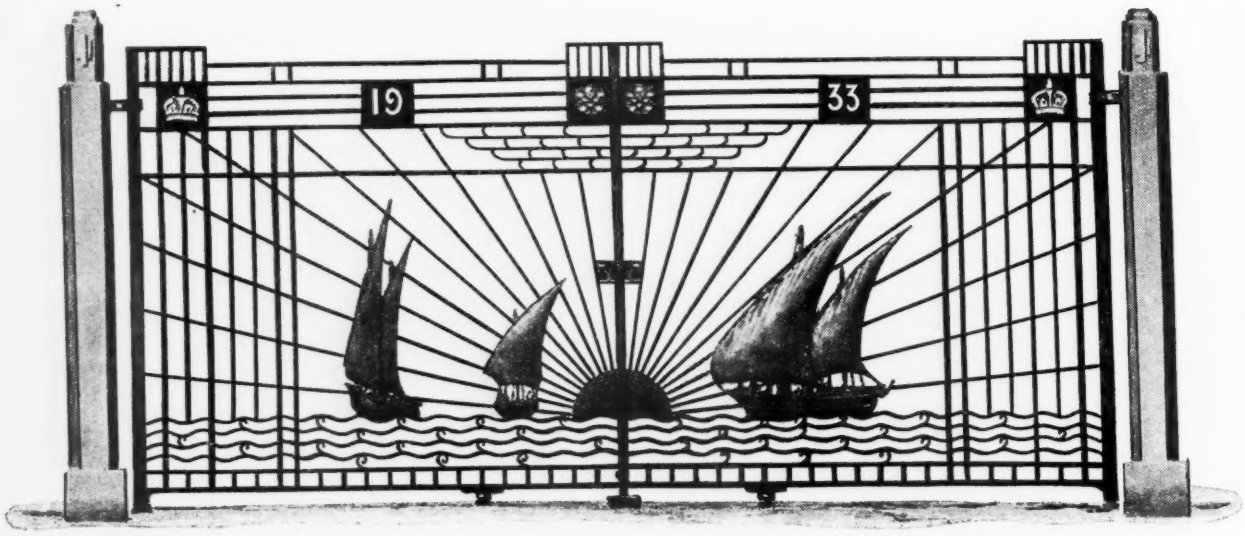


THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS ✕
Pure Silk 4/11 5/11 6/11 8/11 10/6 12/6

Trade Mark

Sole Distributors to the Trade: W. L. Arber Ltd., Portland House, 4 Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

A Seascape in Iron and Bronze



THE ABOVE PICTURE REPRESENTS
THE CENTRE PAIR OF
A SET OF GATES MADE
TO THE ORDER OF
THE CROWN AGENTS
FOR THE COLONIES
AND SHIPPED TO
BASRAH, IRAQ. . . . . .

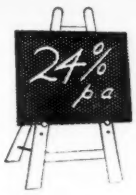
MANUFACTURERS:

BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS LTD.

WORKS:
WOLVERHAMPTON.

LONDON OFFICES & SHOWROOMS:
139, 141, CANNON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Brochure containing delightful illustrations of Hammered Iron Gates and Ornamental Ironwork sent free on application.



To all those people who would like an

AGA COOKER

(Registered Trade Mark)

but think they can't afford it—

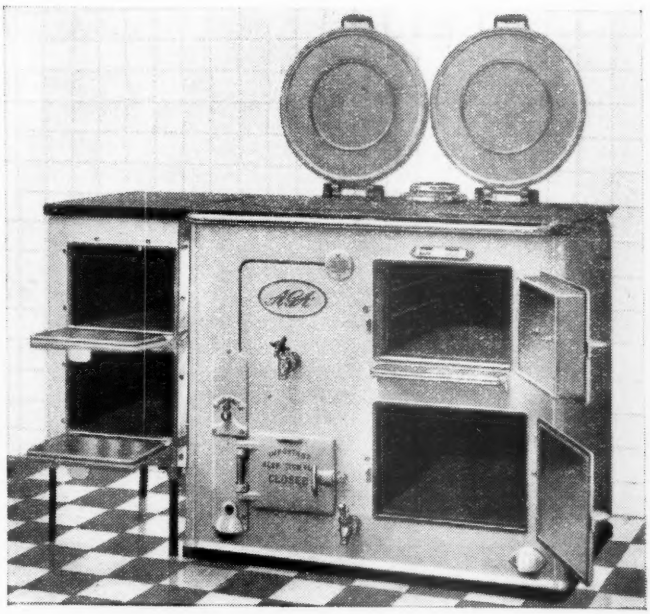
SOME VERY SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

THE Aga Cooker costs 59 guineas and about £5 10s. to instal. From that date your kitchen fuel bill will be less than £4 a year—*guaranteed.* How much a year will you save? Multiply that figure by 1½ and the "answer" is the rate of interest you will obtain on your investment of about £67.

For instance, say you spend £20 a year on coal, gas, or electricity for cooking. With an Aga you will save £16 per annum. Your investment will thus pay you about 24 per cent. per annum. And in 4—5 years you will have recouped your capital expenditure.

You can buy your Aga by monthly or quarterly payments over one, two or three years and it can be installed for a first payment of £5 10s. In this way many people buy their Agas not by what is perhaps an unpleasant capital outlay, but with the money they would normally have spent on their quarterly bills for fuel *alone.*

And remember you are buying your household the most up-to-date, most efficient and most lovably labour-saving cooking stove in the world. In fact, you are giving them a "Rolls Roycean" luxury and saving money in the process.



The Aga is here illustrated with the 15" Side by Side Hot Cupboard.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY A BRITISH COMPANY

The Aga Cooker is the only Cooker in the world with a guaranteed maximum fuel consumption—i.e. £4 worth of fuel a year. The Aga Cooker, if fuelled once a day and riddled twice, never goes, out but is always ready for immediate use, day and night, at no extra cost. The Aga cooks for anything up to 16 people at exactly the same cost and is a full-sized kitchen range affording every requirement of cooking. External surfaces are of glazed, non-cracking enamel and metal parts are chromium-plated. There is nothing to go wrong. The Aga is fully guaranteed and is made in England.



We would like to send you our 24-page Fully Illustrated Booklet. The Aga Cooker is really rather a wonderful invention—but in the compass of our advertisement it is impossible to tell you as much about it as you would probably like to know. Please address your card or letter to :—

BELL'S HEAT APPLIANCES LTD.,
26, AGABELL WORKS, SLOUGH, BUCKS - **(Telephone: Slough 1112)**
or call at our London Offices and Showrooms:
157, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4 (Telephone: Central 6281)
Agents throughout the Country.

THE ONLY COOKER IN THE WORLD WITH A GUARANTEED FUEL CONSUMPTION


Drink Delicious
'OVALTINE'
For Health, Strength & Vitality

GREAT NEWS... this Xmas

be a FROG PUSS MOTH Private Owner!

Here's a FLYING SCALE-MODEL REPLICA of the famous De Havilland PUSS MOTH correct in every detail and with a fine performance.

The D. H. PUSS MOTH has made Aviation history in the hands of many famous pilots and private owners—this new FROG PUSS MOTH marks a great epoch in the history of model aircraft engineering! Every boy knows the constructional details of a full-sized PUSS MOTH—just study our photograph in this advertisement and you will see the wonderful accuracy in appearance of the FROG, then remember also its fine flying performance, and you will realise that it stands in a class by itself!

Specification: All-metal fuselage, detachable high-lift wings, spring steel under-carriage, twin concealed elastic motor operating to geared air-screw. Span 18·2″; Chord 3·25″; Length 13·1″.

Performance: Guaranteed to take-off in 3-4 feet at 12 feet per second in still air. Length of flight 200 yards. Air speed 1,320 feet p.m. Service ceiling 100 feet.



Photograph of actual model—not of full-sized machine.

TRADE MARK

17/6 COMPLETE with starter, spare motor, inserter rod, FROG lubricant, Aero Shell oil and instructions

BRITISH-MADE BY
INTERNATIONAL MODEL AIRCRAFT, LTD.
(World Patents)
SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES:
LINES BROS., LTD.,
Tri-Ang Works, Morden Road, Merton, S.W.19

"CONTACT" STARTING
Incorporated in the Box.
This patented winding gear saves time and supersedes tedious inaccurate hand-winding.

CRASH-PROOF CONSTRUCTION
Chief components such as wings, under-carriage and air-screw, etc., are spring-on fitted, thus minimising risk of damage in the event of forced landing or crash.

"PASSED-OUT"
by the FROG Chief Engineer and flight-tested—just like a real aeroplane.

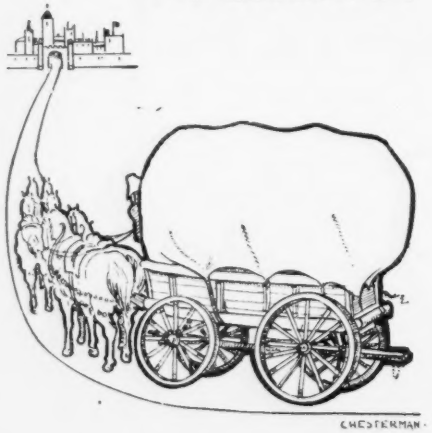
★ If you own this PUSS MOTH you are entitled to membership in the FROG FLYING CLUB.

Particulars from your Dealer, or Lines Bros., Ltd.

FLY FROG BRITISH MADE Model Aircraft—the instructive Hobby!

Obtainable at all Leading Toy Shops, Sports and Departmental Stores.

BLANKET WAGGON



A book printed in 1677 tells how Early's of Witney dispatched their goods and collected their raw materials before Air Mail and Railway took the place of Post Chaise and Broad-wheel Waggon.

'*The Witney Weavers*', writes Robert Plot, '*send all the sorts of Duffields and Blankets weekly in waggons up to London, which return laden with Fell-wool from Leaden-hall, and Barnaby-street in Southwark, whether 'tis brought from most places above-mention'd.*'

('Natural History of Oxfordshire.')

Let your Draper send the Blanket Waggon to your Bedside! Ask for Earlywarms, the 'Blankets of Tradition'.

EARLYWARM

ALL-WOOL WITNEY BLANKETS

from 20/– the pair and up, from the best shops

also coloured Earlywarms in twelve shades

WEAVE TRUTH REGISTERED WITH TRUST TRADE MARK
EARLYWARM
ALL WOOL
WITNEY BLANKETS
MADE BY
EARLY'S of WITNEY

See this label on every pair

Spode

1733–1933



GREEN FLOWER EMBOSSED

WHEN GEORGE III WAS KING, HOSTESSES WERE NOT SO LUCKY. True, great houses by the hundred were already dining off Spode, as great houses have done ever since: but they paid far more than the Spode prices which fit so neatly into to-day's "Economy Budgets"

"*GREEN FLOWER EMBOSSED*" *DESIGN. This attractive ware has a Cream ground. The embossed flowers and edge are a rich Green. Tea Services from 16/-, Dinner Services from 48/9.*

Spode

Please send me your Bicentenary Souvenir Book (Price 6d.) and/or your free coloured catalogue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

To W. T. Copeland & Sons, Ltd., Stoke-on-Trent. P. 3/33



Only the rich or famous can afford to dress badly — a thing some men forget. Happily with the New Tailoring at his disposal a man needn't wait for riches to dress well! An evening tail coat costs seven guineas; a dinner jacket four and a half guineas or six guineas; dress trousers forty-two shillings and sixpence; black dress waistcoat twenty-eight shillings and sixpence.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

New Tailoring

AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET

LONDON: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 • 24 Coventry St., W.1 • 13 Fenchurch St., E.C.3

Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.25103

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"When we come, as common sense dictates we must come in our search for the world's best, to the consideration of the car as a whole—engine, gearbox, braking, steering, suspension, silence, acceleration, longevity and so on—then argument ceases to obtain, the Rolls-Royce has it every time, and of that there is no doubt, no possible doubt whatever."—*Capt. E. de Normanville*

Rolls-Royce Ltd have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

BY APPOINTMENT

Christmas Gifts by ATKINSONS

BY APPOINTMENT

Ask your chemist to show you these special Christmas gifts in their charming boxes of flower design, copied from the hand-enamelled Canton ware which has just been introduced into England.

Gold Medal Eau-de-Cologne, or Old English Lavender Water, and the fashionable No. 24 Face Powder.

2/6 4/6





EAU-DE-COLOGNE

No gift could be more welcome than a bottle of Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne. To present Atkinsons is a graceful tribute that will cause you to be remembered with gratitude.

1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 7/6 to 32/6



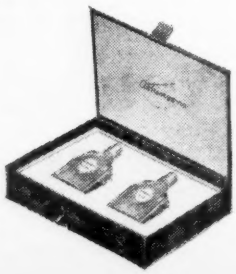
"SONNET"

the new and joyous perfume

Sonnet—Atkinsons New and Joyous Perfume—the spirit of to-day captured in a crystal flask!

2/- 3/6 6/- 10/6

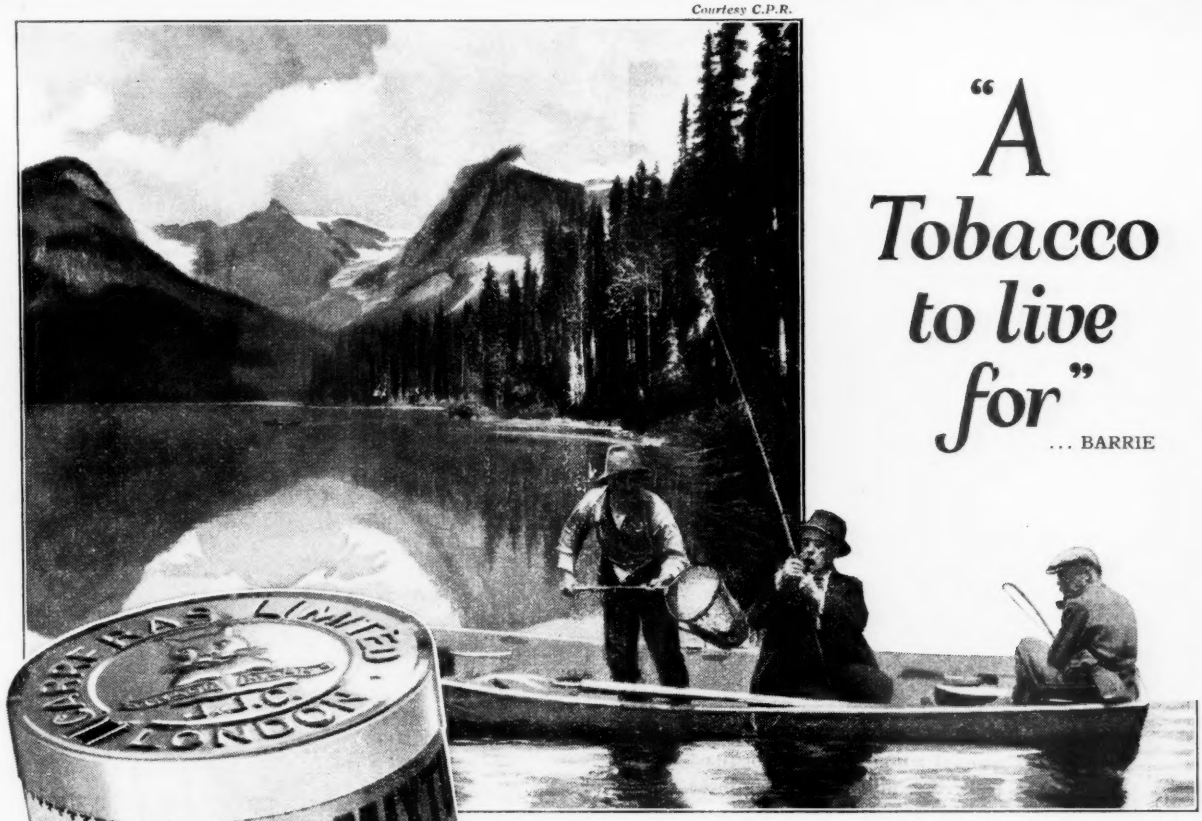
Two crystal bottles of the "Nonsuch" Perfumes—the true fragrance of the flowers: Narcissus, White Violet, Jasmin, Lilac, Gardenia, Damask Rose and Lily of the Valley. Also No. 24 Perfume. **8/-**



Atkinsons – always appreciated

AG 3-391-80

Courtesy C.P.R.



"A Tobacco to live for"

... BARRIE



"A Tobacco to live for." . . . A wonderful tribute, coming *unsought* from one who, obviously, had nothing to gain from saying it. . . . Yet not more remarkable than the story of Craven Mixture itself:

Carreras had been making fine Tobaccos for three-quarters of a century *before* Craven Mixture saw the light of day; Tobaccos which had their following amongst that small circle which governed England during the days of the Georges and the years which followed.

Then came Craven Mixture, *blended for one man's smoking.* Chance, inspiration, call it what you will, produced a Tobacco which swept right across the World, and *before* the days of turbines and trans-continental railroads, before the World was fully known.

This is the Craven we commend to the discriminating pipe-smoker of to-day. Packed now, it is true, with twentieth-century science, made and blended under manufacturing conditions which have no equal on either side of the Atlantic . . . nevertheless, the same old Craven, unchanged in its *fundamental* character and goodness.

And as you open your Craven tin, think of a couple of smokers lighting-up, in the Rockies maybe, who have never seen London, Eng.; and of another, exiled in some lonely outpost, dreaming of the day when he will again step down Piccadilly; and of a thousand other men, in the out-of-the-way places throughout the World, who will tell you that Craven is not only "a Tobacco to live for," but has oft-times been the one thing to make life worth living!

★ 'ARCADIA'

immortalised by Sir James M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine," is Craven Mixture.

Fine Cut, Double Broad Cut, Extra Mild.

1 oz. 1/3, 2 oz. 2/6 & 4 oz. 5/-, in Air-tight Tins. (The 1-oz. size is not exported.)

CRAVEN MIXTURE TOBACCO

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD., (FOUNDED 1788) ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1.

(C.M. 44)

Points about QUILLETTES (REGD.)



17 WARMTH without stuffiness is one of the chief advantages of Quillettes, which are made with a fast-woven pile of pure wool, so constructed that it holds the maximum volume of air for a given weight. This means that while Quillettes keep you warm they never create a stuffy heat.

18 INVALIDS using Quillettes instead of blankets and quilts, find them the most charming and comfortable bed coverings. They are light in weight, and their delightful soft shades are restful to the nerves. They do not slip off the bed or become untidy, as do ordinary quilts and coverlets.

For FREE SAMPLE, *illustrated leaflet and name of your nearest stockist fill in coupon below and post to*

Dept. 17, H. & M. SOUTHWELL Ltd., Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

QUILLETTES (REGD.)

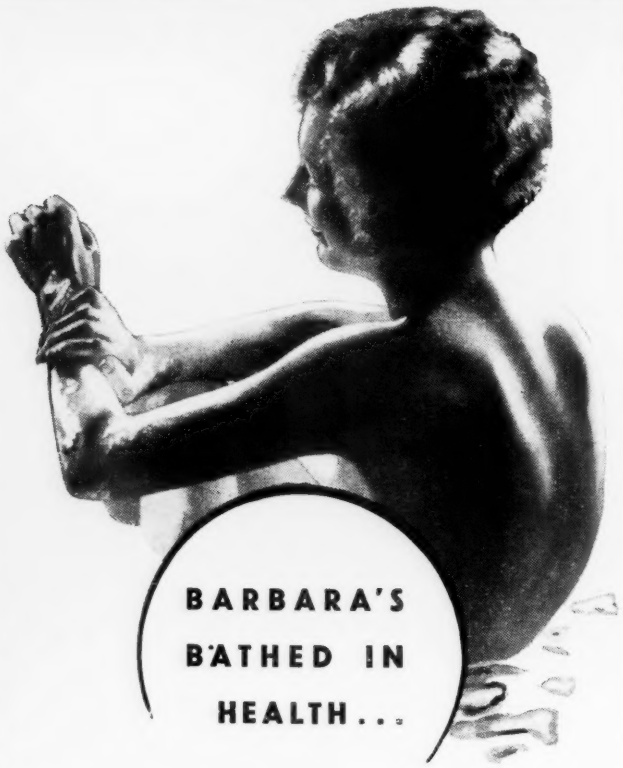
THE MODERN BED COVERINGS

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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℗ 17.



Maybe Barbara puts too great a strain on those active limbs of hers. She positively subsides into her bath; five sets of tennis are too much, even for healthy nineteen—and there's dancing again to-night. Wright's Coal Tar Soap foams deliciously, making her skin tingle, washing away weariness. No over-scented soaps for Barbara. Her lovely clear skin, even the number of her admirers, bear testimony for Wright's, the safe refreshing soap. Mothers use it for their babies, too.

BATHE WITH A SAFE SOAP

● THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY, in a survey of several thousand physicians, found that Wright's Coal Tar Soap was used more often by these doctors than any other brand of toilet soap.

● THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, that great reference work compiled by acknowledged experts, puts Coal Tar products in the first rank in the prevention and suppression of disease.

● THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE has certified Wright's Coal Tar Soap annually, since 1904, for PURITY, QUALITY and MERIT.

WRIGHT'S
coal tar **SOAP**

FOR FRESHNESS AND RADIANT HEALTH!

MORLEY'S

SEVEN LARGE FACTORIES

with their reputation for high quality—built up during nearly

150 YEARS

are to-day making for you a wider range of Hosiery, Underwear and Gloves than any other firm in the world

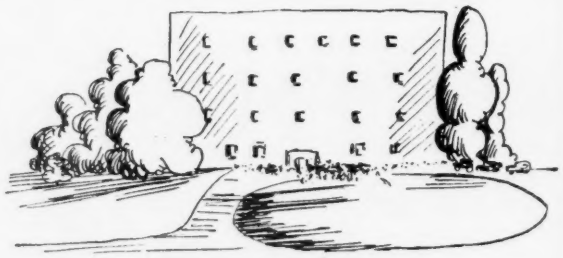


BUY MORLEY'S

I. & R. Morley, Ltd., Manufacturers

'A good meet!'

From the Diary of a Debutante. *'Went to a Lawn Meet at the Manor . . . chatted with several acquaintances, including Lord H., who later on helped me out of a small stream which I unintentionally found myself in. Not long after this tender episode, I returned home—ate two boiled eggs—drank three cups of Twinings' Special after-hunting Tea, and felt better.'*



No. 206. THE PYTCHLEY BLEND. 2/10 PER LB.

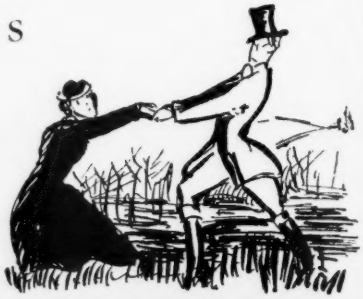


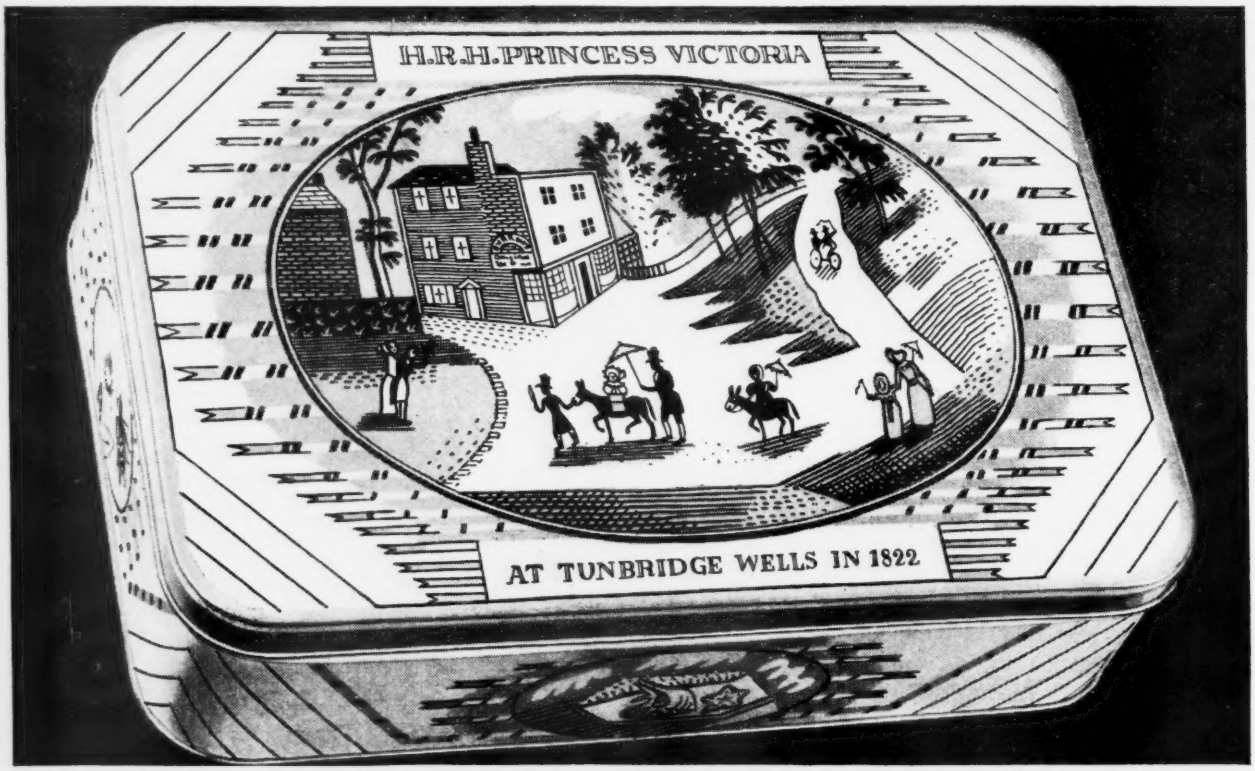
TWININGS

TEAS AND COFFEES

Write for Price List

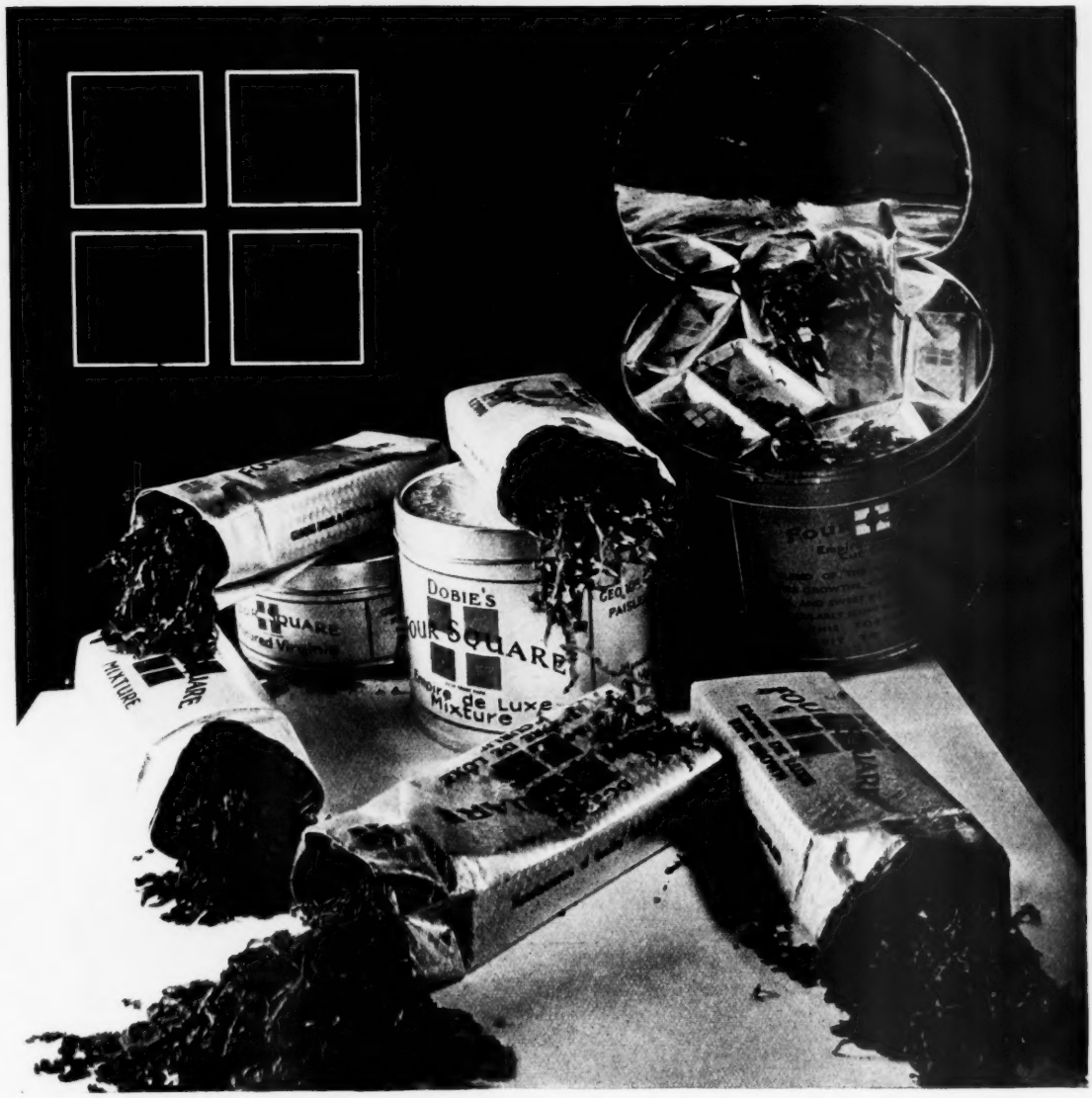
216 STRAND, W.C.2 Tel.: Central 0055 *(six lines)*
72 WIGMORE ST., W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 4714
10 WILLIAM ST., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1
Tel.: Sloane 5346





Charming Christmas Box to delight all with its lid—a spirited old print reproduced on an ivory and blue background, and its contents—a variety of choice sweet and plain Romary bakes. Their notable richness and good baking makes them very welcome at Christmas tables. At every leading grocer, 3/-.

A. Romary & Co. Ltd., Tunbridge Wells will be pleased to send on request Booklet with new party recipes for biscuits by a famous French Chef.



WE'VE COME TO REALISE that one man's pipe is another man's poison. You may be one of the thousands who swear by the "Cut Cake" or the "Mixture." On the other hand you may find you prefer one of the two new-comers—"Curlies" or "Ripe Brown." **FOUR SQUARE** gives you four different Empire blends to choose from—six tobaccos in all, including the original Matured Virginia and Mixture.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. (MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY TOBACCOS SINCE 1809), PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

PURPLE (Empire-de-Luxe 'Curlies') 10½d. ***YELLOW*** (Empire-de-Luxe Cut Cake) 11d. ***BLUE*** (Mixture) - - - - - - 1/2½d.
BROWN (Empire-de-Luxe Ripe Brown) 11d. ***GREEN*** (Empire-de-Luxe Mixture) 10½d. ***RED*** (Matured Virginia) - - - 1/3d.

Sold in 1-oz. packets (from 8-oz. Vacuum tins) and 2-oz., and 4-oz. Vacuum tins.

DUTY FREE PRICES ABROAD In 2-oz. or 4-oz. vacuum tins. Price per 2-lbs. (min.) RED—21/-, BLUE—20/-, YELLOW and BROWN—17/-, GREEN and PURPLE—16/-. Plus postage. Allow for 7 lbs. gross.

More than ever this year a Morris car means a completely satisfied owner. Not in one or two features alone but from every angle the new Morris Cars offer an all-round satisfaction never before so completely conceived nor so triumphantly carried out.

Outstanding Attractions in the 1934 Morris Range

New Ten-Six
New Cowley-Six
Re-designed Cowley-Four
Synchro-mesh 4-speed gearbox
Automatic clutch and freewheel
Lockheed hydraulic brakes
Cruciform frame
Equipoise engine mounting
Real leather upholstery
Direction indicators

The car illustrated is the new Ten-Six Saloon. Price £189 10
Other models from 8-25 h.p. Priced from £110-£395

MORRIS



THE CAR YOU'RE PROUD TO OWN

SUPREME SAFETY
DISTINCTIVE APPEARANCE
OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE



3 *examples of British Value*

The Heavy Duty All-Weather Tread by Goodyear — the only tyre of its kind—Non-skid and silent running too. You will know it by the two silver bands round the sidewalls. The most luxurious tyre on the road, capable of phenomenal mileages.

The Standard All-Weather Tread by Goodyear with one silver band round the sidewall, is the tyre that made Goodyear's reputation for quality. The All-Weather Tread is the only one that has remained basically unchanged for a quarter of a century—because it does check skids.

Pathfinder by Goodyear, the largest selling tyre in its price class because it is the one low-priced tyre that everybody knows and trusts.

GOODYEAR

BRITISH MADE TYRES

FACTORY AT WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFS.



Some reasons for the success of Armstrong Siddeley

The most advanced features of car design.
Aircraft quality and workmanship.
The only proved self-changing gear.
Distinctive coachwork of the highest grade.
Ease of control and high performance.
Dependability and lasting qualities.

"One only compares them with cars that cost more, never with cars which cost less"

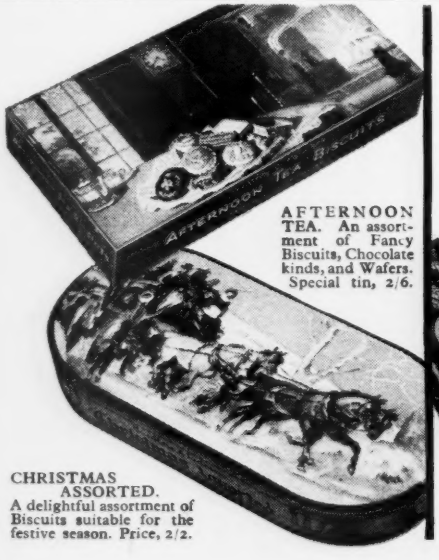
12 h.p from £300. 15 h.p. from £368. 20 h.p. from £535. Siddeley Special from £950

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST

BP324C

Dainty Biscuits at any time



AFTERNOON TEA. An assortment of Fancy Biscuits, Chocolate kinds, and Wafers. Special tin, 2/6.

CHRISTMAS ASSORTED. A delightful assortment of Biscuits suitable for the festive season. Price, 2/2.



SCOTCH SHORTBREAD. A pretty tin containing an Oval Cake of Shortbread. Special tin, 1/6.

ASSORTED SHORTBREAD. Rich Shortbread in pretty enamelled tins. Price, 1/9.



CHOCOLATE MIXED. Large special tin (as illustrated), 2/3. Small special tin, 1/6.

WISTERIA. A beautiful tin packed with Chocolate Biscuits. Price, 3/3.

From Huntley & Palmers' varied range of delicious biscuits you can choose appetising dainties for every occasion.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

(67)


NON-STOP
LONDON TO JUBA-JUBA
YES I KNOW
YOU DID IT ON
SHELL—GO AWAY
JOHN REYNOLDS

Facts that will interest you about Air Travel

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS operates regular daily services from London to Paris, Brussels and Cologne

THE FARES are not expensive and there are connexions by air from these cities to all parts of Europe

THERE ARE at this time of the year two services a day between London and Paris in each direction and you can travel between the two capitals while you lunch

THE *Heracles* air liners used between London and Paris are the largest in the world used on regular services. They are so quiet that you can talk without raising your voice. They carry two stewards who will serve you with *table d'hôte* or *à la carte* meals. There is ample luggage accommodation on board and two lavatories

THERE IS a regular weekly service from England right across India to Calcutta and on to Rangoon and right through Africa to Cape Town. The first journey takes but eight and the latter only ten days

WITH THE SERVICE leaving London on 9 December, the India and Eastern service will be extended from Rangoon to Singapore by way of Bangkok. The journey from London to Singapore will take only ten days

THE FARES to India and Burma and to Africa are not expensive and include all your hotel accommodation (for you sleep comfortably on land each night), as well as meals, car transport to and from the air ports, and even tips—in fact, once you have paid your fare there are no 'extras'

ALL THE SERVICES of Imperial Airways carry mail and freight, and this enables you to communicate with and send goods to your friends and business associates quicker than in any other way. It is just as simple to send goods and letters by air as by any other means

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS is the only air transport company in the world in which the rates for personal accident insurance are exactly the same as those charged for travel by rail and by sea: this is a striking tribute to the reliability of the services of the Company

Imperial Airways

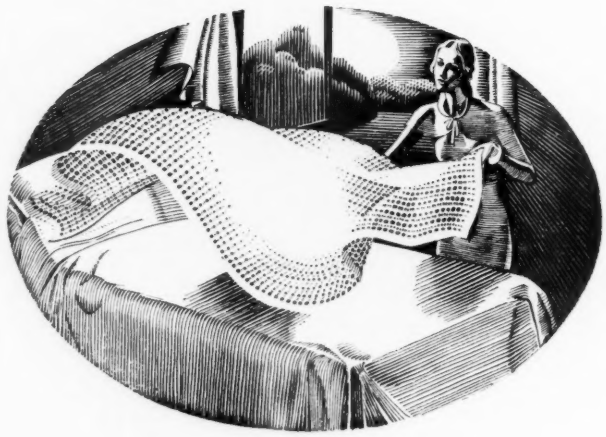
THE GREATEST AIR SERVICE IN THE WORLD • London • Paris • Brussels Cairo • Cape Town • Calcutta • Rangoon • New York

Bookings and information about Imperial Airways from the principal Travel Agents, or from Imperial Airways Ltd., Airway Terminus, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or Airways House, Charles Street, Lower Regent Street. *Telephone:* VICtoria 2211 (Day and Night) *Telegrams:* Impairlim, London



Stuarts

Probably the LOVELIEST certainly the HEALTHIEST blanket ever made



NOW GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS

No more waking tired and heavy because of the oppressive weight of the bedclothes. A Lan-air-cel blanket is about half the weight of an ordinary blanket yet two Lan-air-cel blankets are warmer than three ordinary ones.

The delightfully soft cellular weave may not have the appearance of being hardwearing, yet it will stand up to repeated washings without shrinking, stretching or 'felting'. *This we guarantee for ten years.* Buy a pair now and experience the luxury of sleeping snugly warm on the coldest winter nights and waking refreshed and eager to rise.

Just one word of warning. Be sure to insist on Lan-air-cel, the original cellular blanket—for imitations abound! Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin-bound or with whipped ends. In cream with or without blue striped border and nine exquisite pastel shades.

PRICES FROM 27/6 TO £4.10.0. COT BLANKETS FROM 9/6. **ALSO LAN-AIR, made by the same process but at popular prices, guaranteed for 5 years.**

LAN·AIR·CEL (Reg'd.)

and **LAN·AIR** *Cellular Blankets*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

To: McCallum & Craigie, Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2.
Booklet, please, and copy of Lan-air-cel guarantee, also name of my nearest stockist.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post in an unsealed envelope. ½d stamp is sufficient.

BY APPOINTMENT

Trust the man who knows

The complex conditions of modern life have made this the age of the specialist. No longer can any one man be an encyclopædia of knowledge; concentration on one or two subjects is the only hope of distinction. In commercial life specialisation is doubly necessary. Even in matters like supplying water or selling milk Boards of Specialists are necessary.

In the case of motor cars, "Any make of car supplied" was good enough when buyers knew as much as sellers and all cars were more or less alike except in radiator and name. But cars grow more wonderful every year. There is a lot more mechanism than there used to be, and the mechanisms are different on every make of car.

When cars were all much alike in design a man might be an expert in them all but now he must specialise or he cannot do the best work. He must have specialised experience of the car you buy if he is to give you the service you want.

So when you have decided, and rightly decided, that whatever car you buy must have the Daimler Fluid-Flywheel Transmission because the old transmission systems are out of date and the new ones not yet proved, come to Pall Mall, see the new Daimler, Lanchester and B.S.A. cars, and talk to us.

In buying a car from us you will have the comfortable assurance that you have at your elbow the willing service of specialists who have had twenty-five years' experience of Daimler cars. Come and try for yourself what a wonderful difference the Daimler Transmission makes.

STRATSTONE

Distributors of

DAIMLER, LANCHESTER & B.S.A. CARS

27 PALL MALL

(*Whitehall* 8251)

(Wholesale Showrooms: 26 Store Street, Tottenham Court Road)



WOLSEY FOR ME!

How to find the undies that really suit you. It is quite easy! All you have to do is to ask in any good shop to be shown the wonderful selection of vests and panties, and dainty combinations made by Wolsey in airiest wool, or wool-and-silk. You will find the choice is perfectly wonderful, and the prices perfectly sensible. Have the joy of choosing from lovely undies in every style you can imagine! Say "Wolsey please."

AND ME! AND ME!







WOLSEY FOR THE WOMAN OF TODAY

Combinations from 8/11 while present stocks last. Sets of vests-and-panties from 3/11 a garment.



A Charlie Chaplin comedy, a Wild West thriller, a moving drama, a Felix cartoon, travel interest films and many more besides . . . what a programme for a jolly party in your own lounge!

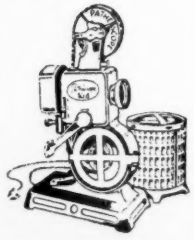


You can have the Stars in your home to-night

Many people have no idea to what a degree of excellence Pathéscope, the pioneers of Cinematography, have brought Home Movie apparatus. Still more can scarcely believe that a well-made, practical instrument can be had for very little money.

A real Home Cinema costs only 55/- complete

With this, as with all Pathéscope projectors ranging in price up to £30, you can give shows to your family and friends in true professional style. Clear, steady, brilliant pictures that bring new delight into home entertaining.



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The films used are *guaranteed non-inflammable*, and the Pathéscope Library contains the most comprehensive selection of films available in the whole World. To-night the Stars can entertain you literally in armchair comfort.

PATHÉSCOPE

9·5M.M.

HOME MOVIES

To Pathéscope Ltd.,
5, Lisle Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me Price List of your Home Cinema apparatus and complete Film Catalogue, for which I enclose 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

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Frequently, from Pall Mall, I forward as many as 2,000,000 *fresh* cigarettes daily to customers in Britain and Overseas! If you would like to hear more about the Rothman Service *and the money it saves you,* just return the coupon below.



NOTE FOR OVERSEAS READERS. *Rothman's chief brands are sold by principal Tobacconists in many countries overseas. Distributing Agents, to whom communications should be sent include:*

BRITISH EAST AFRICA. Tysons (Mombasa) Ltd., MOMBASA. ● **CEYLON.** Creasy & Co. Ltd., COLOMBO. ● **INDIA.** D. Macropolo & Co. Ltd., Hornby Rd., BOMBAY, etc. ● **CHINA.** Tabaqueria Filipina, Ltd., 26 Queen's Rd., Cent., HONG KONG & Shanghai. J. M. Mohamed Ismael Freres, 179 Rue Catinet, SAIGON. Dewar Hse., DAIREN. ● **SIAM.** D. Couper-Johnston & Co., BANGKOK. ● **NEW ZEALAND.** Sargood, Son & Ewen, Ltd., High St., DUNEDIN, etc. ● **SPAIN.** Luis Zabalo E Hijo, Tomas Gros 5, SAN SEBASTIAN. ● **BELGIUM.** Caritas, 42 Rue des Croisades, BRUSSELS. ● **HOLLAND.** Alvana Cigar Mfg. Co., Plein 8A, THE HAGUE. ● **PALESTINE.** Abraham Lax & Co., HAIFA. ● **EGYPT.** G. Kyriacou, 4 Boul. Saad Zoughloul 4, ALEXANDRIA. ● **RANGOON.** Foucar & Co. Ltd., ● **DENMARK.** C. Heimi Carlsen, Strandboul 149, COPENHAGEN. ● **S. AFRICA.** Havana Hse., 333 West St., DURBAN. Millar Bros., CAPE TOWN. ● **SOUTHERN RHODESIA.** Grouse Agency, SALISBURY.

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POUCH & PIPE GLOVE COMBINED An ideal Christmas gift—Rothman's Pi-Pouch. The pouch holds a day's tobacco supply—pipe slips into suede glove underneath—cannot come into contact with tobacco. Neat and compact! Hog-grain, rubber lined, Lightning fastener. In natural colour, also Tan, Blue and Nigger—state preference.

PI-POUCH ONLY 9/6 (REF. 720/A)

Complete with Langham Pipe. Shape No. 15 (straight, 5¼ ins.) 16/6 (REF. 721/A)

★ Postage and packing free in United Kingdom.

The SUPER PI-POUCH (Patent applied for)



I invite smokers in the British Isles to send for my new book, "The Rothman Service," which is yours for the asking. It tells you all about the exclusive advantages of this personal Service, and contains a supplement of gift suggestions suitable for this time of year. Whether you live in Brighton or Bombay, the Rothman Service enables you to buy high-grade cigarettes in *naturally fresh* condition. These cigarettes are made in my London factory, and by sheer quality they have won the favour of Englishmen in all parts of the World. You can order direct by post from Pall Mall, or from Rothman Shops in Britain, or Agents overseas—and in every case you can count on perfect freshness and very low prices. And that's not just a promise—*I guarantee it.*

The **ROTHMAN SERVICE** *for Smokers*

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CUT OUT THIS FORM *or write to:—*

ROTHMANS LTD., DEPT. 66/A, 5 & 5A PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Will you please send me FREE your book "The Rothman Service" And/or Please post to me by return:—

QUANTITY			
	Rothmans WHITE HORSE *VIRGINIA*	100, 3/10 post 3d.	500, 18/9 post 9d. 1000, 37/6 post free
	Rothmans GOLD FLAKE *No. 1*	100, 4/1 post 3d.	500, 19/10 post 9d. 1000, 39/6 post free
	Rothmans NAVY CUT *MEDIUM*	100, 3/11 post 3d.	500, 19/4 post 9d. 1000, 38/8 post free
	'AMBASSADOR' Sampling Cabinet of 100 Cigarettes, 20 each of 5 Rothman Brands		POST FREE 5/-
	Rothmans PI-POUCH (with Langham Pipe) Ref. 721/A		16/6 post free
	Rothmans PI-POUCH only (Ref. 720/A)		9/6 post free

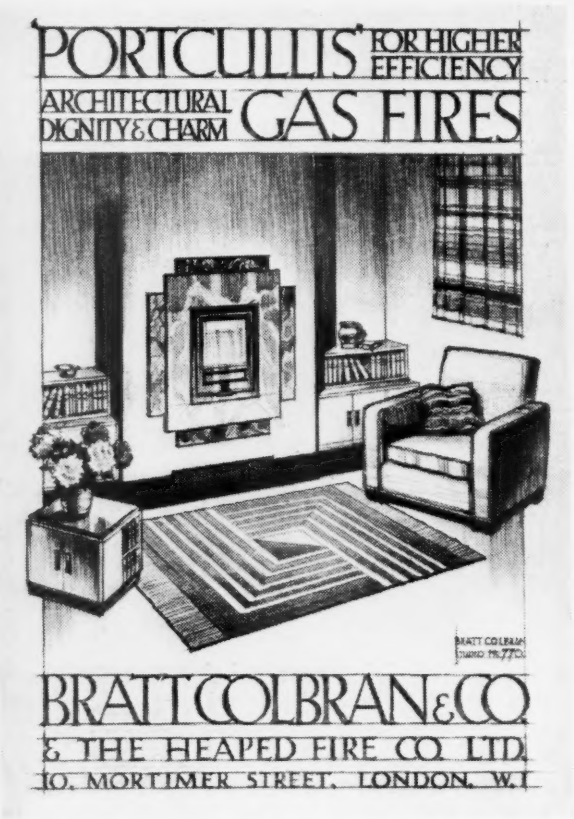
Write your Name and Address below.

GUARANTEE: If, when you have smoked sufficient of any Rothman brand to make a thorough test, you are not satisfied return the parcel and your money will be refunded in full.

Remittance enclosed

£.....

Prices quoted apply only in U.K.



A new era in fireplace construction has opened with the introduction of the "Portcullis" series of gas fires. All the technical resources of one of the greatest gas undertakings in the country added to the designing and manufacturing abilities of the makers of the famous "Heaped" Fire have been employed to make of the gas fire a thing of undeniable beauty, equalling in every respect the finest examples of coal-fire craftsmanship.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested to visit the Bratt Colbran Galleries, where some hundreds of gas, coal and electric fireplace treatments are exhibited.

Please write for appropriate Illustrated Catalogue.

BRATT COLBRAN & CO.
and THE HEAPED FIRE Co. Ltd.,
10, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1.



The Aristocrat of Shirts

The K&P *SHIRT* **18/6**

The dearest branded Ready-for-Wear Shirt on the Market.

Price was not originally considered in planning the K. & P. Shirt.

First, we arranged with Messrs. David & John Anderson, Ltd., to specially make a shirting—unshrinkable, fast and fadeless. That firm's standing is our safe guarantee to you.

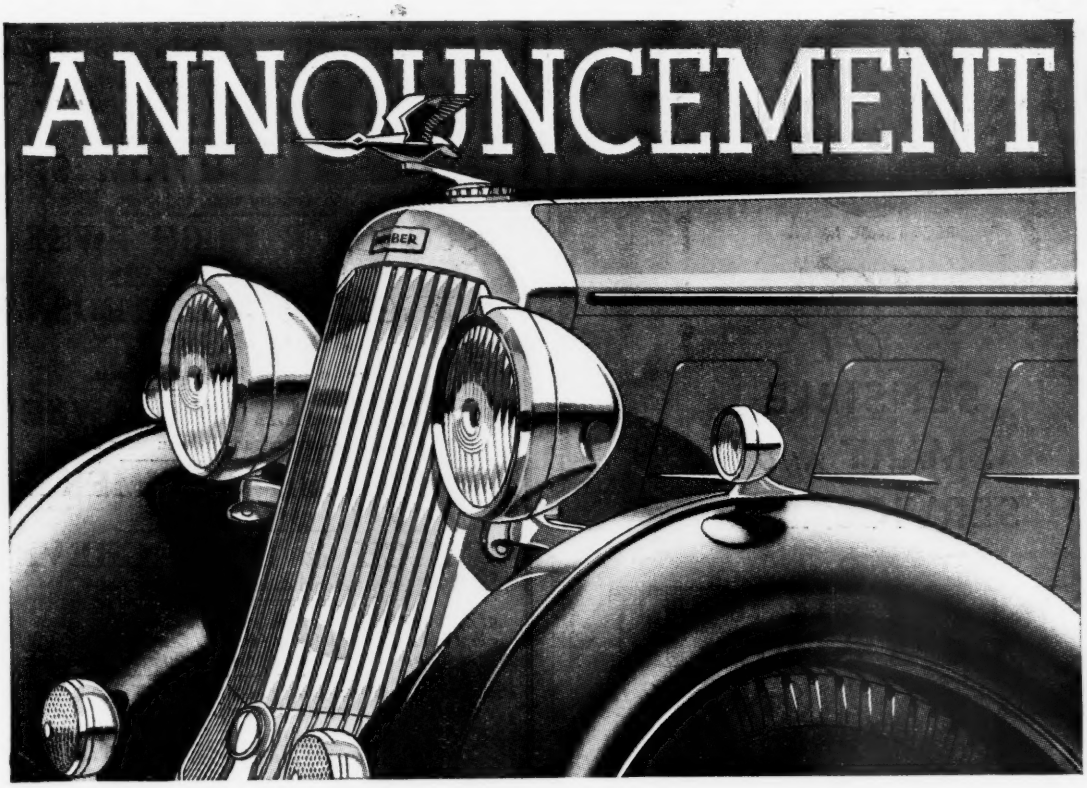
The shirt is tailored cut—shaped to the figure—special shaped yoke—coat-sleeves of special design—three fittings to a size.

A specially equipped factory has been opened—and now you are offered a shirt equal to the best made-to-measure for 18/6, including 2 collars.

It costs more—but is well worth the extra, and the "K. & P." is only intended for those who buy the best.

Sole Manufacturers:
KNIGHT & PETCH LTD. LONDON

ANNOUNCEMENT



THE FINEST RANGE IN HUMBER HISTORY

HUMBER has always been accepted by experienced motorists as one of the world's finest cars. The new chassis—still further improved in general performance, reliability, and smoothness—incorporate many new features proved by Humber to be genuinely important and thoroughly sound. The bodies — still built by coachwork craftsmen — have been entirely redesigned on lines of essentially modern character, to be more comfortable than ever. The new 16/60, Snipe '80' and Pullman models, with the 1934 Humber 'Twelve' comprise the finest range in Humber history. A catalogue of these magnificent cars will be sent to you post free an request.

NEW CHASSIS AND BODY FEATURES

SYNCHRO-MESH easy change Gear Box with all silent gears and Synchro-Mesh 3rd and Top—FREE WHEEL—INBUILT JACKING SYSTEM—AUTOMATIC AND THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED RADIATOR SHUTTERS—NEW DESIGN SPRINGS—SAFETY LOCK ON STEERING —AUTOMATIC STARTING—AUTOMATIC CHOKE—CYCLONIC INDUCTION—AUTOMATIC IGNITION—CUSHIONED POWER—IMPROVED SERVO BRAKES—VOLTAGE CONTROL OF DYNAMO—TWIN SILENCERS—LARGER TYRES—NEW TYPE CRUISER RADIATOR—STREAM-LINED BODIES—VENTILATION LOUVRES—TRIPLEX GLASS—BUILT-IN DIRECTION INDICATORS—NOISELESS DUAL WINDSCREEN WIPERS—WIRELESS AERIAL.

Many of these new features are also included in the Humber "Twelve" models

HUMBER

"TWELVE" from **£265** — **16/60** from **£405** — **SNIPE "80"** from **£445** — **PULLMAN** from **£735**

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT: ROOTES LIMITED, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY W.1



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A Gift

SENSIBLE
SMART AND
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VAN HEUSEN

The World's most Perfect Semi-Stiff Collar

&

VANTELLA

The Ideal Shirt for Men

A man will always appreciate additional Collars and Shirts.
Give him VAN HEUSEN semi-stiff Collars and VANTELLA Shirts for preference.

VAN HEUSEN COLLARS
1/3 EACH

VANTELLA SHIRTS to match
Zephyr 9/3, Poplin 10/6
ENTIRELY BRITISH

See the varied shapes and patterns at any Men's Wear Shop or Outfitter

VAN HEUSEN by
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, Ltd.,
Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East,
London, S.W.1

VANTELLA by
COTELLA, LIMITED,
72-73, Fore St., E.C.2

W. BILL LIMITED

(Founded 1846)

WOOLLEN MERCHANTS & SHIPPERS.

Known to PUNCH readers in all parts of the world for close on half-a-century as WHOLESALE and RETAIL suppliers of the best BRITISH WOOLLENS.

SCOTCH & IRISH HOMESPUNS
for country wear, and sport.

SCOTCH & IRISH TWEEDS
for useful hard-wearing suits.

ENGLISH WORSTEDS, & SERGES
for business and professional wear.

WELSH FLANNEL-TWEEDS
for semi-tropical, and light summer wear.

ENGLISH CASHMERES
for thin tropical suitings.

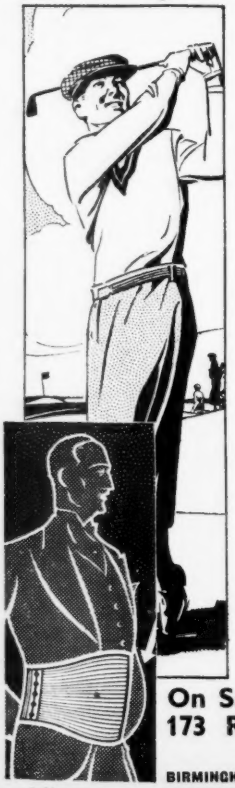
SCOTCH & IRISH CHEVIOTS
for cold climates and great-coats.

At the WAREHOUSE below a great stock of all these standard woollens is kept and sold to the public at Home and Overseas at MERCHANTS' rates. Under Royal, official, and distinguished patronage.

Samples only to the country and abroad. Tailoring arrangements now in force when essential.

31, GT. PORTLAND ST., **LONDON**
Branch: 93, NEW BOND STREET.

Control your Abdominal Curve and add yards to your drive



Correct distribution of weight is the essence of golf—especially in driving. Slackness or heaviness at the abdominal region will prevent an accurate swing. The Linia Belt, by supporting your abdominal organs—and by its corrective action in reducing excess fat—enables you to control the abdominal curve. Wear a Linia Belt and you can add yards to your drive, as well as improving all your other golf strokes.

The Linia Belt is constructed upon strictly correct anatomical lines. It follows every movement of your body like a well-fitting glove. You experience a delightful feeling of fitness and bodily vigour which amounts to a veritable rejuvenation.

You can Order by Post

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we also guarantee perfect fitting if you will send us by post only *your* maximum girth measurement, stating the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap, are: Popular model, 3½ gns. (Black 4 gns.). De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 6 gns. (Black 7 gns.). Standard model, 2 gns. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied

On Sale Only at J. D. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent Street, London, W.1

Telephone: Regent 7570.

BIRMINGHAM: 14 New Street. MANCHESTER: 8 King Street.

L 41

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

ICH DIEN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



"If there were a better oil than Wakefield Castrol I should use it"

George Eyston

6th November, 1933

HOLDER of many Records including WORLD'S FASTEST BABY CAR SPEED



"I WOULD LIKE TO ADD MY TRIBUTE TO THE EVER-RELIABLE QUALITIES OF BARNEYS."

"As one of the oldest 'Coasters' now in "West Africa, I would like to add my "tribute to the ever-reliable qualities of "Barneys. Never too dry, even in blazing "sunshine! Never too damp even when "the rain is pelting down! And so "mild on the palate that one's enjoyment "of both labour and recreation is trebled. "It is sheer joy to lean back and give way "to the mood of the moment when Barneys "fills the bowl."

(The original letter can be inspected.)

"...As one of the oldest 'Coasters' now in West Africa"—

We have received many wonderful letters from Barneys smokers, but never one which gave us a greater thrill than this. The man who sent it is a "*doer*" (he has built up a thriving business in West Africa), yet out of sheer friendly appreciation he has given us a word-picture of Barneys and the men who smoke it which could not be excelled for happy turn of phrase or obvious sincerity.

There is little need *for us* to say more about Barneys . . . just read *his* letter. What could we add to that? And remember, we have been getting letters like it for twenty years: from Africa and Asia, from the New World and the Antipodes; from all the places which demand and appreciate Tobacco that *is* good.



HISS—SS! Pull Tab to open Tin.

★ **Barneys** (*medium*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*), **Punchbowle** (*full strength*).
Home Price: 2-oz. 2/4.

Try Barneys next time. There are ★three strengths, all very good, each packed in the patent "EVERFRESH" Tin which ensures ***Factory-freshness*** *for Smokers everywhere.*

SMOKERS ABROAD CAN BE SUPPLIED DIRECT

with any of the three Barneys strengths, ex-Bond and British Duty-Free, packed in 2-oz. or 4-oz. "EVERFRESH" Tins in 2-lb. lots as follows: Price 20/- per 2 lbs. (minimum). Postage extra (allow 7 lbs. gross weight on minimum package). State strength needed and size (2 oz. or 4 oz.). Smokers abroad can order per C.O.D. or V.P.P. where operative.

"EVERFRESH" BARNEYS

(T.103) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and London.



"BOAR'S 'EAD IS ALL VERY NICE AND TASTY, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO ME WORTH THE TROUBLE."



Stage Manager. "CONFOUND THAT NEW MAN! NOW HE'S HOISTED UP THE PRODUCER'S WIFE INSTEAD OF THE FAIRY QUEEN."



"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON A PRIVATE ROAD?"

AQUARIUS.

In January comes the man
Who bears the giant Watering-Can;
Then down your close-shut window-panes
Stream the relentless winter rains.

PISCES.

And in the flood that follows him
The glittering Fishes idly swim—
Dispassionate, aloof, apart,
And cold as February's heart.

ARIES.

In March, when equinoctial gales
Flutter the catkins' golden tails,
Comes Aries, the Ram of Rams,
And watches o'er the skipping lambs.

TAURUS.

When April's hands with flowers are full
Appears the black and burly Bull;
He walks unchallenged on the hills
And browses mid the daffodils.

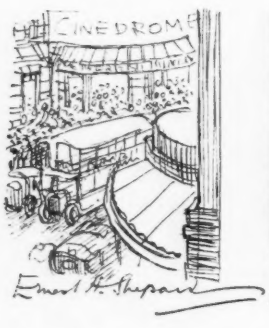
GEMINI.

And next the blesséd reign begins
Of those arch-rogues, the Heavenly Twins;
A thousand childish pranks they play
Under the loaded boughs of May.

CANCER.

Then comes the sideways scuttling Crab
With cunning claws outstretched to grab
Incautious heels, unwary toes—
For June hides thorns in every rose.







LEO.

Through the dark thickets of July
A sultry roaring sound draws nigh.
"Thunder!" say some; but others swear
They saw the Lion leave his lair.

VIRGO.

Next comes a Maiden, brown as berry,
Bidding all maids and men make merry
And run together, hand in hand,
Along the golden August sand.

LIBRA.

And now, beneath an orange moon,
With clinking can and rousing tune
We weigh upon September's Scales
The gathered harvest of the dales.

SCORPIO.

October's face, benign and mellow,
Turns nuts to brown and leaves to yellow;
But (like the Scorpion, sting in tail)
He ends with frost and scourging hail.

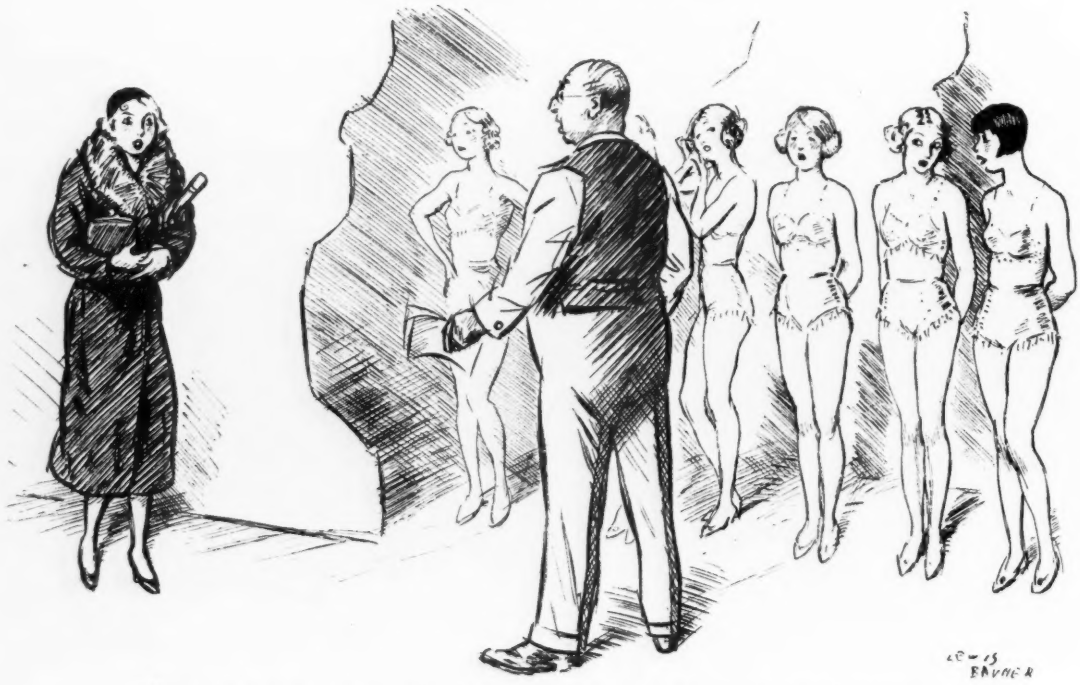
SAGITTARIUS.

November's Archer next we see
Shoot down the leaves from every tree.
(Straight as an arrow from the bow
From dyke to fence the plough must go.)

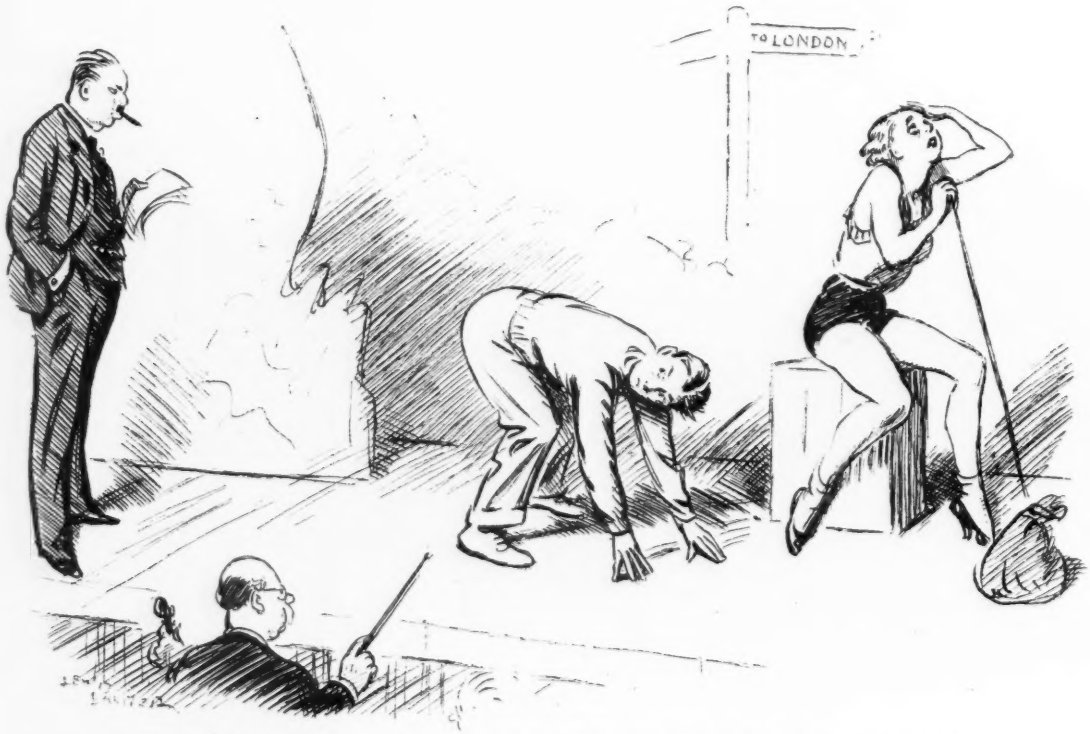
CAPRICORNUS.

Last comes the Goat, that sapient fool,
Lord of carousal and misrule,
Skipping with quite impartial mirth
O'er Old Year's death and New Year's birth. JAN.

THE PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

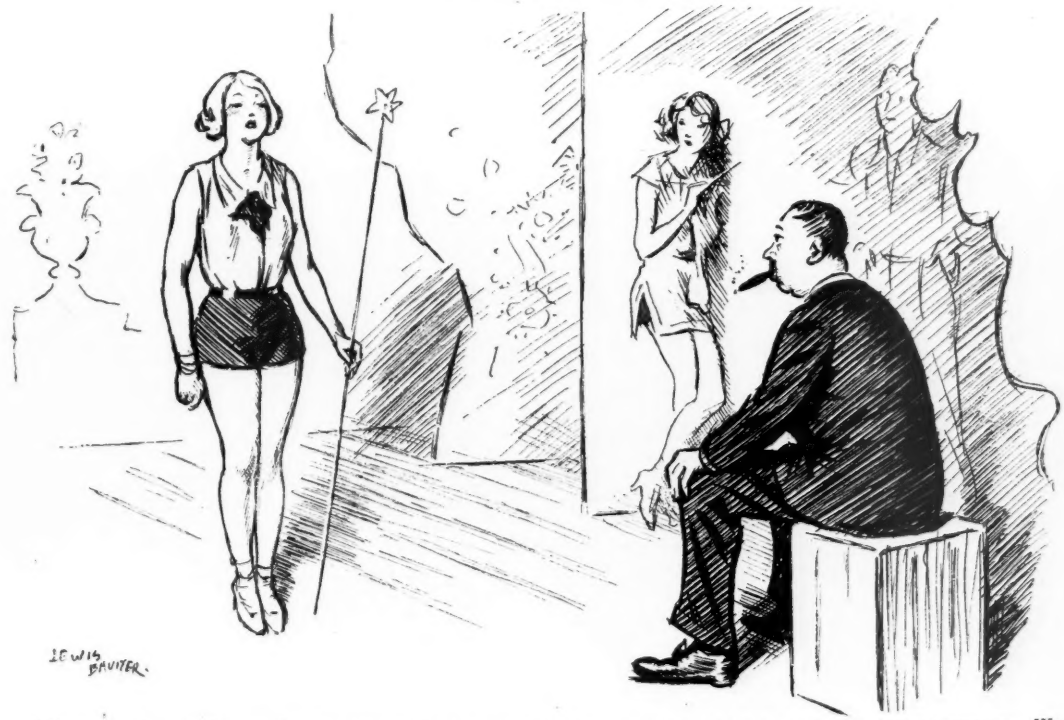


"THIS IS A PRETTY WAY TO APPEAR! I THOUGHT I SAID 10.30 ON THE STAGE—DRESSED."



The Cat. "I SAY, HOW ABOUT HAVING THE MUSIC A BIT SLOWER FOR MY EMOTIONAL BIT?"

THE PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.



"NOW LOOK HERE, FAIRY QUEEN, YOU SAY YOUR LINES ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU MUST GET MORE ACTION INTO IT. WHEN YOU BLESS, HOLD YOUR WAND IN YOUR RIGHT HAND; AND WHEN YOU CURSE, SHIFT IT OVER TO THE LEFT—SEE?—

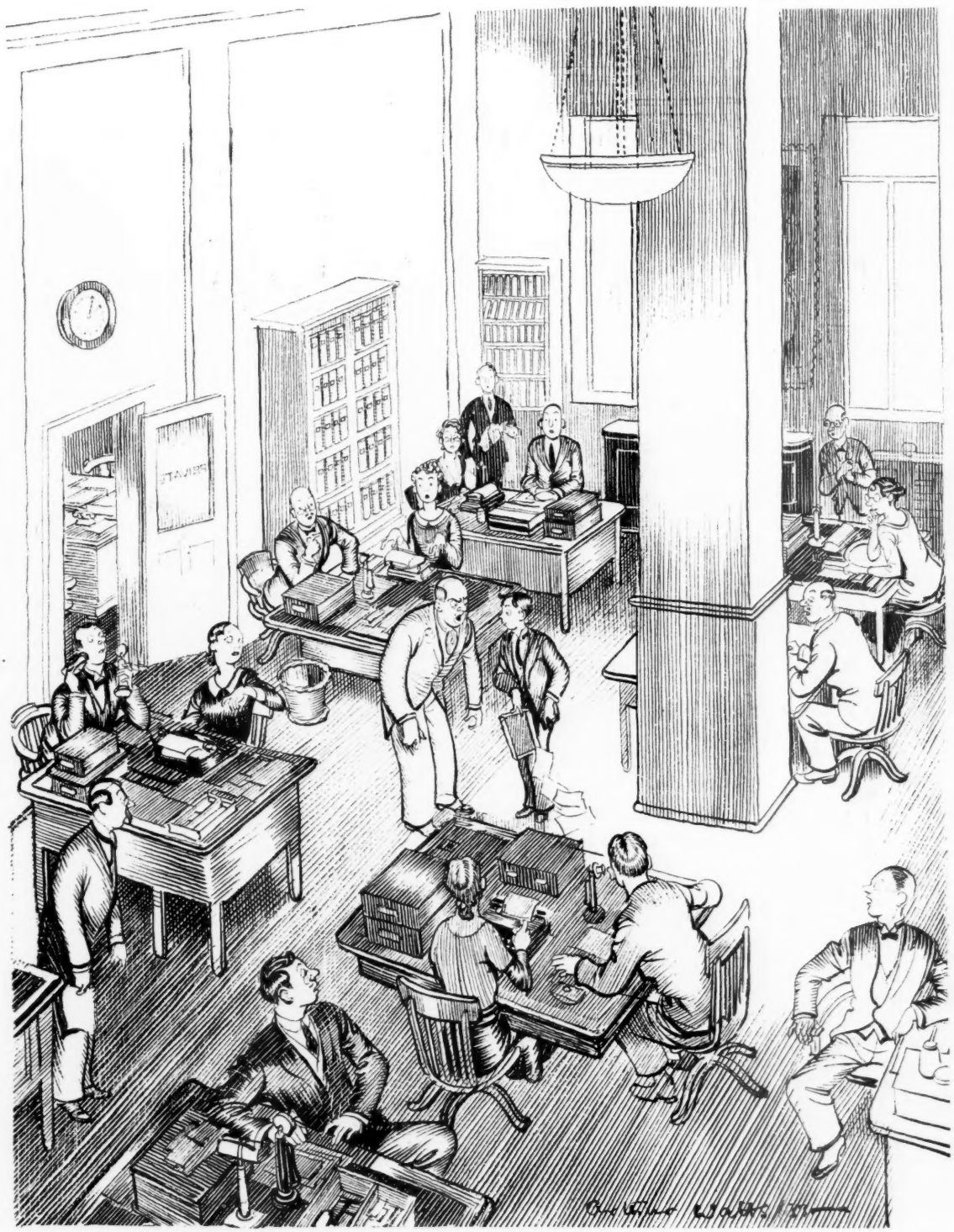


". . . AND AS YOU COME ON YOU FLAP YOUR WINGS AND YOU SAY 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!' AND, MIND YOU, WHEN I SAY 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!' I *MEAN* 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK'!"

THE SPREAD OF CULTURE: BRIGHTENING RURAL ENGLAND.



THE VILLAGE SETTLES DOWN TO ENJOY A HARD WINTER.



"AND YOU LET ME HEAR YOU SINGING 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS' AGAIN ON THE DAY AFTER BOXING-DAY AND I'LL WRING YOUR LITTLE NECK."



THE KÖNIGLICHE MUSEUM IN BERLIN TO-DAY.



THE TOWN STATUE AT LITTLE BEDDING WAS IN DANGER OF BEING COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED, UNTIL—

THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE CONCEIVED THE BRILLIANT IDEA—



OF USING IT—



TO ADVERTISE—



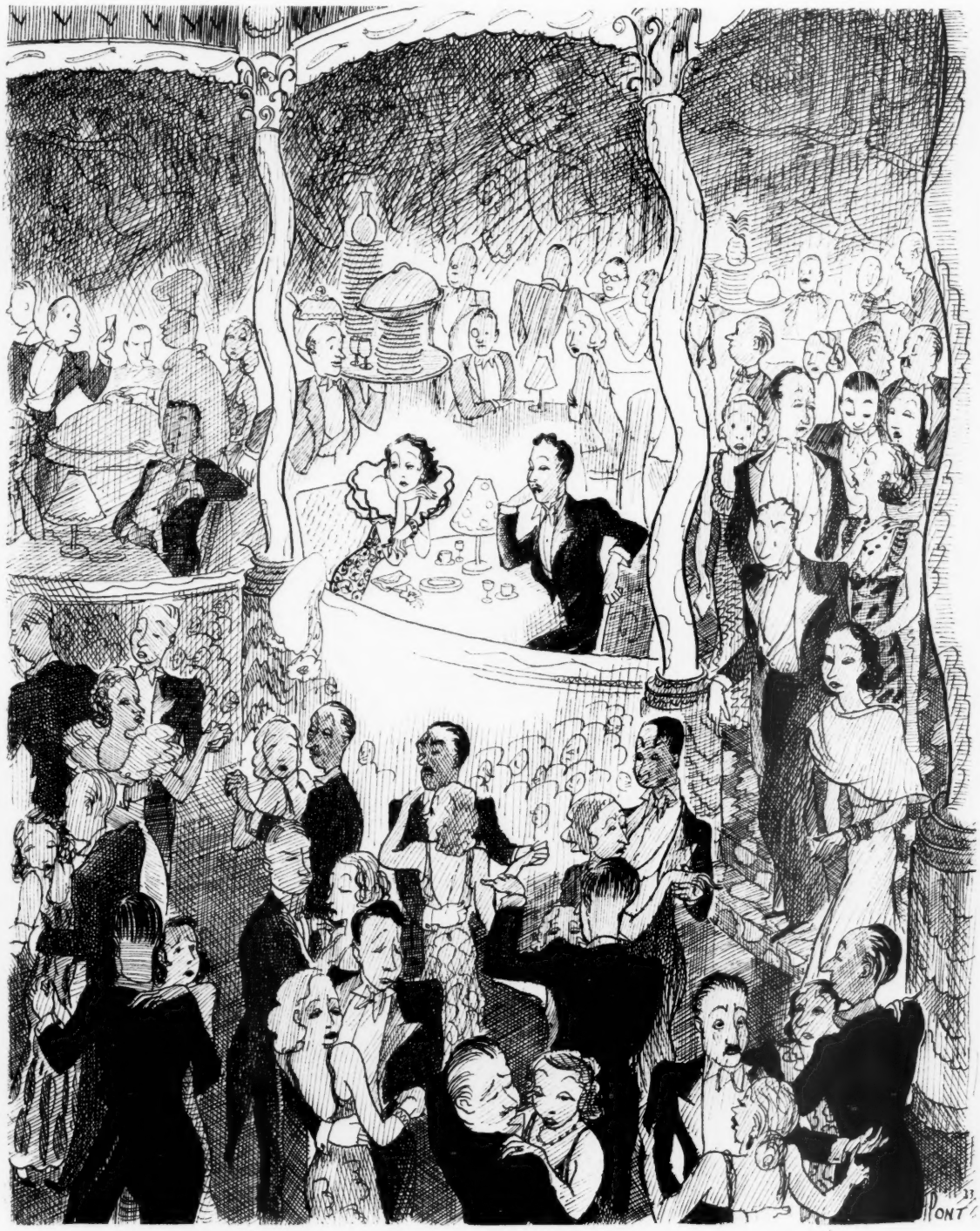
LOCAL—



FESTIVITIES.



"OH, DO STOP GRUMBLING, ARTHUR. YOU WANTED AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS AND NOW YOU'VE GOT ONE."



OUR PARENTS NEVER KNEW GAIETY AS WE KNOW IT NOW.



"I'M NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE SNOW, CAPTAIN BULLFINCH!" HE SAID DISTINCTLY.

African Lure,

or, if you prefer it,

Christmas at Mrs. Crosby's.

A DRAMA OF THE OLD RUM-RUNNING DAYS WHICH WILL HAVE A SPECIAL APPEAL FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a wild winter night in mid-December, and old Mrs. Crosby, sitting comfortably before the roaring log-fire, paused every now and then from her knitting to listen to the wind that howled and shrieked about the chimney-pots, driving the whirling snow ever higher and higher against the window-panes. Suddenly she stirred and sat up more tensely in the wicker-work arm-chair, for clear above the raging tumult of the elements a man's voice had sounded, crying and calling, crying and calling. . . .

"Who called?" she muttered.

"I did," said Captain Anthony Bullfinch, telescoping his cards with the self-satisfied air of a man who knows a good hand when he sees one. "I called a Heart."

A tiresome old woman really, he thought, especially when she had one of her deaf fits on—and anyway she ought to be getting on with her knitting instead of bothering bridge-players with her silly questions. Still, she was his hostess, and if he wanted to prolong his stay in this delightful old house he must try to be polite to her. Besides, there was Arabella, a luscious——

"Pass!" said Mr. Crosby.

—a luscious armful if ever there was one. She was looking at him now, the little minx, with those beautiful bulbous brown eyes of hers, and murmuring "Two Hearts" in a voice whose every inflection was a caress. Under cover of the ace of Spades he shot her a glance of flaring passion.

Two Hearts. The girl must be insane!

Upon Philip Armytage, the fourth member of the quartet, the significance of this little scene had been by no means lost, and the fact that he held a Yarborough served only to add fuel to the flames of jealousy that already threatened to consume his soul. What right had this loud-voiced bearded adventurer to come between himself and Arabella Crosby—Arabella whom he had known and loved since childhood, whose childish affection for him had of late years been slowly but surely ripening into something more intimate, more profound? It was monstrous—monstrous! With a growl, Armytage signified his intention of refraining from entering the bidding.

"That noise you made then," said the Captain, carelessly flicking a cigar into the air and catching it again in his strong white teeth, "reminds me of an encounter I had with a lioness last time I was out in Mashutoland. I'll show you the scar some time if you're interested."

Watching the look of frank admiration that shone in Arabella's pool-like eyes, Philip Armytage decided that he

could stand no more, and at the end of the game he rose and made his excuses to his hostess.

"Hadn't you better wait until the storm's over?" asked Mrs. Crosby in her kindly way when at last he had made himself heard. But Philip only shook his handsome head and was halfway to the door when suddenly—

"You can't possibly go yet," said the Captain.

Slowly, deliberately the younger man retraced his steps across the expensive Persian carpet until he stood fronting the other over the narrow baize-topped bridge-table. He was white to the lips, but in his eyes and the set of his jaw there was something that belied the pallor of his countenance—the indomitable courage of youth which has never known defeat. His upper lip for all its whiteness curled slightly as he spoke.

"*I'm* not afraid of a little snow, Captain Bullfinch!" he said distinctly.

In the silence that followed Mrs. Crosby dropped a stitch.

The very air was charged with the menace of impending conflict.

Taken aback by the suddenness of the attack, the taller of the two antagonists seemed for a while at a loss for words. With his right hand he pulled at his short black imperial; his left played nervously with the score-sheet.

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*," he said at last. "Only——"

"Well?" In Philip's tone lay a challenge that could not be ignored.

"Well, you see, you owe me sixpence," said Captain Anthony Bullfinch.



"But the odds were too unequal."

TWO MEN IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL—AND ONE OF THEM HELD A YARBOROUGH! EVERY WOMAN-MOTORIST SHOULD READ THIS SMASHING TALE OF PASSION AND REVENGE IN FURTHEST TURKESTAN.

Chapter II.

Lying awake long into the night and brooding on the humiliations of the past evening, Philip endured agonies of mind and spirit which only a novelist of the utmost eminence could hope to describe; but dawn found him striding over the snow-clad fields, strong in the strength of a new-found resolution. He was on his way to say good-bye to Arabella. Yes, it had come to that! He was going away—anywhere, anywhere! away from all sight and sound of his beloved. For only thus, he was determined, could he make her see, poor blind fool that she was, how much she needed him.

"Arabella," said Mrs. Crosby, rising from the breakfast-table to greet him and offering him in her kindly way a piece of toast, "is out snowballing with the Captain. Perhaps you would like to join them?"

Philip shook his head, with difficulty controlling his emotion. Better, after all, to leave without seeing her. He was rotten at snowballing.

"Will you tell her, please," he said as gently as he could, "that I am going away?"

Mrs. Crosby could hardly believe her ears.

"Mowing the *hay*," she said. "In *December?*"

He told her again, less gently.

"I'm *going away*," he said.

"I'M GOING AWAY."

"I'M GOING AWAY."

"I'M GO——"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Crosby; "and where to, may I ask?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"Never heard of it."

"I DON'T KNOW," he shouted wildly. "I DON'T *know*! ANYWHERE . . . ANYWHERE!"

"Oh, *Africa*," said Mrs. Crosby. "Well, why couldn't you say so at first?"

To Philip her words came as a sign direct from Heaven. She thought he was going to the Dark Continent—and, by his halidom, so he would! It would save no end of explanation.

A few minutes later he was crunching blithely down the drive towards the Great Adventure, his breath, as it came and went, making little pools of steam before him in the crisp morning air.

Not that that, of course, has anything to do with the story.

Chapter III.

A stillness as of death brooded over the well-nigh impenetrable forest. Lulled by the sun's fierce rays, all nature seemed to have sunk into a tranquil slumber: even the chattering monkeys, as if in obedience to some immutable law, had ceased for a while their discordant chorus. Only the scratching of Philip Armytage's pen broke the intense stillness of the tropical afternoon.

Again and again during the eight or nine months he had spent in the hinterland Philip had set himself the task of writing a few friendly lines to Arabella, but always some unlooked-for difficulty had arisen to prevent its accomplishment. At times snakes would get into his ink-bottle or a rogue-elephant sit down on his half-finished manuscript; at Ngoma (worst blow of all) his supply of foolscap was swallowed by a giraffe. Once indeed—in the Bakoola country—he had actually completed his letter on a strip of snake-skin and sealed it up neatly with gum from the boola-boola tree, but then, deceived by some trick of the fading light, he had posted it in the mouth of a hippopotamus, and its ultimate delivery had become at best a matter

for conjecture. Here, however, in the very heart of Mashutoland it seemed that success must at last be his. The ink-bottle was clear, not an elephant was to be seen, every giraffe within a hundred miles was dead or sleeping. The conditions were ideal for correspondence.

Absorbed in his task, Philip wrote rapidly, and was just beginning a new leaf of the pimento-tree which supplied him with his writing-material when a sudden gust of hot air striking upon the back of his neck brought him abruptly to his feet. He was too experienced a trekker to disregard the first low warning breath of the approaching *seraglio*; scourge of the plains and forests.

SHOULD ELEPHANTS TELL? THOUSANDS OF EMBITTERED NURSEMAIDS WILL FIND AN ANSWER TO THEIR PROBLEMS IN THIS SHATTERING STUDY OF AN EGYPTOLOGIST'S LOVES.

However, it turned out to be a Mashuto warrior breathing heavily down his neck. Two others skulked discreetly in the background.

"Who are you?" asked Philip sternly; but there was no reply. A low colloquy had broken out between the three savages and scattered fragments of their conversation drifted to the Englishman's ears.

"Do we take iron for this?" one of them was saying, swinging his assegai about in a practised manner.

"No, no; your wooden club. It is Timbooboo's order."

"So be it then," said the third, whose name was Umbala. "Let us approach."

Snatching up such weapons as he could lay hands on, Philip rose to meet them, determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. But the odds were too unequal. At the first blow the inkpot was driven from his grasp, another shivered his pen to smithereens, and a third stretched him senseless on the ground.

"Down in three," said Umbala with satisfaction.

* * * * *

It was night and the African moon shone coldly down upon a scene of savage splendour. The Annual Sacrifice was always a popular affair, but on this occasion, with a white man on the bill, the attendance seemed certain to be a record. All Mashutoland was there.

"When is it to be?" said Philip, opening his eyes and taking in with characteristic sagacity the significance of this mighty assembly and the cold flat stone on which he lay.

"It is over," said the witch-doctor curtly, putting away his instruments and hurrying off to take his place in the *hula hula*. Save for an enormous figure in a white top-hat and a singlet of alfalfa grass the Englishman was alone!



"I, TIMBOOBOO, HAVE SPOKEN."

"Can this be death?" he wondered.

"The removal of the appendix," remarked the figure, "is seldom fatal. I, Timbooboo, have spoken."

With a startled cry Philip clapped his hand to his side. It was true; his appendix had gone!

"You dared——" he began.

"Be thankful," interrupted Timbooboo, "that your life was spared. I, Timbooboo, spared it."

"Why?"

"For another's sake. Behold, in your delirium you chanced to call upon the name of one who in the past has done much service to my people. For his sake I spared it."

"Who then, was this god-like man, O Timbooboo?" asked Philip eagerly.

"His true name," said Timbooboo gravely, "it is forbidden to utter; but among my people he was called Bilgwana the Terrible. I, Timbooboo, have said it."

"But, look here——" began Philip—and found himself alone.

He, Timbooboo, had gone.

LAUNDRESSES!! YOU *DARE* NOT MISS THE AMAZING CLIMAX OF A STORY THAT PLOUGHS ITS WAY RELENTLESSLY THROUGH THE WHOLE GAMUT OF HUMAN EMOTIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

A year has passed and once again the wind howls and shrieks about the chimney-pots of Crosby Manor, driving the whirling snow ever higher and higher against the window-panes. In her wicker-work chair before the roaring log-fire sits old Mrs. Crosby, listening as best she can to the fury of the elements and watching her husband and daughter playing three-handed bridge with Captain Bullfinch. It is a peaceful scene. . . . But stay! What means this sudden commotion without? And who the tall bronzed giant who strides so masterfully into the room, shaking the snow-drops from his tangled beard?

It's all right; it's only Philip Armytage, in need of a shave.

"Good evening, all!" he booms in the powerful voice of one accustomed to life in the great open spaces. "I've just got back from the Dark Continent."

"Good!" says Captain Bullfinch. "We wanted a fourth."

Next morning, determined to lose no time in putting his fortune to the test, Philip sought out Arabella and found her alone in the library, reading, as was her wont, the *Ethics* of SPINOZA.

"Reading?" he said in a voice from which he sought in vain to withhold the tones of passion.

"Yes, Philip," she answered him kindly. "The *Ethics*—SPINOZA, you know."

Something in the way she spoke swept away the last remnants of his self-control, and with a low inarticulate cry he sank on his knee before her, his arms outstretched in supplication.

"Oh, Arabella," he cried wildly, "I love you! I love you! Listen to me! You must—you shall! All this long weary year that dear face of yours has never been absent from my thoughts. In the depths of the forest and on the chill mountain-peaks it was before me; from the dark waters of the Zambesi it smiled up at me: across the Makarikari Salt Pans its sweetness beckoned me on. Waking and sleeping your loved image was at hand to keep me safe from peril. I saw you in the trees, in the flowers, in the very ground I walked on. Once when a rhinoceros was charging me——"

"Rhinos!" exclaimed the Captain, entering unexpectedly through the French-windows. "You don't shoot rhino in that position, my dear fellow. Elephants—yes, and hippopotamus—possibly: but you'll never get a rhino if you kneel down to it, you mark my words!"

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand, Captain Bullfinch," said Arabella frigidly.

"Well, upon my word!" said the Captain, huffed. "I think I may claim to know as much about rhino as any man alive. Why, I remember when I was in Mashutoland——"

"Your experiences in Mashutoland," interrupted Philip, rising to his feet in some annoyance, "were no doubt most remarkable, but they hardly, I think, rival some others I could mention."

Without more ado he plunged into an account of his own adventures, beginning on the day of his departure for the Dark Continent and culminating in the removal of his appendix and the strange manner of his deliverance from death.

It was a stirring tale, well told, as many a reviewer said of it later on its appearance in book-form; and as he ended Philip felt, with a feeling akin to pity in his generous heart, that the Captain's day was over. Had *he* ever played a leading part in an Annual Sacrifice, or spoken face to face to Timboohoo, dread Lord of Mashutoland? Surely there could not be the slightest doubt now upon whom Arabella would bestow hence-forth her sweet, shy glances of admiration?



"FAR OUT AT SEA, CAPTAIN BULLFINCH . . . WAS MAKING MUCH THE SAME REQUEST TO PHILIP ARMYTAGE."

Meanwhile, the Captain was speaking: "Well, well," he said, with a hearty laugh: "it is pleasant to know that old Timbooboo hasn't forgotten me yet."

"What do you mean? You are surely not going to pretend that *you* know Timbooboo?"

"*Bilgwana*," said the Captain simply, "is Mashuto for a bullfinch."

Far away a sheep coughed plaintively in the snow, but there was no other sound, Philip Armytage had had enough.

CHAPTER V.

Leaning over the rail of the upper deck Philip watched with fairly lack-lustre eyes the hurry and bustle that preceded the departure of the great liner. He had done the only thing that a white man could do, he reflected—stealing away like this back to Africa and leaving the field clear for the man whose name had saved his life. The Code demanded it. Besides, Arabella's face had been so constantly before him during the past year that he was beginning to be a little tired of it. With a sigh he turned to go below and then—

"You!" he gasped. "You—here! What does it mean?"

"I saw you sneaking off," explained Captain Bullfinch, "and I thought I'd come with you. Africa gets you. One yearns for the throbbing of the tom-toms, the insistent——"

"Yes, yes; but Arabella—I thought you—"

"The girl bores me," said the Captain airily. "I only stayed on because the food was good."

"Great Heavens! I must get back to her!"

"Why not stay here and have a whisky instead?"

In the face of such a choice many an older man might have been forgiven for a moment's indecision, but Philip was made of sterner stuff. He turned and made his way along the teeming decks.

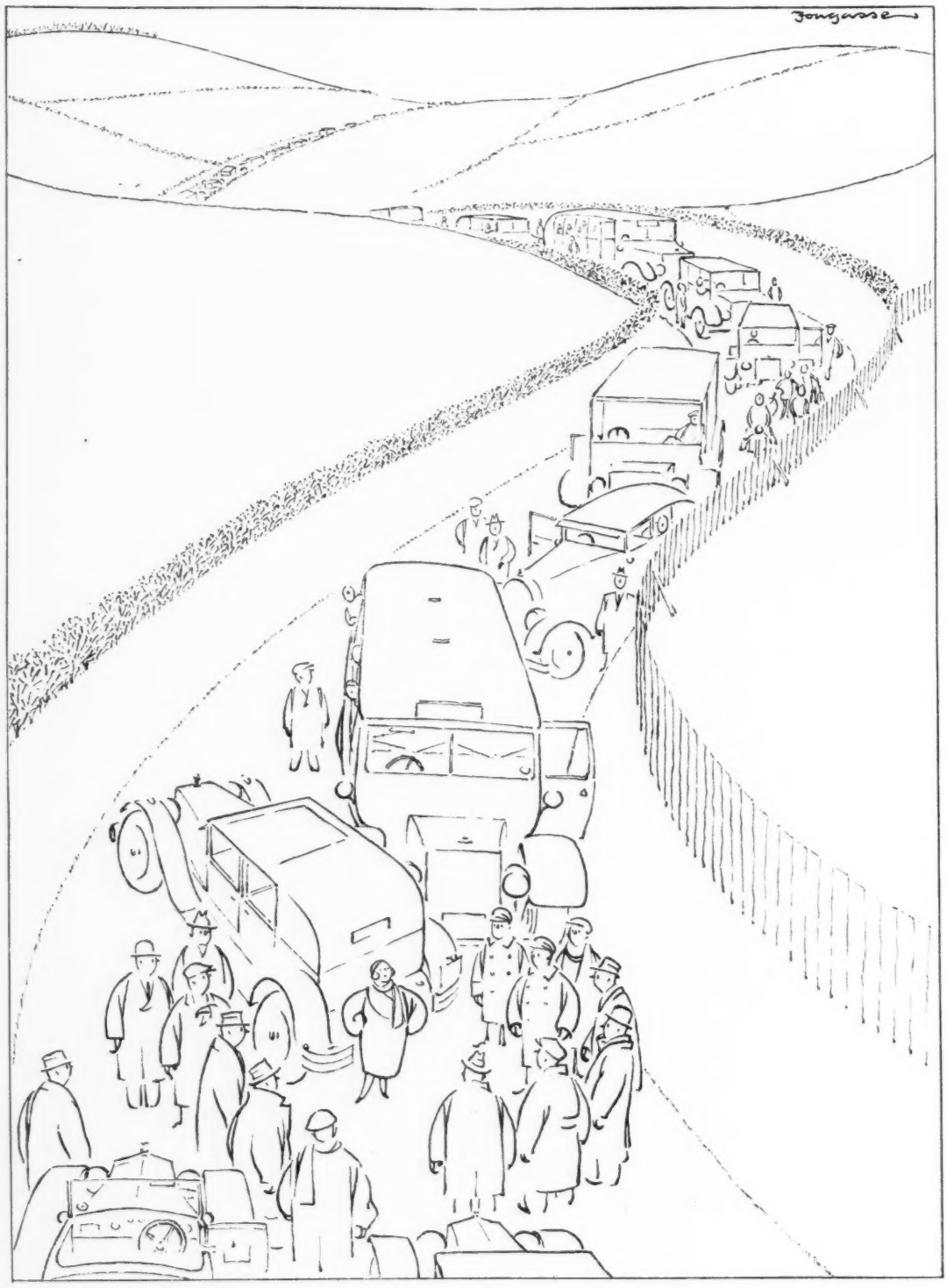
"Any more for the shore?" roared a stentorian voice.

* * * *

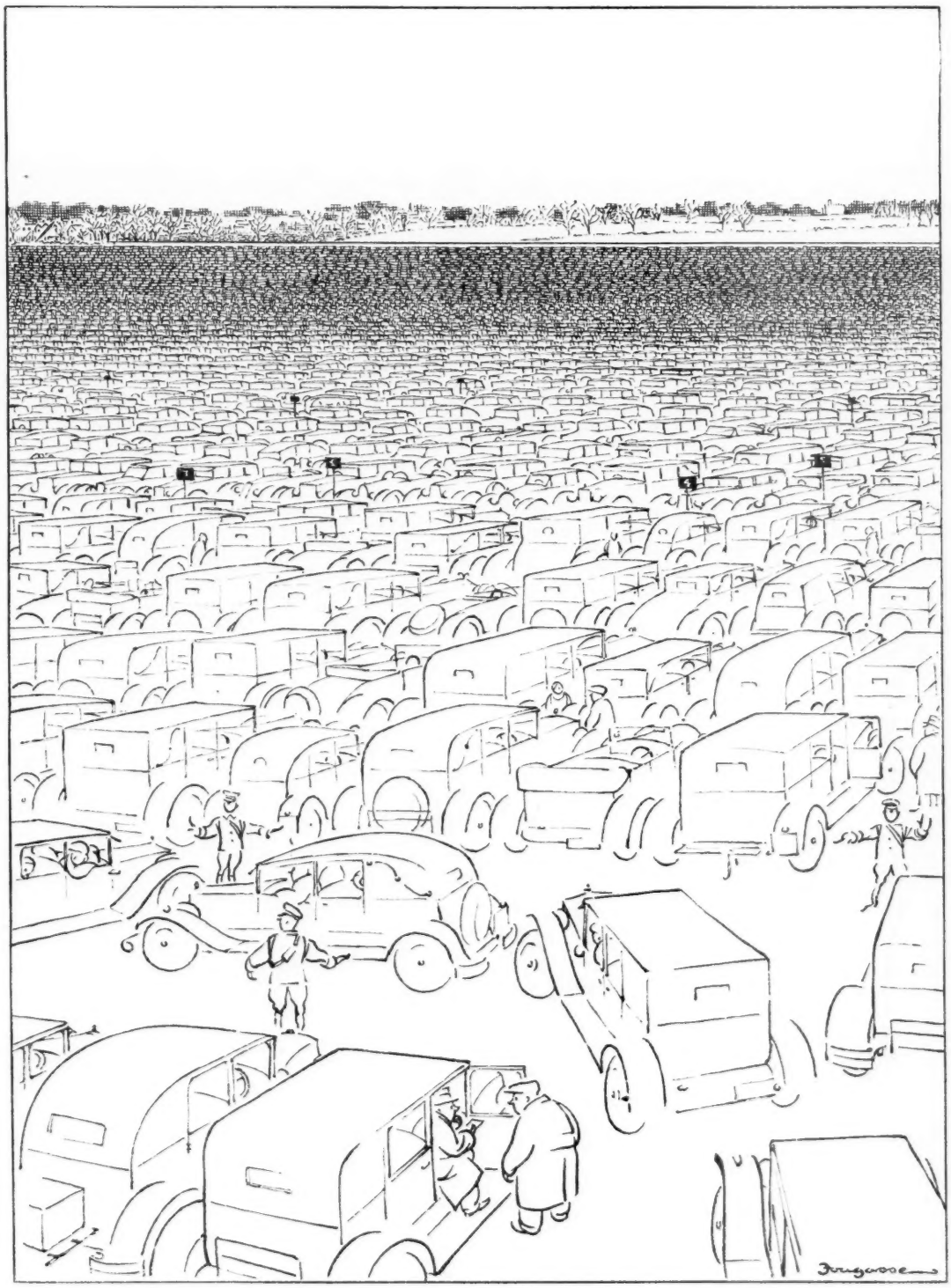
"Now that those two crashing bores," wrote Arabella, a day or two later, to a certain Mr. Scunthorpe of Wantage, "have gone back where they belong, we can have the house to ourselves. Won't that be lovely? Let me know if you're coming over this week—and say when."

NEW READERS START HERE.

Far out at sea, Captain Bullfinch, siphon in hand, was making much the same request to Philip Armytage. H. F. E.



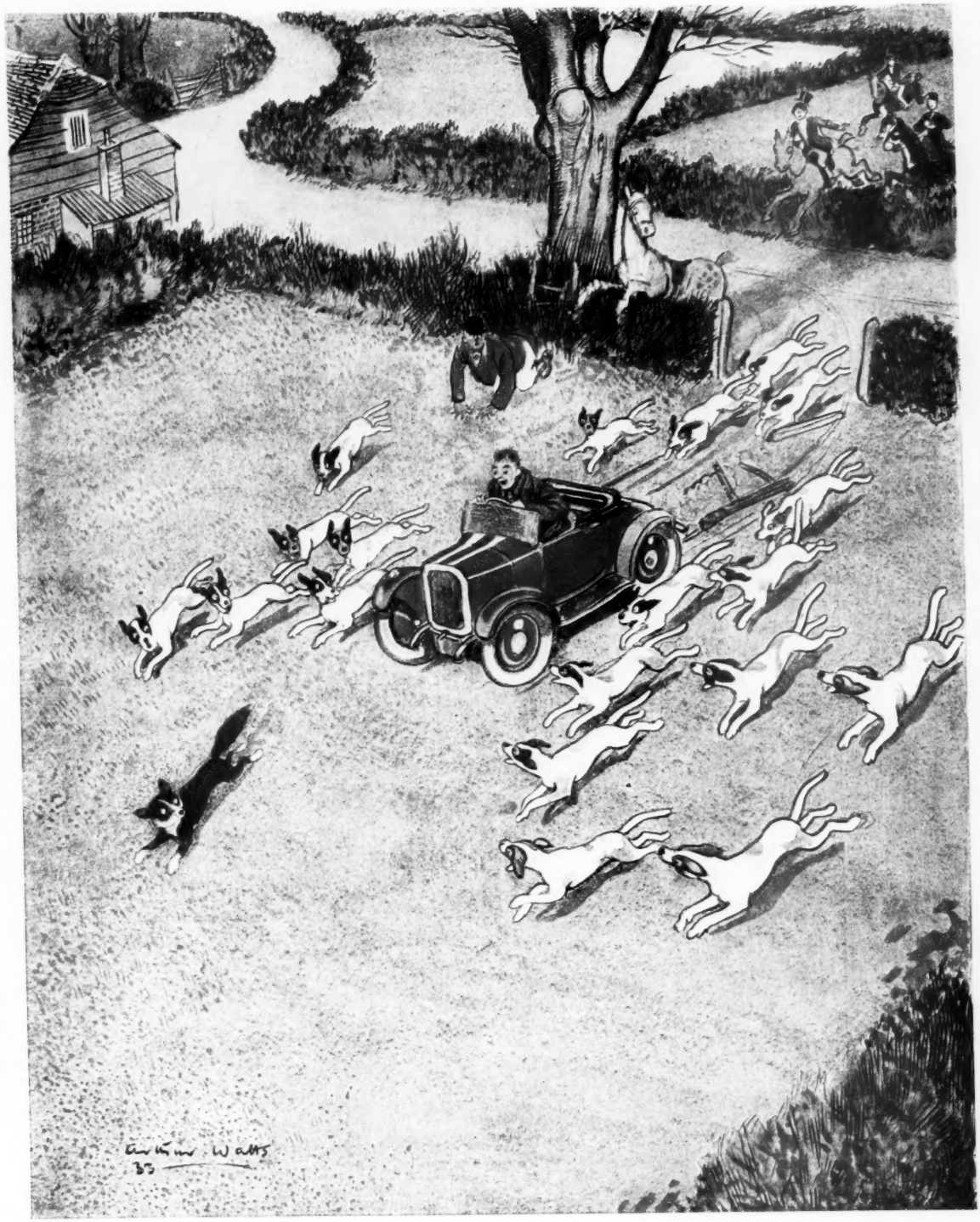
"WELL, ANYHOW, I DON'T MOVE FROM HERE UNTIL A POLICEMAN COMES AND TAKES ALL THE PARTICULARS."



"SHE SAID THE NUMBER OF HER CAR WAS GU 2634, AND SHE'D BRING THE LUNCH AND THE TICKETS."



HOSPITALITY; OR, THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING.



THE OUTSIDER.

THE NON-STOP PARTY.

MRS. WHOOPINGTON-JONES AT HOME.



TEA 4.30



COCKTAILS 6.30

THE NON-STOP PARTY.

MRS. WHOOPINGTON-JONES AT HOME.

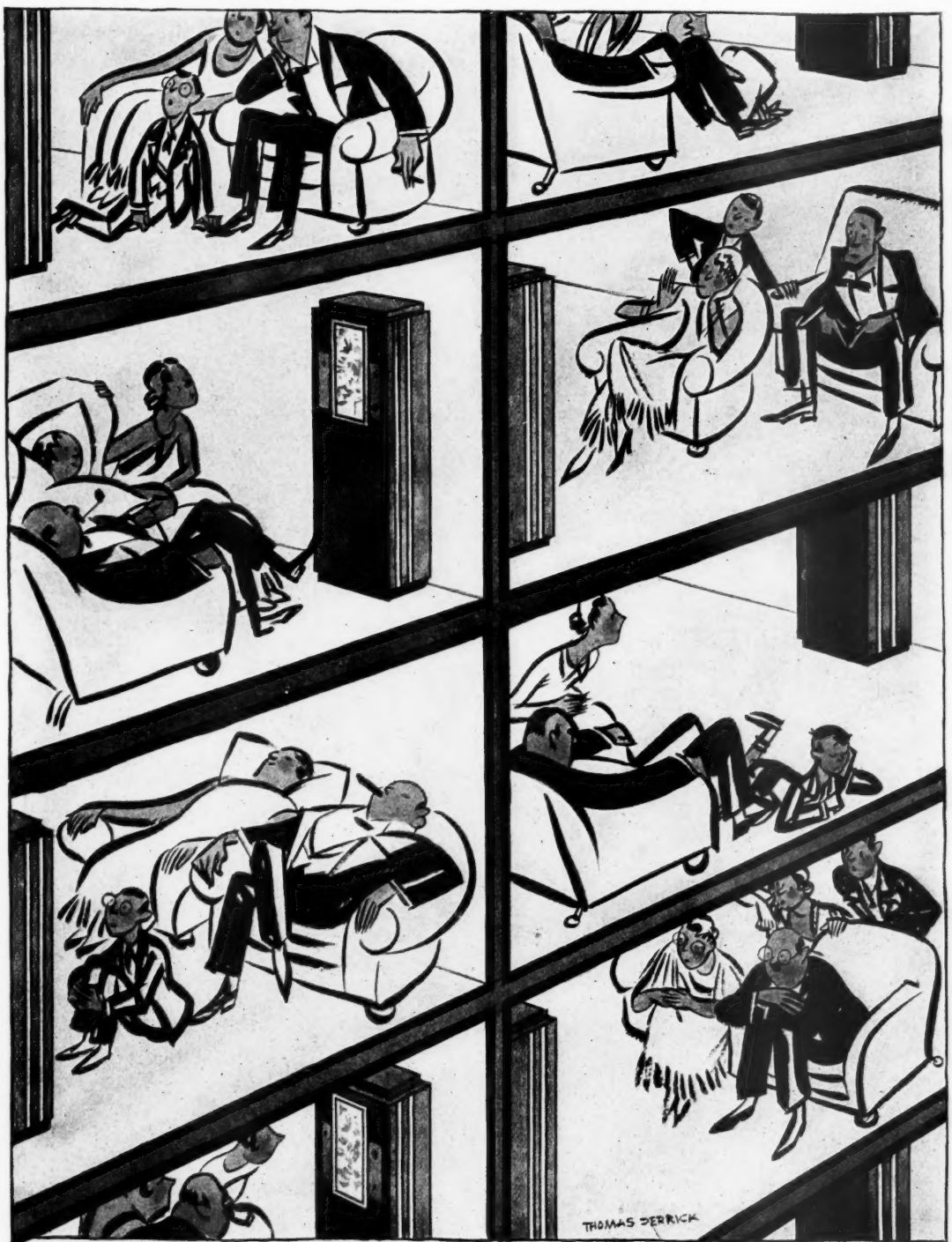


AND



ONWARDS.


SAVE TIME. LABOUR AND MONEY.
LET US CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS FOR YOU: IN YE OLDE FASHIONED WAY.



THE IRKSOME AND COSTLY NECESSITY FOR ANY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE OR INITIATIVE, ENTIRELY ELIMINATED BY RADIO AND TELEVISION.

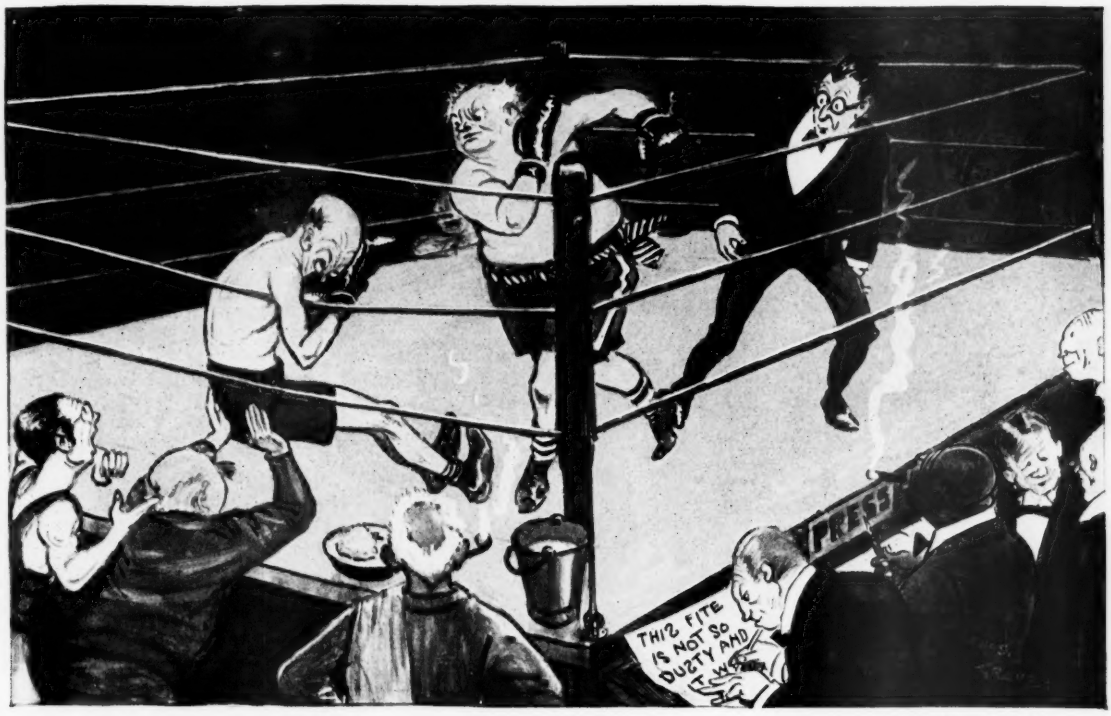


The Artist. "LINE AND PERFECT FORM TO ME IS EVERYTHING. I DON'T GO SO MUCH FOR COLOUR."

SOME QUIDS PRO QUO.



NOW THAT MOST OF OUR PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES WRITE FOR THE PAPERS, IT IS ONLY FAIR TO LET OUR SPORTING REPORTERS TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE SOCCER FIELD—



AND IN THE RING. THEY WOULD PUT UP (IN SOME WAYS) A FAR BETTER SHOW THAN THE PROFESSIONALS.



THE STRANGER.

AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOUR SPENDS A CONVIVIAL EVENING ROYSTERING WITH THE PEASANTS AT THE LOCAL INN.

MANNERS AND MODES: ARMS AND THE CHAIR.



OF COURSE VISITORS ARE OFFERED OUR MOST COMFORTABLE SEATS—



THOUGH IT SEEMS THAT THEIR USE OF THEM—



CALLS FOR SOMETHING NEW IN CHAIR-DESIGN—



AND THIS IS WHAT EVERYBODY WILL DO WITH IT.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

As I Went Down Laburnum Walk.

As I went down Laburnum Walk
That's near to Potter's Bar,
I heard a Mrs. Brinsley Yorke
A-singing to her char—

A-singing to her loud and clear
An anxious song and high
That percolated to my ear
As I was passing by.

"Oh, char you under every door
And char in every crack;
And char for me the kitchen floor



"A Cotton King."

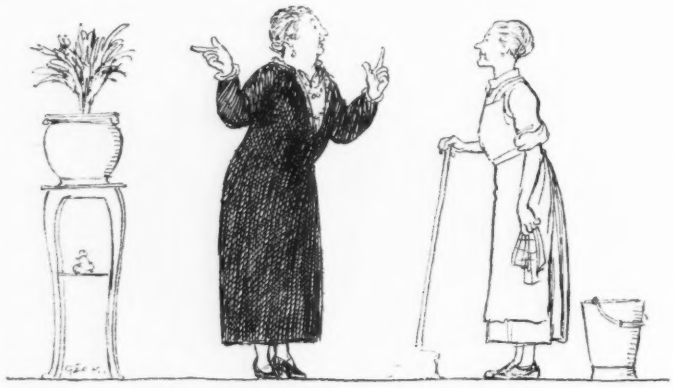
And char the two-pair back;

"Char diligently every key
And brightly every lock,
And char the pantry sink for me
And char the cuckoo-clock;

"But char you not the potted plant
That came for me last Yule,
For that's a present from my aunt,
A Lady Nettlepool.

"Oh, char you not the potted plant
That came last Yule for me,
For that's a present from my aunt
And must not broken be."

The char she charred the kitchen floor.



"Oh, char you not the potted plant."

She charred it hard and well,
And long she charred the furniture
And loud the front-door bell.

She charred in every nook and chink
And under every chair;
She charred for her the pantry sink,
She charred the frigidaire;

But when she saw the potted plant
So homely and refined,
All recollection of the aunt
Went clean out of her mind.

And when she saw it where it stood
And nodded like a toque,
A madness came into her blood,
She charred it—and it broke.

Then up rose Mrs. Brinsley Y.,
And loudly wailéd She,
And loud she cursed the charlady
With curses fifty-three.

She cursed her with unnumbered woes;
But e'er she cursed her fill
'Twas up the charlady arose
And wailéd louder still.

"Such language from a lady true,"
She cried in grief sincere,
"Such language from the likes of you
I never thought to hear.

"To hear such language in my house
I hope I never may.
Oh, hence I'll creep me like a mouse
And hide myself away.



"Daughter of a Cotton King."

"To hear such language as you sing
I'm not accustomé I,
For I was once a tender thing
And delicately bred;

"A delicately-nurturéd thing
And many men's desire,
And daughter of a Cotton King
That ruled in Lancashire."

"Oh, if and that it's truth you talk,
O rude and naughty char,



"Oh, step you up and sit you down
And help yourself to tea."

How comes it," answered Mrs. Yorke,
"That you are what you are?

"Oh, if that really your papa
A Cotton King has been,
How comes it that you are a char
And not a Cotton Queen?"

"A Cotton King my father was,"
The char she did reply,
"And of the wherefore and because
I'll tell you how and why.

"A Cotton King my father was
In Lancashire so fair,
And of the wherefore and because
I'll tell you if you care.

"Of Cotton Kings he was the best
That ever I did spy;
But Economical Unrest
It done 'im in the eye.

"'Twas Economical Unrest
That knocked 'im off 'is perch:
And now the poor old top's gone West
And left us in the lurch.

"The slump has fairly knocked us queer.
Well, beat it if you can.
Poor Bob, that was a hengineer,
Is now a handy-man;

"Young Brenda's on the comic stage,
And Jane is high and dry,
And Hilda, she's a gossip-page,
And me a charlady."

Then Mrs. Yorke she rent her gown
And loud lamented she:
"Oh, step you up and sit you down
And help yourself to tea.

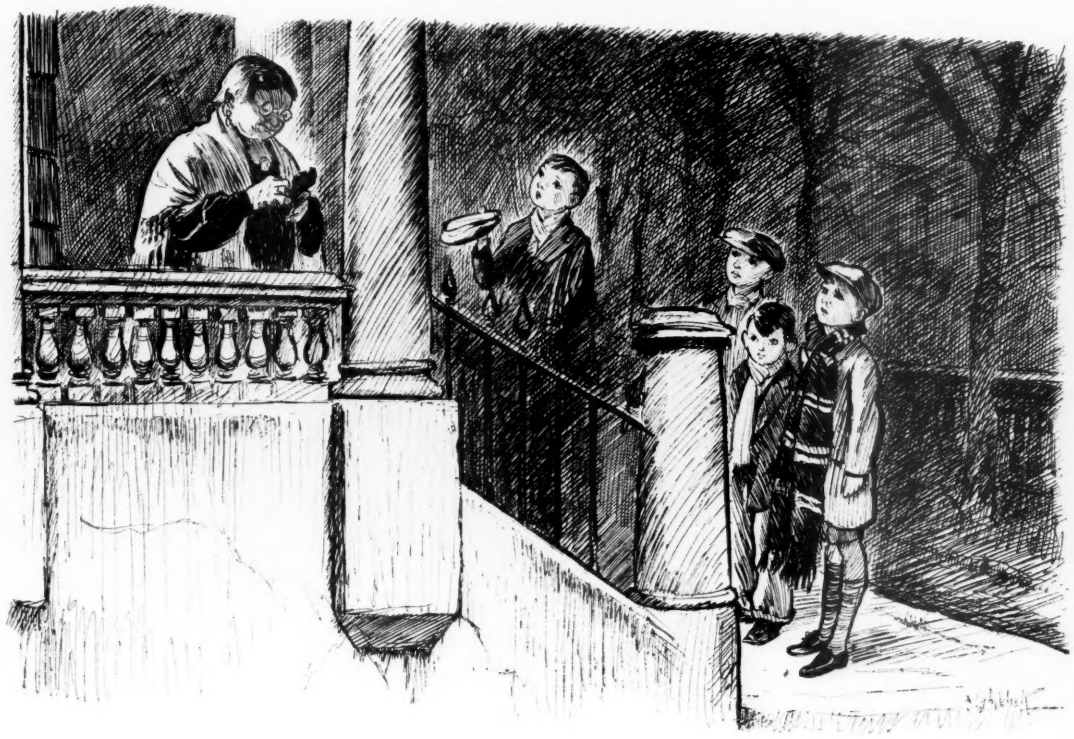
"More loth were I to risk a breach
With you than with my aunt.
Forget, forget my hasty speech
And I'll forget the plant.

"Oh, help yourself to lemon curds,
To cakes and crumpets hot;
Forget, forget my hasty words
And I'll forget the pot."

So down the charlady did sit
And helped herself to jam,
And talked with dignity and wit
About her diaphragm.

And up rose Mrs. Brinsley Yorke
And called up all her kin,
And all about the town did walk
To fetch the neighbours in.

And wide the casement did she fling
That all the world might see
The daughter of a Cotton King
To be her charlady.



Kindly Soul. "You sang that carol very nicely. Let me see if I can find some pennies for you."
Leader. "Pardon us, lady, this is a silver collection we are making."

The Unrest Cure.

Mrs. Frimble lived at Number Four, Begwater Street.

Frankly, I didn't fancy the look of Number Four. I felt that my reactions to it might be shaky.

Now if it had been Number Seven with the primrose curtains and the haughty aspidistra! . . .

But it wasn't Number Seven. That is life all over.

I knocked, with just the right blend of patronage and courtesy, and Mrs. Frimble, after inspecting me through a Window-Which-Needed-Attention, gave me entry. She was a large and disapproving lady with red arms.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Frimble?" I inquired.

"Bad," said Mrs. Frimble as I followed her into the parlour—"cruel bad. Mervyn, take them records off the chair and let the new curick set down. I was jest saying as I 'eard your rap, if doctor can't do more for me than what he's doing now they'll be hiring my private carriage before Christmas."

Mrs. Frimble staggered to stress the point and laid her hand on her waist-line.

"And tremble!" she went on. "Jellies is rocks to me. You can see me fingers now—twitter, twitter. They're always like that. If I go to pick up anything I can't hold it. I breaks more than I buys."

"Perhaps you——?" I began, but Mrs. Frimble was before me.

"Me legs," she pointed out, "is no more than boiled macaroni. I'm forced to lay 'old o' something every time I move or down I should go."

"Perhaps you're sleeping badly?"

I slipped in as she paused for breath.

"Sleep?" she scorned as one disowning for ever a perfidious friend. "I ain't closed an eye for these five nights. Moment I try I'm falling into pits with a motor-lorry on me chest."

"Ah! that's because——"

"An' as for palpitations, your comin' in unexpected-like started me all on a clipper-clop. Doctor says I've broke one 'eart-string already, an' I'm like to snap another at any moment. 'You must keep your bed, Mrs. Frimble,' he sez, an' when I asked 'im, 'Who'll keep *me* if I do, Sir?' he made no more to-do than he turned round and walked out of the 'ouse."

"I expect what you need," I suggested, "is lots of fresh air."

"It stops me breath," Mrs. Frimble explained. "Even openin' the door to you was like gulpin' down snow an' cotton-wool. If I walk a step or two outside I'm forced to stop and pant; an' if I come to a bit of a hill I'm so to say a dead woman."

It seemed here that we had reached saturation point, pathologically speaking, where sympathy was mere impertinence. So I offered no more, and the first silence fell.



"I'M FEELING DIZZY."
"YES, AND WHAT'S WORSE, I CAN'T UNDO THIS KNOT."

Then Mervyn, who had taken cover in the kitchen, whistled, and again the word was with Mrs. Frimble. This time it was a personal word—personal to me, I mean.

"You getting used to your work?" she inquired feebly and lowered herself into a chair.

"Oh, yes; I'm settling down."

"Funny 'ow you remind me of a nephew I lost six year ago. You've got jest 'is chin and 'is chattering ways an' that little sharp 'abit of takin' people up. His complaint was violent information. 'Twas lifting 'im that strained me 'ere."

A lively apprehension that the strain would take us further into Mrs. Frimble's anatomy than I was prepared at the moment to go made me bold. I too was suffering from violent information. I raised my voice.

"I really came from the Rector," I said, "to tell you that, though you haven't been very regular at the Women's Fellowship, one or two of the members are down with this horrid flu, and he wants to offer you a ticket for the Social to-night."

"*Social?*" repeated Mrs. Frimble in a voice which I can only call re-conditioned. "Up at the Parish Hall?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock."

"What's going on at it then?"

"Oh, games and dancing and refreshments," I told her; "and there's to be a big Christmas-tree. We mean to be very young and rompy, you know."

A slow smile twisted the left side of Mrs. Frimble's mouth, displaying a crowded corner in dentures.

"Missis Hillhouse be there?" she inquired.

"Rather. She's one of our most regular members."

The smile broadened until it was *all* teeth.

"Me and old Hillhouse can show them what's what if it comes to two-stepping," she mused.

"Yes, I expect before your illn——"

"I suppose they'll make a ring round the Christmas-tree an' do a scamper?"

"Well——"

"We always did in the last curick's time," she said with a challenge in her voice.

I got up. "Those things are great fun, aren't they?" I said regretfully, for it did seem hard on her. Then I held out my hand.

Mrs. Frimble wiped hers upon her apron and took it.

"I only wish you were up to enjoying them now," I added simply and sincerely.

A peculiar noise came from Mrs. Frimble's throat. It might have been anything from a death-rattle to a chuckle.

"You mid as well leave that ticket," she said.



"OH, HERNANDEZ DEAR, DO YOU *REALLY* THINK YOUR PEOPLE WILL LIKE ME?"

WHAT THE MOVIES HAVE DONE FOR OUR VILLAGE.



YOUNG JARGE WOOS HIS MARY.



OUR VILLAGE WEDDINGS ARE MORE PICTURESQUE.

WHAT THE MOVIES HAVE DONE FOR OUR VILLAGE.



THERE IS MYSTERY WHEN FARMER BATES AND FARMER GILES DO A PIG-DEAL.



AND "THESE TRESPARSEING FURRINERS FROM LONDON" LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE FOR IT; BUT, HOORAY! THE LAW INTERVENED.

VERSATILITY.



DICK WHITTINGTON WAS A KEEN PROVINCIAL LAD DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD IN THE METROPOLIS.



ALADDIN WAS A CHINAMAN WHO DABBLED IN THE OCCULT.



JACK-THE-GIANT-KILLER WAS A YOUNG SPORTSMAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR;



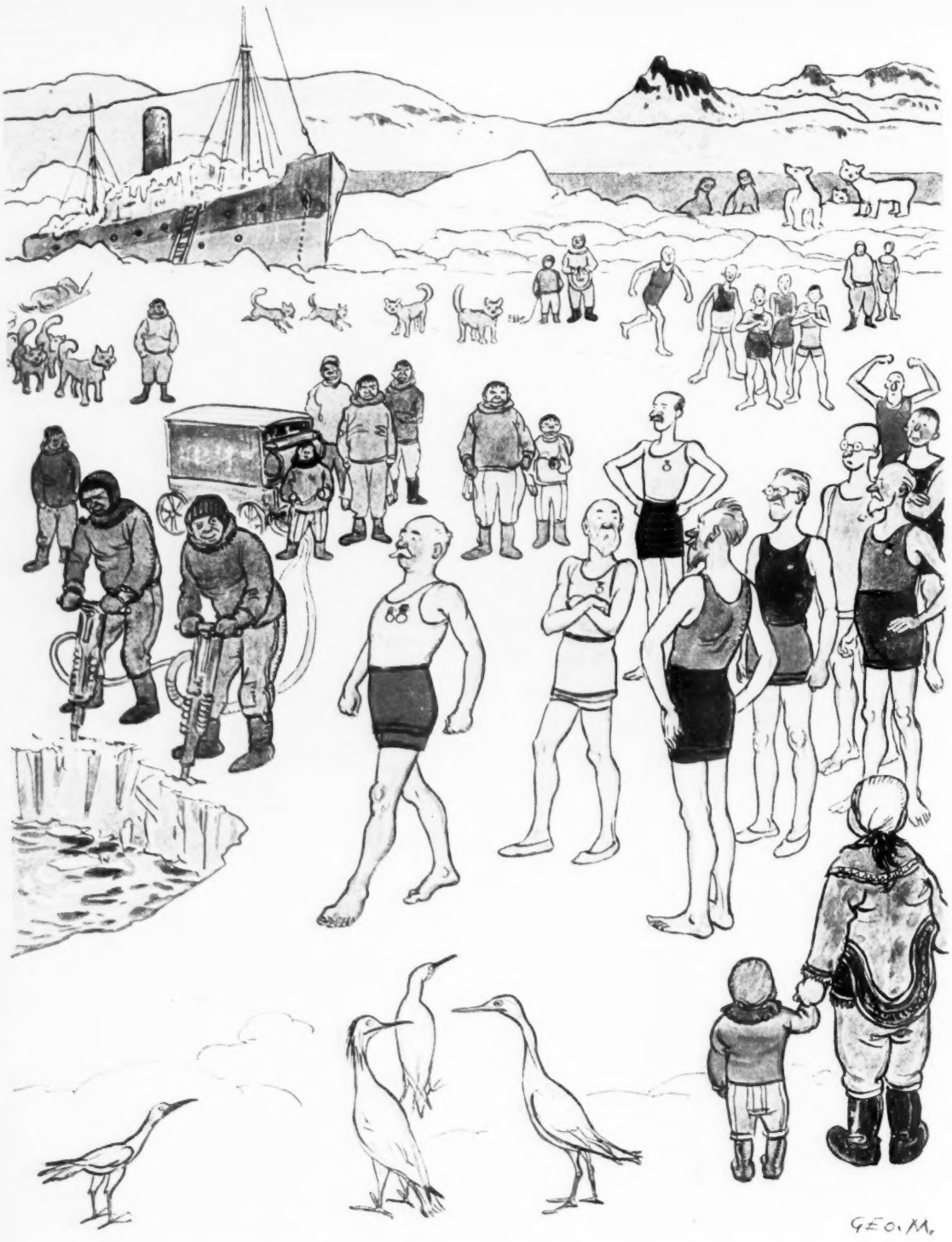
WHILE ROBINSON CRUSOE MUST HAVE BEEN A HEFTY SPECIMEN OF ROUGH-HEWN VIRILITY;



YET MISS FELICITY FOOTLYTE TAKES SUCH A DIVERSITY OF CHARACTERS EASILY IN HER STRIDE.

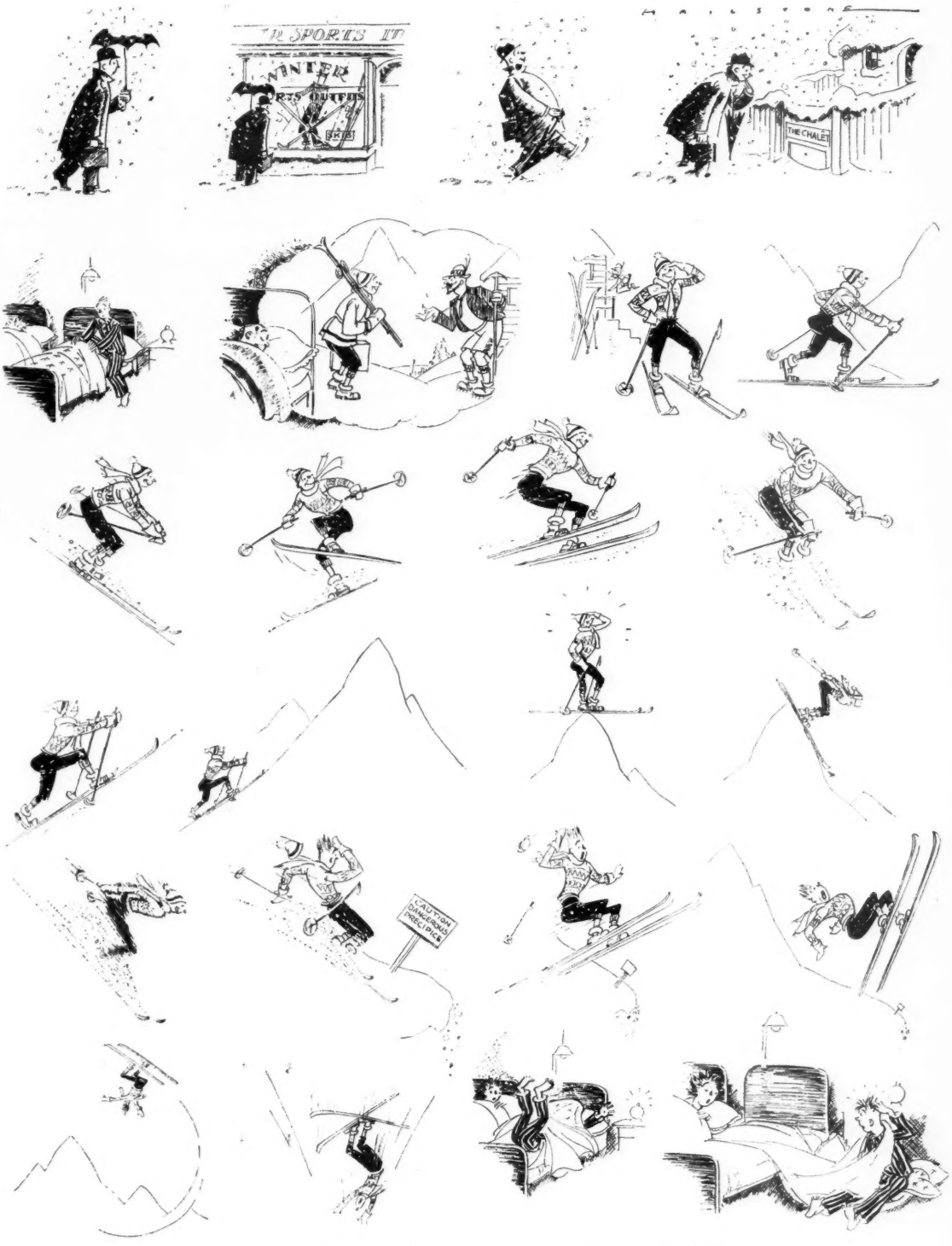


Bungalow Owner. "YES, OLD MAN, I'LL GRANT YOU THEY DON'T LOOK VERY PRETTY, BUT HOW ELSE CAN ONE GET ANY PRIVACY ALONGSIDE THE MAIN ROAD NOWADAYS?"



THE SPARTAN SWIMMING CLUB VISITS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN SEARCH OF SUITABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS.

A (SWISS) BEDTIME STORY.



THE MAN WHO NEVER *DREAMT* IT WAS SO EASY . . .



"SWISS, IS HE? HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY FOREIGNER STAYING IN THE HOTEL."

THE TOURIST WHO GOT IN FIRST.



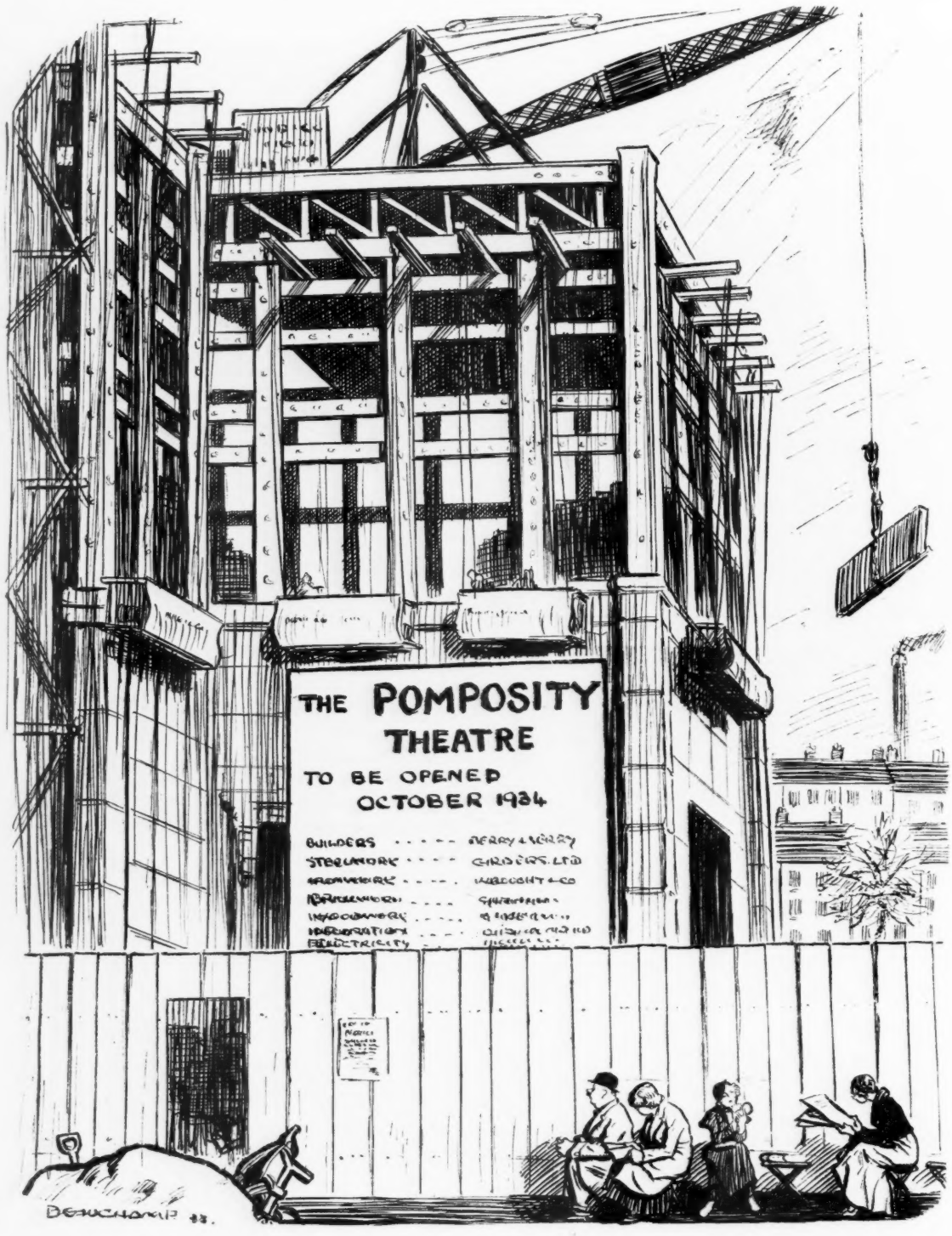
"POSTCARD! POSTCARD!! LOVELY VIEWS OF ENGLAND—YES?"



[5.0 A.M. outside famous author's house.]

First Burglar. "'E'S STILL WRITIN'."

Second Burglar. "OH, IS 'E? WELL, LET 'S 'OP IT. WE'LL GET OUR OWN BACK. WE WON'T READ 'IS RUDDY BOOKS."



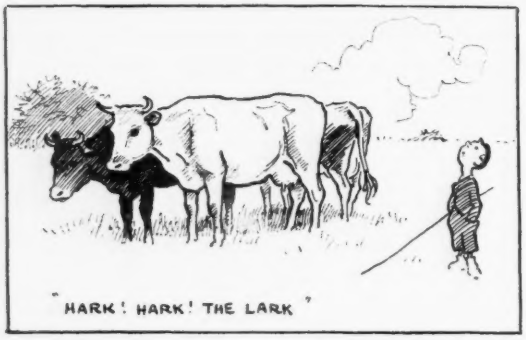
THE QUEUE; OR, THE ENTHUSIASTS.



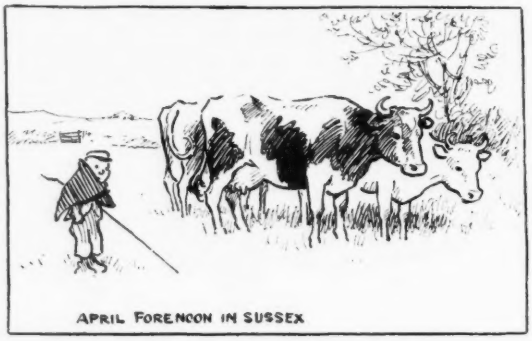
HAVING SEARCHED THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR A TRULY RURAL-LOOKING CHARACTER, WE FIND HIM ON OUR TOWN DOORSTEP ON OUR RETURN.



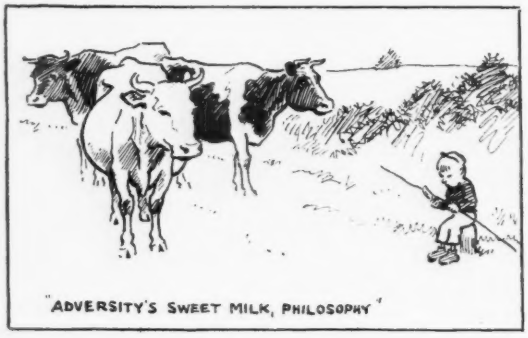
One of the old School. "YOU YOUNGSTERS NEVER PAINT A SUBJECT-PICTURE NOWADAYS—



BUT IF YOU LOOK UP—



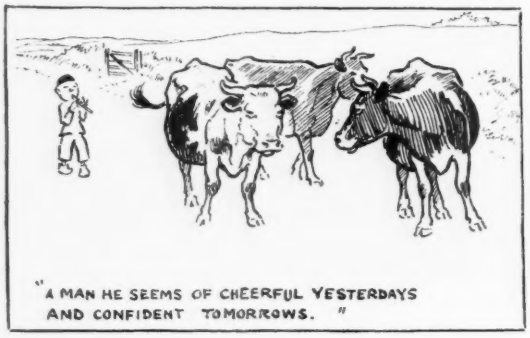
THE OLD ACADEMY CATALOGUES—



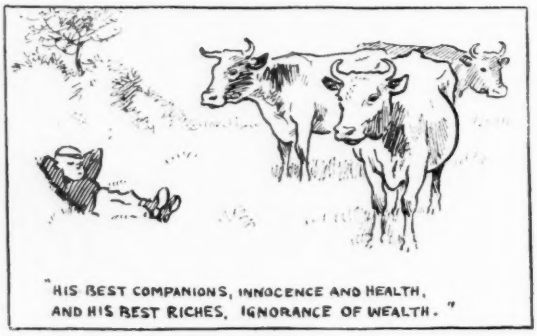
YOU WILL SEE—



FROM THE TITLES—



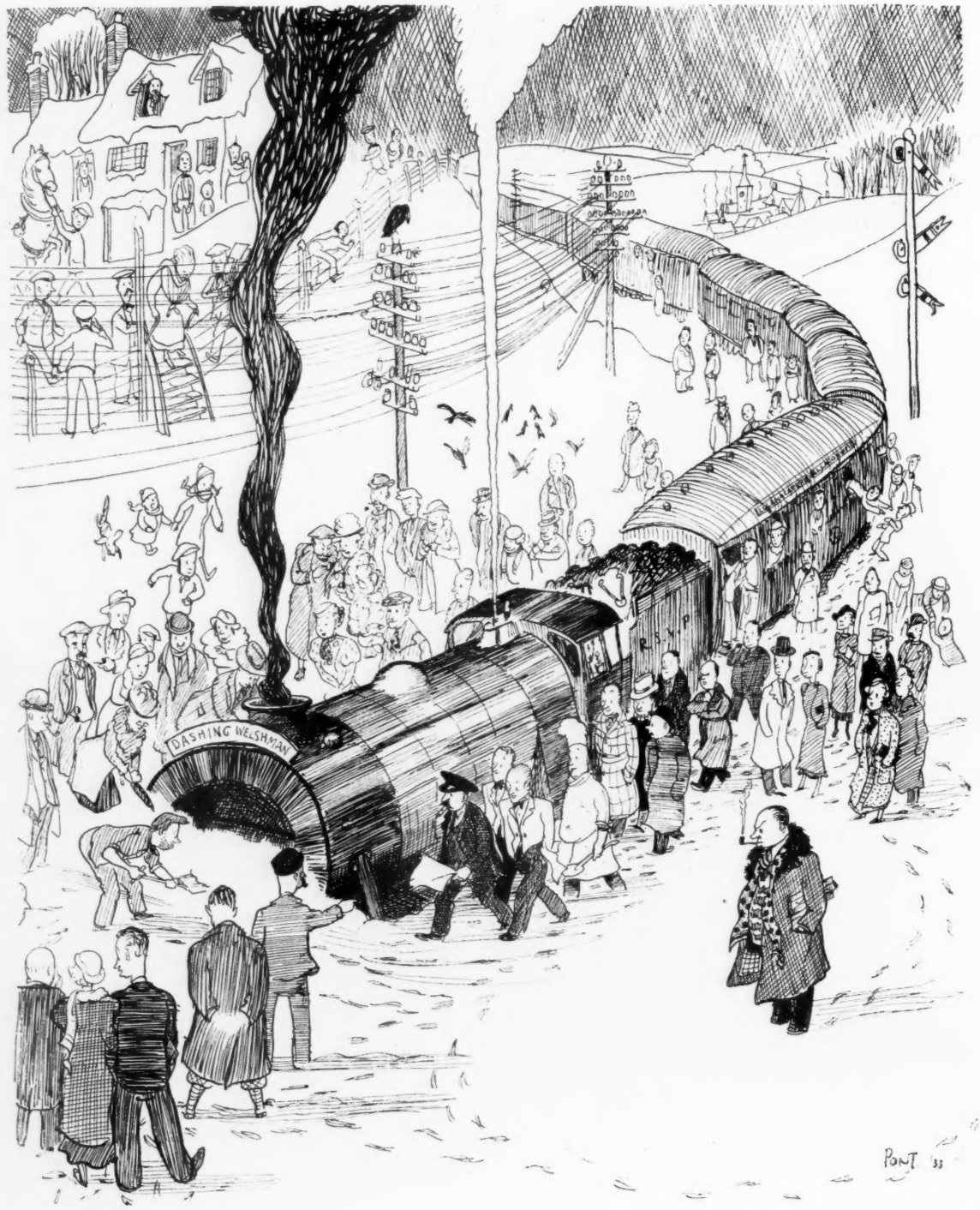
I GAVE THE PUBLIC—



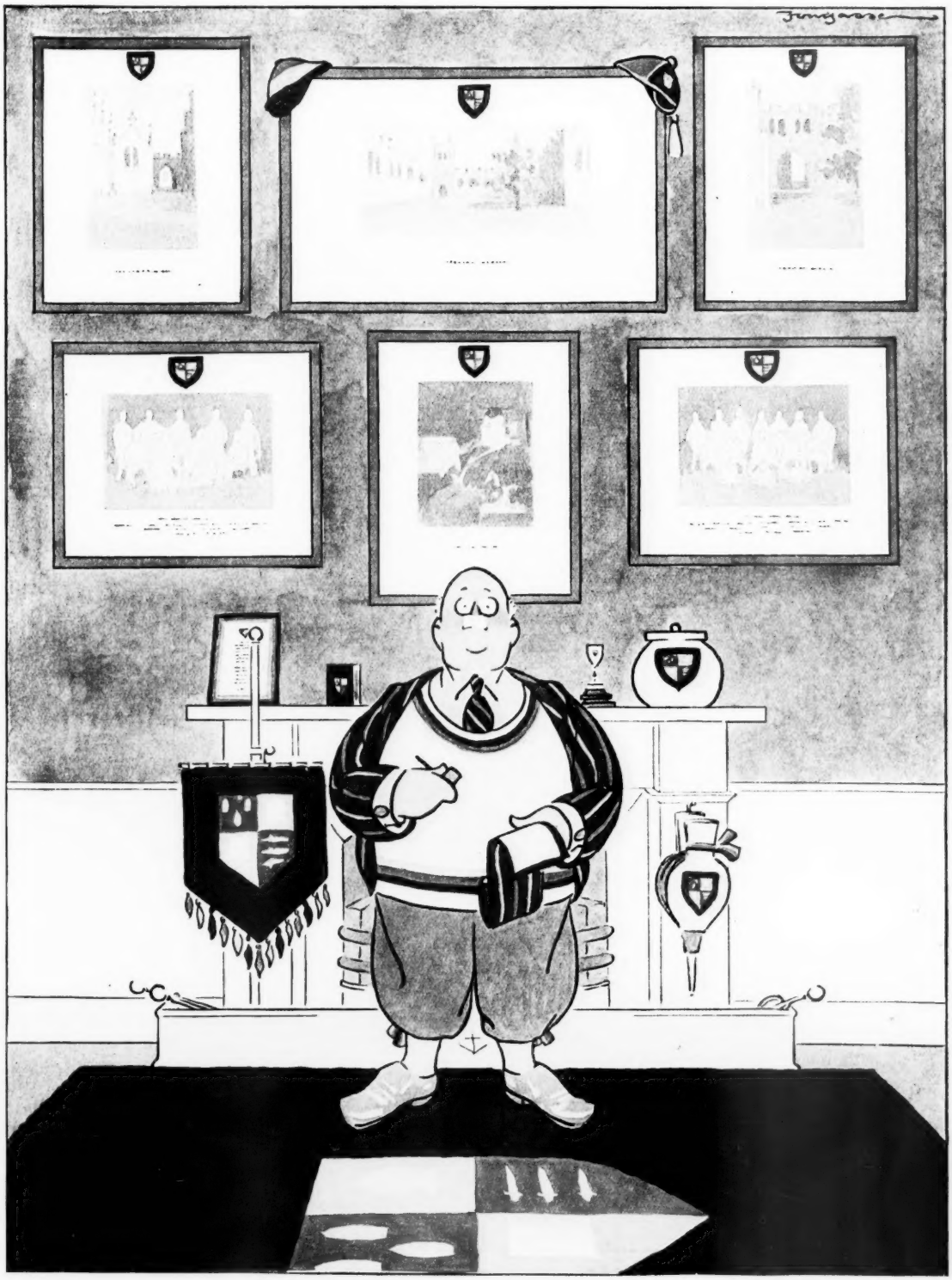
A DIFFERENT STORY EVERY YEAR."



BUT IT WAS ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT.



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[Correspondence willingly authenticated.]



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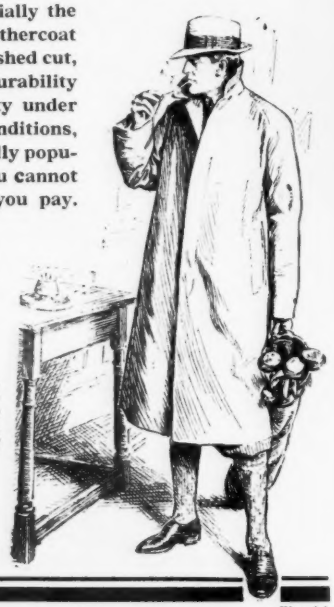
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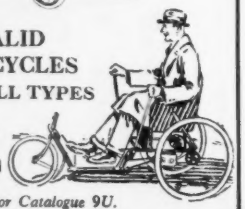
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P 1.



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CRACK a joke

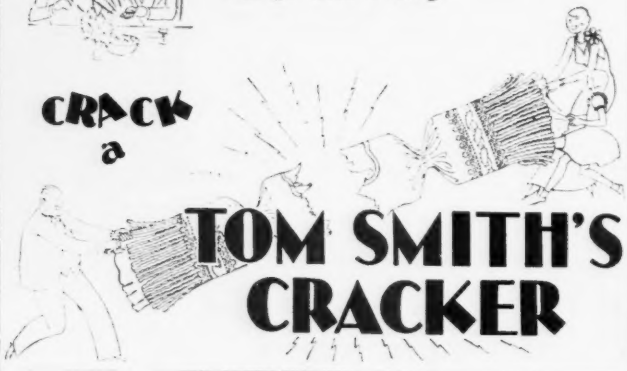


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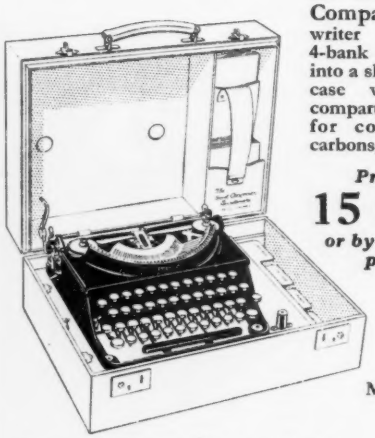
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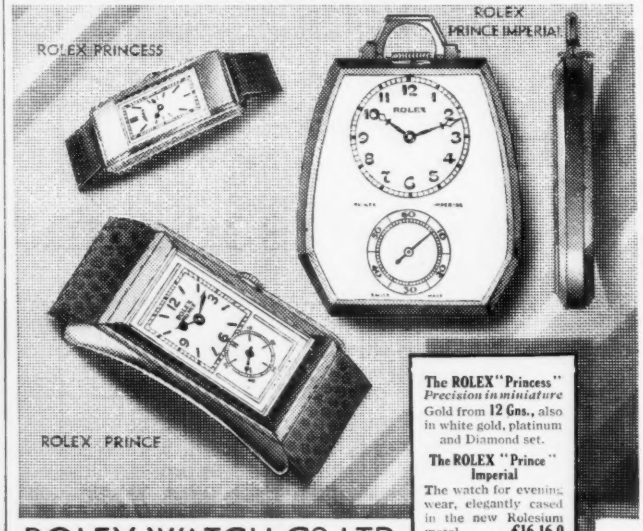
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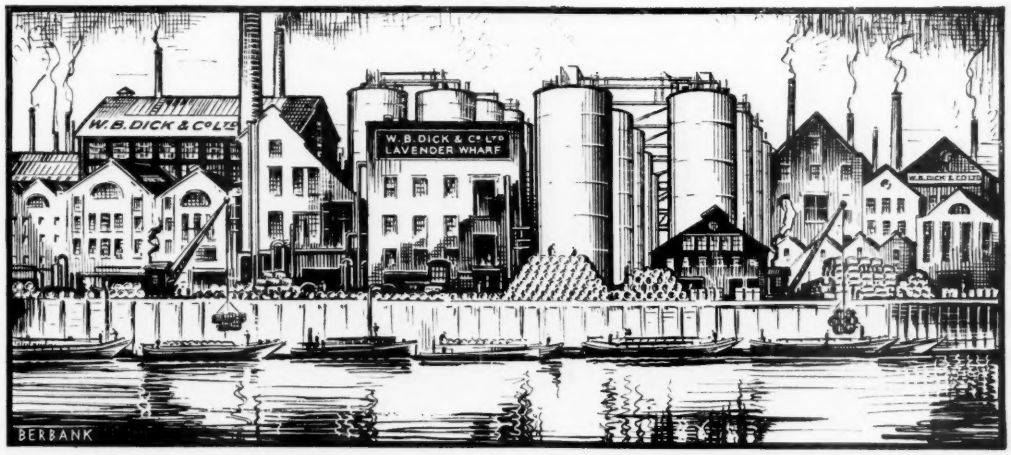
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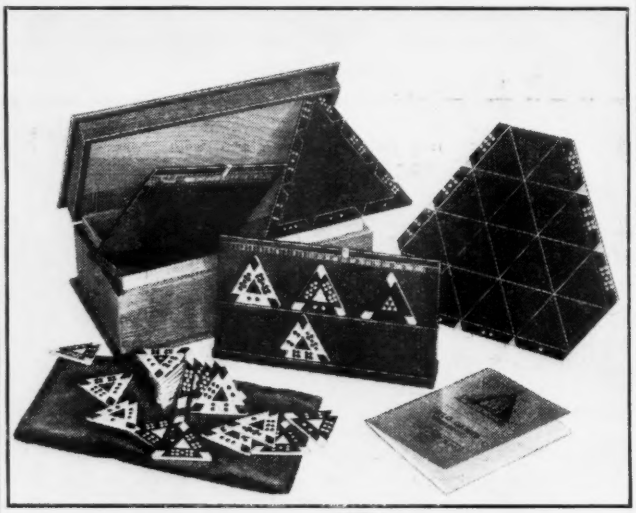
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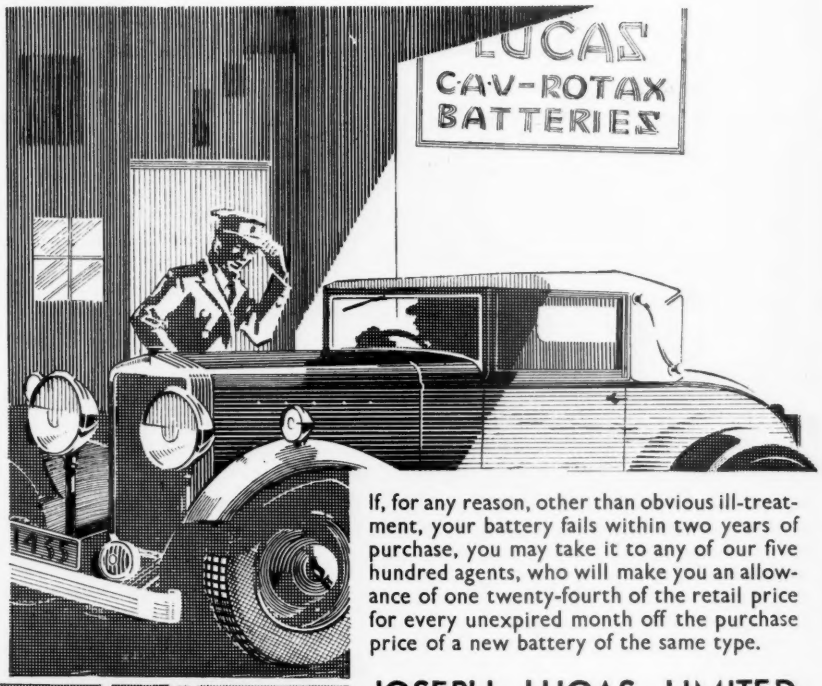
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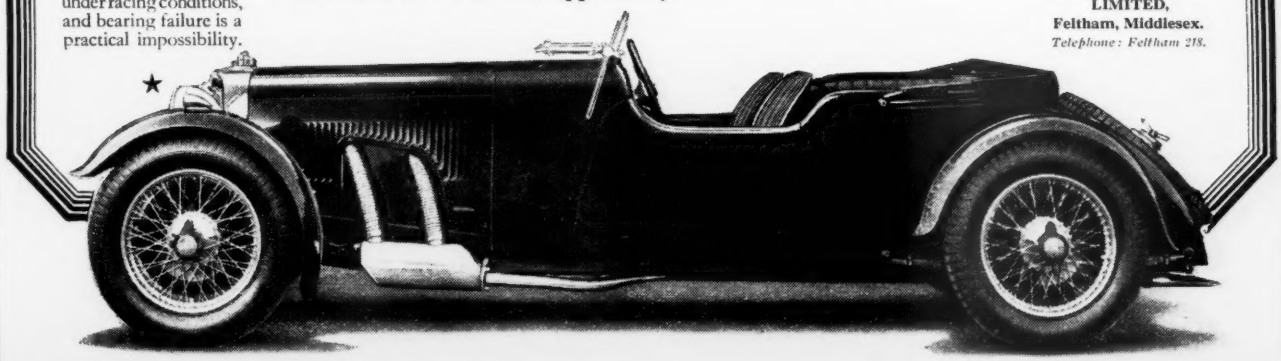
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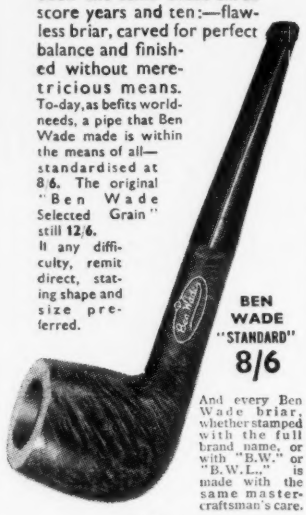
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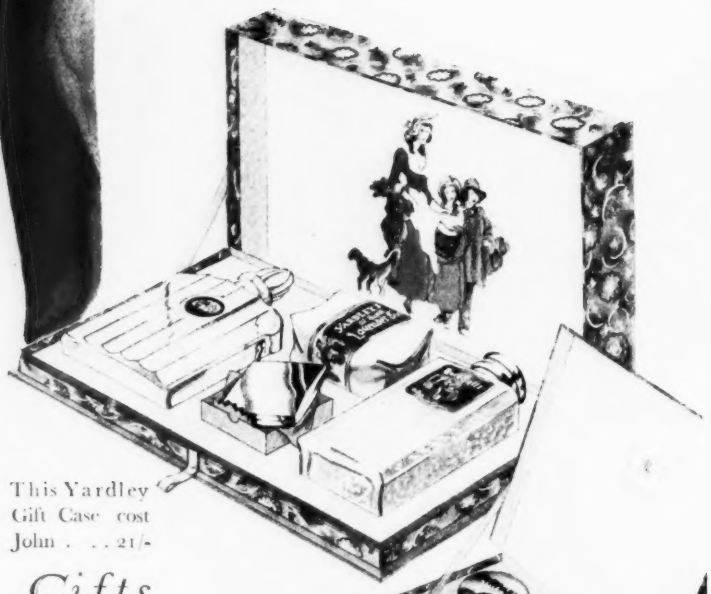
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"John, you DARLING! I saw that when I was getting yours and thought how heavenly it was . . . ."

This Yardley Gift Case cost John . . . 21/-

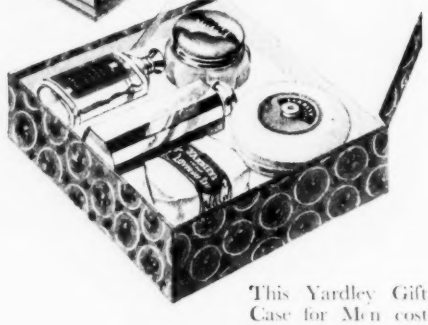
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And a great variety of Gift Cases for Men and Women from 2/- to 30/-

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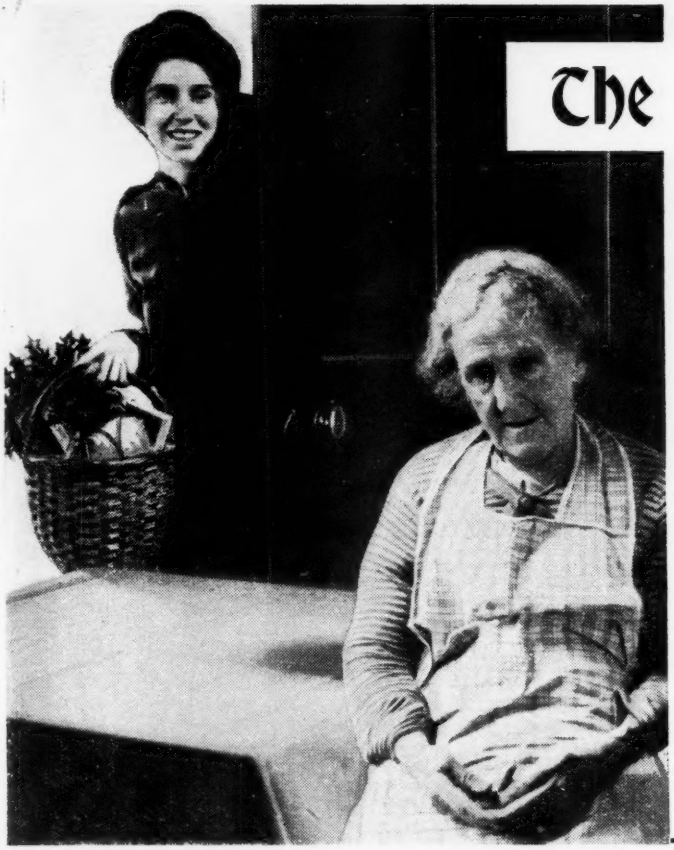
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YARDLEY LAVENDER



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finds a natural home in The Salvation Army

146,000 of those in Great Britain who think God and man may have forgotten them will this Christmas have a happy surprise.

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The Salvation Army

is launching out in this big additional expenditure because it has faith in the Spirit of Christmas in you. **2/-** provides a treat for one. **£50** provides for 500. Please send gifts to-day marked "Christmas Cheer," to General E. J. Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

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What better gift this Christmas than one that, year in and year out, will give the recipient nights of sound, refreshing sleep.

The Vi-Spring-Vibase COMBINATION



makes a gift that will be appreciated for its sleep-inducing comfort. The 'Vi-Spring' is acknowledged as the World's highest standard of bed comfort. Used in conjunction with the efficient Vibase Mattress Support its hundreds of small, resilient springs impart a sense of luxurious ease that quickly induces sound, refreshing sleep.

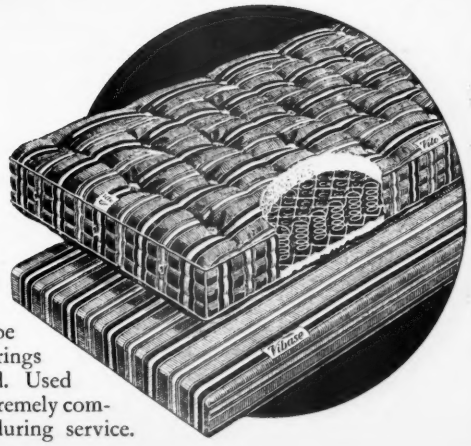
The 'Vi-Spring' is built by hand throughout and the 'Vibase' made with a sturdiness that will ensure years of service. Ask to see this great combination—the finest bed equipment ever made to ensure perfect sleep.

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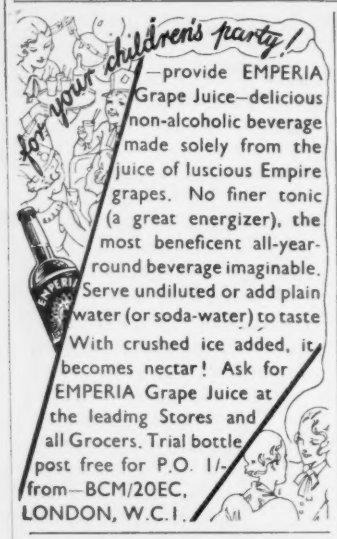
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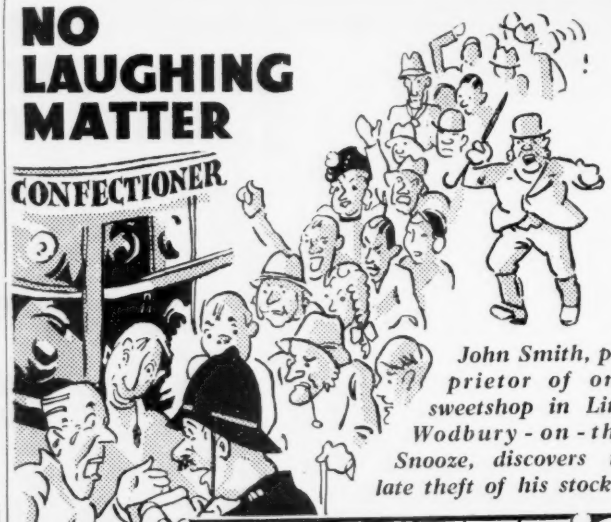




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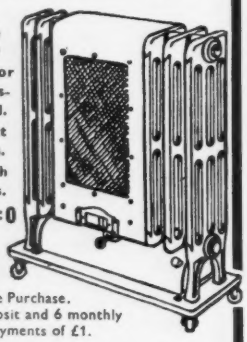
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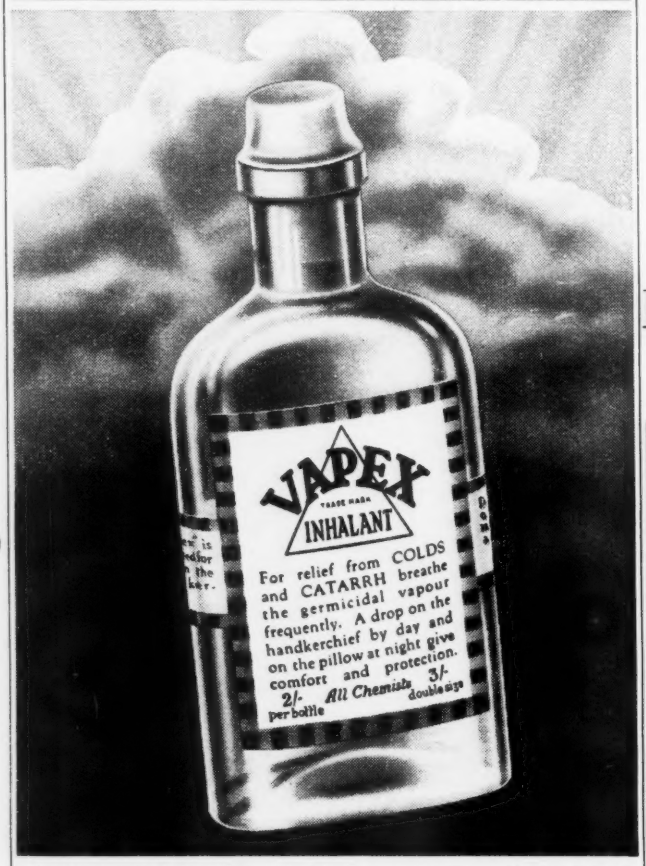
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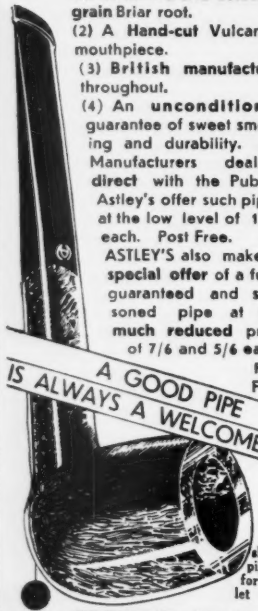
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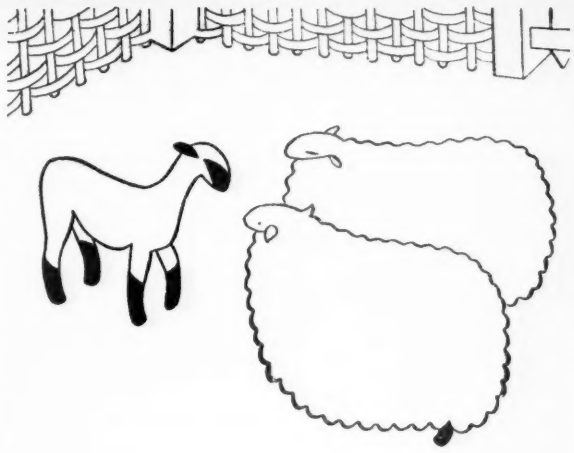
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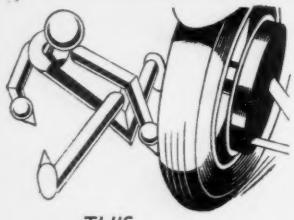
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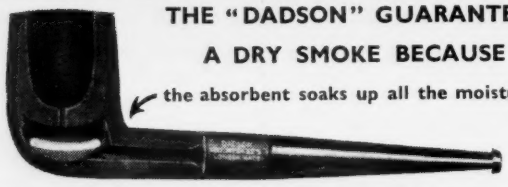
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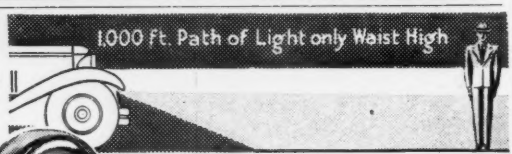
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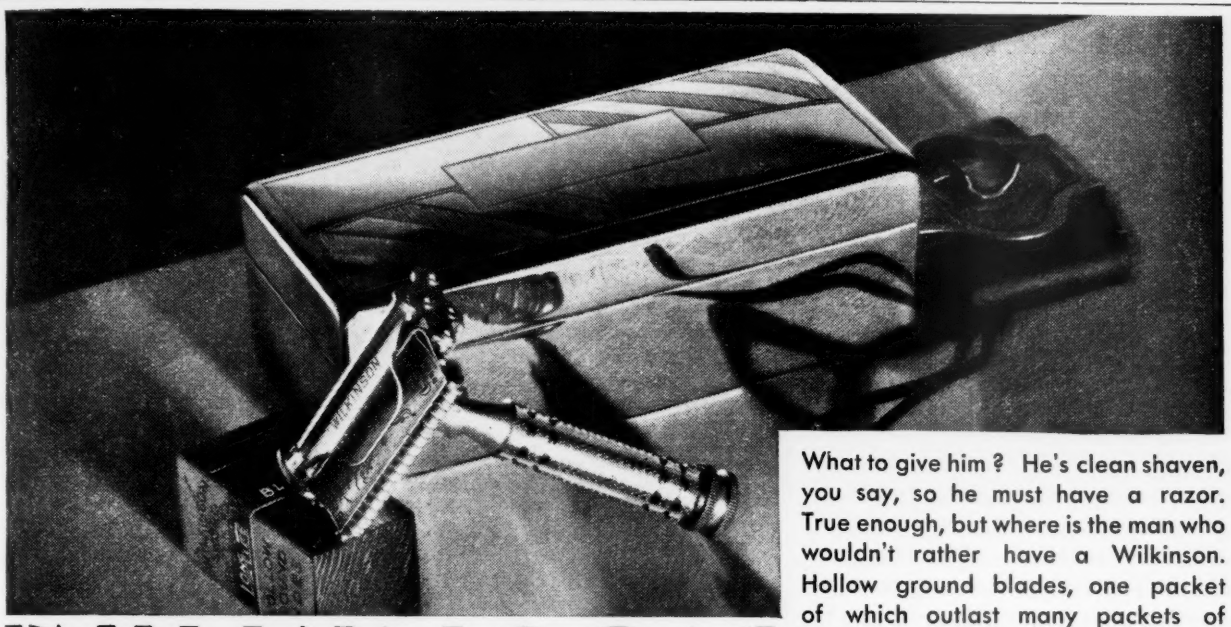


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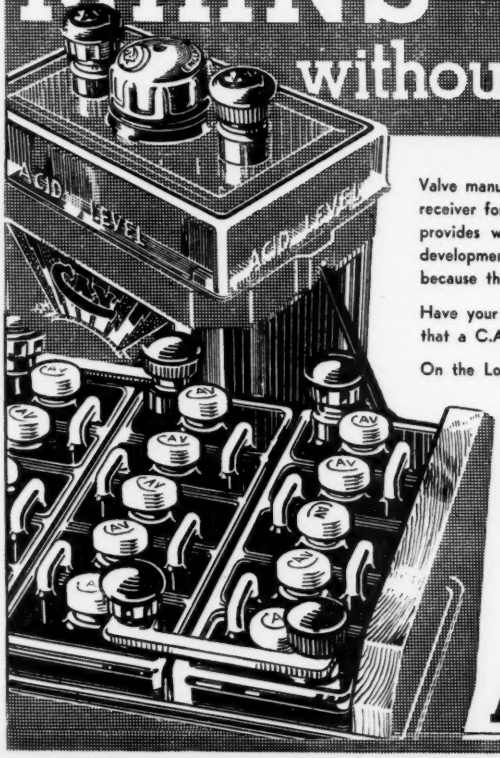
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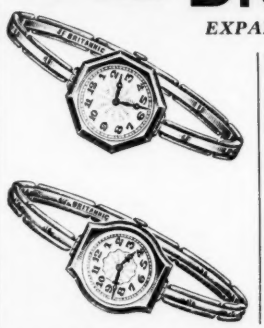
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Without New Clothes

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BENSON'S "Tropical" Watch has an extremely accurate shock-proof lever movement which cannot be affected by excessive moisture, damp or sand. It will thus appeal particularly to active, outdoor men—especially those overseas. Call and inspect at Benson's showrooms or write for full details.

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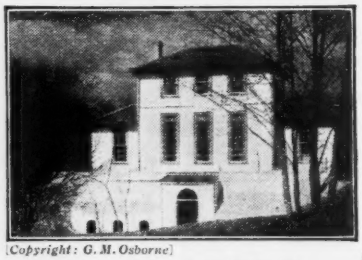
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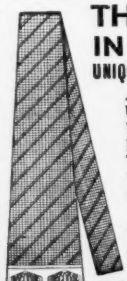


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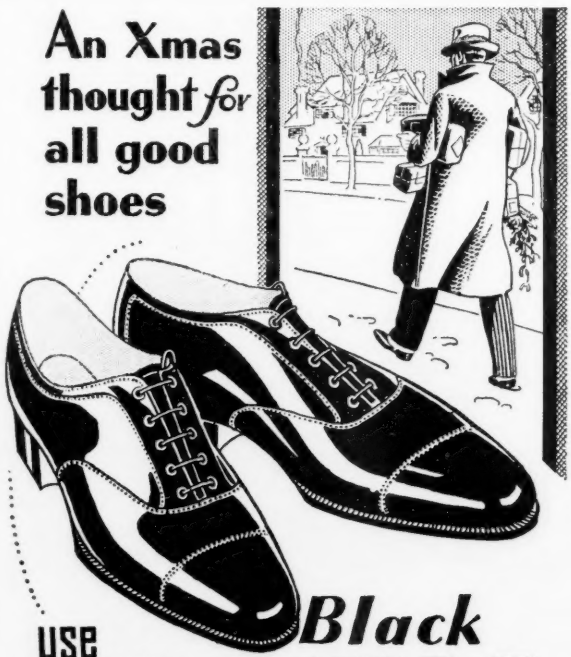
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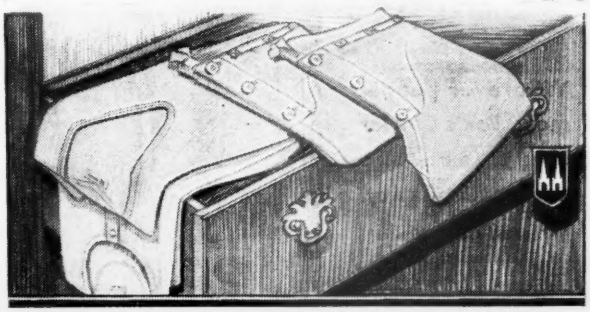
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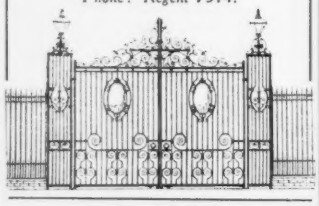
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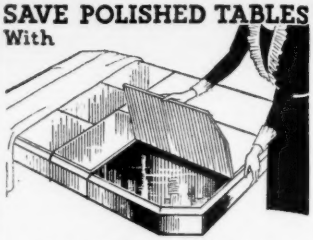
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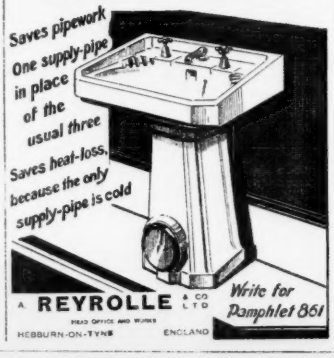
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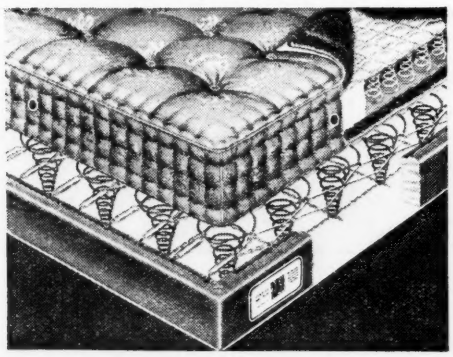
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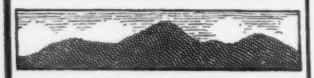
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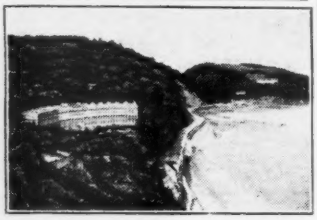
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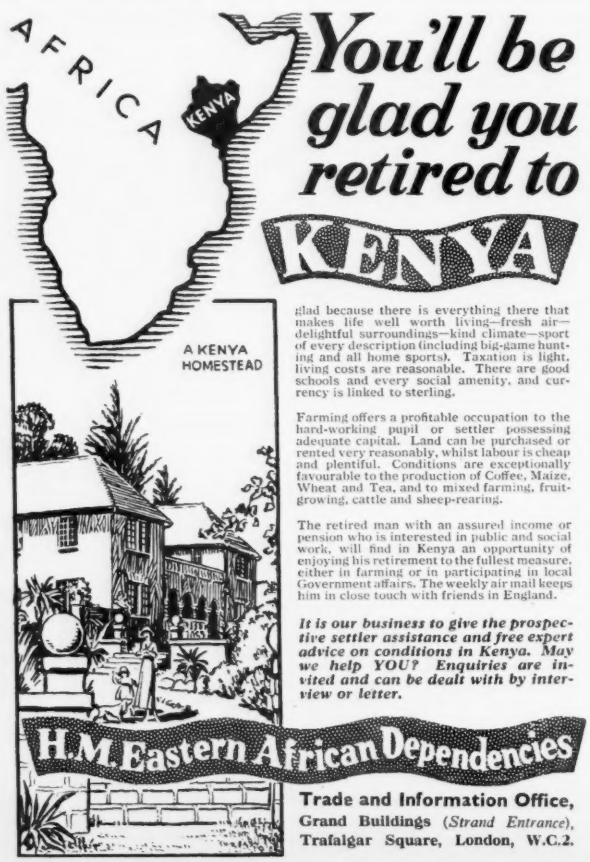
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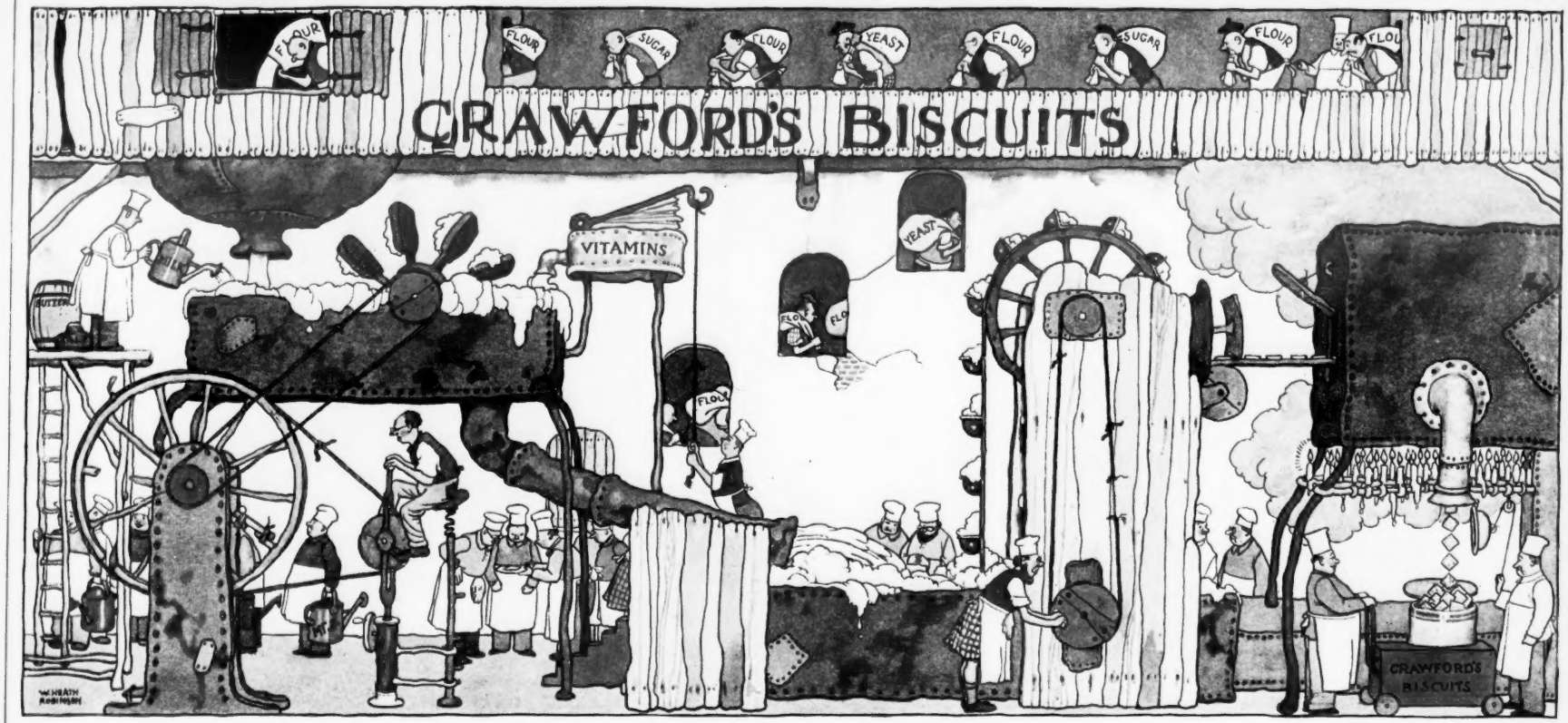
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Distributed in Canada by The MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd., 164, University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.
Printed by Herbert Heather, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, 15-20, Phœnix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by him in the Office at 10, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London.—MONDAY, November 6, 1933.

Charivaria.

THE marble palace built by Commendatore GIGLI, the world's most highly-paid tenor, cost a hundred thousand pounds. It contains the sort of halls so many singers have dreamt that they dwelt in.

* * *

An American producer has been hunting for early types of motor-cars for inclusion in a film. The London producer has a great advantage in this respect as he has only to take the first taxi on the rank.

* * *

A French lecturer says that men sprang from wild beasts thousands of years ago. And so they would even now.

* * *

"I challenge anyone to produce a case where lack of armaments has prevented a war," says Lord RAGLAN. Has he never attended an annual meeting of the R.S.P.C.A.?

* * *

Lantern-lectures are given in the British Museum on Sunday afternoons. London seems to be invaded by a wave of hectic Continental gaiety.

* * *

An ancient coin has been unearthed in Scotland. The later report that a skeleton on its hands and knees has been found nearby is not confirmed.

* * *

"Is there any man with courage enough to name an outstanding work of Scottish fiction in 1933?" asks a writer. The Monster of Loch Ness seems to have the best claim to the distinction.

* * *

As publicity has been given to the claim that two Alsatians now in this country have the power of divining gold, it seems advisable to explain that they are human beings, not dogs.

* * *

A visitor to a restaurant in a low quarter of Paris was impressed by the tough-looking waiters. But who wants to eat waiters anyway?



"NO CAN TELL. BLITISH ALL LOOK LIKEE TO CHINAMAN."

Many film-actresses are keen boxers. Only the other day, at her fourth wedding, a star took the Count.

* * *

Finger-nails in football colours are a new American fashion which has not yet been adopted by our League fans.

* * *

A furrier points out that the skins of rats are useless. Rats, however, believe that they are very handy for keeping out the wet.

"If there is one truthful motorist in the world he ought to be put in a glass case somewhere," says Judge CLUER. It would be the only case he ever won.

* * *

The G.P.O. Film Unit is stated to have six films in the course of production showing the evolution of the present communications of the country. We understand, however, that the evolution of one important communication marked "O.H.M.S." is considered too dismal to record.

* * *

A boy on holiday, noticing that his school was on fire, rang up the brigade and the blaze was extinguished. Apparently the lad lost his head in the heat of the moment.

* * *

"There is a big opening for dentists," says a writer. That depends on the size of your mouth.

* * *

Mr. Punch's Radio Set Catalogue:
(*a*) Portables.
(*b*) Supportables.
(*c*) Insupportables.

* * *

The latest Paris hats are on the lines of police-women's helmets. The effect is said to be quite arresting.

* * *

An eye-witness of his recent fight in Rome says PRIMO CARNERA would make an excellent soldier. The trouble would be in getting a war to fit him.

* * *

There have been blue-nosed whales in the Channel recently. It's certainly been very cold.

* * *

A party of non-smokers, non-drinkers and vegetarians are to celebrate Christmas in a London restaurant. How?

Moving.



IT is difficult to believe that I shall ever associate myself with the scene of disaster and desolation that is going to be my new home.

Some time or other I must, I suppose, have acquiesced in the arrangements for my own personal discomfort which are being carried out day after day. It is hard to say at the moment which is the nastier, my new house or my old. It is just a case of whether one prefers a shipwreck or a street accident. From the old house all that made for decency and civilisation is rapidly departing. A well-known carpet, about to be cleaned, is snatched away from under my feet. A friendly bookcase, having flung its contents to the floor, has gone away to be polished, I know not where or by whom. Curtains are stripped from their poles by the violence of the domestic storm. The hoarse cries of unknown men reach me on the telephone. They say that they are electric fitters, and I answer that I hope it keeps fine for them, and ring off again.

But at least I still know the correct angle for my armchair in the old home; the place in front of the fire on which one must not tread because it is the dog; the exact moment for poking the fire; and the cupboard where the matches are kept. I still have light. I still have a table, a bed, a bottle of ink, a pen. Lashed, as it were, to the mast, I notice one tallboy and the portrait of my Uncle Charles. . . .

* * * * * * *

The scene in my new home baffles description, of course. Gangs of desperadoes wander hither and thither at will. Stand in any corner for a moment and you are distempered or nailed to the wall. The type of person who crashes into this new home has always a plank or a step-ladder concealed about him, or carries a bucket of something in his hand. The ringleaders have notebooks and ask questions as if they were third-degree men—questions about shelves and cupboards, about the tones of paint. "Should it be half-a-tone heavier?" they cry. As if I cared. They seem utterly unable to appreciate the detestation with which I regard the horrid scene. My old home may be *in articulo mortis*, but this one is a white inferno being wired for power.

Who, I ask you, would be that little man in a bowler-hat looking down a mouse-hole with a ruler sticking out of one of the pockets of his coat? Is he important? Did he receive an invitation? You don't know. Neither do I.

Sanity forbids me to think that I can ever dine or sleep or meditate peacefully in this bustling hive of British industry or regard it as my own. If there were only one familiar touch to prove the continuity between the old life and the new!

* * * * * * *

Yesterday it came. A thug connected with the borough had blackmailed me into meeting him in the place of despair so that we might talk about voltage and kilowatts. I listened as long as I could stand it, and told him he could have them all. I was just on the point of asking him whether he would take over the house instead of me, as I didn't like it and never could like it, and would rather live in a dug-out or a caravan, and wanted to cry, when I heard a sharp familiar sound proceeding from the alleged front-hall. It was the click of the letter-box.

Romantic and beautiful crepitation! There was, then, some bridging of the gulf, some link between the future and the past! A friend had found this way to cheer me and show that, outcast and *déraciné* as I was, he still believed in my personal identity. The first letter in the new home!

I went and got the thing immediately.

It was a demand for income-tax for 1934. EVOE.

The Ballad of Roderick Dhu.

(By Various Eminent Authors.)

I.

ILL fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
Where mustered in the vale below
The richest spoils of Mexico,
The stoutest hearts of Spain;
A living flash of light he flew,
And plunged in thought again.
They gazed, and still the wonder grew
That on the field his targe he threw,
Inglorious on the plain;
He roared out, "Weel done, CUTTY SARK!"
Out of the dark "Mark's way," said Mark,
And clove him through the brain.

II.

They bore him bare-faced on the bier,
They praised him soft and low,
And sing the songs he loved to hear;
Last came and last did go
His little grandchild Wilhelmine
(A gem of purest ray serene),
With Roland and Sir Leoline;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
A harbinger of woe.

The minstrel was infirm and old,
As life itself were fled;
The star that bids the shepherd fold
Shone round him o'er the dead.
"Toll for the brave!" the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun,
"My days are in the yellow leaf,
His first and last career is done.
Through all that dark and desperate fight
Oh, was there ever such a knight?
Ohone a rie'! Ohone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's race is o'er,
And he shall plough the waves no more,
And oh, the difference to me!"

Our Kindly Constabulary.

". . . look down on the blaze of lights, the whirling roundabouts, and the jostling crowds with a silver-topped policeman's helmet moving slowly along as he keeps his watch for pick-pockets."
Sunday Paper.

"It would be a gross injustice to Mr. D—— G—— not to mention that his execution on the piano was the sine qua non to the evening's entertainment."—*West Indian Paper.*

But why on the piano?

"More fighting has occurred on the North-west Frontier, a band of Kharots having attacked a temporary militia post in the Zhob District four days ago."—*Jersey Paper.*

The Khabājis and Khabīns, old allies of the Kharots, refused to co-operate.

"'As log as you appear I shall fifie you 10s'. It is rather expressive, don't you think?' said the Stipendiary Magistrate."
Evening Paper.

Very; but what does it *mean?*



FEATHERED SLAVES.

"HAVEN'T WE HAD ENOUGH OF ALL THIS?"

[The Birds Protection Bill, designed to put an end to the cruel trapping and caging of British song-birds, has Mr. Punch's heartfelt support.]



"THERE ARE A HUNDRED REASONS WHY YOU CAN'T MARRY MY DAUGHTER."
"REALLY? TELL ME A DOZEN."

Le Jeu de Boules.

(Another fine article about La Vie Sporting du Midi.)

WE were having our coffee one afternoon outside the Café Langoustine when a small ball arrived from nowhere and settled in the dust a few yards from our feet. A moment later a larger ball landed beside it, and then a third, which hit the second full pitch and richochetted sharply on to Theodore's shin. Through the haze of Latin apology which followed I knew that the inevitable had happened to my comrade. *Le jeu de boules* had him in thrall.

He was in luck, for his aggressors turned out to be the most select of all the little cliques of players who took their sport along the quayside. Under the strident leadership of a retired dustman, whose profession had robbed him of all but one vocal chord, they were a part of the permanent *décor* of St. Grenadine; and as reparation for his bruised shin they adopted Theodore and immediately set about his initiation. For several days I scarcely saw him, though I learnt from Henri, our waiter, that he displayed a certain wild brilliance.

And then one morning he came in to lunch and announced grandly that he had accepted the challenge of a man named Alphonse, to play him a full match that afternoon for a bottle of La Belle Meunière.

Henri, who was pouring out our beer, stiffened at the name. "Not Alphonse with the face of a prawn?" he asked.

Theodore admitted the similarity.

"Oh, là là! C'est un honneur sans doute de jouer avec lui. Mais La Belle Meunière coute chère, vous savez!"

* * * * *

At two o'clock I went with Theodore to the point of assignation outside the harbour-master's office. Alphonse was already there, looking every inch a prawn. In addition there was a considerable crowd.

Alphonse and Theodore shook hands. Alphonse and I shook hands. Alphonse slapped Theodore warmly on the back. Not so warmly Theodore slapped Alphonse on the back. Alphonse spun a sou. *"Pile ou face?"* he cried in his prawnish voice.

"Face!" said Theodore rudely, and lost.

This gave Alphonse the right to bowl the little *cochonnet* (in English bowls, the jack) into place for the first round, in any direction so long as it didn't go beyond twenty-four metres. He sent it the full distance down the quay and the match began. By the local rules (the very local rules, I think) it was to be the best of twenty-one rounds, scoring a point a round, and four balls

each had been agreed upon. The dustman had been unanimously selected as referee.

From the start Alphonse showed himself a deadly accurate player of the Don't-Chatter-Sir-Dammit school. His balls soon formed a neat ring round the *cochonnet*. Theodore, on the other hand, hadn't quite settled down. You could tell this by the fact that his second delivery caught the deputy-mayor in the stomach.

By the rules of *boules* it is for the loser of each round to despatch the *cochonnet* afresh to another pitch within twenty-four metres. For the first four rounds this duty fell to Theodore, who moved the game each time along the quay. He was playing much better, but Alphonse never failed to knock his best balls flying with exquisite full-pitchers.

Then, at the beginning of the fifth round, Theodore, having marked down his opponent as a man of temperament, began to display strategical genius. A barge moored just beside us held a cargo of tightly-packed coal-dust, and Theodore slung the *cochonnet* on to the middle of it. Not Alphonse alone appealed against such unorthodoxy, but the entire crowd. The dustman looked excessively uncomfortable, but he had to give his decision for Theodore. "For it lies within twenty-four metres," he pointed out, "and on a perfect surface."

The crowd began to utter rather horrible noises, and I hardly blamed them. Alphonse went as purple as a prawn can, and three of his deliveries went wide into the harbour. . . .

The right of placing the *cochonnet* being now his as the loser of the round, he cast it dexterously on top of a pile of sand lying on the quay. He then spat copiously on his first ball, which, landing on the slope beside the *cochonnet*, gathered sand and stayed put. Now if there is one thing which Theodore abhors it is spitting. His dry deliveries stood no chance on the incline, and the round went to Alphonse.

After that the blood of both men was up. Whenever he had a chance Alphonse put the *cochonnet* on top of a slope and spat his way through a round; while Theodore surpassed himself by putting it under café tables and sometimes even on the top of piles of fish. Alphonse was far too proud to appeal again, for it was clearly the same for both of them.

At 3.30 the score stood at 10 all, match-point. Tidings of the game, surging through the village, had swelled the crowd to unmanageable proportions. The dead silence was that of a vast communal excitement.



"AND YOU CAN TELL 'EM ALL ABOUT *THAT* IN YOUR ARTICLE IN *THE SUNDAY WHOOP* TO-MORROW."

It was Theodore's honour. He was marvellously calm. I noticed that he consulted his watch and cocked an ear expectantly before slinging the *cochonnet* neatly between the tramlines. Even then no one except myself seemed to realise the significance of his act.

But three minutes later they realised when, Alphonse lying slightly worse with one ball to play, the afternoon steam-tram roared round the corner, screamed like a wounded buffalo, and pulled up savagely within a yard of the game. The resulting tumult was indescribable. The tram clanged both its bells. Its driver leapt out like a fury and trumpeted on a shrill brass horn. And everyone in St. Grenadine yelled in a sudden ecstatic appreciation of Theodore's manœuvre. It was therefore no discredit to Alphonse, now thoroughly rattled, that his last delivery did nothing more decisive than shatter the greengrocer's window.

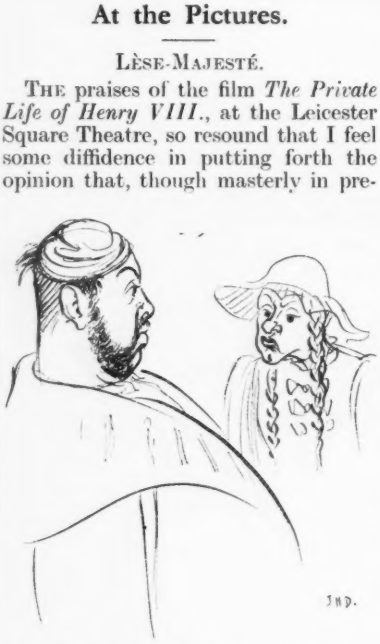
* * * * *

Even the forceful personality of La Belle Meunière, drained to its dregs, failed to re-cement the friendship between Theodore and Alphonse. ERIC.

At the Pictures.

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

THE praises of the film *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, so resound that I feel some diffidence in putting forth the opinion that, though masterly in presentation and technically a credit to its British studio, it has a poor story, is common throughout, falsifies history and belittles a big King.



FOR KING AND COUNTRY.
DIPLOMATIC WEDLOCK.
Henry VIII. . . . CHARLES LAUGHTON.
Anne of Cleves . . ELSA LANCHESTER.

As to falsifying history, three points may quickly be mentioned. HENRY did not marry JANE SEYMOUR the moment after the axe had severed ANNE BOLEYN's pretty neck but ten days later; KATHERYN HOWARD did not speak with an American accent; and ANNE OF CLEVES was heavy and slow and thus as far as possible from possessing the impishness of ELSA LANCHESTER, among all our actresses the least like a Flanders mare.

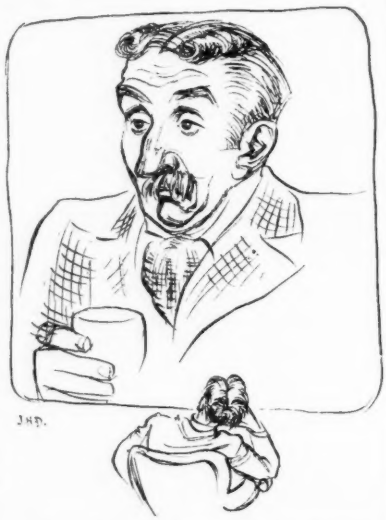
These, however, may be called details; but where a great monarch is being exhibited there would be no harm in striving for accuracy. The film would at any rate be no worse if *Henry VIII.* behaved with a certain public decency, for he was, it is known, scrupulously brought up, and as a youth had a manner polished enough to delight ERASMUS. No doubt flatterers blunted his fine edges and gross self-indulgence grew upon him, but it is improbable that he forgot that he was a king as often as Mr. LAUGHTON would have us believe, or that he developed into such a disgusting bounder at meals. Mr. LAUGHTON in fact has done him such disservice as to amount almost to high treason, and when next the executioner sharpens his sword and belated carpenters hammer at a scaffold it should be for him.

Here and there, however, the gifted actor emerges, as in the wrestling incident and when—at last, in a Court teeming with tale-bearers and intriguers—he learns of *Katheryn Howard's* infidelity. But as a whole this picture is yet another proof of the vulgarity of our age.

The backgrounds have been very skilfully chosen and photographed, although I thought it a little early for a Virginia-creeper to be growing on an English wall.

While waiting for *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* at last to appear on the screen, after a tedious half-hour of the Wurlitzer, WALT DISNEY raised our spirits with his version of the building and voyage of NOAH's Ark. Here the joyous Silly Symphonist is at his best, his ingenuity in converting beasts and birds into shipwrights and tilers amounting to something that might be called genius.

I seem to remember that when, some ten years ago, at the Aldwych Theatre, *A Cuckoo in the Nest* added to the gaiety of nations night after night for so long, the burden of the piece—if so heavy a word can be used of such lightness—was borne by YVONNE ARNAUD and RALPH LYNN, and Mr. WALLS had a comparatively minor part. But in the film version just put on at the New Gallery Mr. WALLS, with a few scenes not in the original farce, is easily the predominant partner. I am not complaining much of this, because, especially when playing a character part, he is a fine mellow comedian, although I admit to tiring of the bullying of his wife which is the staple of the extra material; but I think



FACES THAT YOU GET TO KNOW.
Major Bone . . . TOM WALLS.

it tends to throw the farce out of balance. After all, it is the misadventures of RALPH LYNN and the philosophical expediency of YVONNE ARNAUD, phrased in her beautiful foreign English, that are the real business of the dramatist, and these have now been allowed to be overshadowed or, to take to metaphor, diluted in alcohol.

In presentation, Mr. WALLS, who has produced the film, follows in the footsteps of CHARLES DICKENS, disregarding continuity and dividing the story into separate episodes: a not unsuccessful device for this kind of entertainment. The result makes for a great deal of laughter, but I found myself missing too many of the original lines, which I found I knew better than I suspected and for which the accretions of the revised version do not compensate. E. V. L.



A REGAL REPAST.
Henry VIII.

"NEW SCOTTISH JUDGE INSTALLED."
Edinburgh Paper.

His return to the Bar will, we fear, be only a matter of time.

"To prevent beetroot from mildewing when kept, boil a small onion."
Evening Paper.

Yes, but how does the beetroot know?

Shades of the Prison House.

I RECOLLECTED afterwards that I had seen something in the newspapers recently about the modern youth and his ambitions, but I was not thinking about that when I met Podgy McSumph. I found my little friend apparently taking his ease on a favourite seat of mine just outside the village.

"And how are you to-day, Podgy?" I inquired, taking my seat beside him.

Podgy continued to stare gloomily in front of him, cutting me dead.

"What are you doing here?" I persisted.

"I'm spittin'," snapped Podgy, without deigning to look at me.

I was trying to recover from this rebuff when he turned and informed me sternly, "I've runned away."

"Have you run away from home?"

"Ay, I've runned away. An' I'm going to keep runnin' away, because," he explained sullenly, "ye get too much baths in this place."

"Ah! now what have you been doing, Podgy?"

"I wasn't doin' nothin'," he complained. "I was just learnin' to be a coalman on Sandy Blaw's lorry."

"Of course. And you got so dirty your mother had to give you a bath?"

"But ye have to get dirty when ye're a coalman."

"And are you running away to be a coalman?"

"I've stopped learnin' to be a coalman. But I'm goin' to run away an' be a big man in the toon wi' lang troosers."

"And what are you going to do when you get to the town?"

"Maybe I would be a polisman. An' then I would be a barber. An' could I be a fireman as weel?" he inquired anxiously.

"You might. But tell me—how are you going to find your way to the town?"

After pondering over this difficulty Podgy finally proposed: "Maybe you could tell me the road?"

"Well, Podgy," I suggested, "would you like first of all to come with me to the top of the hill and I'll show you the town?"

"Could ye?" exclaimed Podgy eagerly. "Come on, then."

About fifteen minutes later Podgy and I stood upon the peak of Clachan Brae, and far away, spread out in the valley, we saw the town, a gigantic massed battalion of dingy tenements and "dark satanic mills," trying, for shame let us hope, to hide its ugliness in smoke.

The sight seemed to have a momentarily paralysing effect on both of us. Podgy put his hand up and took a firm grip of mine, and so we stood for a little silently comforting each other.

"Is *yon* the toon?" queried Podgy at length in a small incredulous voice.

"Yes, Podgy," I replied lugubriously.

"Are ye sure it's the right toon? It's a terrible lang black place."

Feeling that the occasion called for eloquence, I pulled myself together and declaimed: "Yonder, Podgy, is the great city. There are hundreds of thousands of people living and working there, and——"

"It's just all wee chimleys and big chimleys," murmured Podgy wanly. "Dae the folk live doon the chimleys?"

"That, Podgy," I said impressively, "is the place where you must go to live and work when you are a great big man with long trousers."

"I'm no' goin' to live doon a chimley," protested Podgy. "Is there no' a nicer toon some place else?"

"I'm afraid not, Podgy," I confessed lamely.

Gazing down with fearful disapproval at this monstrous smoking mockery of his dream, Podgy announced dejectedly, "I think I'll stop runnin' away."

"All right, Podgy," I said. "But," I went on brightly, "when you're a big man with——"

"I don't want to be a big man wi' lang troosers any more. An' I don't want to be a polisman. An' I don't want to be a barber."

"But, Podgy," I remonstrated, "some day you'll be a big brave man and——"

"I will not," cried Podgy, his lips beginning to quiver. "I'm just—I'm just goin' to be a wee boy at hame for ever an' ever."



Modernist (just returned from holiday). "AFTER ALL, ENID, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Requiem for Simpletons.

Of men at arms I sing, but in no vaunting chaunt of war,
Only their memory, who in days so near and yet so far,
When all the world was locked in strife, not lingering to ask why,
Joined with their fellows manfully, content to serve and die.
I tune no note of bold Allies embraced in victory,
Nor will I call him friend who calls another enemy. . . .
I sing the simpletons "gone West" with dauntless gaiety.
The widows' sobs are silent and long dried the orphans' tears;
The pæans and the trumpet-blasts are hushed adown the years,
But the laughter of the simpletons rings glorious in my ears.

Dear God, forbid I touch the chord of battle's cruel pride,
And God forgive the fools through whom so many millions died,
And save us from the popinjays who twitter of their woe—
For war they thought a pretty thing and found it was not so!
I sing the cheery simpletons who left an easy bed
And smiled good-bye to happiness to follow where faith led
To the conquest by the valiant of the craven host of dread.
No man shall live for ever; short our shrift in hope or fear;
And when I go to weal or woe let none weep by my bier,
But the laughter of the simpletons be given me to hear.

C. O'R.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

VI.

GENIUS.

APART from dead ones, who are rather dull and should be avoided, most geniuses either

(*a*) Conduct dance-bands, or
(*b*) Do funny drawings, or
(*c*) Appear in revues.

The following are definitely geniuses—

(i.) DUKE ELLINGTON.
(ii.) LOUIS ARMSTRONG.
(iii.) PETER ARNO.
(iv.) JOSEPHINE BAKER.
(v.) The BOSWELL Sisters.

Geniuses are usually, but not always, negroes.

There are also geniuses who write. They are usually either

(i.) Quite incomprehensible, or
(ii.) Banned by the Censor.

(ii.) is perhaps the acid test.

When pointing out that anyone is a genius be sure to say, "Of course genius is a word that everyone throws around nowadays, but when I say that —— is a genius I mean in the most exclusive sense." This will make it clear that you think —— is really quite good.

HOPE.

Be very definite that you hold out no hope for anything. The really logical Modern must face the fact that everything is very bad and rapidly getting worse.

It is permissible to opine that the legend, "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here," must have given glorious relief to those entering, going on to explain that Hope is one of the things that make life really heartbreaking, and that without it everything would be beautifully peaceful. But it is not advisable to claim the idea as original. Someone else may have read SHAW too.

Useful cynicism (old, but remarkably active for its years, and still reads without glasses): "Blessed be he who expecteth nothing, for he shall get precisely what he expecteth."

HUMAN NATURE.

It is essential for the Modern to know all about this, because Human Nature being what it is accounts for almost everything.

On the other hand, do not *approve* of it for a moment. Human Nature is a pretty rotten sort of thing and give you animals every time.

(This raises a difficulty, because WALT WHITMAN said it some time ago, and no Modern can be expected to believe in WALT WHITMAN. The best way out is to believe in Fundamental Human Nature but not to believe in it now civilisation has messed it about.

HUMBUG.

Much the same thing as bunk, but older.

HURLY BURLY (of Modern Life).

This should occasionally be complained of when being world-weary. At intervals drive away from it very rapidly in a sports motor-car and seek communion with nature at Brighton.

HYPOCRISY.

The cardinal feature of convention. It must be realised that none of the people who disagree with you *really* do. In their hearts they know perfectly well that you are right. After all, logic is logic. All these people are hypocrites.

HYSTERIA.

See "EMOTION."

IGNORANCE.

This exists a lot. Always be sorry for people who are ignorant. But remember that it is probably their own fault.

Ignorance may be defined as not knowing about birth-control.

Incredible ignorance means not knowing anything about sex at all.

IMMORTALITY.

Do not believe in this. (But *see* "SPIRITUALISM.") If you don't like the idea of just staying dead it is possible to hedge by visualising oneself as manuring the ground in what the biologists call the "Biological Cycle."

INDIA.

England, by definition, is wrong about India. As a believer in Freedom the Modern should advocate complete freedom from the Imperial chains for India.

Avoid discussing the matter with Anglo-Indians on the basis of Miss KATHERINE MAYO'S books.

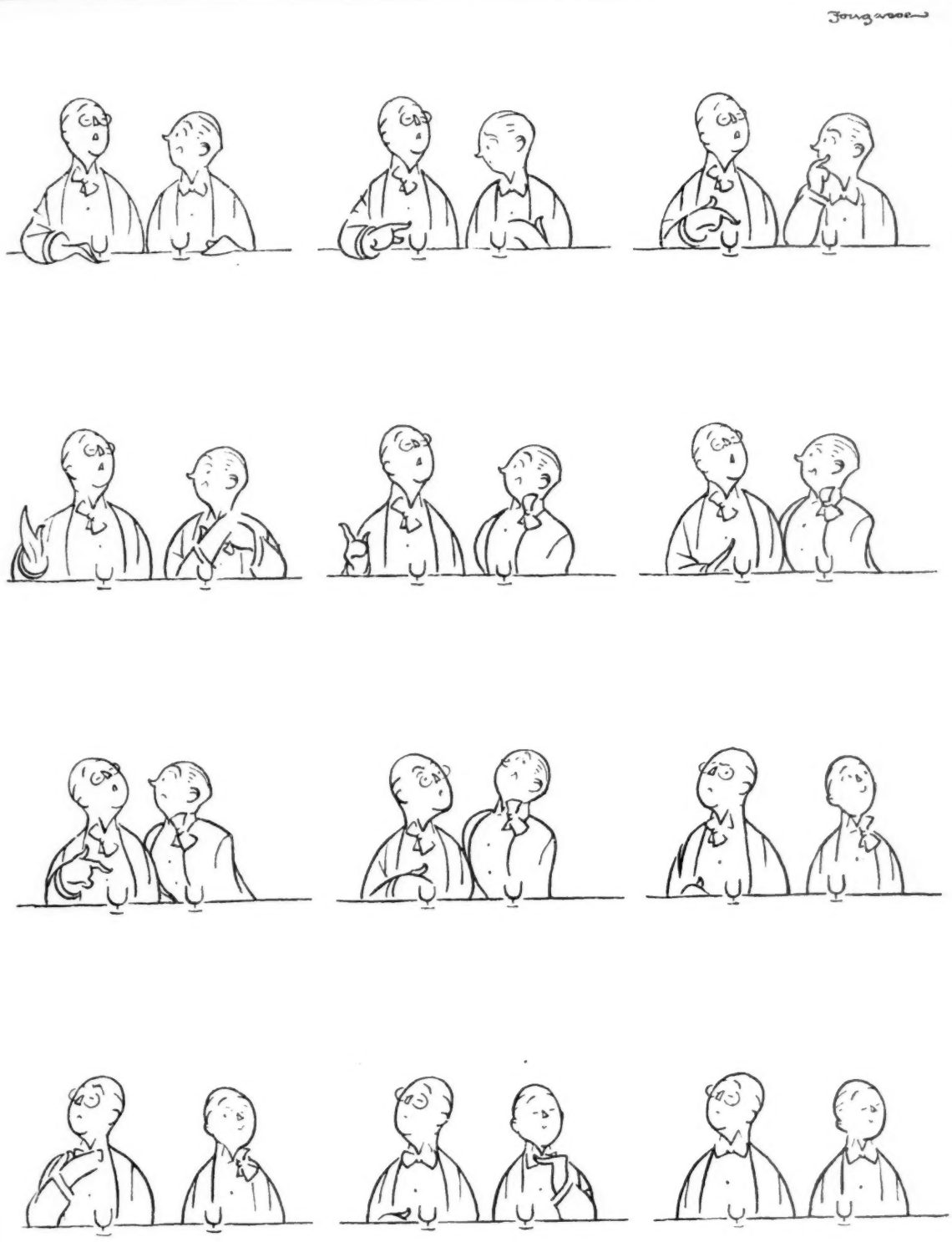
INNOCENCE.

This does not exist. When it does it is nothing to be proud of.

JINGOISM.

This is the same thing as thinking that England may be right about something. It should be carefully avoided.

(*To be continued.*)



TACT.

The Statute Book.



ABOUT the same time as these words become purchasable the Mother of Parliaments will meet once more. (Hullo, Mother!) It is so long since we had our dear old Sugar-Mammy functioning in our midst that many of the citizens have forgotten all about her, and we think an affectionate paragraph or two may help them to enjoy the news in the time before us.

It is more than three months since Parliament broke up for the holidays. Three months. During that time a great deal of water has passed under Westminster Bridge, though, owing to the tide, most of it has passed back again—a point, by the way, which should be noted by our public speakers. And what a splendid simile for the ebb and flow of our legislators! They surge into Parliament, lash about vaguely, and trickle away again, leaving behind them a lot of dead starfish. The trustful citizen builds his little sand-castles, back comes the tide again, over go the castles, and all is exactly as it was before.

A gloomy figure of speech, perhaps, and just the tiniest bit confused. But you see the point? Three months is quite a slice out of a year—indeed, to be pedantic, it is 25 per cent. And, important as the sun-soaking and grouse-gathering season is in this pleasure-loving land, we have very few businesses or institutions which can afford to devote 25 per cent. of the year to the summer holiday.

During those three months a great many things have happened. I am not referring to the tedious and over-advertised Continental stuff, but to events in the Home Land. Business has improved, unemployment diminished; thousands of books have been written, published, reviewed and even bought; plays have come on (and come off) by the dozen; films of ever-increasing grandeur and beauty have staggered the population; Ministers have not been idle, but have produced Marketing Schemes, made speeches and flown about in all directions; the scientists have gathered, discussed the Atom and returned to their laboratories; all the Christmas Numbers have been prepared and printed; the citizen has concluded his arguments about this year's income-tax and begun to argue about the next year's; the Navy has held manœuvres; somebody (I forget who) has flown to Australia; the L.C.C. has made decisions and acted on them; everyone has been darting about; the country (in spite of the economic thingummy) appears to be a hive of industry; the Courts began work ten days earlier; even the Oxford boys have gone back; a new religious movement has exploded in London and almost everyone, I gather, has been "changed"—only the Mother of Parliaments (which orders all our lives) has been inactive, only the Statute Book (which is the foundation of everything) remains unaltered.

The Statute Book—by the way, have you ever *seen* the Statute Book? No? Well, it's a *revolting* work. And what a size! One day I will take you all to a Law Library I belong to and show you the Statute Book. It will mean a good deal of walking, for it is the longest book in the world. It starts at the top of seventeen wide shelves, oozes round a corner into an alcove, covers the whole of the alcove and goes on into another room. I believe that there is still a lot of it that I have never seen, up in the galleries and down in the cellars. A pestilent, over-written, opinionated work. And nearly all of it redundant. I don't say that one or two minute additions might not profitably be made to it; but what is really wanted is some strong man who will send two or three lorries or, better still, barges, cart the whole thing away and dump it in the Black Deep. Then we could take a deep breath and start again.

However, the constitutional point is that the whole duty of the Mother of Parliaments is to make alterations in the Statute Book; yet during the past three vital months not one single comma of the Statute Book has been amended or altered.

The only acceptable conclusion to be drawn from this is that the Statute Book is—as the foul phrase goes—O.K., and requires no alteration.

Well, is that a fact? *Is* the Statute Book O.K.?

I have never yet met an English man or woman who was prepared to say that the Statute Book was O.K. The humblest citizen, the most reticent M.P., the most absentee peer could give you a lengthy list of emendations which in their opinion the Statute Book requires and the absence of which makes the said work wholly unentitled to the description "O.K."

And yet we permit our Mother of Parliaments to go off for a three-months' holiday at the turn of the year and leave the Statute Book to fester as it is.

Well, you say kindly, Mother's back again now, and no doubt Mother will do something about the Statute Book. Not a hope! For if ever you ask Mother to do something about the Statute Book Mother replies petulantly that she has "no time." As a rule she is too busy imposing taxes—there is always time for that. And it is not at all surprising that Mother has "no time," for, if you are so naughty as to look into the matter, you find that Mother is hardly ever there. Hold your breath, brother Aryans, while you receive some startling information.

Do you know that out of the 365 days of the year 1932 the *House of Commons only sat in Session on* 144 (which was 31 less than in the previous year)? These figures are incautiously published by the Select Committee appointed to control the Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms; for this Committee had to account for a decrease in revenue and number of meals served. The decrease evidently disturbed them, and no wonder! Only 9,070 Bar Meals, as against 12,290 in 1931; only 83,943 Teas, against 111,557 Teas in the busy year of Crisis, 1931; and no Breakfasts at all (in 1931 there were 170 Breakfasts).

Only 144 days out of 365! Well, let us be fair and take a middle figure—159. Even then it does not seem excessive—for an old lady who is in charge of the Statute Book.

I calculate that the average Civil Servant is "in session" 270 days in the year. That is allowing him six weeks' holiday, Sundays and Bank Holidays, Christmas Day, Good Friday and all. The Courts of Law this year will be "in session" 247 days. But darling old Mother was content last year with 144—or not much more than one day in three.

And now let us consider the quality of the days.

Dear old Mother is the only institution I know of that thinks it expedient to start work at a quarter to three—an hour at which the vitality of the Englishman is notoriously at its lowest, since he is just recovering from lunch. And when I say "start work" I do not mean work on the Statute Book; I mean Prayers and Private Business and Questions. That goes on till a quarter-to four—an hour at which the Englishman has recovered from lunch but is just beginning to think about tea. At that hour, at last, Mother approaches the Statute Book. There is then a good seven hours' work on the Statute Book (except for the rare Members who leave

the Chamber for dinner); and this happens four days a week.

On the fifth day, Friday, the Commons meet at twelve (I think) and break up at five or half-past.

In 1932, then, Mother—that is, the House of Commons—was at work for twenty-eight weeks of about 33 hours each (which includes the tea- and dinner-hours on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and the lunch-hour on Friday).

You must not conclude, hasty reader, that the Members were idle all the rest of the time. Many of them are busy on Committees in the morning; the Ministers are dashing about their Departments; the lawyers, doctors, brewers, trade-union secretaries and business-men are busy at their daily tasks; all are continually being badgered by constituents. But the hours enumerated were the only hours at which the Statute Book could be effectively operated on in the Chamber; and they do not appear to be excessive.

Moreover, after Easter (and sometimes before) Government business, which means the jolly taxes, gradually elbows all private business out of the way, until, after Whitsuntide, it monopolises everything till Michaelmas (except on the third and fourth Fridays after Whitsun or something); so that the only time for a little serious private legislation is just before and after Christmas—and most of that is taken by the Government.

In short, dear brother-electors, you have about as much chance of getting anything you want done to the Statute Book as you have of drawing the Derby winner in the Irish Sweepstake. And next time your Member tells you that he quite agrees with you but there is "no time," you will know what he means. The man is right; there isn't, and it isn't his fault.

The question then is: "Ought Mother to alter her arrangements?" And the answer is: "Yes." The difficulty is that Ministers think that nothing can be done without them (the Constitution as it stands *does* lend a little support to that view, but not so much as they think). By the end of July the Ministers are so exhausted that they have to have three months' holiday from Mother; and their Under-Secretaries are all ready for a nervous breakdown. I quite see that, as things are, if Mother functioned all the time the pace would be too hot for Ministers. Well, then, Ministers ought to stand aside for a bit and let the Private Members have a go. Next October let us have a sort of Vacation Session only for Private Members, and let Ministers keep away.

On the other hand, on Fridays, when Private Members do have a go, the House, as often as not, is counted out at half-past two. So where are we? Perhaps the only solution is to hand the Statute Book over to me and see if I can do anything with it. Anyhow, as it is the Book is, to be frank, unworthy, badly written and far too expensive.

A. P. H.

There are two places where a woman thinks she always shines. One place is at a bargain-sale, and the other is on the end of her nose.

★ ★ ★

Films of Post-Office work are to be shown to the public. Assurances will of course be given that they are not in accelerated motion.

★ ★ ★

"What is the hardest part of skating?" asks a reader in a contemporary. The ice.

★ ★ ★

A retired Civil Servant says that he wants to live a quiet life free from official pinpricks. Does he mean income-tacks?



Host. "THAT'S PROFESSOR MORGUE OVER THERE. HE'S THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THIS CLUB. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU IF HE WAKES."

British Barn Owls Limited.

BIRD-WATCHERS of Britain, I salute you!

Come, Terpsichore, Muse of the Choral Dance and Song, come strike your sounding lyre. Ply, ply with me the nimble foot and join your voice with mine in sweet-tongued harmony. Ours is no common theme.

Come, then, Calliope (since Terpsichore vouchsafes no answer to my prayer), come to my aid with tablet and stylus in your hand. The noble Epic shall enshrine my mounting thoughts. To me, to me, Muse beloved of HOMER! Must I call you too in vain?

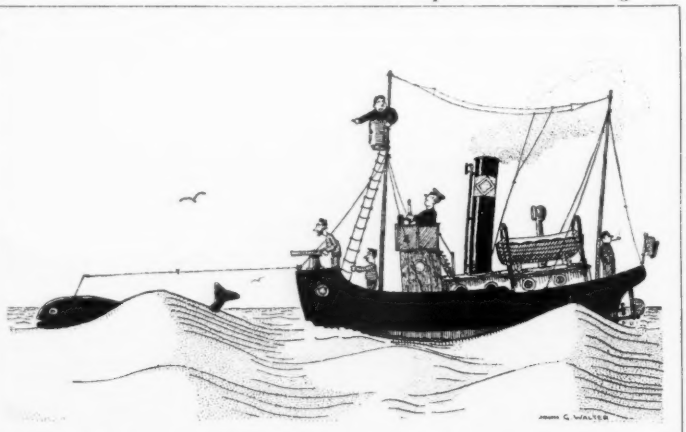
Come, Erato, then! Euterpe—come! Melpomene! Oh, dash it all! come Thalia of the Comic Mask! To you, last of the Sisters of Melody, I make my humble plea.

No, wait a bit, there's——

Polyhymnia! Polyhymnia! abandon for a while your pensive attitude, blest Goddess of the Hymn Sublime. Speed to my side on your ambrosial wings and breathe into my soul the deathless . . .

A plague on the whole pack of them! Let them sulk as long as they please on their infernal mountain. I shall say what I have to say in prose.

A Census of Barn Owls throughout the whole of England and Wales!—such, baldly put, is the theme of what might, had the Muses been less pig-headed, have been a first-rate ode. This stupendous undertaking (which I find reported in the Autumn Number of *Bird Notes and News*) has apparently been carried through without a hitch, so that we are now in a position to state with some accuracy *how many barn owls are at present residing in this country.*



Man at Wheel. "THAT'S A FINE WHALE WE'VE CAUGHT."
Man in Crow's Nest (*a true fisherman*). "AH! BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY."

Think what this means. Consider the magnitude of the task which our ornithologists so blithely set themselves. Supposing you (or I) were (or was) requested to go out and count barn owls from dewy morn to dusky eve—do you imagine we should make a success of it? I gravely doubt it. I at least should have no notion where to look for them. You tell me, "In barns, of course," but do you *know*—or are you merely drawing rash conclusions from the name? I say "rash" because I have long suspected that the names of British birds have been given mainly with the intention to deceive. I do not believe, for instance, that the sedge-warbler spends any great part of its time warbling in sedges. Why should it, when there is so much dry ground available for song? Nor am I at all convinced that the nut-hatch sits for long hours trying to bring baby kernels to the birth. It is against nature, besides being such a precious waste of time. So that, if I were engaged in enumerating barn owls (which as a matter of fact I'm not) I think barns would be the last places in which I should elect to look.

Nor should I know, when I did happen upon an owl, whether it was one I had already counted or another one—or even perhaps a tawny owl (which wouldn't do at all), or a tufted owl (which would be still worse), or possibly an owl that one of my fellow-workers had got on his list (which would be terrible). So, you see, whichever way you look at it the taking of this census is a colossal achievement and one which reflects the very greatest credit on our professional bird-watchers. Teiresias himself never watched birds with half the cunning these men must have displayed.

And what of the results?

It appears that in the summer of 1932 the adult barn owl population of England and Wales was in the region of 25,000, of whom 24,000 were happily married and living quietly in their own homes. To these estimable birds arrived in due course the gift of 45,000 eggs—no less. A very worthy total. But you can't make owlets without breaking eggs: and of these 45,000 eggs so well and truly laid only 35,000 hatched out, while a mere 33,000 left the nest. Still, a population of some 55,000 in the autumn of 1932 seems satisfactory enough. Indeed it is incredible to me how I managed to live through this peak period without seeing a single one of the enormous host—unless the stuffed specimen at Charing Cross Underground Station can be said to count.

It is all the more surprising, after reading these impressive figures, to find that the future of the barn owl is causing grave anxiety in the bird-world. But so heavy is the annual death-rate that in the spring of the present year only 24,000 owls out of the splendid army of the previous autumn answered their names at the roll-call. In other words, as those who have been following me closely will readily appreciate, the species is decreasing at the rate of 1,000 beaks a year.

Now this won't do. Britain would not be the same without its barn owls; and when my informant in *Bird Notes and News* hints at operations to reduce the death-rate I am with him heart and soul. Even though I never see the creatures I like to think that there are barn owls about me on my country walks, and their extinction would, I say without hesitation, cut me to the quick. But I would just like, if I may, to sound a note of warning. Don't overdo it. Don't, members of the ornithological fraternity, in your enthusiasm for a good cause make life too simple for the barn owl, so that he has leisure to increase and multiply unchecked. Suppose—only suppose—that your protective measures succeed beyond your wildest dreams and that you end by abolishing the death-rate altogether. In a year your 55,000 will have risen to 150,000; by 1935 some 450,000 birds will be at large; and in ten years' time——

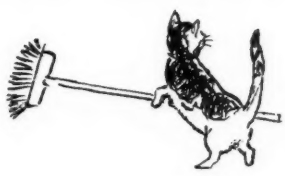
Let me see——

Yes, in ten years' time 328,050,000 barn owls will be busy making preparations for the reception of nearly six hundred million eggs.

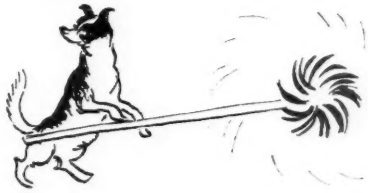
And that, I contend with the best will in the world, would be too many.

H. F. E.

"The modern housewife doesn't make any jam," says a writer. Except in traffic.





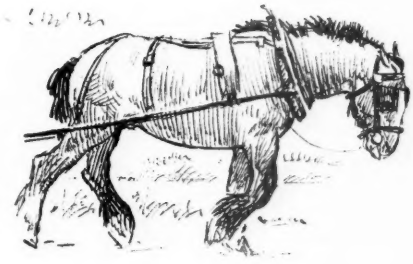


Barges.



BARGES are beautiful that ride
The dark canals of London Town,
Or press blunt noses to the tide
Of little rivers running down
To sea between the lonely spires
And meadows of the English shires.

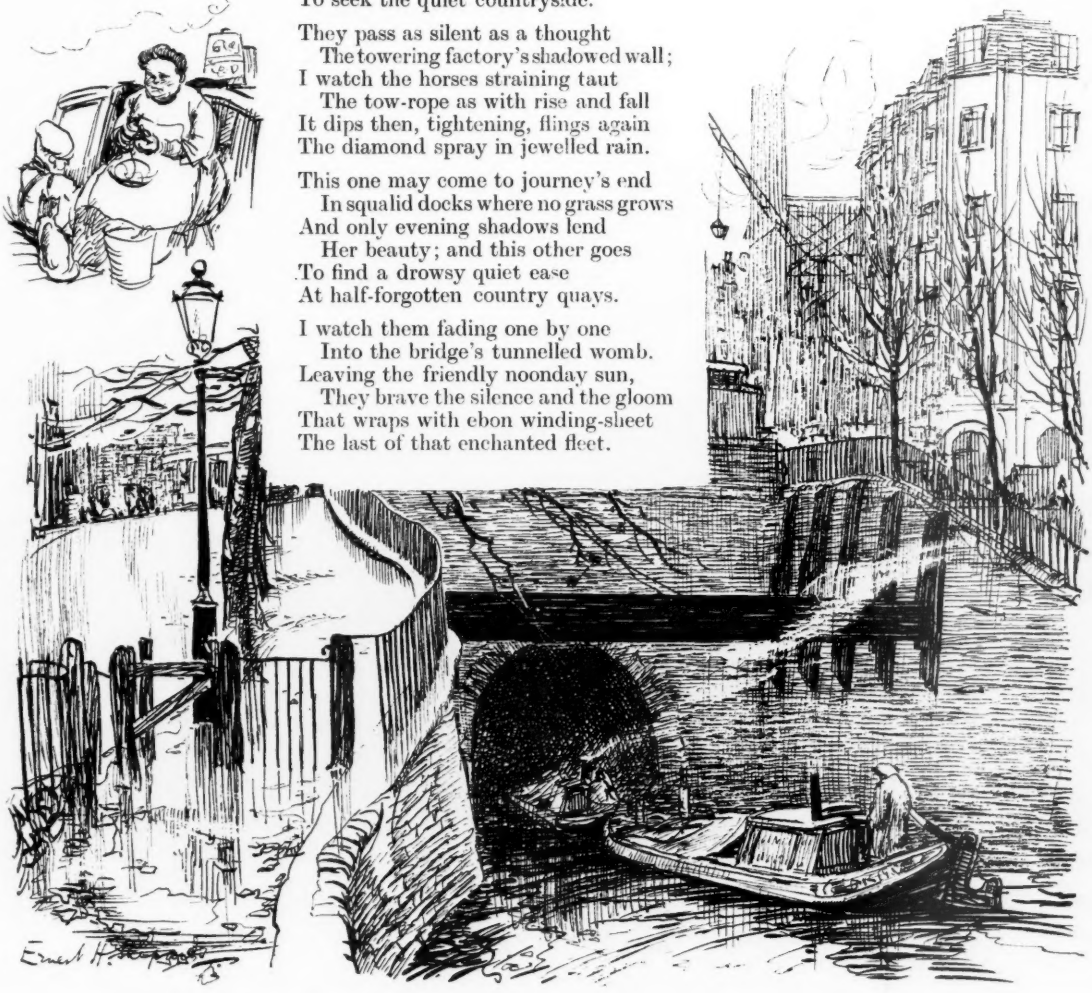
Nor yet disdainful, but withdrawn,
They pass with grave averted face
The huddled tenements in pawn
To ugliness; with leisured grace
Through crowded London ways they glide
To seek the quiet countryside.



They pass as silent as a thought
The towering factory's shadowed wall;
I watch the horses straining taut
The tow-rope as with rise and fall
It dips then, tightening, flings again
The diamond spray in jewelled rain.

This one may come to journey's end
In squalid docks where no grass grows
And only evening shadows lend
Her beauty; and this other goes
To find a drowsy quiet ease
At half-forgotten country quays.

I watch them fading one by one
Into the bridge's tunnelled womb.
Leaving the friendly noonday sun,
They brave the silence and the gloom
That wraps with ebon winding-sheet
The last of that enchanted fleet.





"THE QUESTION IS—WILL IT GO WITH SHORTS?"

More Debunking.

(*Note.—A Debunker is a person who, being himself too insignificant to fear that posterity will bother to debunk him, snatches the pyjamas from those who have left footprints and tyre-marks on the sands of time.*)

CAREFUL examination of the newspapers for 1884 clearly establishes that GLADSTONE did not say anything in that year, having severe laryngitis. It is supposed that he employed a double to take his place on what our Scottish friends call the flewer of the Hoose.

★ ★ ★

The pig-stealing exploit attributed to *Tom*, the son of the Piper, is a myth. There was no piper, no Tom and (so far as can be ascertained) no pigs. If a young man named Tom was involved, he was *not* a piper's son, and if he stole anything it was probably cows. No student of history, further, could for a moment entertain the idea that, if he did steal pigs, he *ran* (or run) away with them. A member of *Punch's* staff in order to test the truth of the legend endeavoured to run down Fleet Street with a pig and found it extremely hazardous.

TENNYSON did not write the "Charge of the Light Brigade." It has been clearly proved that he was not present at the battle and he could therefore not have known whether or not the guns "volleyed and thundered." The poem was evidently written by an eye-witness, or at least an ear-witness. It is believed that the poem was written by a syndicate of intoxicated Press-representatives.

★ ★ ★

The Duke of WELLINGTON did *not* win the battle of Waterloo. It was NAPOLEON who said "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" and NAPOLEON went to Saint Helena, not because he was sent there, but because he heard that there was good tunny-fishing. The Duke of WELLINGTON was not present at the battle at all, but was staying with an aunt at Cirencester during the engagement. The battle was fought between NAPOLEON and a team led by JANE AUSTEN, and resulted in a goalless draw.

★ ★ ★

Bath Buns were not invented in Bath. They were so called because the famous French writer, ROUSSEAU, thought of the recipe in his bath. The original recipe was: one pint milk, two ozs. sawdust, one oz. ground glass. The same recipe is still used by many bakers, with the exception of the milk, which is left out.

★ ★ ★

The voice of GRETA GARBO, so much admired by film-goers, is not her natural voice at all. The noise is made by squirting melted liquorice through a pair of bellows against the back of JOHN BARRYMORE'S head.

★ ★ ★

Lord BEAVERBROOK did *not* invent the British Empire.

Our Callous Contemporaries.

"The —— milk retailers met last night to consider fixing the price of milk, and decided that it should remain at 6½*d.* per quart, which was the price fixed by the Dairymen's Association when they met at Bristol on October 5th.

At this juncture Mrs. —— broke down and wept.

A full report will appear next week."
Local Paper.

"After all, it was not so very long ago that some important firms out-Galileoed Galileo in the matter of not caring a continental what might happen to their chassis when sold."—*Motor Journal.*

"Still—they moved," as GALLIO said to CÆSAR'S wife.



SPLENDID ISOLATION.



"DO YOU KNOW ANYONE HERE OF THE NAME OF MACMINN?"
"SURE! 'E MANAGE DE BANK!"

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXVI.—When I Was Out at Chotahpore.

WHEN I was out at Chotahpore
From 'ninety-one to 'ninety-four,
I grew absorbed in jungle lore
And kept a tiger-kitten;
And, not desiring to offend
My dumb but dapper little friend,
I brought him home to Ponder's End
When I returned to Britain.

My pet soon grew to manhood's prime
And proved of a physique sublime;
He used to run and leap and climb
With an amazing spryness.
The neighbourhood was much impressed
By his activity and zest;
One fault alone my pet possessed—
An overwhelming shyness.

When callers caught him unaware
He used to hide behind a chair;
He turned quite awkward once with Clare,
And was the same with Brenda;
And when we called on Colonel Coot
His shyness became so acute
He pinned the Colonel by the foot
And rolled him in the fender.

I asked a Major Cripps to tea,
Who'd dandled him upon his knee
When still a cub in 'ninety three,
And he'd enjoyed the dandling;
But now the Major's bluff good cheer
Embarrassed him, it would appear;
He bit him sharply in the ear
And gave him quite a handling.

Life's tangled web is full of knots,
"The leopard cannot change his spots,"
As I remarked to Mrs. Watts,
Our worthy local Mayoress,
When, springing from the potting-shed,
He landed smartly on her head
As I was showing her my bed
Of *Salvia vulgaris*.

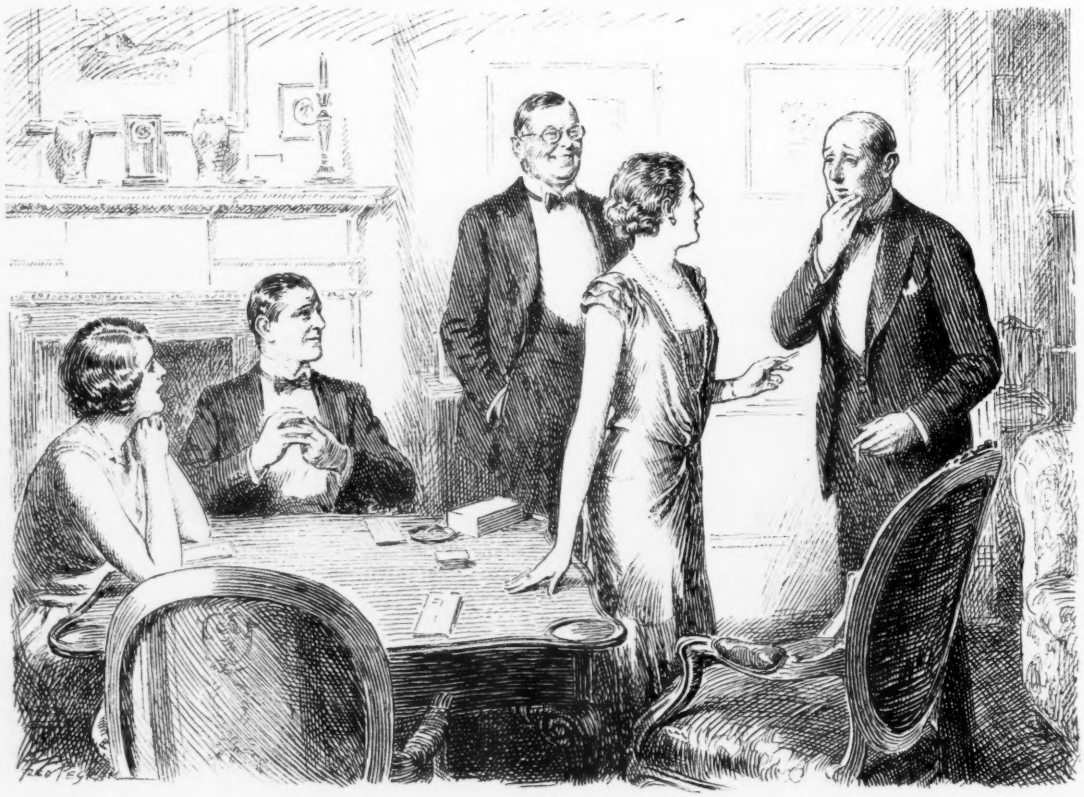
It was of little use to try
To educate a beast so shy.
"Down, Nero! Down, Sir!" I would cry,
And flourish my corrector;
And down he'd come with all his weight
Upon the unsuspecting pate
Of Patty Poole or Mrs. Tate,
Sir Wilfrid or the Rector.

The neighbours grew annoyed and pained,
And not a few of them complained
Quite openly when they sustained
Some bruise or some contusion.
They seemed to think he found it fun
To set on them, though I for one
Well knew that it was only done
To cover his confusion.

As things got worse I was advised
To have him psycho-analysed,
And, as I naturally prized
My pet's good reputation,
I put my prejudice aside
And hesitatingly applied
To a pyschologist near Ryde
For an investigation.

How treacherous, alas, is Fate!
While probing his subconscious state
He put my pet some intimate
And bluntly-worded question
Which so embarrassed the poor soul
That, losing as it were control,
He bolted the Professor whole
And died of indigestion.

By loss experience we win.
The next pet I invested in
I swore should have a thicker skin
And be of sterner mettle.
And now I cherish as a pet
A chrysalis named Antoinette,
Whom visitors do not upset
And psycho-analysts as yet
Seem powerless to unsettle. P. B.



"You 'd like a game of bridge, Mr. Johnstone?"
"Thanks; I should love it."
"Which do you play—auction or contract?"
"Er—d' you know I can't remember."

"Thank You."

Dear Mr. Punch,—As one of those nicer motorists who, when approaching a town, instinctively respond to the notice—

Please Drive Slowly,

it has always been a great pleasure to me, after the town has been decorously negotiated, to see the corresponding notice—

Thank You,

which in numerous instances some kindly municipal authority has caused to be erected.

You yourself, Sir, as another nicer motorist, must often have experienced a like thrill in similar circumstances, and you no doubt feel that these Boards of Gratitude are a beautiful thing.

So they unquestionably are in a good many cases; but it has occurred to me that they have a definite failing, and that is that they deliver exactly the same grateful message to the discourteous motorist as they do to you or me. And it is in this connection that I am writing.

Nowadays more and more people seem to be tearing through the towns with unbridled speed, and I cannot help feeling that it is distinctly unfair that such people should be thanked by a Board of Gratitude for something they haven't done. And I would therefore like to suggest, through the columns of your paper, that these boards be augmented with an alternative flap or slide bearing a Notice of Obloquy.

It would be a small matter for the municipal authorities to engage some discriminating person to operate the alternative slide as occasion demanded it; and in this way not only could the more mannerly motorist still receive the thanks due to him for his considerate driving, but the road-hog could be subjected to some form of censure.

As to the words in which the obloquy should be couched, I had at first thought of a little mild irony; but unfortunately, though it is easy enough to *say* "Thank You" ironically, it is rather difficult to impart a sneering inflection to a notice-board. Therefore I would propose something more direct, like—

Confound You!

Even better than this perhaps (and certainly possessing the additional merit of economy in paint) would be—

—— You!

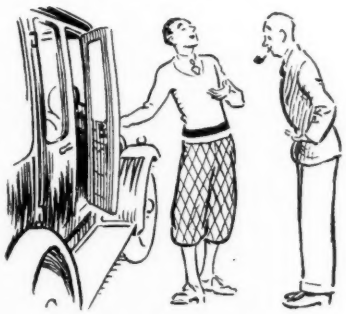
and in places where speeds indulged in are notoriously excessive, the pronoun might be shifted over to the left-hand side of the board, with the following result—

You ——!

Anyway, Sir, whatever the message chosen, I feel sure that you will agree with me that the principle I have outlined is a desirable one, and I trust that you will bring your kindly influence to bear in getting it adopted. You will?

Thank You!

ALTHOUGH IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO INTRODUCE YOUR NEW CAR TO THE WEEK-END GUEST—



AND TO ENLARGE UPON—



ITS MARVELLOUS ACCELERATION—



ITS WONDERFUL TOP-SPEED—



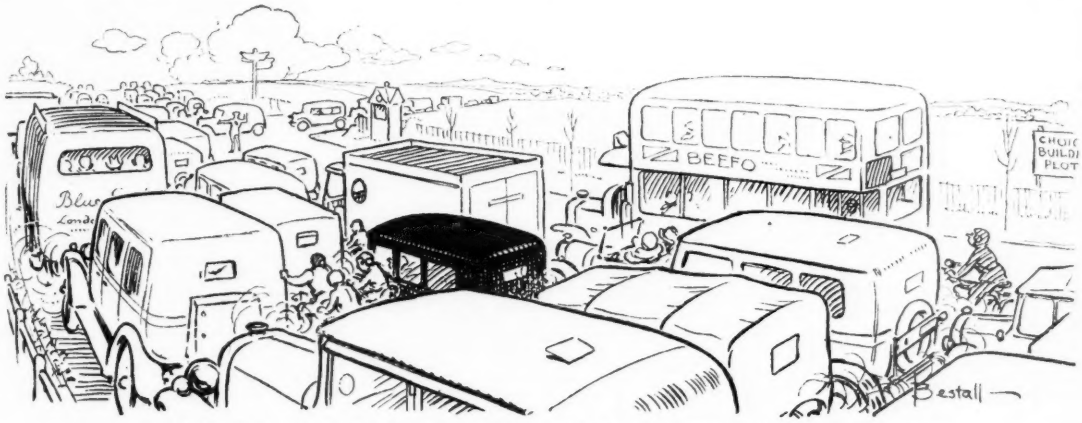
ITS HILL-CLIMBING ABILITY—



ITS POWERFUL BRAKES—



AND ITS FEATHERWEIGHT STEERING—



THE REAL THRILL IS TO GIVE HIM PRACTICAL PROOF OF ALL THESE QUALITIES ON THE ROAD.

Irish Names.

EXILED, Saint COLUMBA found,
Thirteen hundred years ago,
Solace in the pleasant sound
Of the names he used to know,
In the silence of his cell
Ringing like a vesper bell—
Clommacnoise and Royal Tara, Ossory and Aghadoe,
Glendalough and Inishowen, Derry, Mellifont, Raphoe.

And to-day the ancient spell
Floating softly down the years—
Echoes of COLUMBA'S bell
Moving Irish hearts to tears—
Works, as once it worked of old.
Listen while the spell is told:—
Parknasilla, Loughareema, Lisdoonvarna, Farranfore,
Poulaphouca, Kilfenora, Limavady and Lismore.

Ah! may we when skies are cold
And the streets of exile grey,
Whispering those names of gold
Memory-borne from far away,
Find, like COLUMB in his cell,
Comfort in the murmured spell:
High Dunseverick, Glenariff, Connemara, Castlereagh,
Lisnadara and Avoca, Errigal, Mount Melleray.

At the Play.

"FINISHED ABROAD" (SHILLING).

SUNDRY Press paragraphs, which may or may not be entirely spontaneous, and the reputation of the Shilling Theatre for modernity of outlook might have prepared me for something just a little shocking, had not the choice of clever LEONTINE SAGÁN of *Children in Uniform* fame to produce *Finished Abroad* rebutted any suggestion of indelicate treatment.

I cannot indeed pretend that if I had a daughter of finishable age I should care to send her to Geneva to *Madame Domini's*. I assume, however, that much of the talk at that undisciplined establishment, as reported by Miss (one naturally assumes it *is* Miss) JOLLIFFE METCALFE, was mere talk and smart bravado and that the escapades of the unwholesomely precocious pupils were more innocent than it suited them to pretend. Certainly no conduct could have been more determinedly honourable and old-fashioned than that of *Count Briano*, the only man of whom we catch an actual glimpse in this queer modern garden of girls. The author at any rate uses (shall we say?) a wise discretion in exposition and thereby leaves us free to exercise our own discretion in interpretation.

Of the innocence of the principal and most interesting character, the ultra-sophisticated, insolent, restless, morbid and fundamentally cruel young American girl, *Connie*, we may well have our doubts. I cannot but feel that this is a character not likely to have been wholly invented; much more likely to be a reconstruction from hints of an observer—even of a victim. But the author, telling the story mainly in the idiom of comedy, softens, perhaps deliberately confuses the impression of a dangerous and vicious young woman taking pleasure in destroying in others any traces of principle or any colour of romance.

It is *Connie*, a born leader and unscrupulous, who does whatever finishing is done at Le Château, not *Madame Domini* or her entirely ineffective assistant. Against her in protest stands the young French *Princess Ganivre*, protecting the gauche little English *Nancy* from the sneers and persecution and the much more dangerous impulsive patronage of the merciless *Connie*. *Connie* at last, knowing of the *Princess's* honourable engagement to *Count Briano* and the foolish *Nancy's* childish passion for him, persuades *Nancy* to visit the *Count* at



A SNAKE IN THE CLASS.
Nancy . . . . MISS CAROL COOMBE.
Connie . . . . MISS ELLEN POLLOCK.

night, hoping for the worst by way of malicious revenge on her rival in influence. This is a little too steep for the other finishables, who, as we suspected, are at heart sound, and they turn upon her and make their peace with *Madame*, confessing their peccadillos with perhaps a certain economy of truth. To *Connie*, expelled, succeeds a new Connie from Chicago, designed on somewhat the same plan—a farcical note on which the curtain falls.

There are most interesting, indeed exciting individual scenes; the general level of the acting was high, especially the spirited hectic portrait of *Connie* by Miss ELLEN POLLOCK: the sensitive effective *Nancy* of Miss CAROL COOMBE and the aloof *Princess* of Miss CAROL GOODNER. But there was a curious air of unreality about the play as a whole, the explanation of which would seem to be that the author, having a serious, indeed a tragic theme, ran away from it—and I can hear people saying that was perhaps just as well. Social discretion is not, however, quite the same thing as artistic discretion.

I may add that it *has* occurred to me that this impression of essential unreality might be due to my knowing nothing whatever about the inside of modern finishing-schools for young ladies; but I have examined and deliberately rejected this hypothesis.

The mystery as to how this theatre provides so much for the money is still unexplained. Miss DANAË GAYLEN and her carpenters have done wonders with paint and canvas screens. The players must be making sacrifices, especially the principals; and they are probably inspired by a desire to help the management's serious purpose and the cause of cheaper theatres—which does them great credit. T.



FINISHING-SCHOOL BEGINNINGS.
Count Briano Curioni . . . . MR. ROBERT NEWTON.
Nancy . . . . . MISS CAROL COOMBE.

"LADIES' NIGHT" (ALDWYCH).

Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD trapped in a ladies' Turkish bath. That is the essence of this cumbrous farce, for which no fewer than six gentlemen are responsible. Two wrote it, two more revised it, and yet two more presented it. While they were about it they might have supplied a seventh collaborator with a large comb capable of raking out the ancient jests with which their text is far too liberally sprinkled.

Mr. HOWARD is a North-Country inventor who has made a sudden fortune and has been dragged to London by his wife who wanted to force her way into Society. Shy of women and devoted only to the perfection of his patent shuttle, he has refused to meet any of his wife's smart new friends. But in the

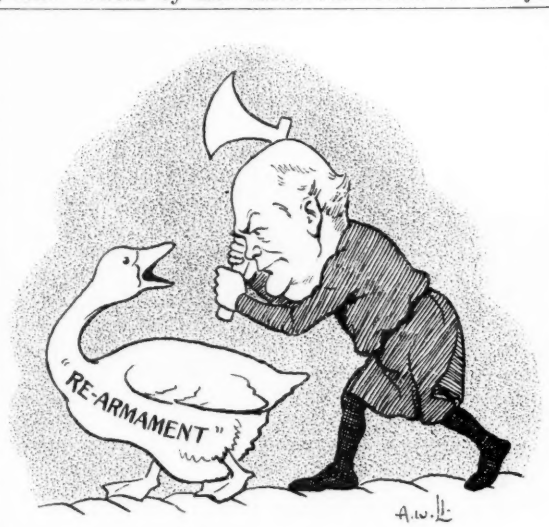
First Act (which takes place in the sitting-room of their luxury flat) she has arranged a theatre-party which he has promised to attend. By extremely improbable devices, to which I would not allude were the piece a little funnier, the party is split up, the women going off in a huff by themselves and the men taking Mr. HOWARD with them to the gala night of a Bohemian club, which they guarantee will cure him of his shyness and stamp him indelibly with the hall-mark of the man-about-town.

The Second Act is brighter, although with very little alteration it could have dispensed with the First and Third Acts and become a tolerable if somewhat elementary one-Act farce, complete in itself. The scene is the Turkish bath of the Ritz-Berkeley Hotel, full of ladies girt about with towels. It happens that the club to which our friends have gone is next-door, and when that is raided Mr. HOWARD makes his escape *viâ* a fire-staircase and enters the baths through a window. He wears red silk trousers and a wig and is otherwise covered with confusion. Soon afterwards his two fellows, Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD and Mr. JACK HOBBS, also climb into the baths as fancy-dress refugees, and the discomfort of their position is then completed by the appearance of the two wives and the *fiancée*, in bath-towels.

Some quite funny moments result. Mr. HOWARD is the only one of the three to be unmasked, and the awful truth is kept temporarily from his wife; but their exit is touch-and-go, seeing that they get away in their ladies' clothes. The Third Act is on a level with the First—a tedious cycle of discovery, explanation and forgiveness.

Mr. HOWARD does his very best, but he is never sufficiently free from the responsibility of holding the piece together to be able to let himself go. His corkscrew arms and uncertain legs are as formidable as ever, but the full force of his benevolent absurdity is absent. One reason for this is, I think, that he is too individual a humorist to be given a pivot part; and another is that the effect of his appearance in idiotic clothes (an effect upon which he has relied a good deal in the past) is greatly weakened by the fact that nearly everyone in the cast is eccentrically attired, even the *Butler* having his little joke in the middle of the night with pyjamas and a morning-coat. Such experienced producers as Mr. LESLIE HENSON and Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD might have seen to it that Mr. HOWARD was adequately foiled and had not to strain himself in outpacing humour rather similar to his own. (They might also have made certain that the dress in which he swept out of the baths was at least of the same material as that in which his wife had left the flat.)

Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD and Mr. JACK HOBBS provide their quota of fun, and Miss MAIDIE HOPE's ambitious Cockney wife rang true. The acting of the minor members of the cast was uninspired, except for an all-too-brief sketch by Miss NEVA CARR-GLYN of a rigorous Turkish pummeller with a distressing cold in her nose. ERIC.



KILLING THE CANARD.
(*Adapted from the "Loutrell Psalter," circ. A.D. 1340.*)
LORD HAILSHAM.

The Passionate (American) Shepherd to His Love.

(The more advanced school of American bards is reported to be reverting to the idea of employing "eye-rhymes" only. In the following lines it has unfortunately been necessary in one or two instances to sacrifice accuracy of geographical detail to the exigencies of rhyme —or rather rhymelessness.)

COME fly with me and let us hie West,
And thou shalt whisper as thou viewest
Our starkly primitive retreat,
"Hot dog! I'll say this sure is great!"

Thou shalt go dight as NIMROD'S daughter,
Spurning the giddy throng whose laughter
Too oft conceals the spirit's ache,
And I will grow a long moustache.

We'll sit upon our folded ponchos
And see the cowboys bust their bronchos
By rolling foot-hills in whose vales
Harmonious coyotes sing chorales.

And we will roam the forest through
And mark the cougar's chronic cough
Or—sound that spells more horrid danger—
The savage grizzly's grunt of anger.

The jargon of the tee and base-line
Shall be forgotten as, with vaseline
Upon each pink and peeling limb,
The mountains' sun-kissed peaks we climb.

Or by our shack we'll toil, and later
Will slake our thirst with pure spring water
And satisfy on home-cured pork
The hunger bred of honest work.

There Nature wears her autumn finery
Unmarred by motors or machinery;
No rubbernecks there swarm abroad.
Then come, and let us hit the road.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were younger,
And truth were told by every scrounger
These pretty schemes might cut some ice.
Quit, or I'll phone for the police!

Another Bank Scandal.

"BARE BUT ATTRACTIVE.
VIEWS OF BANKER."
Australian Paper.

"CHUBBY FISHES FOR MARROW JAM."
Headline in Children's Supplement.

Are these instead of the more usual ginger?

"Latest Steps in bathroom dancing, rapidly and thoroughly taught."
Advt. in Spanish Paper.

All you have to do is point the left toe, lower it gently into the water and hop about like mad on the right foot.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

VI.

September 7*th*. Instructions from America reach me to the effect that I am to stay at Essex House in New York. Why Essex? Should much have preferred distinctive American name, such as Alabama or Connecticut House. Am consoled by enclosure, which gives photograph of superb skyscraper, and informs me that if I choose I shall be able to dine in the Persian Coffee Shop, under the direction of a French chef, graduate of the Escoffier School.

The English Molyneux sends home my clothes in instalments. Am delighted with flowered red silk, which is, I hope, to give me self-confidence in mounting any platform on which I may have the misfortune to find myself; also evening dress, more or less devoid of back, in very attractive pale brocade. Show red silk to Our Vicar's Wife, who says, Marvellous, dear! but do not produce backless evening frock.

September 20*th*. Letter arrives from complete stranger—signature seems to be Ella B. Chickhyde, which I think odd—informing me that she is so disappointed that the sailing of the *Rotterdam* has been cancelled, and we must sail instead by the *Statendam* on October 7th, unless we like to make a dash for the *previous* boat, which means going on board the day after to-morrow, and will I be so kind as to telegraph? Am thrown into confusion by the whole thing, and feel that Robert will think it is all my fault—which he does, and says that Women Never Stick to Anything for Five Minutes Together—which is wholly unjust, but makes me feel guilty all the same. He also clears up identity of Ella B. Chickhyde by saying she must be the friend of that woman who came in a car on her way to Cornwall, and talked. This at once recalls Mrs. Tressider, and I telegraph to Ella B. Chickhyde to say that I hope to sail on the *Statendam*.

Last day of the holidays then takes its usual course. I pack frantically in the intervals of reading *Vice Versa* aloud, playing Corinthian bagatelle, sanctioning an expedition to the village to buy sweets, and helping Vicky over her holiday task, about which she has suddenly become acutely anxious after weeks of brassy indifference.

September 21*st*. Take children to London, and general dispersal ensues. Vicky drops large glass bottle of sweets on to platform at Waterloo, with resultant breakage; amiable porter rushes up and tells her not to cry as he can arrange it all. This he does by laboriously separating broken glass from sweets with coal-black hands and placing salvage in a piece of newspaper. Present him with a florin, and am not sufficiently strong-minded to prevent



"MARVELLOUS, DEAR!"

Vicky from going off with newspaper-parcel bulging in coat-pocket.

Robin and I proceed to Charing Cross. He breaks lengthy silence by saying that to *him* it only seems one second ago that I was meeting him here instead of seeing him off; and this moves me so much that I am quite unable to answer, and we walk down Platform Six—Special School Train—without exchanging a syllable. The place is, as usual, crowded with parents and boys, including minute creature who can scarcely be seen under grey wide-awake hat and whom I suggest must be a new boy. Robin, however, says, Oh, no, that's *quite* an old boy, and seems slightly amused.

Parting, thanks to this blunder on my part, is slightly less painful than usual, and I immediately go and have my hair washed and set in order to distract my thoughts before proceeding to Doughty Street. Caroline awaits me there, together with lavish display of flowers that she has arranged in my honour, which touches me and entirely compensates for strange disorder that prevails all over the flat. Moreover, C. C. extraordinarily sweet-tempered and acquiesces with apologies when I suggest the removal of tiny green hat, two glass vases and a saucepan from the bathroom.

September 25*th*. Attend dinner-party of most distinguished people, given by celebrated young publisher connected with New York house. Evening is preceded by prolonged mental conflict on my part concerning—as usual—clothes. Caroline C. urges me to put on new backless garment destined for America, but superstitious feeling that this may be unlucky assails me, and I hover frantically between very old blue and comparatively new black-and-white stripes. Caroline is sympathetic throughout, but at six o'clock suddenly screams that she is due at a sherry-party and must rush; she 'd forgotten all about it.

(Extraordinary difference between this generation and my own impresses me immensely. Should never at C. C.'s age—or probably any other—have forgotten even a tea-party, let alone a sherry one. This no time, however, for indulging in philosophical retrospective studies.)

Baby Austin, as usual, is at the door. C. C. leaps into it and vanishes at terrific pace into Guilford Street, leaving me to get into black-and-white stripes—discover that black evening shoes have been left at home, remember with relief that grey brocade ones are here and available—and grey silk stockings that have to be mended, but fortunately above the knee. Result of it all is that I am late, which I try to feel is modern, but really only consider bad-mannered.

Party is assembled when I arrive. Am delighted to see Distinguished Artist, well-known to me in Hampstead days, whom I at once perceive to have been celebrating the occasion almost before it has begun—also famous Man of Letters next whom I am allowed to sit at dinner, and actor with whom I have—in common with about ninety-nine per cent. of the feminine population—

been in love for years. (This state of affairs made much worse long before the end of the evening.)

Party is successful from start to finish, everybody wishes me a pleasant trip to America. I am profoundly touched and feel rather inclined to burst into tears—hope this has nothing to do with the champagne—but fortunately remember in time that a scarlet nose and patchy face can be becoming to no one. (Marked discrepancy here between convention so prevalent in fiction and state of affairs common to everyday life.)

Am escorted home at one o'clock by Distinguished Artist and extraordinarily pretty girl with dimple, and retire to sofa-bed in sitting-room, taking every precaution not to wake Caroline C. innocently slumbering in bedroom.

Just as I drop asleep, hall-door bangs and I hear feet rushing up the stairs and wonder if it can be burglars, but decide that only very amateurish ones, with whom I could probably deal, would make so much noise. Point is settled by sudden appearance of light under bedroom door, and stifled but merry rendering of "Stormy Weather," which indicates that C. C. has at this moment returned from belated revels no doubt connected with sherry-party. Am impressed by this fresh evidence of the gay life lived by the young of to-day, and go to sleep again.

October 1*st*. Return home yesterday coincides with strong tendency to feel that I can't possibly go to America at all, and that most likely I shall never come back alive if I do, and anyway everything here will go to rack and ruin without me. Say something of these premonitions to Robert, who replies that (*a*) It would be a great waste of money to cancel my passage now; (*b*) I shall be quite all right if I remember to look where I'm going when I cross the streets; and (*c*) He dares say Cook and Florence will manage very well. I ask wildly if he will cable to me if anything goes wrong with the children, and he says, Certainly, and inquires what arrangments I have made about the servants' wages. Remainder of the evening passes in domestic discussion, interrupted by telephone-call from Robert's brother William, who says that he wishes to see me off at Southampton. Am much gratified by this, and think it tactful not to inquire why dear William's wife, Angela, has not associated herself with the scheme.

E. M. D.



"Placing salvage in a piece of newspaper."



"He dares say Cook and Florence will manage very well."

Having My Own Way.

It has long been my secret wish to possess a herbaceous border, and last week I summoned up the necessary courage and approached my gardener on the subject. To my surprise he took it quite well. "You just 'as whatever you likes," he remarked graciously.

"Then I'll begin by ordering bulbs—daffodils, snowdrops, tulips and hyacinths for succession."

My gardener looked doubtful. "Bulbs ain't no use—not in a garden like this yere," he said definitely.

"Mr. Brown used to grow them."

"Oh, ah! Wunnerful what a lot o' trouble them amachoors gives theirselves. If you 'as bulbs you can't have nothin' else on account o' stalks."

"You could cut the stalks."

"Then you'd get no bloom next season."

I doubted this, but left it. "Then I should like primroses and violets, pansies, wallflowers, antirrhinums——"

"Soil's too light for they. Wouldn't come up, not in no form."

"But these are common things; they'd grow anywhere."

"Not in a garden like this."

"Could we have larkspur, delphiniums, Canterbury bells, lupins, stocks and asters? They'd make such a lovely show of colour!"

Or tall graceful hollyhocks, gladioli, masses of phlox, dahlias, Michaelmas daisies. I saw it all. The garden of my dreams, rivalling the famous borders of Hampton Court, surpassing even the coloured pictures on the covers of seed-catalogues. The voice of my gardener broke in on my meditation.

"Can't do better than geraniums, calcies and lobelia in rotation."

"But we have had nothing else for the last fifteen years."

"Nothing else won't grow," he said firmly.

There will be in my garden next year—geraniums, lobelias and calceolarias.



Charabanc-Driver. "NOW THEN, D' YOU WANT *ALL* THE BLINKIN' ROAD?"

More Culture for the Masses.

Professor Gobbett writes on Shakespearean Criticism.

[IN this brilliant article Professor Gobbett—it was just like us to get hold of him—examines the various attempts distinguished scholars have made to deal with a Shakespearean textual problem. The passage chosen was *King Richard II.*, II. iii. 177:—

"Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle."

We may remind our readers that the remark is addressed by the *Duke of York* to his nephew, *Bolingbroke*, who, on returning from exile to organise a rebellion, implores his uncle's aid with the words, "O gracious uncle!" *York* then embarks on a fiery speech of which this is the second line; the first, for what it is worth, is "Tut! tut!"]

So great are the difficulties of this line in point both of grammar and sense that few editors find it acceptable in its present form. The difficulties briefly are:—

(1) "Grace" in its verbal use is never found with two accusatives.

(2) "Uncle" is not elsewhere found as verb.

(3) The double negative "no . . . nor" is intolerably harsh.

(4) In any case the line is meaningless.

It was indeed suggested by Smith in 1910 that (1) and (2) are merely examples of Shakespearean licence paralleled by the notorious "But me no buts"; but this view was completely refuted in 1911 when Brown proved that "But me no buts" really belongs to *K. Hen. VIII.*, V. ii. and refers to the general credit allowed by the King's Physician, its true form being "But men owe Butts."

Of many emendations the following are the most important:—

(*a*) BROWN. "Grace? Me no grace! Your uncle? Me no uncle!"

The main objections to this spirited reading are: (i.) The use of the accusative as subject ("Me no grace" for "I am no grace," etc.) is unprecedented. Brown's suggested parallel (Edith Jenkins, *Tommy's Little Sister*, 58, 4: "Me not very well") is quite inadequate for, as Taylor has shown, little Daisy's remark comes *before* the account of her first grammar-lesson, and therefore her quaintness of diction here is merely a piece of Jenkinsian realism. (ii.) Bolingbroke had never said York *was* a grace. It is possible that York misheard "My gracious uncle" as "Your Grace, my uncle," but it must be pointed out that throughout the rest of the play his hearing is unexceptionable.

(*b*) JONES. *York.* Grace, me dog, grace? ("You refer to grace, you cur?").

A Spectator (*to* Bol.). No run, Clem! 'E no uncle! ("You don't score there, my lad. He is a rotten uncle!")

As Jones claims, York's dignified

"I am no traitor's uncle" follows with heightened magnificence after the cheerful vulgarity of the Spectator. The trouble is "No run, Clem." Jones *ad loc.* writes: "Just as when we see an urchin batting in the street we hail him, if feeling in expansive mood, with 'Good stroke, Jacky (*i.e.*, HOBBS),' so, in applying a cricket metaphor to the diplomatic efforts of Bolingbroke, the Spectator facetiously addresses him as 'Clem (*i.e.*, HILL)'." The insuperable objection is that even if cricket had made some sort of appearance in SHAKESPEARE'S time, *Wisden* irrefragably proves that Mr. HILL had not.

(*c*) ROBINSON pictures a stirring scene in which York calls upon his retinue to restrain the importunate Bolingbroke:—

Bol. Grace! ("I pray thee grace.")
York (*to attendants*). Men!
Bol. O grace! Nor, uncle . . .
York. MEN!
Bol. (*desperate and reproachful*). O *uncle*!

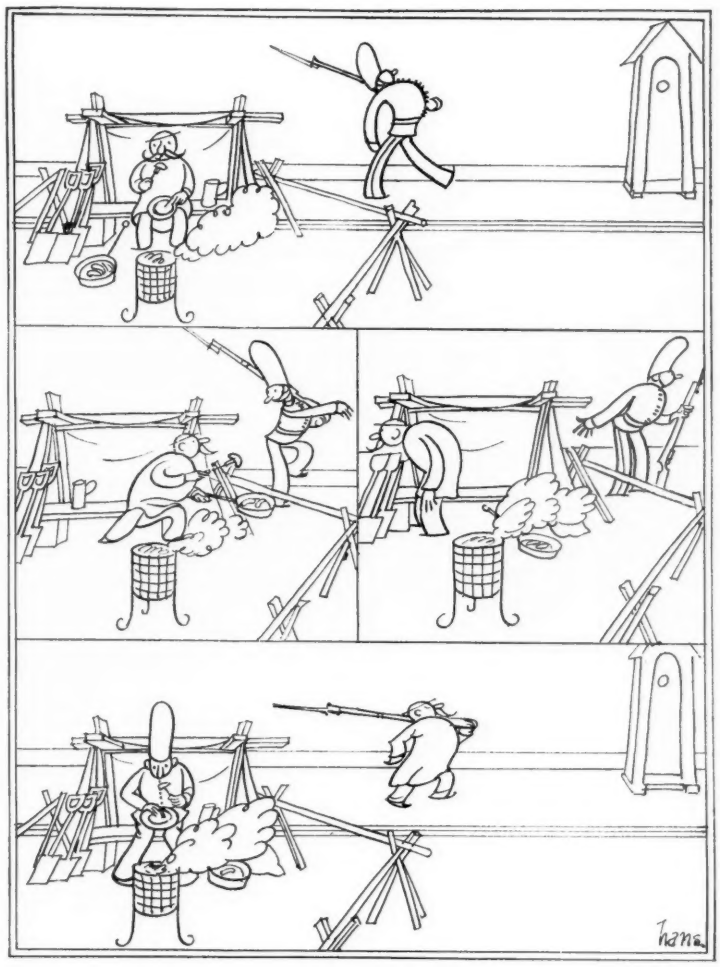
An attractive idea this, but (i.) there is no indication elsewhere in the scene of York's men interfering in this family quarrel, and (ii.) York had such an adequate bit of invective coming that it is hard to see he had any need of external assistance.

(*d*) WILLIAMS, on the strength of a note in his text by an unknown scholiast—"This *is* a line-and-a-half!"—suggested that the passage should be half-a-line longer:—

York. Look'st thou for grace in *me*?
Grace? ME? No grace nor——
Bol. O unclement uncle!

This undoubtedly brilliant emendation was rapturously acclaimed at the time, and many editors were so confident of its truth that they included it in their texts. But it was eventually exploded. The unknown scholiast turned out to be Williams's small son, who had used his father's text for his holiday task.

(*e*) My own suggestion is that the line should be omitted altogether. This would leave admirable sense.



Such Stuff as Brains are Made On.

"Cornmeal, oatmeal, rolled oats or any favourite coarse flour can be substituted for the brain. Even porridge left over from breakfast can be utilised."—*Sunday Paper.*

"A report from Governor Pinshot, Pennsylvania, states that the situation is serious and he is prepared to declare marital law if necessary."—*Australian Paper.*

Surely it can't be quite as bad as that?

To Julia.

A Song of the Seasons.

WHEN Spring leaves Winter in the lurch,
Still for our handkerchiefs we search,
And coughs go echoing through the church:

Wherefore, my Julia, lovely maid,
Be not too scantily arrayed,
But seek inoculation's aid.

In Summer, when the sun is out,
The Amazons of the hiking rout
With ostentation cast the clout;

But since, dear Julia, icy-keen
Northeasters spring from skies serene,
Scorn not the use of aspirin.

Autumn rides in a flaming car
And yet autumnal woodlands are
Hotbeds of common cold (catarrh)—
Unless, my Julia, with jujubes
And lozenges and "domes" and "cubes"
You mollify your bronchial tubes.

When Winter comes, though loth to lose
The spur and solace of my Muse,
I bid you take a Southern cruise,

Rather than face bacterial foes
At home, who ruin your repose
With liquefaction of the nose. C. L. G.

"Under the influence of modern competition rowing is yearly becoming more and more sternuous."—*Daily Paper.*

This must be by our old friend "An Oxford Blue."

"Sir Douglas —— arrived at Plymouth yesterday on his return from New York.
Sir Douglas ofw oofw oord oomdhoamf."
Irish Paper.

It must have been a shockingly bad crossing.



Aunt Jane. "BUT, BOBBY DEAR, DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Bible of Hitlerism.

WHILE studying the much-abridged version of *My Struggle*, by ADOLF HITLER (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-), it must often occur to the reader that civilisation has very shallow roots indeed when an intelligent and educated public such as the German can be washed from its intellectual moorings by a flood of emotional bravado. HITLER the orator confessedly appeals to what is most brutish in the mind of his audience. HITLER the writer now exposes himself as a man of crude prejudices and hatreds. British readers will probably skip his appeals to violence and his diatribes against Jews to concentrate rather on what in his calmer moments he has to say about us. He praises the English while condemning the German War propaganda. He admires the tenacity of our nation and would like to form an alliance with us with a view to a future war. He is shrewd enough to distinguish between the objects of British and French diplomacy, but he fails, I think, to appreciate the commitments of his Twenty-Five Points. Still, this unemotional part of the work is of significance as throwing some light on thought-processes which even now are often mysterious. But printed rhetoric is rarely effective.

The Scotland of Our Fathers.

Caledonia was perhaps at her sternest, if not at her wildest, in the nineteenth century. From a poor nation she became a moneyed province and is now sharing the fate of her over-industrialised neighbour—a fate the more bitter as she made more tragic sacrifices to ensure it. These sacrifices, then perceived as such only by evicted cottars and pauperised hand-weavers, would render *The Scotland of Our Fathers* (MACLEHOSE, 12/6) rather grim reading but for Miss ELIZABETH HALDANE'S profound belief in a Scots renaissance and the delightful erudition that has discovered so many mitigating circumstances in a preponderatingly unpleasant period. Preferring to survey the poor rather than the rich, Miss HALDANE describes public institutions mainly from the people's angle. Of the arts that arose during her century, some—like the weaving of Paisley shawls—arose only to decline; but the Scots gardener captured and held European prestige and deserves, as he gets, some of the book's happiest pages. Its writer is generous and fair in her use of native and foreign memoirs; and she has my warm gratitude for reasserting from both the heroic aspect of that Scots thrift which bids fair to become a merely derisive legend.

A South-American Nero.

For a terrible example of the kind of bogey-man only fit for bad boys who make faces at respectable representative Governments commend me to Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S *Portrait of a Dictator* (HEINEMANN, 8/6). This nineteenth-century monster—FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ—on succeeding to the unrestricted presidency of the republic of Paraguay, found a State at peace, a people content to be unknown and unenterprising, and an overflowing treasury. Within about eight years he had reduced his country's

population literally to less than one-half by means of wars which he undertook with no specific intent whatever beyond the desire to prove himself another NAPOLEON. Even in this hackneyed sphere of ambition he was singularly unsuccessful. The moral is pointed long before the end is reached, and the tale of his interminable murderings and torturings, though relieved a little by an atmosphere of malarial swamp and jungle that is sunlit by comparison, is made even more burdensome by the author's excessive repetition of detail. Such a theme could hardly show any biographer at his best, and this volume is by no means on a level with the writer's customary achievement.

Georgian Georgics.

Those who imagine that the land
Is more or less effete
Should turn their gaze
On *Country Days*,
By Mr. A. G. STREET;
Published by FABERS, it is planned
To let no trifle pass
In casual talk,
Just like the walk
Of horses out to grass.

It tells of farms on Wiltshire downs,
Of shepherds and of sheep,
Of crops and how
The ploughmen plough
And how the reapers reap;
Of market days in market towns
Where backs may come unbent,
And through the lot
I've failed to spot
A word of discontent.

That there are trying interludes
He leaves no room to doubt,
But there's enough
Of cheerful stuff
To smooth the furrows out;
The land, like other things, has moods,
But love of it endures.
Such is his creed;
It's good to read—
Six shillings, and it's yours.

Sugar and Saccharin.

The reviewer who still hugs a secret tenderness for the sentimental is never, perhaps, at such odds with a book as when the author has developed a businesslike technique for appealing to his unsteeled heart. This, I think, is the case with *That Which Was Hidden* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6). The novel boasts a charming and plucky young actress, a more temperamental and less courageous violinist, dismal hereditary antecedents and a long run of bad luck, and sets the young couple to win through to a happy curtain. In *Bella*, Miss SOPHIE COLE has cleverly indicated the domesticated woman turned artist; but her *Conrad* is of a lower order of creation and consistently fails to pull his weight. There is, moreover, a green diamond whose sinister connection with both families introduces an air of unreality as a set-off to its focal capacity for thrills. The raciest member of the cast is *Bella's* friend *Biddy*, a lady whose fluent explanations of accommodating virtue sound the story's most convincing note of pathos and humour. Its background of æsthetic ritualism strikes me as a mistake. Religion, I feel, should be background, foreground and middle-distance, or nothing at all.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, CONDUCTOR, I'M ON."
"IT AIN'T ALL RIGHT. IF YOU'D BIN KILLED I'D 'AVE 'AD TO WRITE OUT A REPORT ABOUT SIX PAGES LONG."

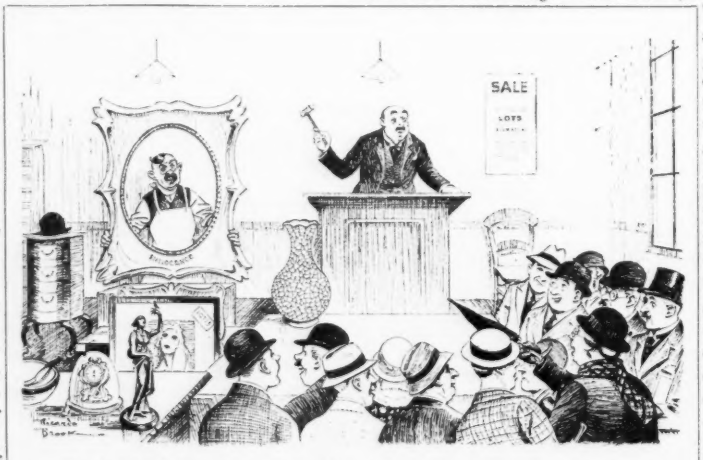
Our Military Historian.

Sir JOHN FORTESCUE'S title to fame is secure. Towards the close of his last book—*Author and Curator* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6)—he tells us how in 1929 was published the thirteenth and concluding volume of his *History of the British Army*, just thirty years after the publication of the first two. And, as it is good on occasion for the pygmies to lay themselves

alongside the giants (I use Sir JOHN'S own words), he found himself taking up GIBBON'S *Autobiography* and musing on the writer's stately memories. GIBBON had independence, he knew no financial anxieties, he was absolute master of his time and actions, whereas Sir JOHN had to earn his leisure for writing history by editing for thirteen years the Colonial series of Public Records. Then, by a stroke of luck, came his appointment as Royal Librarian at Windsor Castle. KING EDWARD too had let it be known that he wished him to pursue his historical labours. But the new librarian worked with such energy at his new job that even so his task was not to be concluded for many years. Soon he became the man who was always chosen to show important guests round the Castle. He had to deal too not only with books but with prints and gems and curiosities—even on one occasion with the shirt worn by CHARLES I. on the scaffold. Besides, the War came, and in 1917 he attempted the task of writing the official history—which he had twice refused before. Now the strenuous life is over: he died almost on the day of publication of this volume. A well-rounded career!

The Compleat Foxhunter.

Let no layman imagine that fox-hunting is a mere exuberance of uncerebrating Tantivvydom. Foxhunters are as happy as kings because their world is incredibly full of a number of things. Would you know what those things are? Then read *Scarlet to M.F.H.* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 25/-), by that once-popular Master but still more widely admired portrayer of foxhounds (and indeed of horses and hounds of every high or low degree), CECIL ALDIN. Here in the breezy but unvarnished language of the man of action he tells you all that an M.F.H. should know, from such tremendous trifles as to how tie a stock or where to buy your strapper's breeches to such majestic matters as the right thing to say (*a*) at the farmers' dinner and (*b*) to a non-Aryan thruster whose ill-controlled horse has kicked Ganymede, your best bitch. If you are an M.F.H. yourself you will possibly know all that Mr. ALDIN has to tell you, but as the pictures alone, so to speak, are worth the price of admission, that need not worry you. If you are merely a hunting man you will learn much from this book; and if you are still more merely a toil-worn Metropolitan to whom a horse is but a highly unspecialised means of locomotion, you will forget to sneer at foxhunting as the "ineffable in pursuit of the inedible" and realise why this sport, which gives direct employment to over sixteen thousand men and indirect employment to heaven knows how many times that number, has never been more popular or widely followed than it is to-day.



Short-sighted Late-comer at Auction. "I'LL BID 'ARF-A-CROWN FOR THAT FRAME *WITHOUT* THE PICTURE!"

The Younger Generation.

Mr. JOHN C. MOORE'S reputation as a writer of real promise is thoroughly deserved, but I am not confident that his admirers will be entirely pleased with *The Walls are Down* (DENT, 7/6). In a prologue he tells us why he is dissatisfied with the condition of England to-day, and personally I welcome his discontent; for what may be called growing pains are infinitely more healthy than limpness and indifference. So, stating the case of the young people of to-day, he has taken *Kenneth* and *Audrey*, stepchildren of a spendthrift squire, and let them face the world. This, we are told, is Mr. MOORE'S "most ambitious novel," and its country scenes are so vividly put before us that in themselves they make the story worth reading. But when *Kenneth* goes to work in London Mr. MOORE, acute observer though he is, stands on less sure ground. His note, instead of being beautifully natural, becomes a little forced. Nevertheless this tale of *Kenneth* and *Audrey*, in its frankness (and it is very frank) and fearlessness, provokes thought, and that is a compliment which cannot be paid to the majority of modern novels.

Strange Discoveries.

On no occasion has Dr. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN'S most scientific detective been given harder problems to solve than in *Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). Part of the trouble arose through *Christopher J. Pippet*, who had come over from America to find out whether he was entitled to a peerage, being too trustful. In fact he fell into the hands of an unscrupulous rascal and was heading for trouble when *Dr. Thorndyke* intervened. From that time onward spokes appeared in the wheels of the unrighteous, until at last *Thorndyke* gets to the bottom of carefully-contrived and clever plots. Among thrillers this story is distinguished both for its sound reasoning and deduction; and *Pippet* from start to finish, as his name implies, is a lark.

A Rational Man's Russia.

If anyone might be excused for airing a grievance, it is surely Mr. ALLAN MONKHOUSE, of Metro-Vickers. But whoever looks to *Moscow*, 1911-1933 (GOLLANCZ, 16/-), for recriminations will be disappointed. Mr. MONKHOUSE'S lack of passion, his fairness towards his prosecutors (or persecutors) is a more effective indictment. The trial of the engineers, however, occupies only a couple of chapters in an admirable book, which is (*rarissima avis*) a patently trustworthy survey of Russia in peace, war and revolution, enlivened with some excellently-narrated personal adventures. Mr. MONKHOUSE, who saw the latter days of Tsardom and is under no illusion that they were "good old times," has watched the Bolshevik experiment from the beginning with sympathy. He welcomed the Five Year Plan; strove, in his sphere, to make it a success, and still does not regard it as altogether a failure. He believes in the future of a country which, with all her faults, he loves, and sees no gain in treating her as the bad girl of the European family.

Note.—Mr. Punch regrets that the review published last week of Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR'S *Blessington-D'Orsay* anticipated by five days the publication date of the book.

Charivaria.

EXPERTS are tagging fish to find out where they go in the ocean. In this bustling age even the poor fish has no privacy.

* * *

A man summoned at Reading for leaving his car too long in one place was stated to be an unemployed musician who drove over every day from Tooting to play in the street. Apparently nobody had paid him to move on.

man there is nothing like a good overdraft.

* * *

"The idea that depression can be cured by increasing purchasing power is a pernicious doctrine," says Professor J. H. JONES. All the same, if any benevolent person wishes to increase our purchasing power we shall make a pretence of being pleased.

* * *

A Liverpool professor has solved the problem of producing sugar by means of photosynthesis. To prevent

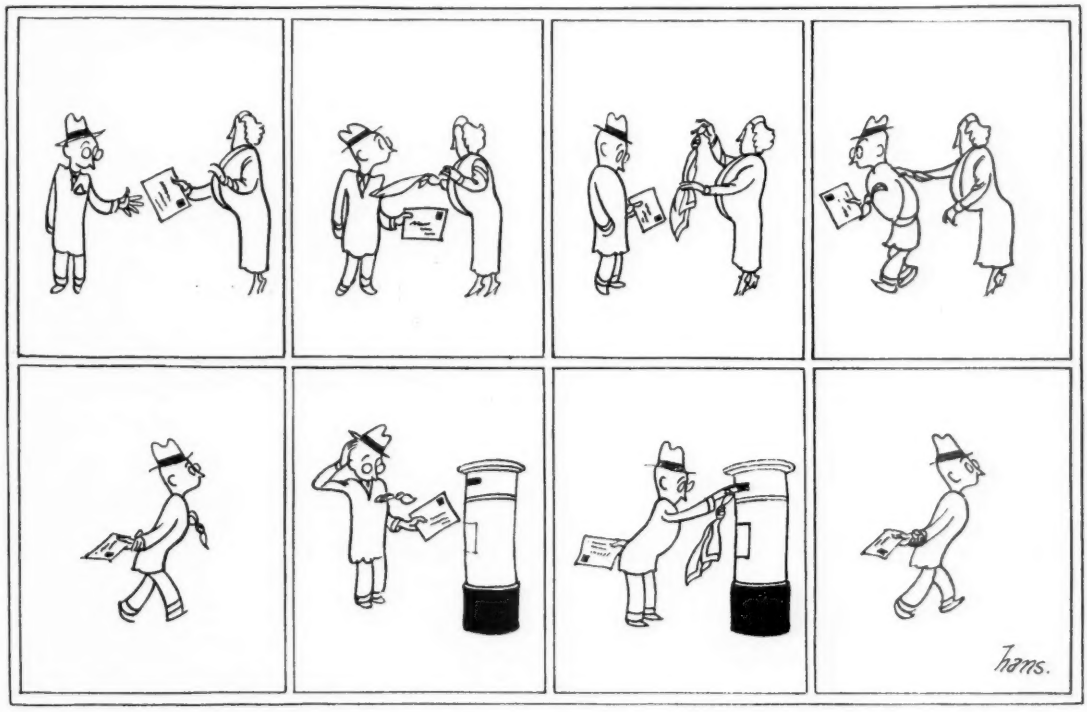
Moorland partridges are, of course, the shyest of shy birds.

* * *

According to an official survey just published, two of the Channel Islands, Jethou and Lihou, have each a population of two. For further particulars see *Hou's Hou in the Channel Islands.*

* * *

"What can we do when Germany is dumping thousands of cheap alarm-clocks into this country?" asks an M.P. "Wake up" seems to be the only answer.



In Vienna recently a man laughed loudly in a serious play and was requested to leave. It is rumoured that he was a Scotsman who had just seen a joke he had read in a dentist's waiting-room as a boy.

* * *

The prize for a Peace essay was won by an Irishman. It is a great credit to him that he was successful, considering the difficulty of obtaining local colour.

* * *

"A good overall," says a Woman's Page correspondent, "is a good friend in which one can meet the vicar, the butcher's boy or the income-tax man with perfect equanimity." Others claim that for meeting the income-tax misunderstanding it should perhaps be explained that "photos" is not the Greek for "sand."

* * *

"Musically, America and England are much closer than they used to be," says a writer. Due, of course, to the alliance of the Anglo-Saxophone peoples.

* * *

Cats' fur is much worn in Paris just now. So are the cats—with the anxiety of it all.

* * *

In a note on week-end shooting-parties a woman gossip-writer points out that a scarlet woollen costume for the moors would scare the partridges.

Children must now face the prospect that grown-up people will soon have no cigarette-coupons to be pestered for.

* * *

The Conservators of Mitcham Common have decided after some hesitation to allow Sunday golf to be played on the Common. Any person who is overheard by the Conservators playing week-day golf will be severely dealt with.

* * *

We understand that the angler on the Avon and Kennet Canal who hooked a half-bottle of whisky the other Saturday has been inundated with anxious inquiries as to what bait he was using.

This and That.

I HAVE received a big yellow advertisement-bill from France, the contents of which, as nearly as I am able to translate them, are as follows:—

"AGAINST THE NOISE
PEOPLE OF PARIS
RECLAIM THE SILENCE.

If a footfarer should run upon the pavement uttering terrible cries, what would arrive? Immediately grasped by an agent, he would be drawn to the post for infraction of good manners. However, his conduct would not be so reprehensible as that of a conductor of automobiles who makes an uproar of the Devil with his klaxon or his trumpet.

If you hold to warn the footfarers, Misters the automobilists, have the goodness to toot with more sweetness. Why disturb the whole of a quarter? It is not necessary to scorch the ears, to lacerate the nerves.

We demand for Paris more of silence. The tintamarre frightful by which the chauffeurs, the mechanicians of the railways and of the steamers are deafening us does not give a high idea of our civilisation. The noise destroys all repose; it poisons the life, it is hurtful to the health. To what good our beautiful monuments, our marvellous sites, our delicious gardens, if the visitor, maddened, besotted by this chaos of rumours, is not able to rejoice in them?"

It seems to me to be a very neatly-worded appeal, and I see no reason why something of the kind (I could draft it myself if the authorities desire) should not be displayed in our own London streets. Monsieur for monsieur, the automobilists of Paris make more tintamarre than those of London, I daresay, but there are not nearly so many of them.

★ ★ ★

How easy it is to outrage the susceptibilities of a knowledgable reader! Commenting on a cartoon in this paper which represented the Ship of British Trade puffed forward by a favouring wind a seafaring man has written to us:—

"The flying jib is only partially hoisted, the jib halliards have apparently never belayed as the sail is running down the stay. Neither the lee fore topsail sheet nor the lee fore top-gallant sheet has been sheeted home. Both fore royal sheets are flying away, and finally they omitted to brail up the spanker when the wind drew right aft, or nearly right aft."

May I remind my correspondent that the Ship of British Trade needs no pettifogging aids to progress of the sort he describes? Supreme and confident, careless of jib halliards, without a thought for her top-gallant sheet, despising both spankers and stays, she presses on and on to open up new avenues of commerce, by the light of simple honesty and rectitude and with the spur of gallant adventure pricking ever at her keel.

I will see to it, however, that the spikenard is properly clewed to the gralloch before she makes another trip.

★ ★ ★

Another angry correspondent asks why it is that the usual calendar showing which day of the month is which day of the week has not been printed in Mr. Punch's Almanack for 1934. The reason is very simple. We found that by our old practice we threw out of work a large number of expert date-calculators at Christmas-time and left them standing about the street. The hardship was all the greater because in many cases our own forecast (made by the Staff) was every bit as accurate as theirs.

★ ★ ★

If it were necessary to add one more laurel-leaf to the well-earned crown of GORDON RICHARDS, I might say that I found a gentleman who never bets and never races and thinks horse-racing an evil influence in our national life, waiting pale-faced at the tape in his club until that 247th win came through. He pretended it wasn't that, but of course it was. EVOE.

The Seekers.

WE went to explore an Island, an almost enchanted Island,
Lapped in a sea of ultramarine and girdled with golden sand,
For the Travel Agency wrote us,
"You must try this land of lotus
If you're looking for somewhere to settle," and on paper it sounded grand.
But the Island was stiff with gramophones, ladies in beach-pyjamas,
Super-sportses and shellfish and the latest popular song:
So we pondered (or anyway I did)
And reluctantly we decided
If we tried to live upon lotus we wouldn't live anywhere long.

So we sailed for another Island, an utterly marvellous Island,
Quite a different proposition—for the sea was a pearly grey
And the landscape glowed with heather
And the hills stood up together
And went marching down in column of fours to the rocks of a beachless bay.
But the climate consisted of ocean fog amounting often to drizzle,
White squalls, black squalls, piebald squalls came whizzing out of the sky—
Oh, a land for heroes to live in!
But we found ourselves rapidly driven
To admit that we weren't no heroes and would almost certainly die.

So we wandered back to London—familiar rejected London,
Wholly unfit for heroes, where lotus is not on the bill;
And the wail of the gramophones dwindled
And a good gas-fire we kindled
And we said to each other, "London! There's peace and there's comfort still.
Doubtless it's rank with popular songs, shell-fish and super-sportses,
It has black squalls, white squalls, piebald squalls any hour of the day;
But they rarely demand attention,
You can dodge them with slight invention—
There's room for us all in London and so London's where we'll stay." H. B.

The Organ-Voice of England.

"Then Mr. Jimmy Thomas, hat in one hand and binoculars in the other, gave a special cheer all by himself. The din was ear-splitting."—*Evening Paper.*

"Lecturing on 'How to be Fit at Fifty' before the Leicester Personal Health Society, Dr. C. Killick Millard, medical officer of health for Leicester, who is aged 63, gave a practical demonstration by standing on his head."—*Local Paper.*

Is there *no* other way?



HEIL, DAVID!

[The name of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and his recent pronouncements in favour of Germany are prominently displayed on the advertisement pillars of Berlin.]



"PLEASE, 'M, THERE'S ENOUGH COAL IN THE CELLAR TO LAST ABOUT A WEEK IF WE DON'T USE ANY."

Mr. Cartwright gets Mr. Brown.

TOLD to ring up Mr. Brown, Henry did not know whether Mr. Cartwright proposed to invite Mr. Brown to dinner or to smash his hopes of securing the contract for thirty-six new Thames bridges. It was all the same to Henry; Cartwright's flag had to be kept on top.

"Hello! Is that Brown Bros.?" he called.

"Brown Bros. speaking," a feminine voice replied.

"Mr. Brown there?"

"Who wants him?" came the non-committal answer.

"Mr. Cartwright wants to speak to him."

"Is that Mr. Cartwright speaking?"

"No."

"Will you put Mr. Cartwright through, please?" pursuing her advantage.

Henry hesitated. He banged the instrument, cleared his throat.

"Hello! Is that Brown Bros.?" he demanded in a tone that blamed the Exchange for a faulty connection.

"Will you put Mr. Cartwright through, please?"

"Hello, there! I wish to speak to Mr. *Brown*."

"Yes; will you put Mr. Cartwright through, please?"

"Will you kindly put Mr. Brown on," Henry ordered in an executive voice, marred somewhat by a falsetto break.

"If you will put Mr. Cartwright through," she replied tartly.

"How do you know I am not Mr. Cartwright?"

"I know you are not because he hasn't a squeak in his voice."

"How do you know that?" he argued thoughtlessly; "you've never seen him."

"No, but I've *heard* him," pointedly, "and I've *seen* you."

"I don't want any more of your cheek——"

"Well, what did you ring up for?" she interrupted.

"I want *Mr. Brown!*" he thundered.

"Don't tell me stories. Mr. Cartwright wants Mr. Brown. It's no use giving yourself airs. I see you lunching every day. Now, you put Mr. Cartwright through and hurry up about it. I can't wait all the afternoon. Plenty of people want our number."

"I'm not here to speak to schoolgirls. Please put your principal on before I lose my temper with you." Admirable constraint!

A pause, while the creature was presumably connecting Mr. Brown.

The pause continued.

Henry cleared his throat very audibly.

"Is that Mr. Cartwright?" she inquired politely.

"If you don't put Mr. Brown on I'll report you!" Henry screamed.

"Hold the line." Sullen assent.

Huh! She was demolished. Henry breathed more easily.

Clicking and popping and one-sided conversation at the enemy's end of the line indicated that the process of inter-connection was taking place.

Henry assumed a humble expression. "One moment please, Sir," was on the tip of his tongue. All was ready for a slick link-up.

But the voice was Eve's!

"Sorry, little boy; Mr. Brown has just gone out."

Woma Wi og.

don't be alarmed this is going
to be a 'modern' article just a
'sketch'
i mean you know those 'modern'
works of art you see
Sometimes it will be a drawing or
painting the artist has evidently
been in hurry or forgotten what legs
look like and where the ears fit on
but this ds not prevent him from
exhibiting or even
selling
the Work
He ds not dare now to call it
'Woman with Dog' as he intended
when he began
so he calls the ting modestly
Sketch
or
Impression
or
An Idea
but Sometimes it is a piece of modern;
sculpure
The poor sculper after monts of
labour finds himself
all Alone
with a rather large lump
of stone
and it is the *most* alarming
s h a p e
it was going to be
Woman with Dog
But now by some misCalCulation the
stone has; run out
The Woman has no head
and there is No
dog ?
now Noone can airily describe a large
lump of carved stone as
Just a sketch
or pretend he wasnt really
;trying
So the sculpter has to face it and he
generally calls the Work
Woman with Doge
after all
and though we have to imagine the dog
and most of the woman
he Gets away with iT
because he is Modern:%
well wat I say is wy shoodnt we
poor riters be aloud to get away with
a modern Work now and then;
i Mean
i find all this spellin an
grammar an bunctuation
extremely tiresome
and even
trammelling
while when you come to verse
well if u are going to worry about
technical troubles like rhyme and metre
well verse
is frankly
too much like Work;
and if the sculpor can make you
imagine the woman's head
to say nothing of the dog
well I suppose i can
Anyhow
here is a rather funny littel
story about a
Woman
and a Dog

the Woman was

nose

ears

Gold Standard



"AND YOUR HUSBAND WILL PAY FOR THE GLASSES, MADAM?"
"MY HUSBAND! GOOD GRACIOUS! IS *THAT* MY HUSBAND?"

the Dog was one of those

tail

bath-room

so She said

the bishop.

thats all
an if the Editor doesnt like it
who cares
it's
just a sketch;

A;P;H:



The Scholarly One. "SMYRNA, LEMNOS—HOW I ENVY YOU! AND WHAT DID YOU THINK OF ATHENS?"
Lady of the Cruise. "OH, WE DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF ATHENS. IT SEEMED TO BE EARLY CLOSING: ALL THE SHOPS WERE SHUT."

After Balbo;

or, The Second Armada.

NEVER once during the summer months that are now a lovely memory has a visitor set foot upon the island without having learned on his way over something about the air-fleet that never came. The man who takes the stranger across the narrow strait in a small boat with a stuttering engine points an oily hand towards a certain spot on the water and says proudly, "The Gineral himself was to come down there by all accounts."

The island that hoped to be visited by that covey of foreign aeroplanes has a good opinion of itself. The tactless tourist who, having found his way there, speaks in praise of a beauty-spot not very far away, is silenced by a gesture. "Sure Killarney would be nothing at all only for the aspect," he is told.

The name Armada sounded homely in the ears of the islanders when they heard that their harbour had been chosen as a resting-place after the hazards of an Atlantic flight. Had not the generations of them heard of the Armada of long ago that deposited so many of its vessels upon the rocky west coast of Ireland?

"'Tis often I seen the Quality sthretched out upon that headland," they say, "an' they for ever peeping down where th'ould ancient wreck is below the tide till they should be jaded, the creatures, an' givin' off all sorts of talk about them Spaniards an' all the depredations them fellas was to do upon England, only they med mash of themselves upon the rocks instead, whatever whim they took," they finish, regretfully. Little wonder that old Sweeney, who finds his highly-coloured account of the sixteenth-century fleet so very popular among visitors and so surprisingly lucrative, should be annoyed by all the talk of the unexpected flock of aeroplanes. "This place is gone act-chilly rotten wid Armadas," he said crossly, and because no statement on the island is complete without them he added the words, "I ass-ure you."

If the dimly-seen ribs of a Spanish ship can keep fresh the memory of that fleet of four hundred years ago, it is reasonable to suppose that in yet another four hundred years islanders will be talking of the non-arrival of the Second Armada, so many preparations were made for its reception, so many signs were erected here and there giving notice of new uses for familiar things.

The big shed where normally the nets are stored was chosen to house the fuel for the replenishing of the jaded sea-planes, and its walls are still labelled in red lettering: "PETROL STORED HERE. NO SMOKING. NO MATCHES."

Many times during the summer months some terrified stranger pointed first to the words on the wall and then to the glow of Denis Conroy's pipe inside the open door, but the big man spoke soothingly. "Yerra, no," he said slowly, "there's none of them pethrols here at all, thanks be to God, for a pipe is very comfortable, I ass-ure you."

In the small shop halfway up the one street of the only village Maggie Sweeney still bewails the unwanted

and rapidly-drying cakes from one of Dublin's most exclusive bakeries—cakes that seem strangely out of place beside her less ambitious stock. "Amn't I very near clifted wid all them boxes?" she says bitterly; "whatever med me get them at all, an' the place so full;" and she stumbles over yet another box and kicks it irritably aside.

Locally there is little sympathy with the normally cautious Miss Sweeney, though to the stranger there is something exquisitely pathetic in the sight of all those expensive unwanted cakes. "What a fear there is of her," the neighbours say unfeelingly; "sure that one always med a prisoner of money, I ass-ure you!"

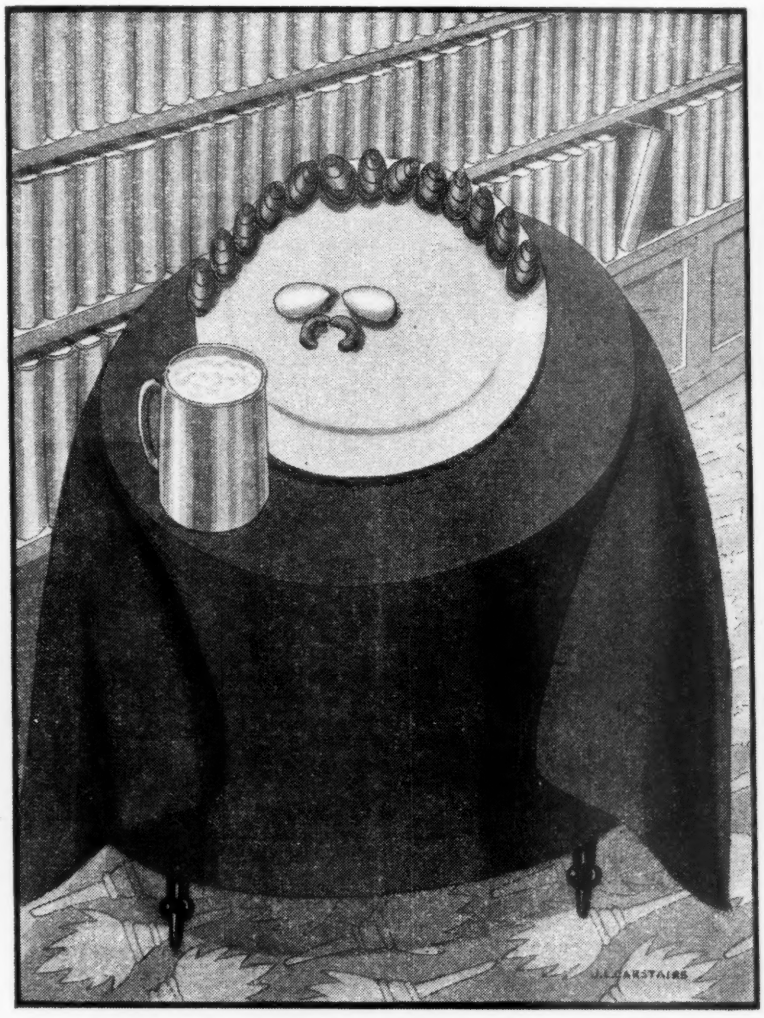
In the little hotel the influence of the Armada that never came is felt more strongly than in any other place on that disappointed island. There, the hectic last-minute preparations in which Ireland specialises have left their mark in many ways.

It is unlikely that Number 4 shall ever again be known as anything but the General's Room, or that the doorway of the newly-christened Sala Franzo, with its crossed flags, shall again be labelled Dining-Room.

In the course of the long wait that ended so disappointingly the fishermen of the place quite changed their opinion of Atlantic flights. Ever since such things became the fashion they have been merciless in their criticism of Atlantic flights; but the unseen General has altered that. Of him they say conversationally, "If he had come at that time he 'd have had a very palatable jaunt, for because there wasn't as much as a whisper of a breeze."

The man they call Eyes Corney cannot settle down after his long spell of watching the horizon for the first dark speck. By all accounts he had a hard time. "To see him runnin' his bare besht up an' down the hill, the creature," his friends say, "and the foreign gentleman making converse for hisself in the town below, an' nothing to come afther, you 'd think it a pity, I ass-ure you!" Probably the foreign gentleman in his converse was explaining to Mr. Corney that the air-fleet could not even start from Newfoundland without his say-so, but he had woeful sthrange talk, they say of him, and, though they watched him admiringly, his words meant nothing to them.

Mainland friends and relatives of the islanders are growing weary of the constant talk of the Second Armada, and Maggie Sweeney's sister has refused to spend another Sunday out there. "They do be for ever alludin'," she complained recently, "an' nothin' in it in the latther end." D. M. L.



STILL LIFE. ARRANGED BY MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Frustration;

or, The End of Free Gift Tobacco Coupons.

I USED to smoke my cigarette
And think of all the things I 'd get,
From useful tea-trays to a set
  Of knives that didn't cut.
Or I would puff a cheap cigar
To try to gain a motor-car,
And get perhaps a pickle-jar
  That all too soon went phut.

Alas! those nice enamel bowls,
Those shoes with wet-resisting soles,
Those fascinating sausage-rolls
  Will never now be mine.
I hoped to have a lot of fun
With that new fool-proof sporting-gun,
My coupons number twenty-one,
  I should have ninety-nine.

What use is now my longest "chain"?
I cannot own that clockwork-train
Or get that smart Malacca cane,
  The time is much too short.
And what about my leather coat,
And that fast, racing motor-boat,
And little Jimmy's woolly goat
  And Uncle James's port?

I had to buy no end of fags
To get these old grey flannel bags,
I hate to go about in rags,
  And now I 'm nearly broke.
So much for all my cherished dreams,
This life with difficulties teems;
How often, too, our best-laid schemes
  Begin and end in smoke!

Prelude to the Dance.

November 8th. An invitation from a Mrs. Ferguson to attend a Fancy Dress Dance on the 18th has been accepted without my knowledge and (now that I *do* know) emphatically without my approval. It should be understood by this time that I strongly disapprove of any form of pageantry in which I am at all likely to become personally involved. I said as much at supper, but nobody paid any attention; they are all too much obsessed with the problem of what they are going as to listen to me. As if it mattered!

9th. This house is rapidly becoming uninhabitable. Apart from the talk at mealtimes, which is mainly about puffed sleeves and puts me off my food, I object to the amount of pins and paper-patterns now littering the sitting-room. The reason for all this fuss and bother passes my comprehension. Surely it is easy enough to decide on a costume and make it up without this constant chopping and changing and wondering whether "A Dresden Shepherdess" wouldn't suit Mary better than "French Student," or if ruched paniers aren't just a shade too broadening for Elizabeth. Nobody is going to notice what they are wearing, or think twice about it if they do—as I keep on saying. But you might as well try arguing with a ticket-inspector.

10th. Mary, I hear, is going as Florence Nightingale, and Elizabeth has just cut up my favourite cricket-scarf, so it looks as if she's settled too. I ventured to ask whether anything had been decided about my own costume, but they only said, "Oh, *you!*" and went on with their ruching and gathering for all the world as if the question of my outfit was of quite secondary importance Not that I care of course what I go as, but one does like to get these things fixed up and done with.

11th. I am getting a little worried. After all, one has to be *something*, and there's only a week now before the event. Mary suggested a Dutchman this morning, which seemed all right till I looked at the footwear, and Elizabeth wanted me to be a thing called "Whisky-and-Soda," but I'm not going to be dressed up like a decanter and carry a siphon about all the evening to please anybody. I said I'd rather go the whole hog and be Charlie Chaplin if they were determined to make me look ridiculous, and they seemed to think it was rather a good idea. Women can be very trying.

12th. What about Louis XIV.? Or one of the Charles's? Of course the wig mightn't suit me, and I don't know about a sword, but I've got a pair of stockings that would do, and those velvet coats they used to wear are really rather attractive. I must speak to my womenfolk about the matter.

I have spoken to my womenfolk and they say that of course there's no time now for anything elaborate like that, and why won't my old Pierrot costume do—after all nobody minds what you come in nowadays. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? It isn't that I mind for myself, but one has a certain duty to one's hostess, and I do think it is rather rude not to expend a little time and thought over one's appearance. Why go in the same rig-out time after time when there are so many possible alternatives? I might go as a Mexican, for instance, if it wasn't for the hat; or as the Duke of Wellington—though there again the boots are rather a difficulty. Anyway, we shall see.

13th. There is a movement towards the XVIIIth Century to-day, but if it means tights I am definitely against it. I wore tights once in a play, and though I had a non-sitting part the experience was sufficient. They said afterwards that my acting was too stiff and unnatural to be convincing, but I defy anybody to show emotion who has been robbed altogether of the power to flex the knees. And as for dancing—no, tights are emphatically off. The situation is serious, but it is not yet so serious as that.

14th. I am going as a Spanish Dancer. The others don't know about this yet, but it's settled. Nothing shall move me. I got hold of the pattern-book on the quiet this morning and the very first thing I saw was this perfectly ravishing costume. I don't want to seem conceited, but if ever there was a fancy-dress calculated to show off my face and figure to the best advantage it is this. Loose black trousers (giving plenty of room to flex the knees), a nice white silk shirt, a broad black hat and—crowning glory—a cherry-coloured cummerbund! What do you think of that? Simple, neat, inexpensive, striking—the answer to a fancy-dress-goer's prayer. I am looking forward to Saturday.

15th. I told Mary and Elizabeth about my decision and they merely said, "Won't it be funny when there's a tango and everybody expects you to get up and dance it frightfully well? It ought to be the success of the evening."

You know, I hadn't thought of that.

* * * * * * *

If by any chance you are going to the Fergusons' affair yourself please don't hesitate to come to me for sympathy. I also shall be among the Pierrots. H. F. E.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXVII.—In a Shady Green Arbour.

In a shady green arbour I sat with Miss Barber
Recounting the tale of my life;
I reviewed my connections, pursuits, predilections,
And offered to make her my wife.
But she told me she would not, she feared that she could not,
She felt that she should not, she said,
Be able to stand being spliced to the hand
Of a man who was weak in the head.

"You've a dolichocephalic skull,"
She said as I gazed in her eyes;
"You have ears of the shape of an anthropoid ape,
And your nose is the criminal size.
Alas! the whole structure denotes
An intellect formless and null.
Don't take it amiss, but the fact, dear, is this—
You've a dolichocephalic skull."

I've a dolichocephalic skull,
And that is what makes me so dull.
Ah! bitter despair!
The curse that I bear
Is one I can never annul.
I'm fated to wander through life
A drifting and derelict hull.
I haven't a chance; I am doomed in advance—
I've a dolichocephalic skull.

In eloquent fashion I spoke of my passion;
But, ah! she was cold as the dead.
In vain did I bid her reflect and consider.
"My words, dear, are final," she said.
I argued and pleaded; my tears were unheeded.
"No more, dear, is needed," said she.
"A facial angle that's been through a mangle
Is utterly useless to me.

"You've a flattened occipital arch,"
She murmured and gazed on the floor;
"Your lateral norma's recessive in form, as
I fancy I told you before.
It wouldn't surprise me to learn
That your blood was deficient in starch.
Don't think me a scold, but you ought to be told.
You've a flattened occipital arch."

I've a flattened occipital arch,
And that's why I'm green as a larch;
My heart is a prey
To grief and dismay,
Emotions that torture and parch.
Oh, wander wherever I will
I can't get away from the curse.
My spheno-maxillary angle's a pill
And my spheno-ethmoidal is worse.

I've a dolichocephalic skull,
And that is what makes me so dull.
No wonder I'm slow;
No wonder I'm low;
No wonder I'm easy to gull!
I'm fated to wander through life
A drifting and derelict hull.
I haven't a chance; I'm doomed in advance!
I've a dolichocephalic skull!

P. B.

W-R-O-N-G.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have nearly wrecked my home. On the advice of "E. V. L." I tried your three-word spelling game on my wife.

"Will you back yourself," I said, "to spell correctly in the space of half-a-minute three ordinary English words of five letters each?"

"Of course," she said.

"How much?" I asked.

"Sixpence," she said.

"That's wrong," I said. "This game's played for five bob."

"Well, I'm only betting sixpence," she said.

"All right," said I, somewhat disappointed with this turn in the game. "Now we'll start."

"'Siege,'" said I.

"S E I G E," she spelled.

"Wrong," said I.

"W R O N G," said she.

"Look here," said I, "I didn't ask you to spell 'wrong.' I said you'd spelt 'siege' wrong."

"You should have said 'wrongly,'" said she: "grammar's more important than spelling."

"Very well," said I, "you spelt 'siege' wrongly."

"No, I didn't," said she, "I before E except after C—S I E G E."

"That's not what you said at first," said I; "but it doesn't matter—the game's spoilt."

"In that case you owe me sixpence," said she.

Yours, EXILE.



"SORRY, DADDY, BUT WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. THE GIDDY FLAPPER IS OUT OF DATE."

Misleading Cases.



Rex v. Haddock.

THIS extraordinary case was an appeal to the High Court by case stated from the decision of a magistrate convicting Mr. Albert Haddock of an offence under the Betting Act, 1853, by selling a sweepstake ticket to a policeman in the House of Commons.

Mr. Haddock, while waiting in the Central Hall for an interview with his Member of Parliament, approached a constable and offered to sell him a sweepstake ticket. The constable purchased the ticket and charged Mr. Haddock. The defence was that the New Palace of Westminster was a Royal Palace and therefore the Betting Act did not apply. Mr. Haddock appeared in person.

During the second day of the appellant's argument upon the point of law the Lord Chief Justice intervened. He said: "Mr. Haddock, I do not follow you when you say that the Act does not apply in the Palace of Westminster because it cannot be enforced there."

Mr. Haddock. My Lord, the Act contains elaborate provisions for the suppression of gaming-houses. If it is suspected that practices amounting to the keeping of a gaming-house are in progress a magistrate may issue to a constable a warrant to search the premises. But evidently no magistrate would grant a warrant to search the Palace of Westminster, because it is a Royal Palace. In other words the Act does not apply there and therefore I cannot be convicted of an offence against the Act committed there.

The Lord Chief Justice. Because some parts of a statute are not in practice applicable to certain premises, Mr. Haddock, it by no means follows that none of it is applicable. Take, for example, the Licensing Acts——

Mr. Haddock. Yes, my Lord?

The Lord Chief Justice. Some parts of them would be clearly inapplicable to the Houses of Parliament, the provision, for example, that the Justices may order licensed premises to be closed in case of riot, and the provision that the name of the licensee shall be painted or fixed in a conspicuous place on his premises; but no one would suggest, I think, that upon that account no licence was necessary for the sale of intoxicating liquor on the premises——

Mr. Haddock. Yes, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. I beg your pardon?

Mr. Haddock. With great respect, my Lord, that is suggested.

The Lord Chief Justice. By whom?

Mr. Haddock. By the Members.

The Lord Chief Justice. What do you say to that fantastic accusation, Mr. Attorney?

The Attorney-General. It is correct, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Do you mean that liquor is sold by the Members without a licence?

The Attorney-General. Yes, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Not even an Excise Licence?

The Attorney-General. No licence at all, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Upon what excuse?

The Attorney-General. The Palace of Westminster is a Royal Palace.

The Lord Chief Justice. I am sorry now that I mentioned the Licensing Laws. Do you say, Mr. Attorney, that the Members may sell each other sweepstake tickets within the precincts of Parliament without the interference of the law?

The Attorney-General. If they are so disposed, yes, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Because it is a Royal Palace?

The Attorney-General. Yes, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Do you mean by that that His Majesty has a power to suspend the laws in a Royal Palace?

The Attorney-General. No, my Lord. By the custom of the realm and the courtesy due to His Majesty's person, the Court will not inquire into what is done in a Royal Palace.

The Lord Chief Justice. But they *are* inquiring. They are inquiring into what was done by Mr. Haddock.

The Attorney-General. My Lord, he is not a Member.

The Lord Chief Justice. What difference does that make? He was there upon lawful business, by permission of the Members, to consult his Member upon political affairs. What was your business there, Mr. Haddock?

Mr. Haddock. To urge the reform of the Licensing Laws, the Divorce, Gaming, Income-Tax, Motoring and——

The Lord Chief Justice. Never mind. He was there; and the privileges of a Royal Palace, whatever they are, must be thought to cover every person who is lawfully in it; they are the privileges of a place, not of any particular person. If the Members may sell sweepstake tickets there I see no reason why Mr. Haddock should not do so. But I cannot see why either of them should have this liberty to break the law. Is not all this talk of Royal Palaces the fruit of confused and inaccurate thought?

Mr. Haddock. Yes, my Lord. In the monumental work of Sir ERSKINE MAY upon the "Law and Custom of Parliament," the words "Royal Palace" do not anywhere occur.

The Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Haddock, you were not asked to speak. Suppose, Mr. Attorney, that His Majesty, his Family, or even the members of their households chose to sell each other sweepstake tickets in a Royal Palace which was also a Royal residence, in Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, no Court in the kingdom would lift a finger to prevent the sale. But if any person sold sweepstake tickets at Hampton Court he could and would at once be proceeded against, for that is a Royal Palace but not a Royal residence. You are familiar, no doubt, Mr. Attorney, with the case of *The Attorney-General v. Dakin* ((1869) L.R. 4 H.L. 338)?

The Attorney-General. Yes, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. That case shows clearly that the immunities of a Royal Palace are directed to and limited by the personal convenience of the Royal Family; and the test in every case must be—"Is there (*a*) Royal residence, and (*b*) Royal control?" If (*a*) Royal residence were not required His Majesty could cause the law to be suspended in any building which he chose to call a Royal Palace, which would be an unconstitutional extension of the prerogative. And if (*b*) Royal control were not required other persons might claim in the King's name immunition which he did not desire and could not enjoy. At Hampton Court there is Royal control but not Royal residence. At the Palace of Westminster, while Parliament is sitting, there is neither Royal residence nor Royal control. Who is responsible for public order in the precincts of the House of Commons while the House is sitting?

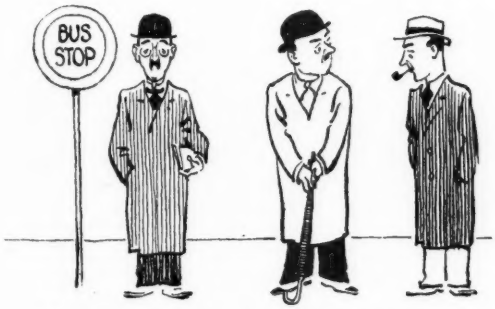
The Attorney-General. The Serjeant-at-Arms.

The Lord Chief Justice. And is he the servant of His Majesty?

The Attorney-General. No, my Lord, he is the servant of the House.

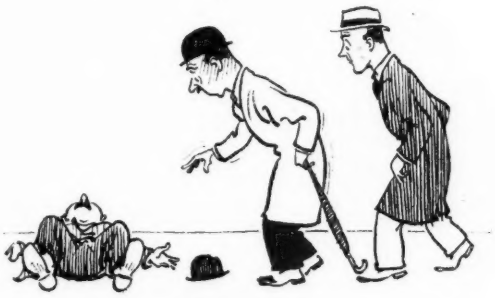
The Lord Chief Justice. Suppose, then, what is not likely, that His Majesty desires to buy a sweepstake ticket from Mr. Haddock; suppose that, through the Lord Great Chamberlain, he invites Mr. Haddock to the Palace of Westminster in order to

INTERLUDE; OR, THE RULING PASSION.

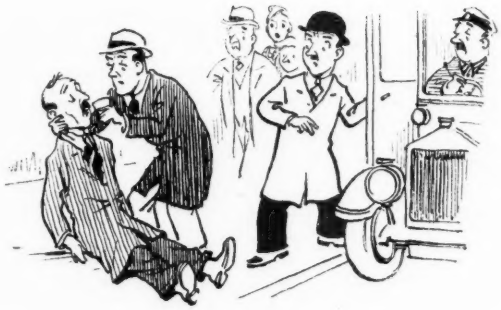




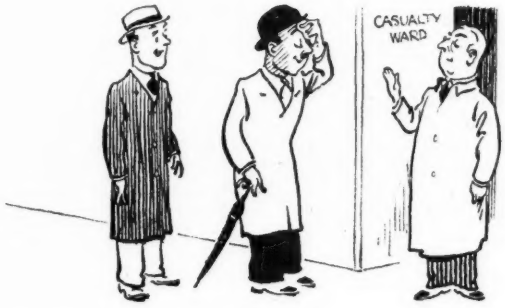
"THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY DRIVING LATELY. WHEN I SWING—













AS I WAS SAYING WHEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED——"



Gillie. "SHE 'S SMELT THE WHUSKY. WE MAUN GET RID OF IT A'."

effect the purchase; the Lord Great Chamberlain makes an appointment to meet Mr. Haddock in the Lobby of House of Commons; the House is sitting; the Serjeant-at-Arms refuses to admit Mr. Haddock or permit the sale; the Lord Great Chamberlain insists that His Majesty has a right to invite his own friends to this Royal Palace and, if he will, to buy sweepstake tickets from them there. Who in such a case, Mr. Attorney, would prevail?

The Attorney-General. The Serjeant-at-Arms, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Suppose, again, that His Majesty desired the Members to organise a sweepstake in the House of Commons and the Members refused. Are there any constitutional means by which His Majesty could make his displeasure effective?

The Attorney-General. No, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Suppose the King desired the Serjeant-at-Arms to sell cocktails in the Chamber, could His Majesty enforce his will?

The Attorney-General. Not while the House was sitting, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Then while the House is sitting His Majesty has no control over the sale of sweepstake tickets or intoxicating liquors in the House of Commons?

The Attorney-General. No, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. And if such things are sold it can be of no personal benefit to His Majesty, for he is not there?

The Attorney-General. No, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Do you still say, then, that such things may be sold with impunity by the Members because they are in a Royal Palace?

The Attorney-General. My Lord——

The Lord Chief Justice. And if such a claim were made would it not amount to an improper use of His Majesty's name, a justification of illicit private trading by an appeal to privileges which are personal to the King? Further, might it not suggest that His Majesty was condoning or causing irregularities over which in fact he has no control, and which, so far as is known, he does not desire?

The Attorney-General. That might be said, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Attorney-General, I take a grave view of this matter. It appears to me that the appeal should be dismissed. But I am reluctant to do anything which might bear harshly on the good Mr. Haddock. The strange defence which he has pleaded did not proceed from any wicked imagination of his own but was put into his mind by the Members of Parliament, who ought above all the subjects to be careful what they do and say. If I dismiss his appeal his punishment will stand, and I am not content that he should be punished as long as the Members go free. I understand from certain remarks of the Attorney-General that he makes some distinction between the sale of sweepstake tickets and intoxicating liquor to Members of Parliament and a sale to ordinary citizens. No such distinction can be recognized by the Courts. If a thing is forbidden to be sold it must not be sold to anyone. A Member of Parliament has no more right than a mem-

ber of the public to violate a statute whether at Westminster or anywhere else.

We shall therefore formally reserve our judgment upon this appeal and until we announce our decision Mr. Haddock is not to be required to pay any costs or be molested in any way.

A. P. H.

Roughover Golf Club's Christmas Card.

The following is an extract from the "Sporting Notes" of "The Roughover Weekly Chronicle," dated the 10th November, 1933.

THE House Committee of the Roughover Golf Club met in the Club House on the evening of the 8th November for the purpose of selecting a suitable Christmas Card for 1933. General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., took the Chair, and the following were also present: Admiral Charles Sneyring Stymie, C.B., Mr. Lionel Nutmeg, late Malayan Civil Service, and the Secretary (Mr. Patrick Whelk).

General Forcursue in his opening remarks drew the Committee's attention to the fact that the Club's Christmas Card for last year had been a poor enough affair, with no stuffing in it. "Merry Xmas, Roughover Golf Club, 1932" was no doubt economical to print, but it lacked any real warmth of greeting, and it was up to them as a Committee to produce something more in keeping with the characteristic hospitality of the Club's members. Before, however, declaring his own ideas on the subject he would first of all ask his fellow-committee-men to state theirs.

Mr. Nutmeg thereupon said that he thought the card should be left in its present form, but with a line or two from SHAKESPEARE added. In the tropics he had always carried a copy of the famous poet's works in his kit, and many years ago had marked—

"Nor look upon the iron angerly."
King John, Act IV., Sc. 1,

as being singularly apposite for such an occasion.

Admiral Stymie then stated that, although he had never been given to sentiment, he was prepared to agree with Mr. Nutmeg that a Christmas Card should contain a short piece of poetry—something with a festive flavour, but that for a golf club SHAKESPEARE was too highbrow. Although he had no example to offer, he felt sure that there must be some members of the club who had a ready pen. In passing he would like to call attention to the fact that "Noël" would almost rhyme with "hole."

No further suggestions forthcoming, the General addressed the meeting, and, while thanking Mr. Nutmeg and Admiral Stymie for their valuable contributions, said he felt that they had both overlooked one of a Christmas Card's main essentials—a bit of holly.

He suggested, therefore, that the Secretary should get in touch with one of the lady-members of the Club and invite her to make an attractive water-colour sketch, suitable for reproduction, of Colonel Bogey standing on the 1st green surrounded by deep snow and accompanied underneath by the words: "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen."

Admiral Stymie agreed to this provided a robin was placed on the flag-pin and a piece of holly in the old warrior's buttonhole.

Mr. Nutmeg said he too would concur if a twig of mistletoe were inserted in Bogey's hat.

After a somewhat heated discussion the Chairman agreed that Admiral Stymie's amendments were quite sound but that Mr. Nutmeg's suggestion was hardly in keeping with the Colonel's accepted character. "A hard relentless man, even with the womenfolk," he said.

The Chairman's motion was then put to the meeting and carried, Mr. Nutmeg declining to vote.



Tramp. "IF I WAS A DAWG OR A CAT YOU 'D TAKE ME ON YER LAP AN' FUSS ME FOR HOURS."



"I WANT A PERFUME THUITABLE TO AN ECTHOTIC BLONDE WITH INNOTHENT GREEN EYTHE AND A LITHP."

Stung.

(*The sting of the bee is a cure for rheumatism.*)

THE bee is undoubtedly able,
As maybe you 've gathered before;
Her honey sits well on the table,
Her industry 's almost a bore;
She serves as a text for the preacher
And serious persons who sing,
But her chief and most prominent feature,
Some hold, is her sting.

An insect it 's easy to rattle.
If she 's for the moment upset
She 'll dig in her weapon, and that 'll
Be something you 'll never forget;
The noise of her myriad hummings
Make even the hardiest flee,
So painful, and so unbecoming 's
The sting of the bee.

And thus, though her merits are ample,
Exceeding e'en those of the ant,
And though she exudes an example
Which few of us follow, I grant,
Too oft she is blamed, she is chidden,
Nor is she the further endeared
By occasional swarmings, unbidden,
In somebody's beard.

But now, with a kindlier feeling,
We know her henceforth as a friend
Who comes to us rich in the healing
That pours from her business end;
Her venom, we learn, when injected
In persons with rheumatoid aches
Will work on the part that 's affected
And cure in two shakes.

Imprudent no doubt, and erratic
It may be, she squanders her boon
On those who, not being rheumatic,
Will flatten her out with a spoon;
Nay, e'en when deserving of praises
And thanks for the good that she 's done,
There are patients who 'll curse her to blazes
While landing her one.

Yet pause not, O bee, in your labours,
Nor shrink from your efforts to heal;
Come down on my friends and my neighbours,
And zip them all up till they squeal;
The treatment, though drastic, may bring them,
Or may not, refreshment and ease,
But, leaving me out, you can sting them
As much as you please. DUM-DUM.



A MORE OR LESS LOVING CUP.

JOHN BULL. "ALLOW ME TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS SMALL BUT APPROPRIATE TOKEN OF MY—ER—ER——"

UNCLE SAM. "I KNOW—YOUR UNDYING OBLIGATION. SHAKE!"



EXCITING SCENE AT THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY—THE CUCKOO LOSES ITS VOICE.

The Fish That Bit.

JUST as the sun slipped below a distant Himalayan spur, George had hooked a fish. So much I had noted at the time. Thereafter the sudden swirl of a golden giant (for this was snow-fed mahseer water) had held my attention to the pool above until summoned by a puzzled shout.

George was obviously in trouble. His spinning-rod was giving of its best; the line ran taut as a wire into a backwater, inky black in the gathering shadows and perilously poised at the head of a foaming cascade.

"Hooked Asia?" I inquired politely.

"Don't be a fool," retorted George. "Put your hand on the line."

I did, and felt a sharp convulsive jerking. At that moment the reel screamed and I snatched my fingers from the flying line. Full fifty yards the fish ran, then stopped as suddenly as he had started. To follow him down was impossible, for hard below us towered a sheer rock face. It was clearly a case of pull devil, pull baker. For five straining minutes there was stalemate, then the fish slowly began to give.

Upstream he came, literally inch by inch. "As if he were walking along the bottom," George growled. Fifteen lingering minutes passed before the unknown had been manœuvred into a belt of slack water at our feet. That was his limit. George (who is an interpreter of parts) addressed him in a variety of tongues, while I gave point to his more pertinent phrases with rocks. There was no response.

It was now dark and the hill village behind us was twinkling into light.

"I'll fetch some villagers and the lamp," I said. Not *a* lamp be it noted. There was no other procurable for at least fifty miles.

When I returned with a mob of villagers at my heels the fish lay motionless save for an occasional spasmodic heave. An eager Kachin, grasping a stout bamboo, slipped into the water. A yell, a flurry and out he came much quicker than he had gone in. There was another bite. The fish had bitten him.

The situation had become serious. It was pitch dark, the night hummed with ravenous mosquitos, and in the depths at our feet lurked a huge and apparently carnivorous fish. We held a hurried council of war. Then a chain of men armed with fish-spears entered the water. With them, dangling precariously from a pole, went our precious lantern. By its fitful light we saw the leaders duck below the water, A tense moment passed, then came a burst of wild shouting, spluttering and the hiss of hot metal as the lantern disappeared in a welter of floundering bodies.

"Damn!" I ejaculated.

"They 've got him," said George.

They had, and bore him in triumph to the bank. Eighty-five pounds he weighed—a turtle foul-hooked in the neck!

* * * * *

Over guttering candles we reconstructed the events of the evening.

"The jerking?" I asked.

"Pushing his silly neck in and out," growled George; "it 's about a yard long."

"And that magnificent rush?"

"What do you expect to happen when a soup-plate is tipped sideways in a ten-knot current," retorted George.

"Soup?" I said thoughtfully.

George's melancholy eyes brightened. "Let 's boil the brute," he said.

I nodded.

"Perhaps he 's the wrong sort?" George added doubtfully.

* * * * *

He was.

A Sporting Event.

"Each bridgesmaid, with a golf leaf scarf, walked by herself in the procession."
Evening Paper.

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Tuesday, November 7th.*—Parliament meets after adjournment for Autumn Recess.**
Lords: Second Reading of Road and Rail Traffic Bill.



LOWERING THE WHITE FLAG.

MR. RUNCIMAN ENDS THE TARIFF TRUCE.

Commons: Debate on Disarmament, led by the Foreign Minister.

***Wednesday, November 8th.*—Lords: Debate on Disarmament.**
Commons: First Reading of Unemployment Insurance Bill.
Third Reading of Expiring Laws Continuance (No. 2) Bill.
Second Reading of Dummy Firearms Bill.
Second Reading of Local Government Bill.

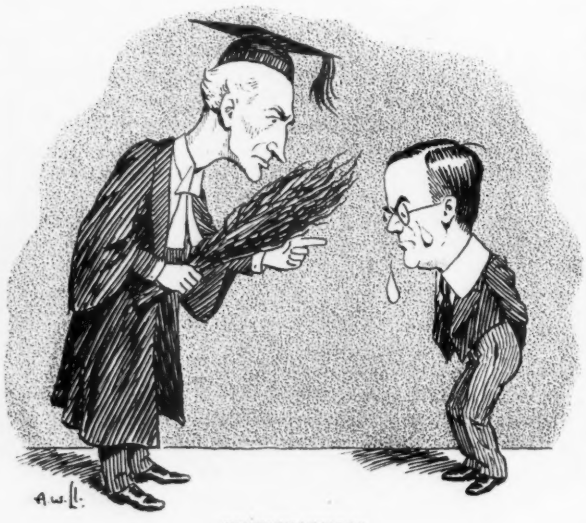
So this is the Mother of Parliaments. And this high hall is actually the House of Commons. It is very hard to believe that nearly all these mild, solemn ladies and gentlemen down below the Press Gallery have fought a hard and ruthless battle and shouted themselves hoarse on countless platforms in order to be sitting peacefully together in this way.

The present Parliament building was completed about 1850, and at that date solidity was considered everything in *décor*. Solidity meant timber; the more important the function of a structure the more forests they cut down and replanted inside it. The House of Commons, as a very important structure, was therefore made incredibly wooden, and so as to leave no doubt about it they screwed ten enormous wooden stalactites to the roof.

The lighting, too, is very curious. Always artificial, it percolates through a slab of glass in the ceiling, on which is painted a floral pattern, as if (with great respect) it were a vast bathroom-window.

If environment counts for anything at all, the decoration of the House of Commons must have played a vital part in moulding the pattern of British oratory, and may indeed be partly responsible for that solid lasting quality by which it has been known. There is no telling what surgical effects on political eloquence a reform might have which brought with it a modern Chamber conceived in whiteness and chromium and black glass. . . .

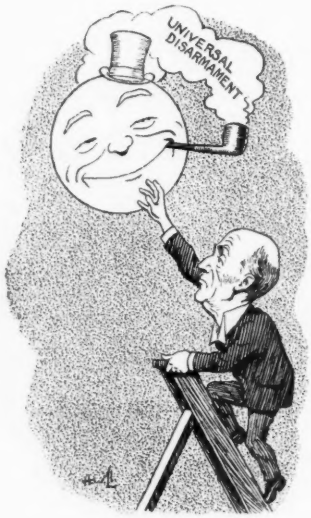
Tuesday, November 7th. In the Commons a large crop of Questions preceded the Disarmament debate, and elicited from Government Bench a variety of information: unemployment stood on October 23rd at 2,298,753, as against 2,811,615 two years ago; the Government of United States has been informed that we are prepared, on December 15, to make a further token payment of War Debt, pending negotiations, and this offer has been accepted; Great Britain has given notice of its withdrawal from Tariff Truce as from December 7, Truce being no longer considered of practical value. To Captain ARTHUR HOPE'S pretty inquiry as to the price of raspberries in Kilmarnock last week there was, however, no reply.



RETRIBUTION.

SIR JOHN SIMON AND SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

In a crowded and attentive House Sir JOHN SIMON began his review of the international situation by an assurance that Germany's abrupt departure from Geneva was beyond doubt result of mature deliberation. Looking back, he reminded House how last March Disarmament Conference had been galvanised into fresh life by production of British Draft Convention, a document which had merit of sketching out a complete settlement and also of suggesting actual numerical limits for weapons. Both Germany and France had accepted it in principle, while Mr. HENDERSON had continually used it in his work; yet Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, in recent speech to his constituents, had seen strangely fit to describe it as "something to make the gods laugh"!



TRYING FOR THE MOON.

LORD PONSONBY.

When Conference met again in October conversations between the Powers and Mr. HENDERSON had cleared a path of which it was thought that Germany might approve. Disarmament would have progressed by stages under system of *general* international supervision, and although there would have been a period in which some Powers would have retained heavy armaments, complete equality would steadily have been approached. Unfortunately Germany had chosen to wreck this great chance.

As LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION (which he is to remain in spite of Mr. HENDERSON'S reappearance in House), Mr. LANSBURY made a long verbal pilgrimage demanding debate in which his colleagues might tell the House about their Hastings resolutions. For the Samuelites Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR approved the Government's policy on the whole.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN wished to remind the House that this is not the first time Germany has broken up a conference, and urged that she should be treated with real firmness. He was followed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who, taking opposite line, that since the Armistice Germany's patience had been worn down by indecision of Allies, described in harrowing detail to what depths of impotence Germany had been reduced, and how impossible it was for her to re-arm, as people suggested, in a hurry.

Mr. AMERY was for a return to balance of power in which we should cease to worry ourselves and others about armaments. After an attack by Mr. CHURCHILL on Mr. LANSBURY and on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in which he scoffed at idea of a helpless Germany and urged importance of the League, Mr. ATTLEE put the extreme international point of view for the Opposition, and the Debate was wound up ably by Mr. EDEN.

Wednesday, November 8th.—In the Lords the main debate was on Disarmament, and Lord PONSONBY opened fire for the Opposition with a strong criticism of Sir JOHN SIMON'S exposition of the Government's case. It was certainly true, he said, that Germany had an incorrigible habit of doing the wrong thing at the wrong moment; but most of Sir JOHN'S speech lay regrettably in the past, and for the future it gave him the uncomfortable impression that the problem would still be approached by the same methods which had led to the breakdown.

Lord READING backed Sir JOHN SIMON. Lord CECIL was afraid Government lacked concrete disarmament policy. Lord ARNOLD cast aside good manners and made personal attack on Sir JOHN'S qualifications for his job.

In reply Lord HAILSHAM protested against recent endeavours of Labour Party to disseminate idea that National Government was anxious neither for peace nor for disarmament. Lord PONSONBY'S suggestion was useless and impracticable. Germany had reiterated her desire for peace, and it was hoped that discussions now taking place between Government and the other Powers would repair mischief which had been done.

In the Commons the news that the Government had taken up the Protection of Birds Bill was received with enthusiasm.

When the House went into Committee to discuss the annual Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, Labour Members fell foul of the provision enabling the HOME SECRETARY to give employers permission to put two-shift system into operation (although it must surely be an admirable cold-weather measure), but their Amendment was defeated.

The Local Government Bill (already passed by the Lords) was also read a second time. Sir HILTON YOUNG described it as a tidying-up measure to consolidate the law of Local Government in England and Wales. The course of the debate showed that it was approved of on all sides of the House.



"GIVEN UP HUNTING? WHY?"

"LOST MY NERVE. I DIDN'T MIND NOT EATING BREAKFAST ON HUNTING-DAYS, BUT WHEN I COULDN'T EAT DINNER THE NIGHT BEFORE IT WAS TIME TO GIVE IT UP."

At the Play.

HENRY VIII. AT SADLER'S WELLS.

LAST week I was complaining that the *Henry VIII.* of Messrs. WIMPERIS and ALEXANDER KORDA, in the Leicester Square film, was in his private life too common a ruler for my taste. Since then I have seen at Sadler's Wells the *Henry VIII.* of Messrs. SHAKESPEARE and TYRONE GUTHRIE, played also by CHARLES LAUGHTON, and now have in consequence the impression of a greater personality, a finer mind, a fuller man. Never in the history of the stage can an actor have had such a chance to present simultaneously the two sides of the case; although that HENRY had a private life—by which of course an amorous life is meant—was, oddly enough, not unsuspected by SHAKESPEARE too, who indeed provides, in the masquerade scene, an opportunity for a royal kiss on the lips of *Anne Bullen* as ardent and back-breaking as any that Hollywood can put up.

Having seen Mr. LAUGHTON in most of his parts since his gifts were first discerned by, I fancy, the shrewd eye of Miss MARIE TEMPEST, I can say that in *Henry VIII.* there is no moment where his every power is taxed; but also that there is no moment where he is off his guard. It is an interesting and compelling performance, lacking only one ingredient: the sense of the overwhelming and frightening authority, the immense kingliness, that HENRY must have possessed and exercised.

The evening, however, was not the selfish, the arrogant, the overriding monarch's; it was the *Queen's*. Miss FLORA ROBSON as *Katharine* shone like a good deed in a naughty world and set every heart in the audience beating in her defence. To have cast this most appealing, most sensitive, actress for the part was a stroke of inspiration, and in the long succession of her predecessors I can conceive of no one whose mere contiguity to *Henry* and *Wolsey* in the trial scene could, by merely contrasting such radiant pitifulness with their implacability, have been so moving.

With still lively memories of IRVING's dominant prelate dwarfing everyone on the stage, I was perhaps demanding too much of the new *Wolsey*, but even without them I think I should have found Mr. FARQUHARSON a shade too meek. He seemed to me to be just not forceful enough, to plead where he should command, with the effect of discrediting his farewell address. Had all that greatness been so remarkable? Was his fall so like to Lucifer's? There was indeed more of the confident ecclesiastic in the *Cardinal Campeius* of Mr. MARIUS GORING, who, although little more than a boy, brought across the footlights uncomfortable hints of the absolutism of Rome while looking curiously like an old friend of Mr. Punch, the late Canon AINGER.

Other performances that should be specially mentioned are Miss ATHENE SEYLER's as one of the gossiping dames so dear to SHAKESPEARE's heart, with a face glowing with mischief; Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN as the doomed eloquent *Buckingham* (whose wig I could have wished less juvenile); Mr. ROGER LIVESEY as the stately and urbane *Lord*



THE SUB-MAGICIAN.
Tilly Whim . . MISS MARION LORNE.

Chamberlain, and Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM as *Griffith*, the sympathetic gentleman-in-waiting to *Queen Katharine*. Miss URSULA JEANS as *Anne Bullen* has very little to do but does it charmingly.

I notice that the Leicester Square Theatre is advertising the Private Life film by displaying a reproduction of the much-debated Castle Howard portrait of HENRY VIII. (the riddle of the Spinks). The Sadler's Wells management might follow suit with a production of the reputed HOLBEIN in the Brighton Corporation Gallery, a beautiful symphony in browns and peacock-blue which I personally prefer to the latest discovery. The smallness of the King's mouth and his narrow eyebrows and lack of eyelashes—in short, apart from his beard, the startling baldness of his face—are again emphasised. Mr. LAUGHTON's visage has no such lustre.

E. V. L.

"AFTERWARDS" (WHITEHALL).

Mr. WALTER HACKETT, in this further instalment of his magnum opus, Variations upon the Theme of a Personality—the engaging personality, to wit, of Miss MARION LORNE—introduces us to *The Great La Salle* (MR. RONALD SQUIRE) and his assistants, *Tilly Whim* (Miss LORNE) and *Bill Ambrose* (Mr. GORDON HARKER) behind the curtain at the Hyperion Theatre, an inconsiderable suburban music-hall. On the reactions of the Amalgamated Society of Magicians to Mr. HACKETT's perfidy in exposing the meaner malpractices of the Craft I dare not dwell; but the fact that there is here more rag than revelation is perhaps a mitigation of the offence.

Mr. HACKETT has provided three excellent turns for his three principals. Our illusionist is no very effective or resourceful man. He has the appropriate vanity of his tribe and something of its official impudence, but has rather the air of kicking himself into the necessary mood of arrogant assurance. The "act" indeed is going none too well. Bankruptcy looms ahead. And Mr. SQUIRE does suggest these inadequacies, embarrassments and anxieties with great skill, as also the over-careful air of refinement and pseudo-scientific authority of the great illusionist when in front of the curtain. When later the intricacies of the plot bring him to *Sir John St. Leon's* Sussex house I am not sure that Mr. SQUIRE did not allow himself to be seduced from the path of artistic integrity by surroundings more in keeping with his customary parts. That knowing connoisseur's air of nourishing the *ballon*, for instance! And other little touches of assurance and *savoir vivre*.

Clearly *Bill Ambrose*, with his rich Cockney accent and idiom and entirely uninhibited candours behind the curtain contrasting with his magnificent airs of refinement when on duty was a part cut to fit Mr. GORDON HARKER. Mr. HACKETT is happy in the detail of his humour, and Mr. HARKER enriches the flavour in the transmission of it. And who ever tires of watching Miss LORNE's embarrassed diffidences, artless ardours, and the quiet triumph of her ingenuous heroines cutting out their chosen men under the guns of a fresh flapper or experienced vampire?

This theatrical preamble then was all as satisfactory as possible, with

help from a hustling harassed stage-manager; *Carrie One, Two* and *Three*; a dancing trio; *The Three Romeos*; and *Bonzo*, the step-dancing pianist, a truly dreadful turn brilliantly executed by Mr. CLIFF MARTELL.

But there was awfully solemn stuff to come—a faked séance that turned real; murder and other infamy; a distraught young widow; a sinister doctor (Mr. HENRY DANIELL—not at his ease, and I don't blame him); a villainous (and bone-headed) estate-agent or secretary; a faithless wife. And Mr. HACKETT, attempting what so far as my experience goes is the always impossible task of weaving a tragic pattern on a *continuous* background of farce and foolery, seemed to me clearly to make shipwreck of his venture. I am bound (and glad) to admit this is a view not shared by all. And I can assure those who do share it that there is so much really good fun—good nonsense and good comedy—in this piebald business that they may be well advised to pocket their prejudices in favour of coherent design and enjoy the laughs if they cannot quite manage the shudders. T.



Lane Franklyn (*Mr. RICHARD GRAY*) SEEKS THE SERVICES OF *La Salle* (*Mr. RONALD SQUIRE*) FOR A LITTLE JOB OF MAGIC—STRICTLY PRIVATE, STRICTLY SPOOF.

"GAY DIVORCE" (PALACE).

Not since *Funny Face* have we had a chance to welcome the magic feet and engaging personality of Mr. FRED ASTAIRE, for whom this frivolous comedy, written by Mr. DWIGHT TAYLOR and garnished with some excellent lyrics and tunes by Mr. COLE PORTER, forms a more than adequate framework.

We are bound to mourn a little over the absence of his incomparable sister, for their partnership was one of the brightest points in the lighter corner of the theatrical firmament; but at the same time we must give Miss CLAIRE LUCE a deservedly large measure of praise. She lacks that mercurial quality which was Miss ADÈLE ASTAIRE'S personal copyright, but she shares other charms with her own; she can sing, and she is completely at home in all the ingenious intricacies of Mr. ASTAIRE'S steps.

He himself is at the top of his form. There is an inspired puckishness about his dancing which pleases one very much, and behind it there lies a technique of almost mechanical perfection. Such smooth acceleration, such sweet braking have surely rarely been matched. One moment he is spinning like a top, the next he amazes us by a slow-motion fall which must take an extraordinary degree of control. Miss LUCE and he together surmount tables and chairs so easily in their stride that I wish some kind-hearted dramatist would give them as a setting a furniture showroom in order that we might see them make a dance-floor of dressers and wardrobes and tallboys in the mass.

Collusive divorce is our theme-song.



A PRO-PRO CO-RESPONDENT.

Guy Holden (*Mr. FRED ASTAIRE*) IS MISTAKEN BY *Mimi* (*Miss CLAIRE LUCE*) FOR THE PROFESSIONAL CO-RESPONDENT SHE HAD ENGAGED.

Guy Holden (Mr. ASTAIRE) writes glutinous and therefore best-selling novels, with his tongue in his cheek; but the supply of gluten having dried up owing to the uncalled-for telephonic silence of an acquaintance named *Mimi* (Miss CLAIRE LUCE), he is persuaded by *Teddy* (Mr. CLAUD ALLISTER), a solicitor friend, to accompany him for a change of air to a seaside hotel where he, *Teddy*, is superintending the divorce evidence of a lady-client, who turns out inevitably to be *Mimi*, mated unsuitably to an elderly geologist and anxious to unmate.

Teddy's incompetence as a solicitor is unrelieved, and it is small credit to his staff-work that *Guy* finds himself in *Mimi's* suite late at night, unconsciously repeating the passwords which have been arranged for the use of *Tonetti* (Mr. ERIK RHODES), the professional co-respondent who has been hired. *Mimi* mistakes him for this gentleman and is naturally furious; and with *Tonetti's* arrival the comic triangle is complete, which lasts till breakfast-time, is punctuated by good song and dance, and is only ended by the entry of *Mimi's* husband.

Who says that English hotels are dull? This one is enlivened by a waiter who had somehow avoided dismissal expressly to delight us with his philosophic abstractions about life and the universe. His part is played delightfully and with real imagination by Mr. ERIC BLORE.

In addition we are treated to Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY as *Mimi's* much-divorced friend and supporter. There is no one to touch her in the sustained delivery of her country's wisecracks, which she sends sizzling across the stage with devastating force. Here she is perfectly cast and given ample ammunition.

Mr. COLE PORTER has done very well indeed to keep his lyrics and music, admirably varied, to such a consistently high standard. His verses are slick, his tunes haunting, and he must be considered in the first flight of his fellows. The Chorus is one of the gayest and best-dressed I have seen for some time, and it is not overworked. For a thoroughly light evening I recommend this piece, which has already had a long run in New York. It is infinitely less improper than it might have been. ERIC.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

VII.

INTELLECTUAL.

THE precise meaning of this word varies with its context. Applied to persons whom one does not like it is a useful term of abuse. Do not openly *claim* to be intellectual. Arrange for your friends to make the claim for you. If the instructions in this book are carefully followed the claim may easily be established.

JOY.

Sentimental hysteria. Not to be confused with Fun (*q.v.*).

KINDNESS.

Do not believe in this. The true Modern realises that apparent kindness is really the quintessence of selfishness. This is very useful, as it enables one to do quite a lot of enjoyable things without being accused of sentimentality, and also enables one to accept favours with a feeling that one is doing a fellow-creature a good turn.



LAW AND ORDER.

This is a device of the people who have things to enable them to keep them. Oppose it vigorously. On the other hand, do not obstruct the police. After all, they are only doing their duty (*see* "DUTY"). An exception to this rule may be made when indulging in Fun (*see* "FUN").

LAWRENCE, D. H.

It is no longer permissible to discuss LAWRENCE except as an interesting historical relic or in one's first year at a university. Together with Birth Control and ALDOUS HUXLEY, LAWRENCE represents a perfect example of the type of subject to be avoided. All three suffer from the disadvantage of being the *dernier cri* of yesterday. The true Modern would no more discuss LAWRENCE than he would appear in Oxford trousers with thirty-inch bottoms.

If some unwary person *does* broach the subject, he may usually be repressed by the statement that one found *Lady Chatterley's Lover* so boring that one was unable to get beyond the twentieth page.

LOGIC.

The true Modern works entirely by logic. Do not seek to define logic or you will become entangled in philosophic arguments which are beside the point. The important point is that if you are modern you are logical and if you are logical you are modern.

Don't be misled into accepting other people's logic. It is almost certainly wrong. Have one of your own. They are quite cheap, and if you don't want to touch your capital get it through a building society.

Beware of people who use logic to dogmatise (*see* "DOGMA"). *Your* logic should be used simply to establish a thing as an indisputable fact. Someone almost certainly *will* dispute it, but then people are so illogical.

LOVE.

It is permissible to believe in love, but, like God, it must not be confused with the old-fashioned conception of the same name. The would-be Modern must realise that—

(1) The old-fashioned lovers are merely romancing round a perfectly normal animal desire.

(2) That no one ever really feels strongly about anything.

(3) That it is absurd to put the object of one's desire on "a pedestal."

(4) That love, like an American car, is not intended to last more than one season.

(5) That we have a great deal to learn from animals, who are, properly, unemotional and unromantic about the whole thing.

(6) That to feel or display anything more than a passing animal attraction militates against modern freedom and must ultimately lead to disaster.

(*Note.*—The above applies for conversational purposes. If our reader ever feels himself to have sinned against these canons he need not altogether despair. There is a convenient arrangement in the modern world whereby "LOVE" as an abstract subject is defined in the above cynical terms. But if our subject happens to fall in *love*—say with Celia—it is quite in order for him to exhibit symptoms of a most extravagant type. The general idea is that by falling in love he has made himself incompetent to discuss the matter or to consider it logically. Logical action and logical views are no longer to be expected of him and he stands excused.)

(*To be continued.*)

"The local football team was at Thwing on Saturday, and played the home side to a daw."—*Yorks Paper.*

So let's all Thwing like the birdies Thwing.

"Mrs. Taylor distributed the prizes to:—Gentlemen—1, Mr. Maskell; 2, Mr. C. Cheeseman and Mr. Bird (a tie)."—*Local Paper.*

Will they wear it on alternate days?

"The following prize was presented:—The William Jack Prize (£40) for the three years 1930, 1931, and 1932 to Gavin M. Hood, M.A., B.Sc., for the high merit of his thesis on 'Some Problems on the Osculating Conic at a Point on a Plane Curve.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Or, as the movies call it, Dynamic Love.



Wife. "IF I WERE DEAD WHAT SHOULD YOU DO?"
Husband. "OH, THE SAME AS YOU WOULD IF I WERE DEAD."
Wife. "AH! I ALWAYS SUSPECTED IT."

Tips for Incipient Bards.

To the tribe of intermittent rhymers—
As opposed to rhythmical whole-timers—
When their scrannel pipes grow harsh or croaky
I commend the bronchial troche or trochee.
Let them choose the lines of least resistance,
Humbly following at a proper distance,
Whether serious in their mood or hectic,
Masters of trochaic catalectic
Measures prefaced with the *anacrusis*
Whose essential and peculiar use is
Lending kick-off to an ode or ballad,
Like the onion lurking in a salad.
Anyhow, if wrong, at least they 're erring
In the best of company, preferring
To discard the overworked iambus—
Jolting like a solid-tyred West Ham bus—
For the tripping motion of the trochee,
Gay and bright and altogether O. K.
BROWNING, once by Philistines rejected,
Now by Bloomsbury's *élite* neglected,
Far too "hearty" to achieve concinnity
With the gospel of the new Latrinity—
BROWNING never was serener, sweeter
Than when wielding the trochaic metre.
VIRGIL's stately hexametric measure
Gave Lord TENNYSON peculiar pleasure;
But his Ode, that marvellous mosaic,
Marches ever with a gait trochaic.
SWINBURNE, certes, did not dote upon it,
For the pterodactyl in his bonnet
In his frequent moments of expansion
Threatened to monopolise his scansion;
But at times, amid the storm and surging
Of his verse, the trochees keep emerging.
Lastly HEINE, scorning, like CATULLUS,
Dulcet strains designed to soothe or lull us,
From the midmost fount of joy distilling
Bitter drops, the cup of anguish filling—
In his *Atta Troll*, satiric, tragic,
Steeped in savage mockery and magic
All throughout this mad extravaganza
Never quitted the trochaic stanza.
LONGFELLOW remains in this connection
Worthy of a temperate affection,
And, though bright young people call him "rotten,"
Must not altogether be forgotten;
But I hail a mightier metric master
As a model for the poetaster,
And salute thee, noble *Humpty-Dumpty*,
Sign and symbol of the tumti-tumti,
Whose decline and fall for ever mingle
Joy and sorrow in the nursery jingle. C. L. G.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

VII.

October 7th. Long and agitating day, of which the close finds me on board ss. *Statendam*, but cannot yet feel wholly certain how this result has been achieved owing to confusion of mind consequent on packing, unpacking—for purpose of retrieving clothes-brush and cheque-book, accidentally put in twenty-four hours too early—consulting numbers of Lists and Notes, and conveying self and luggage—six pieces all told, which I think moderate—to boat-train at Waterloo.

Caroline Concannon has handsomely offered to go with me to Southampton, and I have accepted, and Felicity Fairmead puts in unexpected and gratifying appearance at Waterloo. I say, Isn't she astonished to find me travelling first-class? and she replies, No, not in the least; which surprises me a good deal, but decide that it is a compliment in its way.

Caroline C. and I have carriage to ourselves, but label on window announces that H. Press is to occupy corner-seat, window side, facing engine. We decide that H. P. is evidently fussy, probably very old, and—says Caroline with an air of authority—most likely an invalid. The least we can do, she says, is to put all hand-luggage up on the rack and leave one side of carriage entirely free so that he can put his feet up. Felicity says, Suppose he is lifted in on a wheel-chair? But this we disregard as being mere conjecture. All, however, is wasted, as H. Press fails to materialise and train, to unbounded concern of us all three, goes off without him.

Robert and William meet us at Southampton, having motored from Devonshire and Wiltshire respectively, and take us on board tender, where we all sit in a draught on very hard seats. Robert shows me letters he has brought me from home—one from Our Vicar's Wife, full of good wishes very kindly expressed, and will I, if absolutely convenient, send photograph of Falls of Niagara, so helpful in talking to school-children about Wonders of Nature—the rest mostly bills. I tell Robert madly that I shall pay them all from America—which I know very well that I shan't—and we exchange comments, generally unfavourable, about fellow-passengers. Tender gets off at last—draught more pervasive than ever. Small steamers rise up at intervals and Caroline says excitedly: There she is! to each of them. Enormous ship with four funnels comes into view and *I* say, There she is! but am, as usual, wrong, and *Statendam* only reached hours later, when we are all over-awed by her size, except Robert.

On board Robert takes charge of everything—just as well, as I am completely dazed—conducts us to Cabin 89, miraculously produces my luggage, tells me to have dinner and unpack the moment the tender goes off (this advice surely strikes rather sinister note?) and shows me where dining-saloon is, just as though he'd been there every day for years.



"PACKING AND UNPACKING."

He then returns me to cabin, where William is quietly telling Caroline the story of his life, rings for steward and commands him to bring a bottle of champagne, and my health is drunk.

Am touched and impressed, and wonder wildly if it would be of any use to beg Robert to change all his plans and come with me to America after all. Unable to put this to the test, as bell rings loudly and dramatically, tender is said to be just off, and farewells become imminent. Robert, William and Caroline are urged by various officials to Mind their Heads, Please, and Step This Way. I exchange frantic farewells with all three, feel certain that I shall never see any of them again, and am left in floods of tears in what seems for the moment to be utter solitude, but afterwards turns out to be a large crowd of complete strangers, stewards in white jackets and colossal palms in pots.

Can see nothing for it but to follow Robert's advice and go to dining-saloon, which I do, and find myself seated next to large and elderly American lady who works her way steadily through eight-course dinner and tells me that she is on a very strict diet. She also says that her cabin is a perfectly terrible one, and she knew the moment she set foot on the ship that she was going to dislike everything on board. She is, she says, like that. She always knows within the first two minutes whether she is going to like or dislike her surroundings. Am I, she inquires, the same? Should like to reply that it never takes me more than one minute to know exactly what I feel, not only about my surroundings but about those with whom I have to share them. However, she waits for no answer, so this *mot*, as so many others, remains unuttered.

Friend of Mrs. Tressider, whom I have forgotten all about, comes up halfway through dinner, introduces herself as Ella Wheelwright—Chickhyde evidently a mistake—and seems nice. She introduces married sister and husband, from Chicago, and tells me that literary American, who says he has met me in London, is also on board. Would I like to sit at their table for meals? I am, however, to be perfectly honest about this. Am perfectly honest and say Yes, I should, but wonder vaguely what would happen if perfect honesty had compelled me to say No.

Elderly American lady seems faintly hurt at prospect of my desertion, and says resentfully how nice it is for me to have found friends, and would I like to come and look at her cabin? Question of perfect honesty not having here been raised, I do so, and can see nothing wrong with it whatever. Just as I am leaving it—which I do as soon as civility permits—see that name on door is H. Press. Must remember to send Felicity and Caroline postcards about this.

October 9th. Interior of my own cabin becomes extremely familiar owing to rough weather and consequent collapse. Feel that I shall probably not live to see America, let alone England again.

October 11th. Emerge gradually from very, very painful state of affairs. New remedy for sea-sickness provided by Rose may or may not be responsible for my still being alive, but that is definitely the utmost that can be said for it.

Remain flat on my back, and wish that I could either read or go to sleep, but both equally impossible. Try to recall poetry, by way of passing the time, and find myself involved in melancholy quotations: *Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier times* alternating with *A few more years shall roll.* Look at snapshots of Robert and the children, but this also a failure, as I begin to cry and wonder why I ever left them. Have died and been buried at sea several times before evening, and —alternatively—have heard of fatal accident to Robin, dangerous illness of Vicky, and suicide of Robert, all owing to my desertion. Endless day closes in profound gloom and renewed nausea.

October 12*th.* Situation improved; I get up and sit on deck, eat raw apples for lunch, and begin to feel that I may after all live to see America. Devote a good deal of thought, and still more admiration, to Christopher Columbus, who doubtless performed similar transit to mine under infinitely more trying conditions.

Ella Wheelwright comes and speaks to me—she looks blooming in almond-green dress with cape, very smart—and is compassionate. We talk about Mrs. Tressider—a sweet thing, says Ella W., and I immediately acquiesce, though description not in the least applicable to my way of thinking—and agree that The Boy does not look strong. (Perceive that this is apparently the only comment that ever occurs to anybody in connection with The Boy, and wonder if he is destined to go through life with this negative reputation and no other.)

Just as I think it must be teatime discover that all ship-clocks differ from my watch, and am informed by deck-steward that The Time Goes Back an Hour every night. Pretend that I knew this all along and had merely forgotten it, but am in reality astonished, and wish that Robert was here to explain.

Day crawls by slowly but not too unpleasantly and is enlivened by literary American, met once before in London, who tells me all about English authors in New York and gives me to understand that, if popular, they get invited to cocktail-parties two or three times daily, and, if unpopular, are obliged to leave the country.

October 14*th.* America achieved. The Statue of Liberty, admirably lit up, greets me at about seven o'clock this evening; entrance to harbour is incredibly beautiful and skyscrapers prove to be just as impressive as their reputation and much more decorative.

Just as I am admiring everything from top-deck two unknown young women suddenly materialise (risen from the ocean, like Venus?), also young man with camera, and I am



"A LARGE AND ELDERLY AMERICAN LADY."

approached and asked if I will at once give my views on The United States, the American Woman, and Modern American Novels. Young man says that he wishes to take my photograph, which makes me feel like a film-star—



"ALSO YOUNG MAN WITH CAMERA."

appearance, unfortunately, does nothing to support this illusion—and this is duly accomplished, whilst I stand in *dégagé* attitude halfway down companion-ladder, on which I have never before set foot throughout the voyage.

Exchange farewells with fellow-passengers—literary American, now known to me as Arthur, is kindness itself, and invites me on behalf of his family to come and visit them in Chicago and see World Fair; Ella Wheelwright also kind, and gives me her card, but obviously much preoccupied with question of Customs—as well she may be, as she informs me that she has declared two hundred dollars' worth of purchases made in Europe and has another five hundred dollars' worth undeclared.

American publisher has come to meet me and is on the Dock. I am delighted to see him and we sit on a bench for about two hours surrounded by luggage, none of which seems to be mine. Eventually, however, it appears —which slightly surprises me—publisher supports me through Customs inspection and finally escorts me personally to Essex House, where I am rung up five times before an hour has elapsed with hospitable greetings and invitations. (Nothing from Ella Wheelwright, and cannot help wondering if she has perhaps been arrested!)

Am much impressed by all of it, including marvellous view from bedroom on sixteenth storey, but still unable to contemplate photographs of children with complete calm. E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

A London telephone-exchange is being rebuilt. Business, we understand, will be transacted as usual during altercations.

★ ★ ★

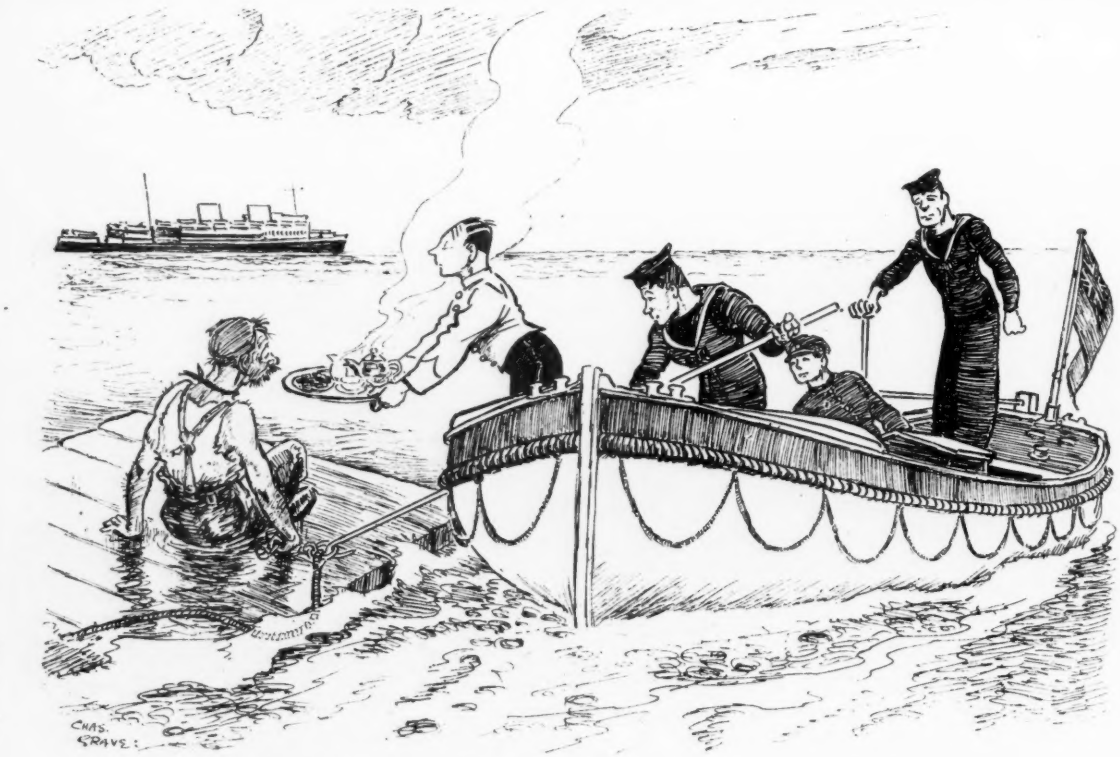
In Germany all writers and artists are to be under Nazi control, and every thinker will be required to spend a certain amount of time in a brown study.

★ ★ ★

It is proposed that two referees should officiate at Soccer matches. The new idea should certainly halve the risks referees take, for they can run in opposite directions.

★ ★ ★

A woman in America sued for divorce because her husband repeated Grace in his sleep. Her name, it appears, is Mabel.



"STRUTH, TEA AN' CHOCLIT BISCUITS! WOT 'S THE IDEA?"
"YOU ARE BEING RESCUED BY A LUXURY LINER, SIR, WITH THE CAPTAIN'S COMPLIMENTS."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Castaways All.

FOR raciness, spirit and splendour of narrative *The Bird of Dawning* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) strikes me—I say it advisedly—as the finest sea-yarn ever penned. Almost from cover to cover (the qualifying adverb to be explained later) heroic adventure, invested with the briniest tang of circumstance, keeps you both immersed and alert; and it is only on the last three pages—when Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, in his best *Odtaa* manner, packs up his puppets and puts them ignominously to bed—that the spell, for one reader at least, is ungratefully and inartistically broken. To have wrecked a China clipper during the great Victorian tea-race for home; to have filled an open boat with eighteen survivors and diminished (by arrears of greed and trickery) their slender chances of escape; to have avoided every common artifice—from the desert island upwards—and made the long mortal combat with the elements realistically horrible and beautiful, is to have produced a prose epic of the first accomplishment. The range and vividness of personality in the starboard boat of the *Blackgauntlet* would, I feel, have crowded a far greater canvas—they could hardly have animated a more dramatic one.

More L. G.

The combativeness and volcanic energy that made Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the greatest war-time Prime Minister since WILLIAM PITT have not abated in force with advancing years. Neither living persons nor the memory of the dead are spared in these bitter *War Memories of David Lloyd George* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, Vol. II., 21/-), in which he mercilessly attacks all who differed from him as to the conduct of the War. Of all the brilliant pen-portraits scattered over these pages there is hardly one that is free from some depreciatory remark that destroys the otherwise pleasing effect of the portrait. Historians will doubtless make the necessary corrections in L. G.'s exciting narrative of the events in 1916 that led up to Mr. ASQUITH'S resignation and his own assumption of the Premiership. In the light of the international situation to-day the memoranda from the pens of Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON and Mr. BALFOUR on a possible peace settlement have a tragic interest. Surely Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in re-reading them, might have been warned as to the dangers to his own personal reputation that would come from being wise after the event.

The Man of the Diary.

The fussy, snobbish, musical, plucky, efficient little spoon-licker who almost alone stood between the English Navy and total dissolution at the time when the Dutch fleet rode triumphant in the Medway, comes to life again in the pages of Mr. ARTHUR BRYANT'S study, *Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6). Personally, though granting the genius that gave us an everlastingly intimate picture of the days of the plague and the fire, I find the diarist mainly a rather unpleasant person, but as Mr. BRYANT has definitely surrendered to his charms it appears that two opinions are

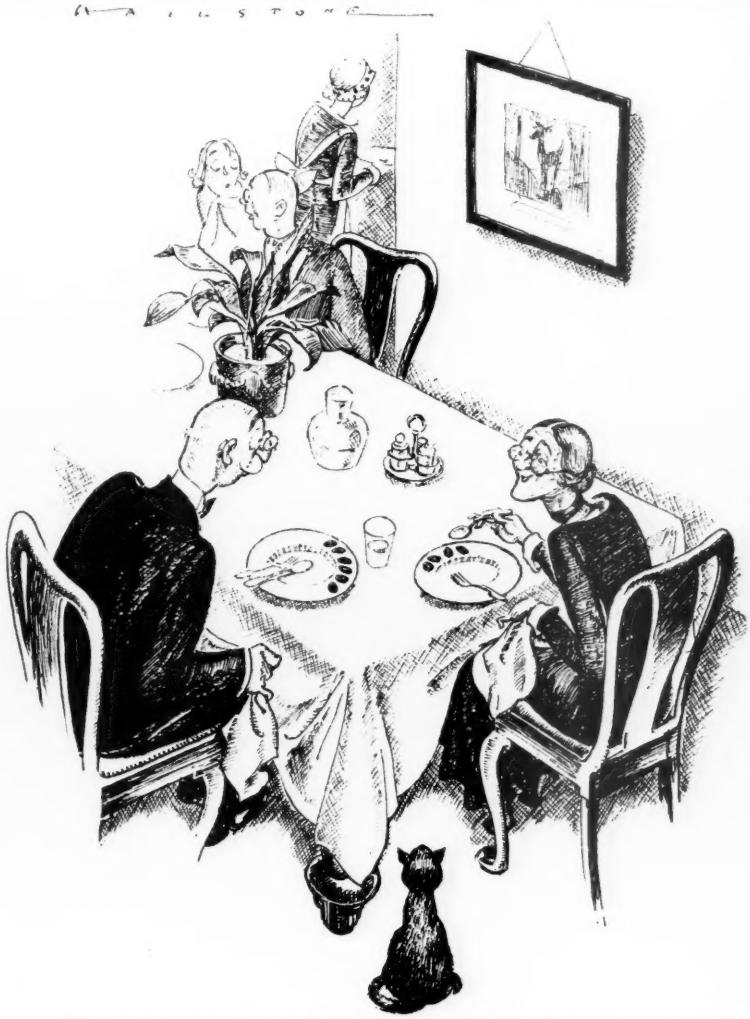
possible. At any rate here is *Samuel*, portrayed beyond any possibility of mistake, emerging from his humble beginnings, dancing attendance on his powerful kinsman, squeezing himself into a pleasant appointment, kissing his maid-servants, buying his first "chariot," bullying and being bullied by his wife, finally emerging to be very consciously a person of importance and, since he was only just corrupt enough to grow wealthy at the public expense, a paragon of official rectitude. My quarrel with Mr. BRYANT is that in reaction from an earlier prudish concealment of the Pepysian gallantries he both stresses and exonerates them unduly.

A Voice from the Bush.

From ERIC PARTRIDGE, LIMITED,
The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon
Arrives to be remarked and read
By all men who this side of Jordan
Love horses and a horseman's art
Of rhyme, with poetry to flavour it,
And who can say you off by heart
The whole of "How we beat the Favourite."

Here's GORDON then, the boy who heard
FITZHARDINGE's horn the Cotswolds waking;
The Bushman, who "like any bird"
Sat bold Red Lancer's timber-taking;
The bard of whom Australia cried
The praises (praises fill no purses)—
GORDON, who lived and rode and died
And left behind some gallant verses.

Miss HUMPHRIS writes this "Life" of him
(No likelier lad than he in his age),
Long-legged, she shows him, lean of limb,
In chestnut curls with eager visage;
And still, though pedantry may strive
To prove him singer worth no button,
His verses live and will survive
When bigger stuff is dead as mutton.



"I KNOW IT'S ABSURD OF ME, COLONEL, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I TAKE ONE OF YOUR PRUNE STONES?"

Upstairs and Downstairs.

It is a pity, I feel, that Lady WILSON, who has shown elsewhere that she can face the intrinsic causes of the decay of English landlordism, should have opened her otherwise delightful collection of short stories with a thoroughly sentimental rendering of *snobisme*. "Things Temporal" depicts a professional painter so far overcome by the feudal atmosphere as to discover something glamorous about the illegitimate ducal descent of a gamekeeper—a fatuous situation, and (I hasten to add) the only fatuous situation, in *Relight the Lamp* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). There is so sensitive a chivalry about Lady WILSON's handling of half-a-dozen under-dogs—the luckless ex-secretary of "First Novel," the betrayed German governess of "Whips and Scorpions," the refined young farmer's wife in "High Places of the Land"—that this initial lapse is the less understandable. How enjoyably she can handle the passing of the idle rich you discover in "Crossing the Border," and how cheerfully indicate the inevitable rise of their supplanters in "Spelt with a Why." Irony, tenderness and a graceful style have signally adorned this particular story, but belong in a greater or less degree to eleven-twelfths of the book.

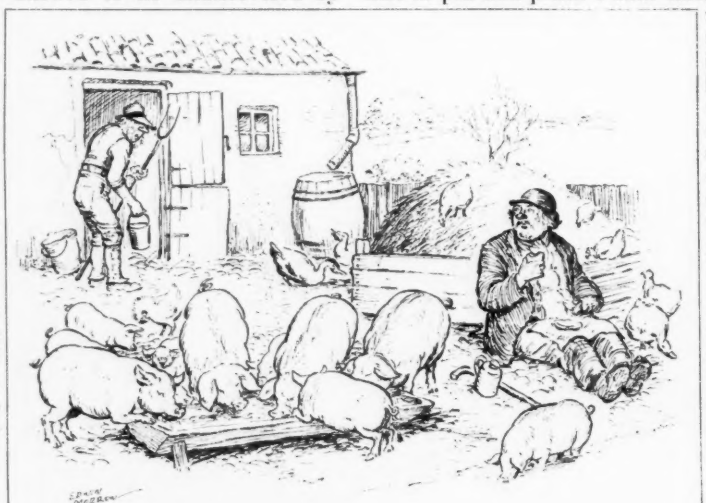
To Horse!

The animal stories of Miss MOYRA CHARLTON (who is now fifteen) have already found their way to a large public. The latest and best, *Three White Stockings* (PUTNAM, 5/-), shows a rapidly-maturing style of delightful simplicity and considerable descriptive power. Her theme is the life-story of an old hunter, as recounted by him to a respectful colt. His adventures with his young mistress in the hunting-field, the show-ring and in point-to-points give Miss CHARLTON full scope for her peculiar knowledge of the horse's mind; and the book is the richer for seven charming illustrations by Mr. GILBERT HOLIDAY. Equally remarkable in its own way is *Horsemanship as it is To-day* (DENT, 7/6), which Miss SARAH BOWES-LYON has written at the age of twelve. This is not fiction, but a thoroughly practical handbook to the riding, showing and valeting of the horse, beginning with elementary information which too many

instructors take for granted. Its authoress contributes her own diagrams, admirably clear, and also some full-page drawings which indicate distinct promise. Many will regret that so knowledgable a work should give a false impression of affectation by being printed in childish handwriting, but Messrs. DENT have produced it very well. Every young equestrian must have both these books for Christmas.

Trespassers Prosecuted.

The author of *Farewell to Poaching* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 7/6) is, so the script on the wrapper informs us, a writer already well established who wishes on this occasion to be called "WILLIAM CUMMING." Frankly, I do not see the need for such coyness, as the book is neither bad nor libellous. It gives a good description of village life and thought on the Welsh border, written amusingly round a murder mystery. There is little of poaching to be learned from it—even from *Silas Probert*, who finds the body of an unknown man in the woods while running from the keepers. The corpse is allowed to lie undiscovered by authority for so long that I cannot help thinking the guardians of the coverts to be inefficient in their patrol work. There is a pretty love idyll of two amateur detectives who trace the murderer, some good character-studies and scenic descriptions. I was a little surprised, though, to find the heroine (who is apparently slight and the possessor of small gloved hands) stunning her uncle with a stone "as big as a fair-sized melon"—a muscular fairy!



"WHAT YOU DOIN' THERE?"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I JUST CAN'T BEAR TO EAT ALONE."

Poetic Misery.

Everybody who has written, or thought of writing, poetry should read *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* (WERNER LAURIE, 7/6), a simple and moving tale, which is divided into three sections, writing a poem, seeking a publisher and committing suicide. The author is UPTON SINCLAIR and this is one of his early works. It is written in the agonised diary form and can be taken up and put down at any point. *Arthur Stirling* cannot understand why nobody wants his poem, "The Captive," after the toil and agony he goes through in writing it, and the shifts he is put to in finding and keeping mechanical jobs which will not monopolise his mind. He cannot understand why publishers are reluctant, and he despairs and brings himself to an end. There is great intensity in the writing and even those with least sympathy for poets who expect to live in comfort as the result of their poems will have to admit that here is powerful raving. "I often think," says *Arthur Stirling*, "how I shall spend my money after 'The Captive' is done. I shall take a band of chosen youths, seekers and worshippers, and we shall build a house on a mountain-top and worship the Lord in the beauty of Music!" Alas, editors and publishers are not excited, and even leave the MSS. about in drawers while the author paces the streets in ecstatic agony, wearing himself to lunacy. Refusals after eleven weeks of delay break his spirit. He makes his resolve to kill himself if the next publishers reject his poem. They do, and he does. In a postscript the UPTON SINCLAIR of to-day confesses to seeing the matter more from the point of view of the world.

Sweet and Twenty.

Mr. Punch would need a more than human self-restraint if he failed to welcome the issue of the twenty volumes edited by Sir JOHN HAMMERTON and published by the EDUCATIONAL BOOK COMPANY (price from £6 3*s.* upwards), representative of his multifarious activities since 1900. The statistics of this enterprise are impressive—5,000 illustrations and 800 literary sketches and verses, and the *format*, paper, printing and reproduction of pictures, whether in colour or black-and-white, leave little to be desired. Seeing that this anthology is post-Victorian in its scope and is avowedly aimed at showing Mr. Punch "at the height of his modern fun," comparisons are inevitably suggested with his earlier exploits, from the hungry 'forties to the naughty 'nineties. The editor accepts the challenge and maintains that in pen and pencil *Punch* emerges triumphantly from the ordeal. He has certainly spared no pains in collecting and sifting his material, and claims to have made his selection on the merits of each contribution without regard to the name of the contributor. That is a sound principle, and yet Mr. Punch wonders whether he deserves so much unqualified praise, such complete elimination of the *amari aliquid* of criticism as are to be found in the editorial prefaces prefixed to each of the twenty volumes.

Wonderland.

Should any doubts about the fertility of Mr. SAX ROHMER'S imagination still exist, they will, I am confident, be banished by *The Bride of Fu Manchu* (CASSELL, 7/6). Entrenched in a stronghold on the French Riviera, our old friend, *Fu Manchu*, was engaged in the unamiable task of inventing a plague to destroy mankind. *Dr. Petrie* was the only person who knew how to check the designs of this wholesale assassin, and he was promptly put out of action. *Sir Dennis Nayland Smith*, however, was on the spot, and what he lacked in knowledge he made up for in determination. A tremendous battle of wits followed, which may be fairly described as drawn; for, although the plague did not descend upon the world, its inventor lives to continue his assaults upon humanity. This is, to my mind, the most sensational of all Mr. ROHMER'S stories, and good *Fu Manchurians* will assuredly revel in it.

Mr. Punch extends a cordial welcome to *Indian File* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 3/6), a collection of Indian sketches by Mr. E. P. WHITE, many of which have already appeared in his pages; to *Everybody's Lamb* (BELL, 10/6), edited by Mr. A. C. WARD and enriched by some of Mr. ERNEST SHEPARD'S characteristically charming work; and to *The Pleasure's Yours* (METHUEN, 5/-), by H. F. ELLIS, an expanded version, with illustrations by G. S. SHERWOOD, of sketches from his columns.

Charivaria.

A WEEKLY paper mentions a Derbyshire M.P. who has made only one speech in two years in the House. Much the same applies to other M.P.'s except that they keep on making it.

***

It is suggested that the speed-limit for a motorist should be reduced for every offence he commits. At that rate several drivers would soon have to go in reverse.

***

An excursion train from Dorset is reported to have crashed into some old buffers at Waterloo Station. It was tactful of the Press not to give their names.

***

It is estimated that the number of hens in England and Wales is now twenty-seven million. And if they only knew it an egg a day keeps the poulterer away.

***

The London Fire Brigade had only three calls to the East-End the other week. Business must be looking up.

***

"Loose change in men's pockets soon spoils the shape of their suits," says a tailoring authority. This accounts for the smart appearance of the modern man.

***

During the performance of a play in Paris an actress fell off the stage into the stalls. She was evidently absolutely determined to "get across."

***

We are informed as a scientific fact that the man in charge of the weather station on Mont Blanc can never get the water hot enough to make himself a good cup of tea. It would be a kindness to take one up to him.

***

On reading of the forthcoming Insect Fancy-Dress Ball the thought occurs to us that there must be many dress-suits which might represent clothes-moths.

***

By passing a powerful electric current into the ground a scientist has succeeded in bringing worms to the surface. Difficulty is anticipated, however, in training birds to press the right button.

***

An Austrian claims to have the longest arms in the world. A useful fellow to have as a passenger in the car when the wind-screen wiper won't work.

***

Violets two inches wide were recently exhibited. If violets are not careful they will lose their reputation for modesty.

***

In some cases of love at first sight one can only conclude that the couples first met at a masked ball.

***

"I always call a spade a spade," says a writer. A good habit to get into, especially at whist-drives.

***

"Police Cannot Stop Betting," says a headline. We are grieved to hear they ever began.

***

"Love me little, love me long," as the dachshund observed.

***

A medical man says there is more in a fruit diet than meets the eye. But not much when it comes to an over-ripe grapefruit.

***

"Higher Spanish Import Duties," reads a headline. It seems a pity that they can't stick to their old Spanish customs.

***

"It is pitiful to see a fifteen-year-old girl with cigarette-stained fingers," says a writer. She should wait until she gets a little holder.

***

A critic declares that poets should not be forced to pay income-tax. Very few poets are.

***

Dr. HALLS DALLY says that the majority of the modern girls are sensible and level-headed and full of charm. This confirms the opinion already held by the modern girl.

***

"What is a Pilchard?" asks a headline. One theory is that it is a sardine with a college education.



"NOW THAT'S REALLY A JOLLY GOOD SNAP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, ONLY WINNIE'S HAT GOT IN THE WAY."

Heimweh.

Oh, to be in Deutschland
Now that Hitler 's there!
And whoever walks in Deutschland
Has around him everywhere
The photograph of the Nazi Chief
And his small moustache like a tiny leaf,
And the lock that hangs on his shining brow—
In Deutschland now.

And after Hitler, Goering follows
And the brown-shirt sings in heights and hollows.
See how the Patriot Party makes a hedge,
Shutting the world off, anxious to discover
The trembling Semite by the bent Spree's edge.
That 's the wise Boche; he says "Ja Ja" twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine Aryan rapture.
And still, though much remains for him to do,
All will be well when school-time wakes anew
The battle-songs, the little children's dower,
Spreading alarm through every neighbouring Power.

Evoe.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

VIII.

MANNERS.

Since manners are a convention based on a series of fallacies like kindness, humility and unselfishness and the reverence of women and old age, it is hardly necessary to say that the Modern can no longer believe in them.

On the other hand, it is rather important to show that although you do not believe in manners you *do* know about them. The difficulty is avoided if one realises that some of the *gestures* connected with manners were really quite delightful and lavender-scented in themselves, and may therefore be permissibly retained for their own sakes without making it necessary to subscribe to their basic idea. As an example, it is still quite in order to leap violently from one's chair and wreck a tea-table to open the door for a hefty female who is quite capable of opening it for herself. But showy (and fatiguing) gestures, like giving up one's seat in a tube-train to women carrying children, being both sentimental and liable to suggest that one connives at the production of children by the poor, should be avoided.

MONEY.

See "Economics." The main thing to remember about money is that there isn't any really. There is only Credit. This is useful when dealing with the Gas Company. Always be sorry for people who have money. It is a great burden. It is only fair to bear as much of this burden as possible.

MUSIC.

The general formula given under Art again applies. The very old or the very new may be liked, but any intermediate must be regarded with suspicion.

Useful points:—

1. Don't worry if you find you like Kreisler. He really is quite good.

2. Opera is best disposed of by saying that it must be heard at Milan or Bayreuth, and that in England it is a travesty.

3. Be very careful about Mendelssohn. At the moment one should dislike him violently, but there is a slight hardening in the market.

4. You are always safe with Bach and Mozart, but be careful about Handel, Haydn and Brahms. On the whole it is safer to like Brahms.

Of the Moderns, Elgar is a difficult subject and should be avoided. Bax and Walton are very sound bets. Delius slightly less so.

Take care with the Strausses. Richard Strauss did *not* write "The Blue Danube."

An inexplicable (and carefully incoherent) liking for Stravinsky or Bartok is not so safe as it was. One is on surer ground in describing Stravinsky as "a good joke when it was new."

Above all things, beware of identifying composers. Things with tubas in them are not necessarily Wagner. They may be—and usually are—Sousa, who is quite different.

PARLIAMENT.

Do not believe in this. The Modern should dissociate himself from the whole silly business and further the cause of democracy by refusing to register his vote.

POETRY.

The Modern must understand that poetry is an art which is throwing off the shackles of ages. After all, why *should* poetry

(*a*) Rhyme, (*b*) Scan, (*c*) Mean anything?

The best modern poetry avoids these old-fashioned imitations. Further, it seeks to break away from worn-out and sentimental themes. Thus, Mr. Ezra Pound's lyric, which runs—

"Spring .....
Too long .....
Gongula ....."

would be perfect if one only substituted the word "Carrot" for the hackneyed and emotional "Spring."

Essential conditions for a really modern attitude towards poetry are:—

(1) A capacity to refrain from asking silly questions about meaning.

(2) A realisation that the best modern poetry is geometrical and should not be read or recited but drawn on a piece of paper.

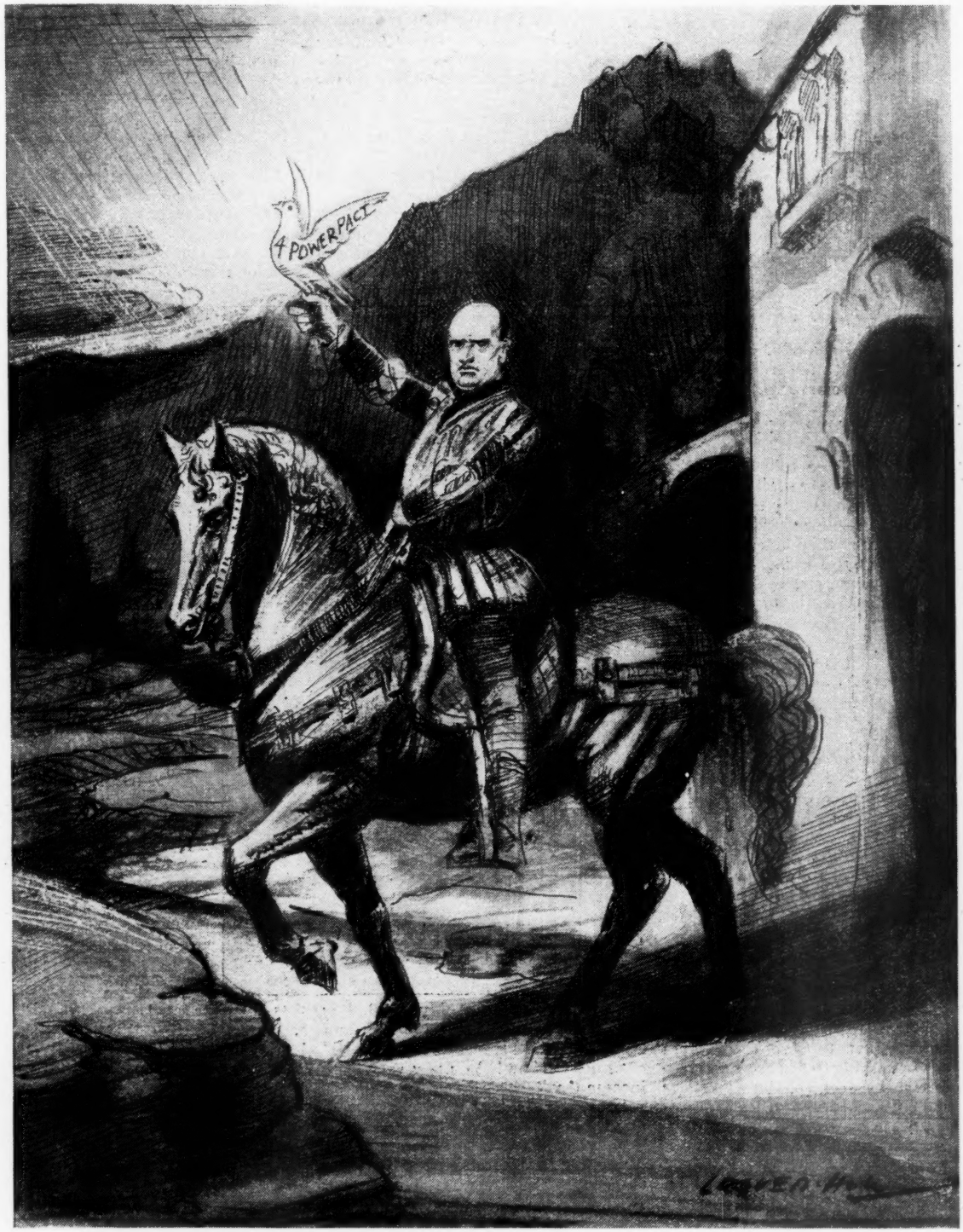
(3) Understanding that poetry is an expression of life, and in consequence should not be falsely beautiful but as dirty, mean, sordid and generally horrible as possible.

Warning.—Do not try to be too catholic. There are several schools of modern and pseudo-modern poetry, all of which feel rather strongly about one another. A catholic taste which enjoys Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Masefield, William Watson, Humbert Wolfe and Kipling may get you into a lot of trouble. For modernistic purposes it is safe to confine oneself to Mr. Pound and Mr. Eliot.

Mr. Joyce has also written poetry, but unfortunately it tends usually to rhyme and scan. But by virtue of Ulysses and Anna Livia Plurabelle, you may like him if you want to.

Of the people who wrote the older sort of poetry, you may like Shakespeare and the Elizabethans in a patronising sort of way. The market for Donne is still strong, but Pope, Dryden, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Byron are not admissible. The pre-Raphaelites, Browning and Tennyson are suitable for humour only. The only Victorian poet was Gerard Manley Hopkins. Make a point of remembering the name.

(To be continued.)



PAX ROMANA; OR, FLYING A DOVE.

MUSSOLINI. "THIS IS THE BIRD I DEPEND ON TO BRING EUROPE INTO HARMONY AGAIN."

A Slave of Duty.

THE man seated opposite me, my only fellow-passenger, was commonplace in the extreme. His age must have been something between thirty and forty. His hair was of an uncertain brown shade, his eyes of a neutral tint. His character and occupation were indeterminate. One simply could not place him. He was the embodiment of mediocrity.

Suddenly he addressed me. "That was Great Muckleton, wasn't it, where you got in? Pretty place, I should think."

"It is," said I genially.

"I've passed it hundreds of times, but I've never got out there."

"Indeed," said I with cordiality.

"I wish I could see it, but I don't suppose I ever shall. You see I always travel to Withrington—never anywhere else on this line. Sometimes I go to Pemmerley on the Southern, and return. Both Withrington and Pemmerley are 40·7 miles from London. When I am on a long journey I always travel 40·7 miles. In London I do only short journeys; I always travel three stations."

I began to wish myself somewhere else. Though I am a Modernist, I do not really enjoy the society of lunatics. Fortunately I have plenty of presence of mind. I proceeded to humour him.

"Ha!" I exclaimed. "You are evidently a creature of habit."

"Call it habit if you choose. Some would term it duty."

"Duty? You mean that you feel it your duty to visit Withrington and Pemmerley just to give the station officials something to do? You sacrifice your convenience and so these journeys become a duty? I follow."

To humour lunatics, I have always understood, one must use their kind of reasoning.

My companion's face assumed an expression of reproof.

"No, Sir. My duty is a higher thing than that. Do you know who I am?"

"Cæsar or Napoleon, they all say——"

"Tush! CÆSAR and NAPOLEON are nothing compared with me."

"Sorry, I didn't grasp——"

"But for me no general truths would be available. You could not even insure yourself, because no tables of probability could be compiled. But for me there would be no foreknowledge of the future."

"Then you are——"

"I am the Normal or Statistical Man."

He said this with immense pride and fervour.

He went on: "The average long journey out of London is 40·7 miles; the average short journey in London is three stations. I live in Tooting, in a small house, for which I pay a rent of £59·034 per annum. My gas-bill is £3·256 quarterly. I have a wife and 2·229 children. My income is £231·624."

"Lucky fellow! You pay very little income-tax."

"My dear sir, that would be a small matter in comparison with my work. To-day is the last day of the week, and it requires all my courage and strength to keep up the statistics. Excuse me, I have a calculation to make.",

For some moments he pencilled away in a pocket-book, then with a desperate movement he took his umbrella from the seat and flung it upon the rack.

"There," he exclaimed with a sigh, "that's done with for this week. You may not be aware that on this line 207·8 umbrellas are left behind in carriages every week. I shall just save the average."

I murmured congratulations.

"The real difficulty," he continued, "is that some statistics are calculated weekly, others monthly."

"Then," I replied, "you will have to exert yourself to-day, for this is not only Saturday but also the last day of the month."

At that moment we drew into the London terminus. My fellow-passenger stumbled out, bending over his note-book.

I myself was delayed at the gate by being compelled to prove to an incredulous ticket-collector that I was a *bonâ-fide* "Season," but when I reached the station entrance my new acquaintance was standing there, still computing.

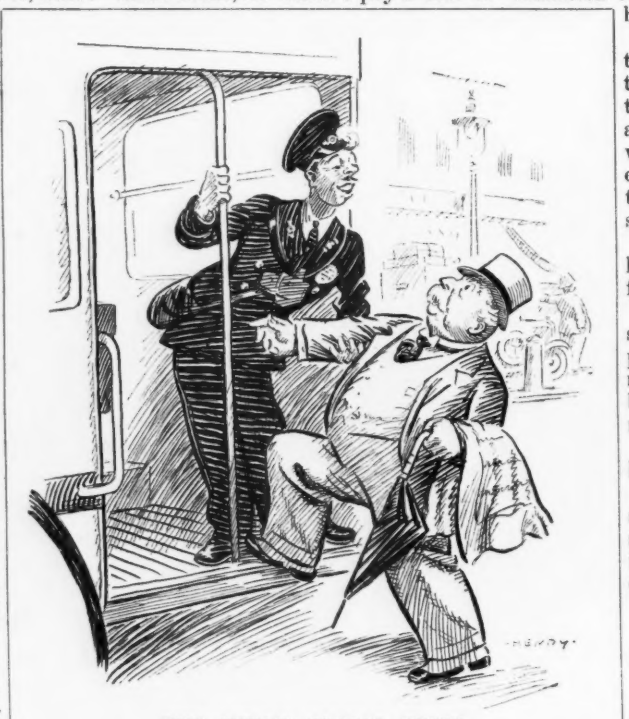
As I approached he threw his book from him, strode forward and seized my hand.

"I have just discovered," said he, "that only 37·2 persons have as yet been run over by motor-omnibuses this month. We still require 1·37. Good-bye!"

With these words he flung himself under a No. 24.

The experience quite upset me. The whole day I sat brooding, and wondering whether it was not my duty to make up the ·37.

E. P. W.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

"MOST DECIDEDLY WE DO, SIR! I SHALL REGARD IT AS A DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE TO WARN YOU OF OUR ARRIVAL AT TOOTING BEECHES, SIR!"

A Sweet Disorder in the Dress.

"Miss ——, gowned in black ring napkins and a pink and white cake with balloons, crackers and paper hats."
New Zealand Paper.

"The largest single block of flats in Europe is to be erected at Hammersmith. The block . . . will contain 360 bats and over 30 shops."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope the former will not be lodged in a belfry.

This Modesty.

"Gentleman—Modest, would spend fall and winter months in the country with English-speaking family; willing to take in exchange an 8-tube radio and gramophone combined, in first-class condition."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Things That Might Well Have Been Left Unsaid.

"Capt. ——, moving the re-election of Sir —— as president, said they could not think of any other to occupy their presidential chair."—*Welsh Paper.*



I SUGGEST THAT ITS OPISTHOCŒLOUS

IMPOSSIBLE. THERE ARE ELEVEN LETTERS, AND ITS GOT TO END WITH I.V.E.

The Fruits of Learning.

["Public School man for proposed cocktail bar in Canary Islands."—*Times.*]

AH, Spinks! how little did I know,
When on the selfsame training-ground
We two were wont to undergo
The sporting and scholastic round
And swore with great devotion by
A somewhat bilious-looking tie—

How little did I know that you
Were qualifying year by year
Your mind and body to pursue
This philanthropical career
Of bringing thirsty souls relief
With some well-mixed *apéritif!*

But now I see how truly must
The promise of an Angel's Kiss
Have slept beneath the drier dust
Of XENOPHON'S *Anabasis,*
And how the seeds of Swizzles grow
Unrecognised in CICERO.

Or am I wrong? And should this flair
For blending oddly scented drinks
Be traced to that sequestered lair
Where you and I compounded "stinks,"
Or where we brewed on Sunday nights
Illegal cocoa after "lights"?

I cannot tell. But proudly stirs
My heart and loyally leaps up
To think that those far islanders
Will savour, while the soothing cup
Their parching senses sweetly cools,
The spirit of our Public Schools.

At the Pictures.

ALL FRENCH.

THE naturalness and effectiveness of such children as I have seen on the films leads to the belief that acting for the camera must be easier to the very young amateur than to the ripe professional. Or is it that we are offered only the successes? Omitting for the moment the masterful influence of Baby LEROY upon CHEVALIER'S *Bedtime Story* as being the work of one possibly too immature to count, I can remember film after film made notable and almost real by small boys, from *The Kid* of long ago to the German story, *Hunted People*, only the other day. And now, in *La Maternelle* at the Academy, there is a whole host of children, girls as well as boys, every one, either from the most admirable drilling or through sheer artlessness, cutting its piece of ice. A mixture of both, I suspect. For, though the producer must have much to say, he is helped by the circumstance that the child-actor has nothing to unlearn.

All the same, I am not looking forward with any pleasure to the large crop of films with a strong juvenile interest that is likely, in an imitative world and an imitative industry, to be the sequel to certain present-day triumphs.



ANOTHER KING'S PUBLIC LIFE.

A PARTICIPANT IN THE CRÈCHE ENTERTAINMENT.

Let me say at once that *La Maternelle* is very well worth seeing, both for its story and for its all-round accomplished French acting. And it has novelty too,



CHAR CHIEF AND ASSISTANT.

Mme. Pauline . . . MADY BERRY.
Rose . . . . . MADELEINE RENAUD.

for one has not been led to expect from the film-makers of the fair land of France a drama so unsophisticated as this, the controlling motive of which is the solace that can come to a broken-hearted young widow from work in a crèche. Not the kind of plot that we ordinarily look to Paris to supply. But the French, when they mean it, can do most things well, and this *La Maternelle* is an adequate and beautiful thing, with a dozen more than capable infant phenomena, aided by the Comédie Française actress, MADY BERRY, to supply the fun, and the wistful little PAULETTE ELAMBERT to supply the pathos; and, at the head of them all, that most accomplished lady, Mlle. RENAUD, looking now like a figure in an Italian Renaissance painting and now like the famous mask of the girl drowned in the Seine.

I wish I could commend MAURICE CHEVALIER'S new picture, *The Way to Love*, at the Carlton, with the same earnestness; but that would be impossible, for it is poor stuff. Our one and only MAURICE is there with all his charm, his gay effrontery, his adorable broken English (but not quite so broken as it used to be), his straw hat, his singing voice; but there is nothing good enough for him to sing and too little for him to do, and that not believable. The directors of this first-class comedian are surely very unwise to provide him with inferior chances, and I found myself longing for the entrance of Baby LEROY.

In default of that magnificent performer, MAURICE has the histrionic assistance of a Sealyham, whose acting is hardly less intelligent than that of the French children in the other film. He is in league with magic too, for black spots painted on him in oils are obliterated by one douche from a pail.

To burlesque a first-night at Hollywood, with *Mickey Mouse* as the hero of the evening, was a good idea, but WALT DISNEY'S merry studio has not made the most of it. The stars are there right enough, but *Mickey* himself, after his first superb emergence from his car, is inferior, and offers a film within a film far below his true form. The stars, however, being at heart a simple folk untainted by jealousy of a cartoonist's puppet, roll off their seats in ecstasies of appreciation, and the GARBO concedes him a kiss; so all is well. But I was disappointed.

What, I have been wondering since, was the first *Mickey* picture like? Can anyone remember? Did this creation ever resemble a mouse? He certainly does so no longer. And did anyone at his début foresee for him such a whirlwind career? Perhaps one of the



THE PICTURE STEALER.

Dog. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D HAVE DONE WITHOUT *ME*. I THINK I'LL ASK FOR ANOTHER FIFTY BONES A YEAR."

Madeleine . . . ANN DVORAK.
François . . . MAURICE CHEVALIER.

cinema theatres where the past is sometimes revived will consider showing us the seed from which such a jungle of mirth has sprung. E. V. L.

This (Insect) World of Ours.

TROPICAL Africa is at its worst. The rains are now on and the entire insect world seems to be trying to come in out of the wet.

Life is a burden. Things drop in on you from the thatch roof, hop in on you from the verandah. Hairy things of fearsome appearance run night-long marathons about your floor, and faint shrillings from the cracks in the walls give the effect of distant police whistles that keep you awake.

Dinner in the Mess is an ordeal. One sits down to find that a couple of million white ants are giving a massed aerial display.

At the arrival of the soup they discard their wings and fall into it. The soup is removed. The fish course and the praying mantis arrive at the same time. The mantis stroll about the cloth for a bit, getting accustomed to the light, and then, entering into the spirit of the meal, proceed to pick up and munch the lesser insects with which the cloth is spread. Their table manners are crude but have a ghastly fascination.

We decide that it is the bright light that attracts them and have the lamps placed outside on the verandah. We proceed with a joyless meal in the half-dark. For a time.

Slowly the dreadful conviction dawns on us that not all the insects are attracted by the light. Then someone remarks that he feels rather off-colour to-night—not really hungry—and that he thinks he will give the meal a miss.

Curiously enough, he has voiced the feelings of all of us. We do not feel a bit like dinner, but a whisky-and-soda perhaps, and *in* the light, would be just the thing.

The mass attack begins at about six in the evening. You are snowed under by discarded wings, and around your head is a halo that bites and stings wherever you come to rest.

The ideal dress for evenings would be a sort of meat-safe of split-cane and mosquito-netting. We tried something of the sort for a time, but the presence of half-a-dozen bridal figures in dingy veiling that sat about in deep gloom complaining of the heat in hoarse masculine voices was a bit too much for any Mess to put up with.

However that didn't last long, three out of four draped figures that sat down to bridge going up in temporary flames through trying to smoke at the same time.

In desperation, Tantrum, the O.C., took to going to bed for dinner. Until the caper-sauce incident. His net would be tucked in all round and plates exchanged hurriedly by quick work between Tantrum and a waiting steward-boy with a deft bedside manner.

Tantrum was very pleased about it. He said the idea was a great success and was recommending it to Meagrim.

"You try it, old man," he said. "You can get a meal in absolute peace—it 's rather like a very private dining-room. And by the way," he went on, "that new mess-cook is doing us rather well, don't you think? That caper-sauce with the boiled mutton last night was excellent."

Thinking it over later, this struck Meagrim as odd. Caper-sauce, of all forgotten things!

He spoke to Rogers about it.

"Tantrum is talking some tish-posh about caper-sauce. Poor old Tantrum must have been out in the sun, or something."

Rogers took the matter up. He approached the mess-cook, who had never heard of the caper and denied the charge indignantly.

Yes, sauce had been served with the mutton. But plain white sauce such as all the other "baturai" had eaten. What was all this evil talk? And what were capers?

A small and apprehensive boy who carried the dishes was brought into it. His explanation cleared it up. He said the capers had flown in on the way from the kitchen. T. R. H.



Tactful Keeper (to unsuccessful shot). "AND YOU 'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, SIR, THAT OUR BIRDS KNOW THEIR JOB."

Puzzles Without Brains.

WHILE I was reading the fourth instalment of that wonderfully gripping serial, *The Blood-stained Hat-pin*, in *The Monthly Thriller*, at the station bookstall, I noticed a book on sale called *One Thousand Puzzles that Everyone Can Do*, and I was at once struck by the sublime magnificence of the idea.

So struck was I that I almost bought the book.

You have no doubt too often been faced with a puzzle that would tax the combined ingenuity of PYTHAGORAS and a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries. What hope have you? None at all.

How much time have you wasted in trying to work out how far A (a person obviously of the feeblest intellect) has walked while B has ridden from here to Y? and even then you are only guessing or feverishly flicking over the pages to find "Solutions on page 367." Come, come, confess that you have wasted hours and hours, probably even Golden Hours.

Look at those terrifying match-puzzles that used to be so popular. Usually something like this:—



Remove one match and make a picture of the Crystal Palace.

Can you do it? No; I thought not. Why waste time over it? Try my match puzzle:—



(1) Change the position of two matches and leave a square.
(2) Throw one away and make a triangle. (Careful now.)
(3) Remove two more and leave one only.

That's much better, don't you think? Hardly hurt at all, and look at the time you save!

Try this:—

Problem. A, B and C, a Chartered Accountant, a Venetian Blind Varnisher, and a Stockbroker's Aunt respectively, set out together from the town of Y to go to the town of Z, 65⅞ miles away. A walks, B rides a bicycle with a slow puncture in the rear-wheel, while C (who, you remember, was the Stockbroker's Aunt) proceeds on roller-skates. A reaches Z in one-third the time taken by B and C together because of the slow puncture and also because the Stockbroker's Aunt can't skate. Can you tell what time it is?

Answer. Not necessarily.

Good, isn't it?

The pioneers of this sort of thing were certainly ingenious advertisers who offered a Handsome Gold Watch as a prize in a "Jumbled Names" contest, more or less as follows:—

(1) S O R E — a girl's name.
(2) D F R E — a boy's name.
(3) L Y I L — a girl's name.
(4) K A J C — a boy's name.

Needless to say the number of lucky winners probably ran into thousands, the only snag being that in order to obtain the Handsome Gold Watch you had to buy a chain to go with it. This spoilt all the fun.

In case you had any difficulty with that one, here is the solution—don't let us waste each other's time: (1) ROSE, (2) FRED, (3) LILY, (4) JACK. Anyway, I am offering no watches, nor need you buy a chain if you don't want to.

A maze-puzzle used to be very popular. You started from A and, by incredibly difficult and devious paths, found your way to the Hidden Treasure (marked B on the diagram). Well, draw one like this and you will be astonished at the ease with which you solve it:—



Undoubtedly there is a future for the principle of puzzles that everyone can do. Who wants to waste time with, say, crosswords that only their authors can solve?

I have withheld the detailed solution of my match-puzzle, but in case you have any difficulty with it I shall be glad to send you the answer in a completely plain wrapper on receipt of a postal-order for ten shillings to cover postage (no cheques).

Strange Interview.

THE editor snarled. "Go," he said, "and find out why they make films like they do."

The editor's words are ungrammatical but law. I shivered and obeyed.

A week later I was in Hollywood. A day later I was in the entrance-hall of Mr. Snubgold's palace. His motto, "Simplicity is the Keynote of Great Art," was emblazoned in dazzling gold letters six feet high across the wall before me. Slim pillars of porphyry and alabaster soared to the fretted ceiling. Stained-glass windows featuring Mr. Snubgold's most famous stars were ranged along the walls. Gold cuspidors were chained to the floor.

I spoke to the field-marshal stationed at the door. I told him my errand. He bowed and led me along marble corridors lined with photographs of Mr. Snubgold and cigar—each time the same Mr. Snubgold but a different cigar. I ploughed knee-deep through pile carpets. Suddenly we came on a large door of solid silver, embossed with Mr. Snubgold's arms in gold (a director sinister, rampant, upon a field of extras). The doors swung silently open and I was in the Presence.

Before me were six sleek young men, all precisely alike, holding notebooks and pencils. Every five seconds they prostrated themselves, uttering at the same time the incantation, "Yes, Mr. Snubgold." Behind and above them was the Master. He was seated on a simple gold throne studded with jewels. In his right hand he held a large cigar, which he waved to punctuate his remarks. He was dressed with quiet taste—a simple yellow cravat, a red waistcoat and an old-world check suit. I prostrated myself.

"Vat you vant?" asked Mr. Snubgold courteously.

I lost my head. "Vy do you make films like you do?" I stuttered.

I expected death. But Mr. Snubgold merely waved his cigar and smiled from ear to ear.

"*Ach!* so you do not see their point, *hein?* Vell, all the vorld has gone mad. Look at your Yurrup. So my films they go mad too. Art—it reflect Life!"

"Yes, Mr. Snubgold," intoned the "Yesmen." (They are a peculiar class in Filmland whose function I never determined.)

Mr. Snubgold took no notice. "Now go," he ordered.

I slunk out, dazzled by the words I had just heard. All was explained. As I forged my way back through the pile carpets I recalled all the films I had seen, where absconding cashiers put the entire capital of their banks upon horses which always win, to be paid by bookies who never welsh, while hardened policemen, tears streaming down their furrowed cheeks, stay their hands till the money is trebled; where apes as monstrous and enigmatic as the Sphinx defy the laws of Nature, to be conquered by Beauty; where the heroine's virtue or the hero's physique are alike unimpaired by disaster.

"Vy, ve are all mad!" I cried enthusiastically. "I vill tell the vorld!" And I have. Render their rightful honour to the heroes of the cinema who, more courageous than Achilles, fear not to rule so well the world of shades; where the Mad Hatter is in his element and the Owl and the Pussy-cat so perfectly at sea. Honour to Mr. Snubgold and his fellows. They Know!

ANTICLIMAX.

Fougasse



"Your Excellencies—



Your Graces—



My Lords—



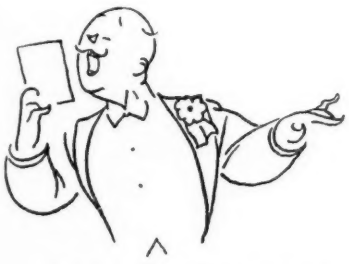
Ladies—



and Gentlemen—



Pray silence—



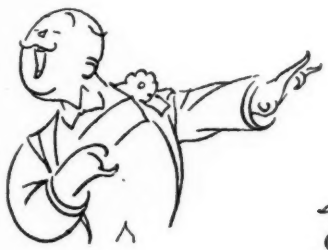
for the Right Honourable—



Somebody Something,



His Majesty's—



Secretary of State—



for Important Affairs."



". . . Er—Ladies and Gentlemen——"

Mr. Beeny Looks On.



1.

Doctor's Orders—Hilter—The Litery Life—Biron the Brave—Choice of Subject—The Artist M.D.—From Boots to Brushes.

"WILLIAM," I said, "Doctor Charles says that I ought to do something to occupy my mind. Something regular. What do you advise?"

"You haven't always paid so much attention to what the doctor says," said William.

"True. But I'm getting older. He may for once know what he is talking about. What do you think?"

"If we were to move into the country," said William, "you might take an interest in the garden."

"No," I said, "we won't do that. I couldn't give up London."

"You wouldn't take to golf?"

"No," I said. "Not at my age."

"Or politics? They say that politics are very engrossing, especially now this fellow Hilter has come on the warpath." (William always calls the German dictator Hilter.)

"No," I said. "Not at any age."

"It's a pity you can't paint," said William.

"It is," I said, "but such a remark as that is not very helpful."

"Or that you don't know anything about music," said William.

"What do you mean—don't know anything?"

"Well, Sir, it's a pity you don't know enough," said William. "I mean to be able to compose or play."

"It is," I said. "Then what can I do?"

"You can continue to read all those books," said William.

"Doctor Charles says that that isn't enough. He wants me to occupy myself more than that. Reading is only dram-drinking, William."

"Indeed, Sir."

"Yes, and I have got to work. I rather think that writing was in his mind."

"Writing, Sir?"

"Yes. I don't see the need for such astonishment. Is there any reason why I shouldn't write?"

"Oh, no, Sir. There's a lot of it being done nowadays, or so I understand. If one might go by the adverts in the Sunday papers the litery genius that is knocking about is something terrific. Writing's fashionable too. Even lords do it. There's no disgrace that I can see. But—well, what sort of things would you write, Sir? You wouldn't write a novel?"

"No, William. I don't think I should be up to that. Novels have got a little out of hand."

"I agree, Sir. There's one in the kitchen now called *Under the Undies* which made Cook drop a dish. It wouldn't have been allowed a few years ago; but the odd thing is that now nobody seems to mind. If Sir CHARTRES BIRON were still on the Bench it would be different. He was the boy! He burnt them."

"Anyway, William, you don't think writing is a bad idea?"

"Not if you can do it, Sir. But I'm told there's a catch somewhere. It isn't enough just to want to write. You need the knack. And what would you write about? Your reminiscences?"

"No, not exactly, although they might come in."

"Your relations? Some of them are quite funny, Sir."

"They might come in too. In reason. No, William, what I was thinking was that it would be amusing to keep an eye on all the odd things that are happening in the world and make a note of them. 'The proper study of mankind,' you know, William, 'is man.'"

"Indeed, Sir."

"Yes. I didn't invent that. POPE said it."

"POPE, Sir? Well, I don't know that that makes it any better. I was brought up to be very shy of R.C.'s."

"So what I want you to do, William," I said with as much finality as I could muster, "is to get me some large writing-pads."

That, so far as I can remember it, is the conversation that led to this notebook.

William's peculiar delight in recalling my limitations reminds me that I received a shock the other day when, at a picture-show by modern artists, I came across a little green landscape, full of charm and life, and found against it in the catalogue the name of a friend of mine, distinguished in the world of surgery and sport, but never to my knowledge a manipulator of hogs' bristles.

Since two people are always having the same name, and since it seemed unlikely that a busy man could paint so well and keep the secret, I dismissed the idea that it was the work of Simon Pure and forgot about it. But a day or so later, meeting that genial and accomplished man and telling him about his gifted double, I found that it was indeed this jolly old soul who all the while had been calling for his brush and had been calling for his paints and setting this lovely little section of England on canvas.

Cordial as were my felicitations, I could not help a pang of envy. Why should he, who already could do so much, suddenly discover—as he had done during a period of convalescence—that he could paint, while I, who would give everything for that power and am not insensitive to natural beauty and not unobservant, cannot draw even a recognisable table?

And then, later that very day, who should I meet to fill my cup of bitterness but little Madame Trèfle, just over from Paris, filled with self-pity because her *bottier*, the only *bottier* in the world, had been such a pig as to sell his business and retire. "And how do you think," she asked, lifting her pretty hands towards heaven, —"how do you think he spends his time?" I might have known the answer but failed to suggest it. "He paints, my dear. I ask you! Paints." E. V. L.

"RETURN OF STOLEN MUSIC MEANS MUCH TO ORPHANS' BAND.
BIG PERFORMANCE WAS THREATENED."
Australian Paper.

Let us hope that the danger has now been averted.

"The German people have only one wish—to be left in peace."—*Glasgow Paper.*

The soup?

A Pig Tale.

Two little pigs to market went,
  Their names were Paul and Patience;
They both were sold and both were sent
  To different destinations.

And as the pair were dragged apart
  Paul said in soothing tones:
"Don't cry, we'll meet again, sweet-
    heart;
  I feel it in my bones."

* * * * *

They did meet at an early date;
  He had not been mistaken.
Paul was the sausage on my plate,
  And Patience was the bacon.

A Plea for Consideration.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We men are really treated most unfairly. No one seems to care about us nowadays.

It is the literary aspect of the matter which is troubling me at the moment. All over the country there are bookstalls submerged beneath piles of periodicals for women, but we of masculine persuasion are ignored. It is most unjust. Surely some enterprising publisher could turn out one small magazine for men.

After all, we too have our interests, our troubles, our special point of view, yet what editor (apart, I trust, from you, Sir) cares a fig for the "masculine angle" on a topic of the day? If we had a journal of our own the callous indifference of the others would cease to matter quite so much.

It would be easy enough to produce such a magazine. There would be articles on "Cushions and How to Avoid Them," "Uses for Old Razor Blades," "How to Prevent Spring-Cleaning," and similar practical topics of vital interest to us all; there would be details of the latest creations from Savile Row (with free patterns for those who prefer to do their own tailoring); there would of course be the usual pages of gossip and beauty hints. The last-named especially are long overdue. Our womenfolk, by subtle art, can transform their looks completely in twenty minutes; but at present the best we poor fish can do if we grow weary of our faces is to spend a fortnight cultivating whiskers. There is a great future for our own particular beauty expert.

But the most important feature of the magazine would be the section dealing with readers' questions. How much easier life will be for Horatio (Battersea) when he can confide his problems to the sympathetic ear of Uncle George, and have that oracle's assurance that Maisie's preoccupation with films of MAURICE CHEVALIER need not mean a complete breakdown of matrimonial negotiations. How quickly the worries of Perplexed (Tooting) will fade away when he has the same authority for shunning, except on really informal occasions, that rather doubtful ensemble of plum-coloured shorts, green pullover and brown bowler-hat.

You see, Mr. Punch, what an opening there is for such a journal. Is it too much to hope that the gap will soon be filled and a little belated attention paid to our unfortunate sex? Surely we have been disregarded long enough.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours very truly,
EGBERT HUNK.



AS THE BRIDE AT HER WEDDING IS OFTEN RATHER ECLIPSED BY THE OLD SCHOOL FRIENDS WHO ACT AS HER BRIDESMAIDS—



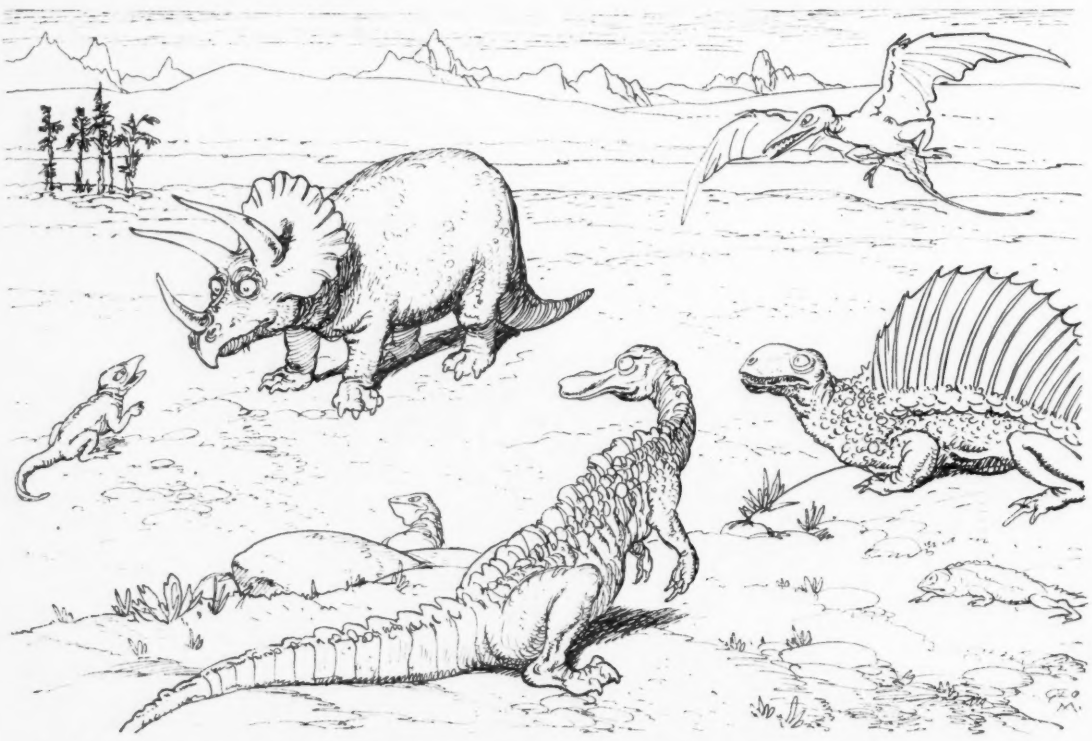
MIGHT WE SUGGEST THE OLD SCHOOL UNIFORM?

"SQUASH RACKETS FOR THE MILLION.
FIVE NEW COURTS."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

"Squash" is right.

"Young Man for furniture."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Only Ottomen need apply.



"It's a one-sided affair trying to reason with old Triceratops. You see, he doesn't *need* to argue."

Fearless Criticism.

It is a pity that our local amateur actors never hear the truth about themselves. Owing largely to the cowardice of their critics, all that ever reaches them is a sort of sticky mixture of praise and flattery which has a very bad effect on them. Their friends praise them quite mechanically; their rivals (though the effort is a tremendous strain on them) praise them deliberately; and their impartial judges, knowing that even if no actual member of the cast is within earshot several near relatives are sure to be, praise them advisedly.

Our local dramatic critic, on the annual occasion when he turns his attention from reporting football and cricket matches and functions in this capacity, is lamentably weak-kneed in this respect.

"Once again," he said this year, "the Bilkham Players have astounded us with one of their magnificent performances. Last night they gave *Ditchwater* in the Assembly Rooms and the performance was magnificent. The cast was a brilliant one. Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham took the part of the dissolute aunt, and her acting was so 'different' and her disguise so complete that her performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Sniffkins-Blugham was magnificent in the part of Lady Plunk de Vere, and she had obviously made a thorough study of it. Indeed on the stage she looked every inch a lady, and it was with difficulty that one remembered that she was only acting. Colonel Battledore, in the trying part of the Vicar (trying of course for him—not for us), portrayed the character in a most telling manner. He held us with his superb acting, one and all. So did Mrs. Watkins with hers.

"The casting committee are to be congratulated on the clever way in which they had apportioned out the various parts to the various players (one to each). Mrs. Elizabeth Hogshead was *rôled*—to use a theatrical expression—in the part of the schoolgirl heroine. Her experience dates back to when the Society was founded, thirty years ago, and she is now of course extremely well-fitted to take an important part of this kind. Mr. Hogshead, the Society's treasurer, acted as prompter. Miss Joy Binge-Bubbly, as that miserable old country-woman, Martha Granite, brought a superb vigour and splendid vitality to the part. Her rippling voice and girlish movements were wholly delightful. Miss Joy Binge-Bubbly was certainly the success of the evening. So was Miss Alice Bodge.

"Mr. John Pillbrother threw himself whole-heartedly into the part of the second footman and opened and closed the library-door very well indeed. It was a superb piece of characterisation.

"I have said before that the performance was magnificent; it is the only word I can think of to describe it, so I use it again—the performance was very good. To add to the general enjoyment the Women's Institute Orchestra filled in the intervals between the Acts with some pretty pieces. It was indeed a memorable evening, and one that will be hard to forget. The experience was a moving one for many members of the audience, and at the end of the play one could see that quite a number were affected."

As a matter of fact this last statement is almost accurate. It is true that the performance moved many members of the audience, and at the end of the play one could see that quite a number of seats were empty. The remark about the evening being one that will be hard to forget is also only too true. But

apart from these accidental approaches to veracity the whole of the review is a mass of misrepresentation and misstatement.

What actually took place was this: After the parlourmaid and the butler had gone through the usual preliminaries of dusting and telephoning, Mrs. Elizabeth Hogshead came on to the stage, followed by her lover, Mr. William Glimmer, eking out his sex-appeal with the aid of a long black beard. There followed a rather tempestuous passage, during which Mrs. Hogshead was seen to be speaking some strong lines. It was a moving scene and it lasted quite a long time, but since the lady's back was turned to the audience, her face buried in a cushion and her voice throttled by sobs, it was impossible to pick out any of the actual words she was saying. When it came to Mr. Glimmer's turn to respond, such scattered syllables as managed to filter through his beard were largely engulfed in a wave of sound which welled out from behind the orchestra curtain. The shuffling of 'cellos, the banging of cymbals and the dropping of harps made it difficult to hear whether he was saying, "You know I love only you!" or, "I'll go by the 12.22."

A further source of confusion was the fact that, as he worked himself up, he began to pace the boards in a rather hearty manner while delivering his lines. At one point he did pause in his stride, and when the ringing echo which followed each footstep had died away a voice could be heard saying, "Oh, the agony of it all—oh, the agony of it all!" No one on the stage appeared to be speaking, however, and we could only assume that it was the prompter.

Even without our being able to hear the spoken word it was clear to us from Mr. Glimmer's frenzied gestures that this was the Big Love Scene. Mr. Glimmer was tender and ardent by turns, and we could see that the lady was only waiting for the moment to arrive when she would be swept up into his strong arms. It was a pity that the sweeping was delayed by the behaviour of Mr. Glimmer's dress-shirt-front. Just as he was about to seize the lady it burst open with a loud report. He showed great presence of mind, however, and without hesitating for a moment fastened it up, undid it again to release his beard, and refastened it—all in fifty-five seconds. He then brought the scene to its climax.

The Second Act completely defied criticism. Taking place in a disused cowshed on Bogley Moor, it was played in what purported to be the half-light of early dawn; and the scene was so realistically lit that the already inaudible players were rendered in addition completely invisible.

Quite a number of the audience remained behind to see the last Act, but they were ill-advised. For here Miss Joy Binge-Bubbly had her big scene—the most unusual piece of acting I ever have known. While reciting such excerpts from her part as she could call to mind at the moment, she herself yawned eight times. Another factor which contributed to the general *ennui* was that owing to a recurring mistake on the part of the prompter the big scene was done for us three times over.



"DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF HER, MR. SMYTHE."

It seemed to me that it could do the Bilkham Players no harm, and it might even do them good, if they had the opportunity of reading the above very mild and harmless criticism. I therefore sent it to the editor of the local paper.

It never appeared in print of course. I received a letter from him saying that he presumed, if he published it, I should be quite willing for my name to appear at the bottom. Can you imagine a more absurd presumption?

"After keeping guard in shifts all night, the Fascists departed this morning."
Edinburgh Paper.

Wouldn't their ordinary shirts have been warmer?



"HAVE YOU SAT TO MANY ARTISTS?"
"NO—ONLY TO SCULPTURES."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXVIII.—Battle Song.

THERE'S havoc on the staircase where the guests
come streaming,
Shirt-fronts shining and tiaras gleaming,
Frail folk shuddering and stout folk steaming—
Steaming in the heat of the fray.
Midnight striking and the strife appalling,
Strong men staggering and weak men falling.
And deep in the heart of me a still voice calling:
"Make for the buffet while you may.

"Make for the buffet while you may, poor stranger,
Make for the buffet while you can;
There's hope for the stale there, strength for the
frail there,
Drink for the thirsty man.
Thrust through the throng! Be obstreperous and
strong!
Fight till your strength is sped.
Fight and prevail; do not falter, do not fail.
Make for the buffet and be fed!

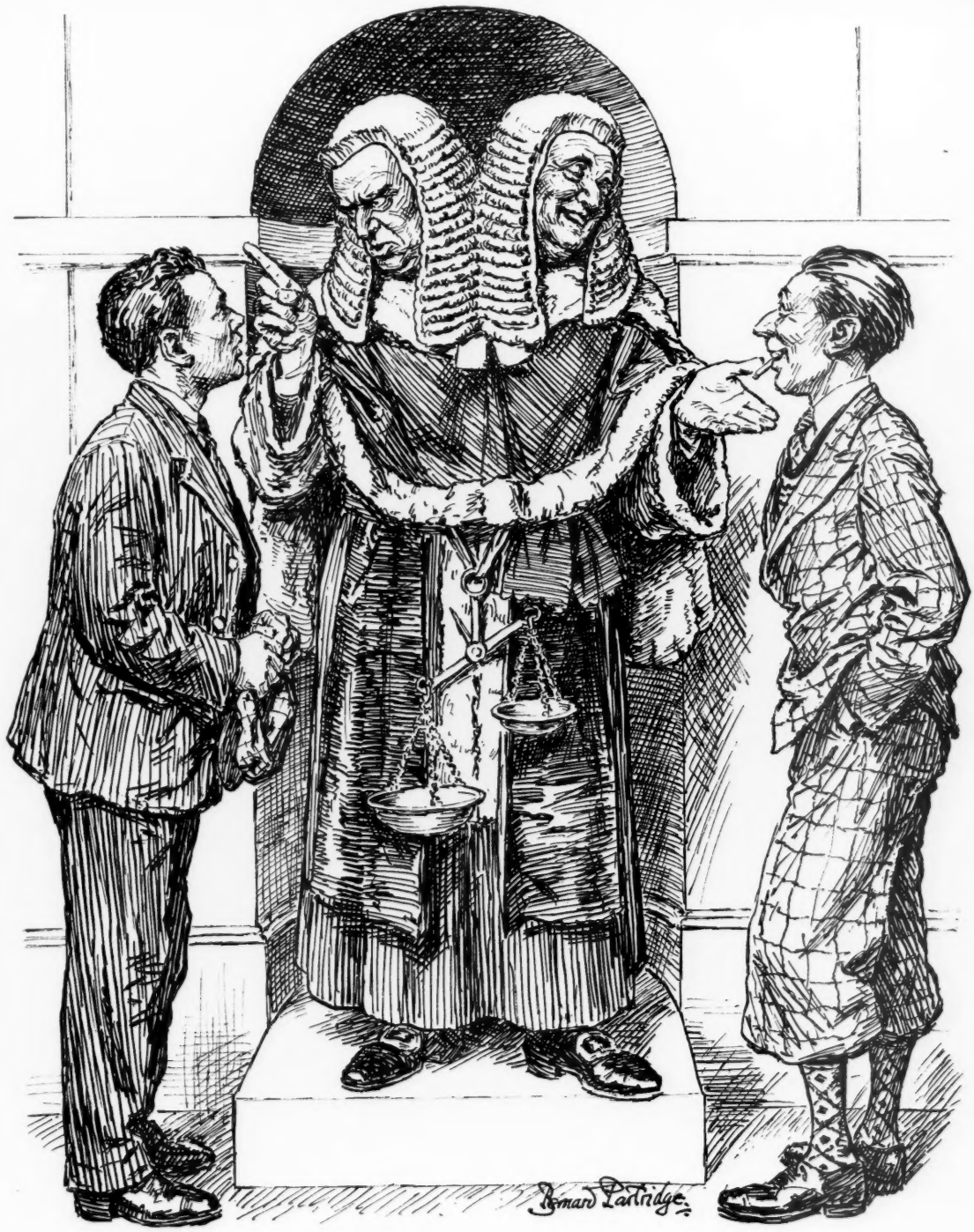
"Make for the buffet and be fed, poor stranger,
Make for the buffet and be strong;
Dense is the press and the air is growing less,
Fierce is the fight and long.
Fierce is the fight and oppressive is the night,
Stern is the strife and fell;
Pale is your cheek; you are wan and you are weak;
Make for the buffet and be well!"

Painfully and wearily the hours are dragging,
Old men are failing now and young men flagging;
White ties weakening and stiff shirts sagging—
Sagging as the hours go by.
Consciousness is failing me and outlines merging,
Thunder in my ears as of sea-foam surging,
And deep in the heart of me a faint voice urging:
"Make for the buffet lest you die.

"Make for the buffet lest you die, poor stranger;
Make for the buffet while you can;
Fight your way through like a woman in a queue,
Fight like a jungle-man!
Batter the *élite* with your hands and your feet,
Butt them in the backs with your head:
Strike for your own! You are hungry and alone;
Make for the buffet and be fed.

"Make for the buffet and be fed, poor stranger,
Make for the buffet lest you die.
There's hope for the stale there, strength for the frail there,
Drink for the throat's that dry.
Courage and strength will rewarded be at length;
Weight in the end will tell.
Up, then, and on! Are you weary? Are you wan?
Make for the buffet and be well,
Poor stranger!
Make for the buffet and be well,
Poor stranger!
Make for the buffet and be well!"

P. B.



CONSISTENCY FIRST!

THE LAW. "WANT TO DRIVE A PUBLIC VEHICLE? WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PUT THROUGH THE MOST SEARCHING TESTS BEFORE YOU'RE ALLOWED ON THE ROAD. WE *MUST* MINIMISE THE RISK OF ACCIDENTS."

"WANT TO DRIVE YOUR OWN PRIVATE CAR? CERTAINLY. JUST GO AND BUY A FIVE-SHILLING DRIVING LICENCE AND OFF YOU GO!"

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, November 13th.*—Lords: Debate in Committee on Road and Rail Traffic Bill.**
Commons: Opposition Vote of Censure on Government, negatived by 409 to 54.

***Tuesday, November 14th.*—Lords: Debate in Committee on Superannuation Bill and Road and Rail Traffic Bill.**
Commons: Local Government Bill, British Nationality and Status of Aliens Bill, and Protection of Birds Bill, all read third time.

***Wednesday, November 15th.*—Lords: Expiring Laws Continuance (No. 2) Bill, Superannuation Bill, and Road and Rail Traffic Bill, all read a third time.**
Commons: Orders agreed to regulating imports.

Monday, November 13th.—Question-time must surely rank high amongst the indoor games, if only for skill displayed by the Government defence-line and effortless ingenuity of their assailants. There seems no limit to sort of inquiry which can be made, but only very new Members find it funny when a Minister is asked what steps are being taken to prevent outbreaks of tooth-ache amongst British subjects in Ecuador, or whether increasing vibration of speed-boats is not likely to induce rickets in adolescent lobsters on our seaboard.

To-day, if you will believe it, Mr. THORNE asked the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE why black pigs should not cost the same as other pigs; and the fact that there was no answer did not affect pretty sense of chivalry behind Question. Sir VIVIAN HENDERSON elicited the painful information that sofas in the Palace of Westminster have recently been upholstered in foreign skins, and the promise that in future only those hides will be used on which the sun has never set. Unbending Imperialist Members are asking themselves whether in the meantime they can conscientiously sit down.

The rest of the day was devoted to Opposition's Vote of Censure. It was moved by Mr. MORGAN JONES, and certainly House has heard deadlier attacking speeches. Three times he was caught out on questions of fact, worst case being when he suggested that Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN by inflammatory speech had deliberately encouraged Japan in aggression. Sir AUSTEN immediately refuted charge, but Mr. MORGAN JONES refused to withdraw statement. He went on to say that Labour Party abhorred Nazi *régime* in Germany, but felt it to be primarily matter for German people. It was essential that Germany should



"Come, all ye jolly sailors bold
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould
While English glory I unfold—
We've still ONE *Arethusa*!"
SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL.

return to League on basis of equality. Only logical solution to present situation were the eight proposals which Opposition had placed on the Paper (*well-known presents from Hastings*).



AFTER THE DUEL.
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. MORGAN JONES.

In reply PRIME MINISTER expressed his difficulty in understanding Vote of Censure at all, seeing that of the eight proposals four had been taken from the Government's plan and in several of the others Mr. MORGAN JONES had confessed he saw objections. Hon. Members opposite had spent Recess at Hastings, while Members of Government had spent it at Geneva, and there lay the difference between them. Mr. MORGAN JONES and his colleagues would like an international police force, but as they would not allow it to bomb, march or sail, what good would it be? When they talked of immediate equality they had forgotten that Germany had already accepted idea of equality by stages. The Government is doing its best to promote conversations which will be not anti-German but pro-European. Meanwhile the British Draft Convention remains basis of deliberations at Geneva.

In the view of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL form of the Resolution was utterly wrong, for it was not for House of Commons to conduct negotiations. At the same time he was afraid that, though part of Cabinet was keen for Disarmament, armament interests and ultra-Imperialists were powerfully against it. Recent visit to Toronto had impressed him with Dominion's high respect for League.

The victor for East Fulham, Mr. WILMOT, then told House in fluent maiden speech that in Election campaign he had found everywhere passionate desire for peace. Elaborate machinery of collective peace would not stand many more shocks.

Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, detailing Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS'S recent inconsistencies, pointed out that (1) Sir STAFFORD had urged young men not to join up; and (2) had then stated that this country ought to have coerced Japan; (3) had laid it down that Germany should not re-arm; (4) and had declared that Navy and Army would back his Party when it got into power. Sir HENRY also produced for the delight of the House the staggering calculation that in the whole history of man there had been only 268 years of peace against 3,154 years of war. Which he considered to have been the first peaceful year he omitted to say.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS followed and reaffirmed his statement that England had done nothing to disarm, in view of the fact that our armament bill is greater than it was in 1914; but this was disproved by Sir JOHN SIMON, who, replying to debate, showed how Sir STAFFORD had failed to allow for either decreased value of the pound or for increase since 1914 in



Captain (after goalkeeper has let the third easy one through his defence). "WELL, IF THERE EVER WAS A ROUND PEG IN A SQUARE 'OLE YER 'S IT."

Service pay, which varied from 62% in the Army to 114% in the Navy.

Tuesday, November 14th.—Too long have hospitals been burdened with rapidly-increasing expenses incurred in motor-accident cases. It is to be hoped in future they will be compensated to some extent by admirable clause which Lords added to-day to Road and Rail Traffic Bill.

In Commons unusually formidable array of Questions produced two extremely important statements. Replying to Mr. HANNON, Mr. THOMAS outlined our position in regard to recent developments in Irish Free State.

The second statement, by Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL, was to the effect that Admiralty had been forced to make alteration in its 1933 programme by construction by Japan and America of two large cruisers each. Clearly it would serve no purpose to build new cruisers inferior to those being developed by other Powers, and on other hand our cruiser tonnage was limited by London Naval Treaty. The Admiralty had therefore decided on three instead of four cruisers, two of 9,000 tons and one of 5,200 tons. This change would probably effect slight economy.

Pleasant interlude provided by complete climb down ladder of allegation by Mr. MORGAN JONES, and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S gracious acceptance of his apology, amidst the approving cheers of their fellows.

You might imagine that any measure to prevent selling of a thrush in a paper-bag would have support of every tolerably civilised person, yet fourteen Members saw fit to oppose Third Reading of Protection of Birds Bill, which aims at nothing more drastic than preventing profit being made out of sale of wild birds.

The arguments against Bill were funniest House has heard for some time. Mr. KIRKWOOD opposed Bill because it came from House of Lords and was an ignoble attempt to interfere with hobbies of working-class. Commander MARSDEN breezily attacked *The Times* and told House an exquisite little story of how his own birds never flew away although their cage was open. Mr. PIKE objected to large private aviaries of rich man.

Nicest speech of all came from Mr. BUCHANAN, who suggested that possession of wild birds kept men sober and made them good husbands, and that Bill might easily drive them into uncalled-for habits. Inevitably it brought debate to an end.

Wednesday, November 15th.—In the Commons, case of Mr. PANTER cropped up again, Sir JOHN SIMON announcing that no compensation would be paid, and that in future he trusted British journalists in Germany would be free to carry on exercise of their profession. Whether this phrase was intended to mean that Berlin correspondents can really say what they like, House was unable to tell.

The Commons' debate centred round motions by Dr. BURGIN, Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade, to approve Orders regulating imports of bacon, fish and a number of minor commodities. These were all agreed to. As he and Major ELLIOT explained, the Government aim was to raise prices a trifle for the sake of the English producer, and at the same time to iron out sharp OSCILLATIONS IN PIG PRICES* which had caused such difficulties for the consumer. Even so, bacon was still nearly threepence a pound cheaper than it was three years ago. In case of fish, notion was to increase wholesale prices at port by about ½*d.* a pound so as to enable British steam-trawlers to make reasonable profit.

Main opposition to these Orders came from Mr. T. WILLIAMS, who argued that in deliberately organising scarcity of supplies Government seemed to have forgotten working classes; and from Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, who urged doubtful thesis that foreign goods were necessary in order to excite a market.

* Prize Parliamentary phrase of the week.



Mistress. "YOU MUST HAVE HEARD FIDO FALL DOWNSTAIRS, EMILY, AND YOU NEVER CAME DOWN TO SEE IF HE'D HURT HIMSELF."
Emily. "GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, MUM."

The Election.

WHEN I stroll down Little Wobbley High Street passers-by stop and stare. Mothers look meaningly at their daughters; tradesmen bow low; even the roadsweeper, a member of perhaps the haughtiest profession in the world, expectorates respectfully.

For I am a great man in Little Wobbley. The secretary of the Little Wobbley and Snortum-cum-Sniftum Literary and Debating Society, with which are amalgamated the Methodist Forward Fellowship, the Independent Discussion Circle and the John Pigeon Institute Lantern Lecture Guild.

For five years I have enjoyed the prestige of my exalted position unchallenged. No other member has the same easy flow of eloquence, the same *bonhomie*, the same knack of saying the right thing to the right person at the right moment. Also no other member of the society is on the telephone, and our expensive notepaper would look naked and ashamed without a telephone number in the top right-hand corner.

At the beginning of the present season, however, we enrolled a new member named Henry Snodson. A nasty cynical sort of chap who made a great hit with the ladies by his disgusting behaviour at the opening social. He has what he calls a sense of humour, and played tricks like a schoolboy all the evening. I had carefully prepared a little paper on the Origin of Stalactites, with which I intended to electrify the members while the sandwiches and buns were being digested, and I found that my paper had been stolen by Henry Snodson. Then he got up and

said that as the paper was not forthcoming he would give a recital of his own poems. Terrible tripe they were too, but the members seemed to like them, and the fact that two or three of them had appeared in print in *Snippety-Bits* gave Snodson an almost holy value in their eyes.

We always hold our elections in December, and I soon heard that Snodson was running against me for the secretaryship. Not only that, but several members who had always been strong supporters of my *régime* told me frankly that they thought it was time we had a change. They harped on the fact that Snodson had had his poems printed in *Snippety-Bits*, and said that the neighbouring villages would be mad with envy at the fact that we had secured a real poet for secretary.

I reminded them that for years I had been contributing a weekly gardening article to *The Little Wobbley Independent*, but they only laughed.

Fortunately the two other members of the Committee were still loyal. They were afraid that if *I* went they too would go. We talked it over, and eventually formed a plan. I was still secretary, and it was my task to prepare the voting-papers for the election. I wrote a note to all the members in the following terms:—

"The Committee have decided that this year the election of officers for the Little Wobbley and Snortum-cum-Sniftum Literary and Debating Society will be conducted on the Continental system. L. CONKLESHILL,
Hon. Sec."

Nobody knew what the Continental system was, of course, and so no objection was raised, and when the elections were over we were able to announce that Messrs. Shakespeare and Longfellow had again been elected to serve on the Committee, and that L. Conkleshill had been unanimously appointed Hon. Secretary.

I would recommend this Continental system to any other secretaries who are fearful of losing their places. The election-papers should read as follows:

Candidates for Secretary.

L. Conkleshill
L. Conkleshill
L. Conkleshill
L. Conkleshill

Candidates for Committee.

W. Shakespeare	H. W. Longfellow
W. Shakespeare	H. W. Longfellow
W. Shakespeare	H. W. Longfellow
W. Shakespeare	H. W. Longfellow

Please mark your selected candidate with a X.

At the Play.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN"
(DUKE OF YORK'S).

THE revival of this TUDOR romance and the opening at the Embassy of another BRONTË chronicle keeps the two families all square in the race which has been the chief theatrical curiosity of 1933. It only remains for the match to be halved on the last green by the dramatic discovery that ELIZABETH (probably with the help of ESSEX) wrote *Wuthering Heights*.



THE VOSPER HOLBEIN.



HEADS YOU LOSE.
Katheryn Howard . . . . . MISS JOAN MAUDE.

This play is the BAX-VOSPER portrait of HENRY VIII., and in the Germanic head, the narrow eyes and the thin cruel mouth which lie between Mr. VOSPER and his excellent make-up, it gets outwardly very close to the accredited HOLBEIN.

How many of our ideas about the dim figures of the past are hang-overs from our early historical orgies and how many spring from purely fictional representations one cannot easily tell, but in the case of HENRY, a man who, after all, lived four hundred years ago, it seems only reasonable that we should base our expectations of him on what we know he actually did. We may be certain, for instance, that he was capable of great courage, great cruelty, great affections, great statesmanship, and of inspiring great fear; and, further, that his was the stormy instability of a strong man in declining health. These are the characteristics which Mr. VOSPER brilliantly gives us. What neither he nor his author urge is the merry monarch stuff on which most of us were brought up. True, he goes off into vast irrelevant gusts of laughter and takes a slapstick pleasure in thumping his pompous *Chancellor* on the back; but in the main this *Henry* is the romantic idealist when he is not the roaring lion. It may possibly be the sounder interpretation, although there are times, notably in the First Act before the tension is fully worked up, when a certain lack of humour is evident in the play.

"The Rose Without a Thorn" was *Henry's* own inaccurate description of his fifth wife, *Katheryn Howard*—inaccurate because she had taken three lovers before her marriage, and continued after it to be the mistress of *Thomas Culpeper*, the *King's* A.D.C. In Mr. BAX'S view she was not altogether bad. Her looks and vanity were against her, but alongside went kindness and a sort of muddled sincerity. Miss JOAN MAUDE plays the part with an attractive dignity which is as convincing as it is restrained. She contrives to show at the same time the tortured lover and the radiant queen, and when discovery brings with it the certainty of death her acting is very moving.

Mr. WILLIAM FOX'S *Culpeper* is also admirable, and it is a difficult part, seeing that on it depends much of the play's suspense, *i.e.*, will *Henry* or will he not find out their guilt? (As a matter of fact there were moments in the First Act when *Henry* showed definite signs of

being aware of *Culpeper's* infatuation —but with the rapture of marriage he evidently forgot.) The moment when *Henry* announces to him, in front of *Katheryn*, that she has agreed to become the Queen is one of the sternest dramatic irony.

A note of humour is imported by Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS, whose *Anne of Cleves* is a deliciously inconsequent little person. Once she is assured that the *King* means her no harm and will even grant a liberal supply of good food and smart brocades in exchange for his freedom, she settles down sensibly to enjoy them, and occasionally drops in for a drink with *Henry* and *Katheryn*, as if out of gratitude.

In less civilised days ladies-in-waiting must have had a pretty thin time. I suppose the job was thrust on them, but execution seems too often to have been its reward. That one of them should have refused to assist the current gentleman up the backstairs was of course socially unthinkable; but having done so and been discovered her guilt was then automatically assessed as equal to that of her mistress. Sitting in the Tower waiting for the axe, these courageous ladies must sometimes have been struck by the thought that it was all a trifle undeserved; and in this our sympathy goes out to *Katherine Tilney*, played very sensitively by Miss ALISON LEGGATT.

Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY'S sage and diplomatic *Cranmer*, Mr. ALAISTAIR SIM'S sinister *Audley*, and Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON'S *Hertford* are all telling and well-defined studies which establish a firm background to the royal emotions.

This revival should run a long time. The play in itself is a good one, but, more than that, it is a frame for the superb performance of Mr. VOSPER.

ERIC.

"SUNSHINE SISTERS" (QUEEN'S).

The latest vagary of the flippant-benevolent *Dowager Duchess of Frynne* (Miss IRENE BROWNE) is to make of Wellynge Castle a temporary home of rest for professional ladies of the town. The young *Duke* (Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW), austere and affianced (to a formidable bore), is outraged; his lighter-hearted brother, *George* (Mr. JACK HAWKINS) takes kindly to the experiment, partly because he gets a hundred pounds from his mother for every guest introduced, partly no doubt because he thinks he may find such company more amusing than the general run of visitors at Wellynge Castle. And I shouldn't wonder.

George comes across the three *Sunshine Sisters*, *Pearl* (Miss DOROTHY DICKSON), *Ruby* (Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN) and *Emerald* (Miss JOAN CLARKSON), stranded outside a mean café in Paris. They are in fact chorus-girls who have struck it unlucky—bogus manager and all that; but as good as gold really (in the conventional sense, anyway). *George*, not without reason carefully contrived by the author, takes them for members of an older profession; becomes their temporary banker; invites them to Wellynge.

They arrive with their mother, *Sunshine Mae* (Miss VERONICA BRADY)—it has been explained that the three have each a different father. This is of no particular significance, but adds to the general squalidity. *Sunshine Mae* is also a music-hall artiste, an old favourite who has quite recently but unmistakably got the bird after serving the public faithfully for forty years.



SUNSHINE AND COCKTAILS.

Pearl Sunshine . . . . . Miss DOROTHY DICKSON.
Ruby Sunshine . . . . . Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN.
Emerald Sunshine . . . . Miss JOAN CLARKSON.

The author by a curious lapse from dramatic sanity seemed to wish us to accept these frankly preposterous people as having characters and wills of their own. They suddenly turned serious on us with ludicrous effect. The disingenuous and hysterical little *Pearl* (and what a scene of ineffective tantrums was that which crowned Act II., Scene 1) is seriously defended as something delicate and rare, if odd, by the sentimental *Ruby*. *George*, who has a trace of mother-wit and human perception, is supposed to be in love to the point of marriage with the tiresome little idiot. (I ought here to note in fairness a well-written short scene between the *Duchess*, *George* and *Pearl* which had just the requisite touch of lightness to mitigate its intrinsic absurdity by putting it into the right key). The *Duke*, a fool, is more reasonably attracted by the fair but fatuous *Emerald* and makes her his duchess, with his mother's consent. Conceivable all this, perhaps, to the persistent accompaniment of anæsthetic song and dance. Not otherwise.

Some idea of my personal plight may be conveyed by the fact that I laughed most heartily at a ruthless line, "He shot himself in a cab; the horse *was* surprised," which might otherwise have left me unmoved. I found the little game of fines for perpetrated *clichés* between the *Duchess* and her son pleasantly invented.

T.

Heads and Hearts.

(*It has been suggested in a daily paper that there would be fewer unhappy marriages if young couples would consult phrenologists and discover if they are "phrenologically suited."*)

Phyllis, do not take offence
If I seem to stroke your hair;
Neither love nor insolence
Sets my fingers questing there.
Someone in the Press has stated,
As I've lately read—
Phrenologically mated
People should be wed.
Do not blush a deep geranium
If I chance to press your cranium.

Phyllis, other men may kiss
Any dimple that you show;
I may envy them their bliss,
But your bumps can better show
If your shingle hides the token
Of a fickle heart,
If my ardour should be spoken
Or if we should part.
If our bumps are inharmonious
Marriage would be too erroneous.

Other men who seek your lips
May but kiss and stroll away;
They who raise your finger-tips
Merely pass the time of day;
You will not be their intended.
Bend your head, my dear;
Let me feel what traits are blended
Just behind the ear.
Phyllis, do not look imperious;
Do believe that bumps are serious.

Phyllis darling, do not wince,
Truth will out in every bump
And my finger-tips evince
That you have a lovely lump—
Sign of patience and of virtue.
Why those anguished "Oohs!"?
Dear, I did not mean to hurt you
Or to bruise your bruise.
I *believe* the bump is spurious.
Dear, why *do* you look so furious?



"THERE, SIR, I THINK THESE WILL BE ABOUT ALL THE CLUBS YOU 'LL WANT TO START WITH—DRIVER, BRASSIE, MASHIE, CLEEK AND PUTTER."

"HERE, WHAT ABOUT A BOGEY?"

How to Pray.

I SHALL not, after all, present my petition to Parliament for the abolition of all taxation. I had no idea that petitions to Parliament were so difficult to do. Consider, now, what is printed on the pale old sheet of paper I have before me:—

1890

LIST OF WORDS ALLOWED BY COMMITTEE IN ADDITION TO "PRAY":

Appeal,	Hope,
Ask,	Memorialize,
Beg,	Petition,
Be pleased,	Request,
Beseech,	Solicit,
Desire,	Trust,
Entreat,	Urge.

"What is all this?" you yell.

It is part of the rules for petitioning Parliament.

It is your inalienable right, brother-Briton, under the Constitution to petition the Crown and Parliament for the redress of grievances (*see* Magna Carta). But if you think you can blow off steam by jotting down any old petition anyhow and then bunging it in, you are in error. The thing must be done respectfully and in proper form.

To begin with, it must be properly addressed. If you are petitioning the House of Commons it is useless to begin "Sirs," or "Gentlemen." You must write—

"To the honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled."

(Then your name and designation—)

"The humble petition of Albert Haddock, hosier, sheweth

(Then the "general allegation"—)

That all taxes are redundant.

(Which is concluded by the "prayer," showing the particular object of the petitioner—)

And your petitioner humbly prays that the same may be demolished.

(You will probably have some more to say than that, but anyhow you should round off the petition thus—)

"And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray," etc.

And then your signature or mark.

Concentrate on the "prayer," brother, for that is the vital part. Without the "prayer" the thing will not be taken as a petition at all. Without the "prayer" it is a mere Remonstrance (even if the remonstrance is respectfully worded) and will not be received. That little grovel makes all the difference.

What happened, I gather, was that the citizen in his innocence would often assert his wishes in too bold or casual a fashion. He would say—

"Your petitioner would be awfully glad if the taxes could be abolished"

or

"Your petitioner confidently expects"

or

"is anxious for,"

or

"suggests, insists, and demands."

So Parliament, very properly, said: "Stand to attention, citizen, and say 'Pray.'" And then, having learned to say "Pray," the citizen, perhaps, began to overdo it. He said—

"prays and implores"
or
"prays, pleads and adjures"
or
"prays, postulates, proposes and craves"
or
"prays, kneels and mendicates"
or
"prays, supplicates, anticipates and yearns"
or
"prays, grovels, cadges and crawls."

And the result was that many a sound and pitiful petition was not allowed to "lie on the table" (which is the ambition of all petitions), but had to be sent back to the author for corrections, or perhaps went under the table. The difficulty was a real one, for the English language is rich in verbs of supplication. So a kind Committee (I suppose the Public Petitions Committee) went into the whole thing carefully and made a list of suitable words to be employed in addition to "pray."

You may now, I take it, say that you "pray, beseech and memorialize," though why anyone should want to use a word like "memorialize" is more than I can imagine. You may "beg" but not "crave," "entreat" but not "plead," "desire" but not "wish," "beseech" but not "implore," "hope" but not "yearn," "urge" but not "suggest," and "trust" but not "believe."

On the whole a good little list; the words permitted give every citizen a good chance of expressing with respect and restraint the idea that he wants something and wants it pretty badly; and if you are the sort of man who petitions Parliament you may now go right ahead.

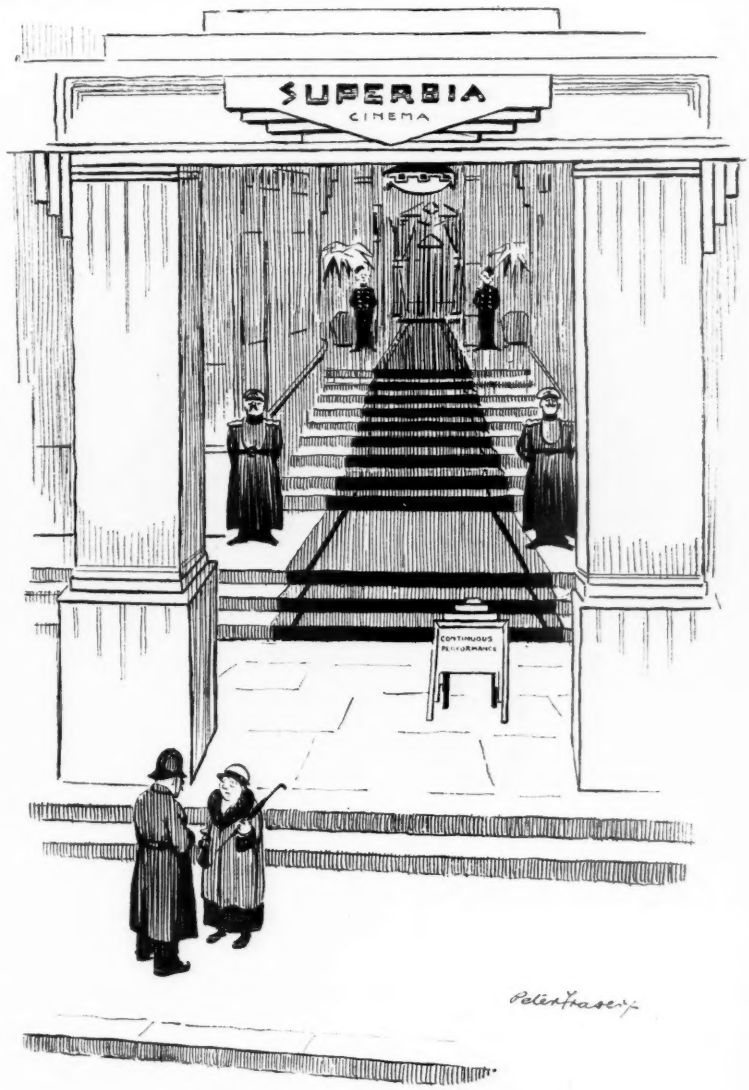
But there are a few other small requirements you must attend to. The petition should be upon parchment or paper—and *written*; a printed, lithographed or type-written petition will never reach the Commons' hearts (or even their table), though the Lords, I believe, make an exception in the case of a printed one. So your natural instinct to hire a superb typist must be resisted. The petition, you see, is a sort of personal letter and should be done in your own hand—or someone else's if you cannot write. Shorthand I do not advise, though I cannot find that there has been any positive ruling on the point. It must be in the English language, or accompanied by a translation if you are not familiar with that quaint tongue. It must be free from interlineations or erasures, and it must be signed. Probably it will be best to write on one side of the parchment only and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope; but there seems to have been no ruling on that. I am indebted, by the way, to the late Sir ERSKINE MAY for much of the information in this little essay.

Having prepared your petition the next thing is to present it. Be careful not to present it tumultuously, for that is forbidden by the Statute 13 Car. II. c. 5, and not more than ten persons must take it to Parliament; while if more than fifty persons meet to "consider" your petition within one mile of the gate of Westminster Hall while either House is sitting that will be an unlawful assembly, which is a thing to be avoided.

So fire away, my little petitioners, and for goodness' sake don't say "implore."

Or perhaps you will think it simpler to write a strong letter to the papers.

A. P. H.



Provincial Person. "CAN ANYONE GO IN HERE?"

"Cow's Road Accident.—A farm hand was taking a number of cows along Knutsford Road on Thursday afternoon, when one of the animals turned into a motor-vehicle."
Local Paper.

At least it will be able to sound its horn in future.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

VIII.

October 16th. Come to the conclusion that everything I have ever heard or read about American Hospitality is an understatement. Telephone-bell rings incessantly from nine o'clock onwards, invitations pour in and complete strangers ring up to say that they liked my books and would be glad to give a party for me at any hour of the day or night. Am plunged by all this into a state of bewilderment, but feel definitely that it will be a satisfaction to let a number of people at home hear about it all, and realise estimation in which professional writers are held in America.

(Second thought obtrudes itself here to the effect that, if I know anything of my neighbours, they will receive any such information with perfect calm and probably say, Yes, they've always heard that Americans were Like That.)

Am interviewed by reporters on five different occasions—one young gentleman evidently very tired and droops on a sofa without saying much, which paralyses me and results in long stretches of deathly silence. Finally he utters to the effect that JOHN DRINKWATER was difficult to interview. Experience forlorn gleam of gratification at being bracketed with so distinguished a writer, but this instantly extinguished as reporter adds that in the end J. D. talked for one hour and fifteen minutes. Am quite unable to emulate this achievement, and interview ends in gloom. Representative of an evening paper immediately appears, but is a great improvement on his colleague and restores me to equanimity.

Three women-reporters follow—am much struck by the fact that they are all good-looking and dress nicely; they all ask me what I think of the American Woman, whether I read JAMES BRANCH CABELL—which I don't—and what I feel about the Problem of the Leisured Woman. Answer them all as eloquently as possible and make mental note to the effect that I have evidently never taken the subject of Women seriously enough, the only problem about them in England being why there are so many.

Lunch with distinguished publisher and his highly-decorative wife and two little boys. Am not in the least surprised to find that they live in a flat with black velvet sofas, concealed lighting, and three diagonal glass tables for sole furniture. It turns out, however, that this is *not* a typical American home, and that they find it nearly as remarkable as I do myself. We have lunch, the two little boys behave like angels—reputation of American children evidently libellous, and must remember to say so when I get home—and we talk about interior decoration—dining-room has evidently different-coloured paint on each of its four walls—books and sea-voyages. Elder of the two little boys suddenly breaks into this and remarks that he just loves English sausages—oh, boy!—which I accept as a compliment to myself, and he then relapses into silence. Am much impressed by this display of social competence, and feel doubtful whether Robin or Vicky could ever have equalled it.



"DROOPS ON A SOFA."

Afternoon is spent once more in interviews, and am taken out to supper-party by Ella Wheelwright, who again appears in clothes that I have never seen before. At supper I sit next elderly gentleman wearing collar exactly like Mr. GLADSTONE's. He is slightly morose; tells me that times are not at all what they were—which I know already—and that there is No Society left in New York. This seems to me uncivil as well as ungrateful, and I decline to assent. Elderly Gentleman is, however, entirely indifferent as to whether I agree with him or not, and merely goes on to say that no club would dream of admitting Jews to its membership. (This, if true, reflects no credit on clubs.) It also appears that in his own house cocktails, wireless, gramophones and modern young people are, like Jews, never admitted. Should like to think of something really startling to reply to all this, but he would almost certainly take no notice even if I did, and I content myself with saying that that is Very Interesting—which is not, unfortunately, altogether true.



"TELLS ME THAT TIMES ARE NOT AT ALL WHAT THEY WERE."

Ella Wheelwright offers to drive me home, which she does with great competence, though once shouted at by a policeman who tells her: "Put your lights on, sister!"

Ella is kind, and asks me to tell her all about

my home, but follows this up by immediately telling me all about hers instead. She also invites me to two luncheons, one tea, and to spend Sunday with her on Long Island.

Return to my room, which is now becoming familiar, and write long letter to Robert, which makes me feel homesick all over again.

October 17*th*. Conference at publishers' office concerning my future movements, in which I take passive rather than active part. Head of well-known lecture agency is present, and tells me about several excellent speaking engagements that he might have got for me if (*a*) He had had longer notice; (*b*) All the clubs in America hadn't been affected by the Depression; and (*c*) I could arrange to postpone my sailing for another three months.

Since (*a*) and (*b*) cannot now be remedied and I entirely refuse to consider (*c*), deadlock appears to have been reached; but agent suddenly relents and admits he *can*, by dint of superhuman exertions, get me one or two bookings in various places, though none of them seems to be less than eighteen hours' journey apart. I agree to everything, only stipulating for Chicago, where I wish to visit literary friend Arthur and his family and to inspect the World Fair.

Social whirl, to which I am by now becoming accustomed, follows, and I am put into the hands of extraordinarily kind and competent guardian-angel, picturesquely named Ramona Herdman. She takes me to the Vanderbilt Hotel for so-called tea, which consists of very strong cocktails and interesting sandwiches. I meet Miss Isobel Paterson, by whom I am completely fascinated, but also awe-stricken in the extreme, as she has terrific reputation as a critic and is alarmingly clever in conversation.

She demolishes one or two English novelists in whose success I have always hitherto believed implicitly, but is kind about my own literary efforts and goes so far as to hope that we shall meet again. I tell her I am going to Chicago and other places and may lecture, and she looks at the floor and says, Yes, Clubwomen. Large women with marcelled hair, wearing reception gowns.

Am appalled by this thumb-nail sketch and seriously contemplate cancelling tour altogether.

Ella Wheelwright joins us—she now has on a black ensemble and hair done in quite a new way—and we talk about books. I say that I have enjoyed nothing so much as *Flush*, but Miss Paterson disconcerts me by muttering that to write a whole book about a dog is Simply Morbid.

Am eventually taken to Essex House by Ella W., who asks very kindly if there is anything she can do for me. Yes, there is. She can tell me where I can go to get my hair shampooed and set, and whether it will be much more expensive than it is at home. In reply Ella tells me that her own hair waves naturally. It doesn't *curl*—that isn't what she means at all—but it just *waves*. In damp weather it just goes into natural waves. It always has done this ever since she was a child. But she has it set once a month because it looks nicer. Hairdresser always tells



"PUT YOUR LIGHTS ON, SISTER!"

her that it's lovely hair to do anything with because the wave is really natural.

She then says Good-night and leaves me, and I decide to have my own inferior hair, which does *not* wave naturally, washed and set in the hotel beauty-parlour. E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

Horrors of the Newer Journalism.

"Oldfield and Woodful both admit that their injuries were received through no fault of Larwood himself, so Mr. Baxter's pathetic picture of Oldfield writing on the ground in agony loses all point as an argument in the outcry against Larwood."
South African Paper.

"She and another octogenarian were guests of Peek, Frean and Co., the Bermondsey firm, which, after the Franco-German war, revictualled Paris to the astonishing tune of 220 million Navy biscuits, at a pleasant little party along with the French Ambassador."
Daily Paper.

Parties *were* parties in the good old days.

Beauty for the Beast.

(*A writer in "The Sunday Times," under the heading "Beauty Parlour at the Zoo," describes the successful efforts made by the keepers to comb the manes of lions, pare the claws of tigers, and file the nails of elephants, and the readiness and even pleasure with which the animals submit to the treatment—always excepting the giraffes, which dislike being stroked or handled in any way.*)

I HAVE read with deep emotion
Of the wonderful devotion
  Of the band of special keepers, fit though few,
Who are constantly ensuring
With the aid of manicuring
  The comfort of the creatures at the Zoo.

There the elephant keeps on smiling,
Holding out his nails for filing,
  And only the intractable giraffe
Is proof against temptation
To submit to titivation
  At the hands of any member of the staff.

But, in or out of cages,
You will find in DARWIN'S pages
  This attitude is frequently discussed;
And the lifting of their faces
By pithecanthropoid races
  Is regarded with invincible distrust.

You may train a young gorilla
To distinguish a Manilla
  From a Burmese or a Borneo cheroot;
But you cannot tame a mamba
With the bass viol (da gamba)
  Or pacify a porpoise with a flute.

The crocodile's so cranky
That it will not use a hanky
  To wipe away its ever-flowing tears;
And I never could inveigle
A badger or a beagle
  To submit his beard or whiskers to the shears.

I have domiciled the dingo
And have taught the fierce flamingo
  To ejaculate "By Jingo!" and "Pooh-pooh!"
But my sweetest serenading
Proved futile in persuading
  The platypus to wear a high-heeled shoe.

Still, in spite of the disasters
Which beset all patient masters,
  I entreat the kindly keepers to pursue
Their valeting and grooming
And the suitable perfuming
  Of the formidable inmates of the Zoo.

C. L. G.



"CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO REDCLIFFE ROAD?"
"THIS *is* REDCLIFFE ROAD."
"IS IT? HOW THE HELL DID IT GET *HERE*?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Mistress of Mells.

FUTURE historians of this generation, it seems to me, should not lack contemporary evidence for any theories they may wish to ventilate. Everyone is publishing reminiscences. But *Time Remembered* (HEINEMANN, 15/-) is different from most, I admit. Lady HORNER gives her contribution to the annals of our own time a distinct flavour of its own. The GRAHAMS (she was FRANCES GRAHAM before her marriage) were friends of the TENNANTS, and in some ways not unlike that remarkable family. They too were GLADSTONE-worshippers and possessed the enviable talent of making swift and lasting friendships with all the important persons of the day. Lady HORNER writes little of herself; her method is to let her pen wander where it may. Hardly has she begun before she chances to mention the name of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, and at once we are off into a series of sketches of the great pre-Raphaelites. A little later on comes a chapter entirely composed of letters —the most admirable letters—from BURNE-JONES, and then memories of famous politicians like HALDANE and ASQUITH and MORLEY. Then there are a few chapters about life at Mells, that most charming Somerset village where the HORNERS had their ancestral home, and where Canon HANNAY (GEORGE BIRMINGHAM), who contributes a preface to the book, now dwells. It is all a pleasure to read—but to my mind the BURNE-JONES letters are the best part of it all. For them alone you should keep the volume on your shelves.

Art at its Most English.

I feel about Mr. LAURENCE BINYON'S *English Water-Colours* (BLACK, 7/6) that while more than adequate in most respects to the needs of the public anticipating next year's show, it is hardly the perfect volume we might have expected from so felicitous a conjunction of theme and author. Its worst fault is a modish scorn for highly-wrought or representational work, which leads to a capricious estimate of TURNER and an unforgivable ignoring of G. P. BOYCE and ALFRED HUNT. Apart from this bias it covers the known ground, from JOHN WHITE, who took a colour-box to Virginia in 1585, to the "new expressiveness" of the most recent practitioners. Its method is the only possible one for its compass: an informative cataloguing of artists, deftly related to their circumstances and each other, with more lyrical appreciation for such pioneers and summit-stormers as ALEXANDER COZENS and THOMAS GIRTIN. Water-colour divorced from its topographical implications culminates in BLAKE and the Pre-Raphaelites—a word for HOLMAN HUNT'S surprisingly beautiful "Ponte Vecchio" might have extended Mr. BINYON'S exquisite appreciation

of the rightly paramount ROSSETTI. His illustrations are almost all that they should be, and there is a delightful chapter on "Collecting."

Broad Comedy Abroad.

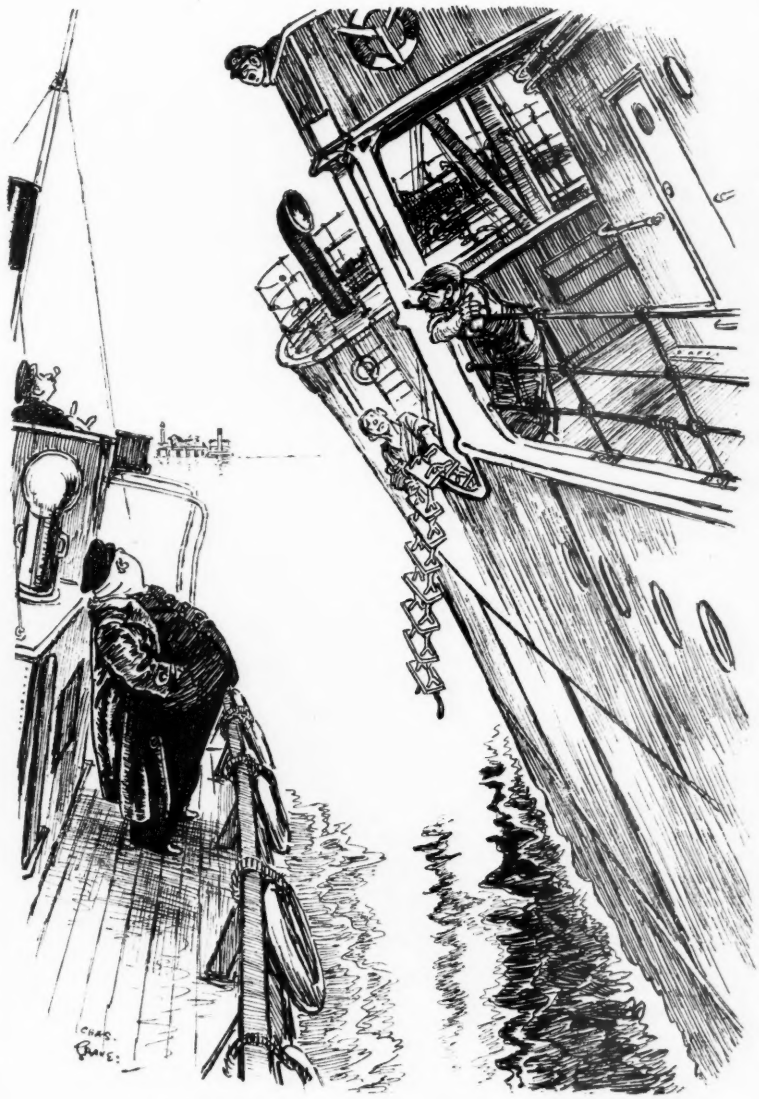
Miss DELAFIELD'S *Gay Life* explores
The goings-on in an hotel
On France's sunny southern shores,
And does it very well.
We see Madame who runs the place,
Monsieur who meekly bows at us,
The *concierge* in his golden lace,
The staff, the omnibus.

All these are setting for the throng
Of guests, a motley gathering, who
Wear beach-pyjamas all day long
And in a week or two,
Flirting outrageously, have smashed
Each other's hearts, got sunburnt brown
And most emphatically crashed
Some life into the town.

The tale (MACMILLAN, 7/6)
Is made of trifles light enough,
Yet these the scribe contrives to mix
With thought-compelling stuff;
How it is done I can't detect,
So well the ingredients agree,
But that's a blend which we expect,
And get, from E. M. D.

Hitlerismus.

Why Nazi? (FABER, 7/6) is a tolerably impartial attempt by an anonymous German to explain the causes which have brought the National Socialists such undisputed power, and to sum up HITLER'S chances of reconstructing Germany on a new model. Sympathetic but at times extremely critical, it is the most lucid and comprehensive study of the Nazi experiment that I have yet read. The author emphasises, amongst other things, that the Weimar Constitution proved far too liberal for a nation which, though economically crushed, still preserved its craving for discipline; that it was a tragedy that moderate Governments in Germany should have coincided with fiercely reactionary Governments in France—French moderation coming just too late; that the Nazi ideal is very different from the pre-War Prussian *régime* in its conception of democratic State-Socialism and its refusal to be dominated by landowners and senior officers; and that a monarchy is a logical possibility. HITLER, much bigger than the flash orator he was once thought, is analysed as a man with a brilliant one-track mind, capable of dealing in great detail with one problem at a time, and endowed with an unusual capacity for handling men. Office has already tamed him. Like most reformers, he has no sense of humour. The book is regretful about the Jews, but less so about Austria. Whatever one's views, it is well worth reading.



Skipper of heavily-listed ship. "D' YOU MIND COMING ABOARD ON THE OTHER SIDE, PILOT? YOU 'LL PUT US ON AN EVEN KEEL."

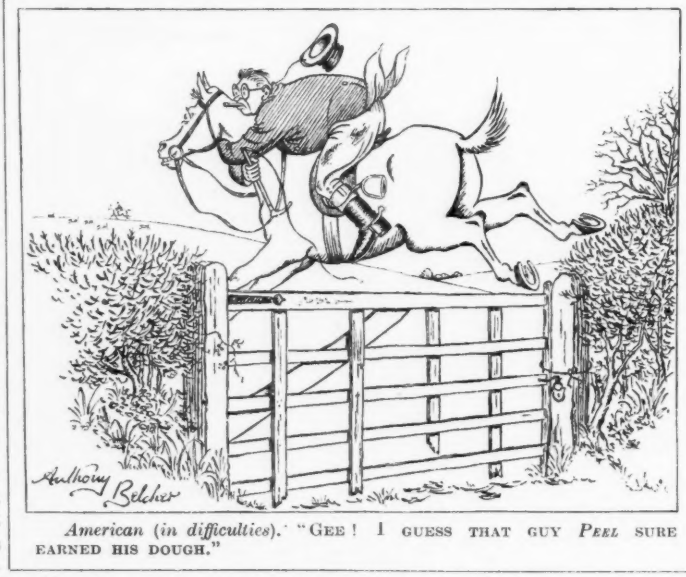
Turkey Pie.

The Turk and his Empire have for centuries had an evil glamour all their own, but here is Sir ROBERT WINDHAM GRAVES unscathed and very much alive after fifty years of the Turk, and telling the tale in *Storm Centres of the Near East* (HUTCHINSON, 21/-). His personal record runs from 1879 onwards, and the Turkey, where he was one of the first student-interpreters and then a consul with the wide duties of consuls under the capitulations, was the sick man of Europe at whose bedside DISRAELI had seated Britannia as nurse. The author was always the man very much on the spot and in at only too many deaths, including the Armenian massacres and the Bulgarian risings. He was constantly on the move, and wherever he went he found not only the events which had called for his presence but fresh variants of human character, for which he has an

untiring eye. The Levant has always attracted strongly individual people from Great Britain. Sir ROBERT GRAVES did not often meet anyone up to the standard of the lady in his hotel at Jerusalem who went quietly to the Mount of Olives every day at daybreak with a tea-basket to be ready with the morning cup to welcome the Second Coming. His encounters are more often in the diplomatic and official world, where his book is a vivid picture of a vanishing world. This is a "meaty" volume, not to be finished at one helping, but good winter fare, written with a zest and good temper which neither the Turk in decay nor unwelcome experiences of British Treasury methods with public servants can manage to upset.

Schizophrenia among the Misomousoi.

I have not been able to resist culling the twin gems of my title from Mr. T. S. ELIOT's last year's Harvard lectures, for as neither is in Greek characters they are evidently intended to enter the hospitable portals of the English language through *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). At the same time haters of the Muses will doubtless keep well away from a work entirely devoted to the whys and wherefores of poetry; and any brain-splitting that may occur during a poetry-lover's perusal of the book will be confined, I think, to its penultimate chapter. In undertaking an historical survey of poetic theory and practice in England, Mr. ELIOT has performed a notable service to letters; and his prepossessions as a poet lend just those elements of piquancy and incompleteness which he himself notes as the concomitants of genuine taste. Inclining to believe that the poet exists to instruct and delight his fellows, he is particularly refreshing on the Elizabethan dramatists and on WORDSWORTH. With Mr. I. A. RICHARDS as the King Charles's head of an otherwise original outlook, his lecture on "The Modern Mind" strikes me as disappointing.



American (in difficulties). "GEE! I GUESS THAT GUY *PEEL* SURE EARNED HIS DOUGH."

Up the Garden Path.

My dears! I've just read *A Thatched Roof* (CAPE, 7/6), by Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, and he says his cottage used to be inhabited by "farm-labourers, ploughboys and other charming men who work with their bodies." It's been done up since, though, and fumigated, I expect. Mr. REX WHISTLER has done some lovely pictures of the most *careful* rooms. The cottage has white walls, a Sheraton alcove, an ancient cookery-book, Bristol glass, central heating and log-fires. Logs might be *triste*, but Mr. NICHOLS wouldn't burn a branch he'd "caressed." He's discovered that celibate hens can actually lay eggs: isn't that too, too *risqué*? But living in the country must be *ghoulish* for anyone as sensitive as Mr. NICHOLS. Sometimes he tries to force himself to do dreadful things, like moving dead thrushes from the greenhouse, but, as he said, "to pick up the toad"—(it was eating his bees)—"myself was really too much to ask, so I asked the gardener to do it." What luck to have a caveman about the place! And he says the sweetest things about the courage of flowers; and he's just too wittily rude to neighbours and servants. His cottage sounds utterly divine—simple and yet sophisticated.

On the High Seas.

Whether because the setting of *S.S. Murder* (CASSELL, 7/6) is uncommon or because the construction is excellent there is no doubt that from beginning to end it attracts attention. *Mary Llewellyn*, a journalist by profession but temporarily an invalid, had barely started for a pleasure cruise in the *Moderna* when a man was murdered. Her professional instinct was at once aroused, and she and her journal play no small part in the startling events that happen in the ship. Suspicion rests first on one and then on another of the passengers, and though we are told that a study of page 26 will give "the key to the whole situation," I have to confess that my scrutiny of this page did not enable me profitably to use the key. It was, however, a relief to find a sensational novel in which neither a master-criminal nor a super-sleuth appear, and Mr. Q. PATRICK is to be congratulated on a story which in more ways than one is remarkable for its originality.

In Court.

Ably edited by Lord ABERDARE, *Rackets, Squash Rackets, Tennis, Fives and Badminton* (SEELEY, SERVICE, 15/-) is yet another welcome addition to the Lonsdale Library. It is a distinguished team, in which Mr. E. M. BAERLEIN, Captain J. E. TOMKINSON and Sir GEORGE THOMAS are included, that has come to the editor's assistance. But, although the chapters dealing with the various games are written by experts, they are by no means written solely for experts. Indeed instruction, both in letterpress and by illustration, is so copiously and carefully given that the greatest bunglers among us cannot but find our hopes of improvement stimulated. As a matter of general rather than particular interest, Mr. JOHN ARMITAGE's contribution, "The History of Ball Games," is especially illuminating.

Mr. Punch warmly commends to the notice of his readers Volume 2 of *The Animal Year-Book*, which he has recently read with great interest and appreciation. Besides many instances of callous treatment of animals, which no one can read without indignation, the book includes a section devoted to reviews of publications dealing with animals and a very useful chapter showing some of the ways of avoiding unnecessary pain in killing. This is a book which deserves and should receive the support of all who condemn the ill-treatment, whether intentional or not, of dumb creatures; and it is published, under the title *Animals, Consider Your Verdict!* by the University of London Animal Welfare Society, price 2/6.

Charivaria.

A PERTHSHIRE engineer has invented a new type of aircraft which he claims will make flying as safe as motoring. It is feared he will have to do better than that.

* * *

Receding chins are said by a doctor to be a modern characteristic of the upper classes in England. He forgot to mention the other characteristic—receding incomes.

* * *

An ex-racing motorist was knocked down and bruised by a nurse who was hurrying with a perambulator across Park Lane. It is only fair to add, however, that he swears that the baby put out its left hand as the nurse turned to the right.

* * *

Lambs, it is stated, have appeared in Yorkshire six weeks sooner than they should do. This will not prevent them, we imagine, from becoming mutton six months later than they should do.

* * *

"It is difficult in these days to invent a new mode of taxation," says a writer. We wish stupid people wouldn't go about putting the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on his mettle.

* * *

Experts declare that the next war will be in the air. Like the present Peace?

* * *

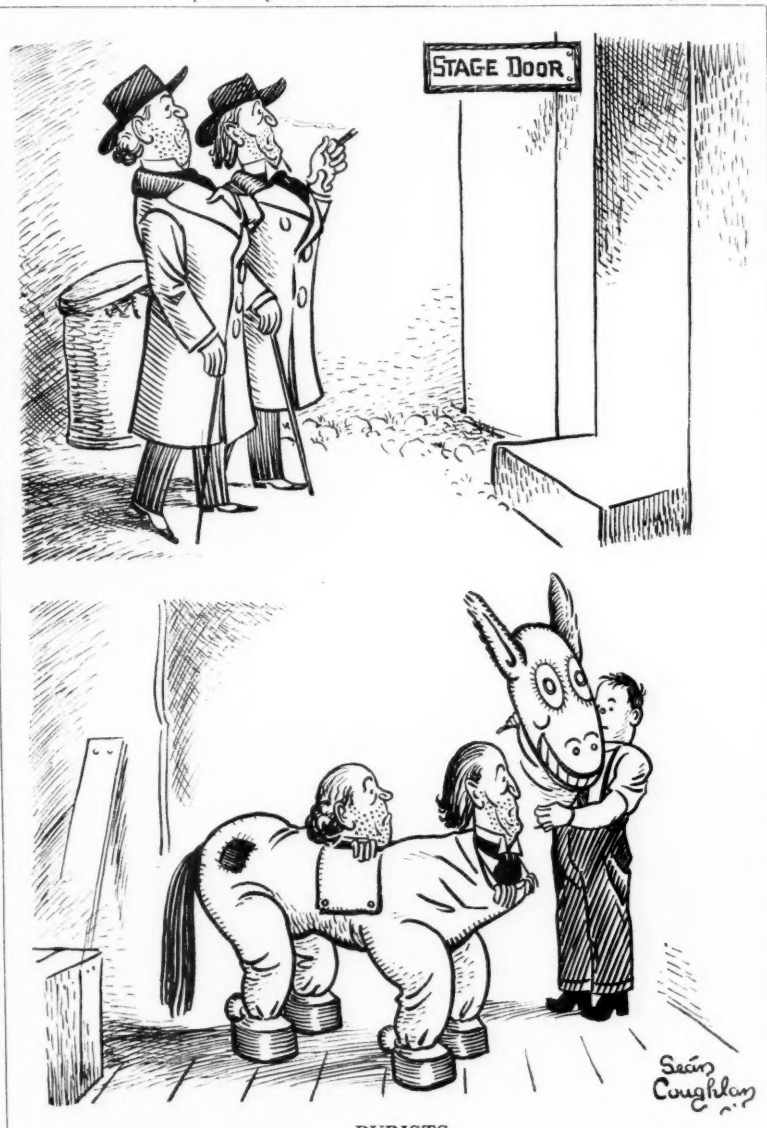
"1933 entrants competed at Woking's Musical Festival," says a news-item. Blow, bugle, blow, the echoes Woking!

* * *

A fashion expert writes: "If you must have a fancy-waistcoat take care that it isn't spotted." The simplest way is to tuck the napkin under the chin.

* * *

A new type of dog is being evolved for the retrieving of golf-balls. It will probably be known as the slice-hound.



PURISTS.

"A glossy surface on a plane considerably increases the speed," says Mr. F. HANDLEY PAGE. Instead, as one might expect, of merely increasing the price.

* * *

During the temporary absence of the occupiers a man broke into a West-End flat and had a warm bath. After that he made a clean getaway.

The millennium will be a lot nearer when a man who has fallen on an icy pavement gets as much sympathy from the bystanders as a horse in the same plight.

* * *

Dr. ALFRED C. WEED reports the discovery of creatures with legs under their throats and arms near their tails. This looks like Nature's attempt to produce something capable of getting in and out of a small two-seater car.

* * *

"Sir SAMUEL HOARE gets eighty-four pounds for unique mug," says a newspaper headline. But not, as some might be led to suppose, from Madame TUSSAUD'S.

* * *

Australian cricketers declined an invitation to see a film of LARWOOD bowling. Even in slow-motion?

* * *

It is rumoured that a popular daily paper is considering the idea of inviting its young readers to send in the amusing sayings of their parents.

* * *

A doctor says failure to live to seventy-five is going to be a crime. Punished with death too.

* * *

Physicians now claim that crying is good for one's complexion. Provided, of course, that one's complexion is one's complexion.

* * *

The fall of the dollar was viewed with equanimity by those speculators who had resolved to grin and "bear" it.

* * *

An Ashanti chief wants a modern dance-band. He has only to call his scattered people home.

This and That.

HAVING unfolded the two volumes of its Supplement, *The Oxford Dictionary*, that lovely little flower of our common language, is in full blossom at last; and there is no better bedside book, nor book to take away on one's holidays, nor book to send as a present to a well-loved friend. It is full of brilliant sayings from end to end. It is also provocative. Within a year or two I mean to produce my slightly larger work, entitled *Evidences of Religious, Political and Social Bias in the Oxford Dictionary of* 1885 *to* 1933.

What statesman, for instance, can read the following quotations from DISRAELI, under the word "*Conservative*," without feeling his blood boil?—

1844. "'A sound Conservative Government,' said Taper musingly. 'I understand: Tory men and Whig measures.'"

1845. "For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an Organised Hypocrisy."

1872. "Gentlemen, the programme of the Conservative Party is to maintain the Constitution of the country."

But it may be of course that these passages are only designed to show the elasticity of English political ideals during a single lifetime, and might be paralleled from the speeches of politicians who are still alive and talking now. How many of them are quoted in *The Oxford Dictionary* I shall have to run through it again to find out. Apart from all its other uses, there can be no doubt that *The Oxford Dictionary* is an invaluable book to take round to by-elections in order to confound an opponent by presenting him with an unusual definition of a word. It proves the strength of every plank in an orator's platform to have it by his side.

The makers of *The Oxford Dictionary* were entertained to lunch last week by the Goldsmiths' Company, and I was pleased to see a friend of mine, still in robust health after about twenty-five years' strenuous service in command of the later volumes on X.

★ ★ ★

Amongst many anecdotes which M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS recalls in his delightful, if sometimes disconcerting, *King Edward and His Times** is this:—

"Admiral von Tirpitz told Bülow that the Emperor intended to make a show of the German Fleet, and that this was fraught with dangers. He must at least be prevented from concentrating the whole Fleet at Kiel. The smaller the display of warships to the English the better it would be. But the Emperor was only too proud to show off his ships to King Edward, and he mustered all of them, down to the smallest launch. He wanted the reception to be one of extraordinary brilliance. Ministers had been bidden to appear braided with gold and bestarred with Orders. The Imperial yacht conveyed the King and his suite down between two tremendous rows of battleships and cruisers. One Englishman overheard King Edward say to his nephew as they both surveyed this formidable fleet: 'Yes, yes, I know . . . You've always been very fond of yachting.'"

The general impression of European diplomacy conveyed by this book, which uses every kind of authority, grave and gay, is a sense of the amazing cunning that the Embassies of every country employed to prevent a war, and a feeling that war would never have come about at all if the KAISER had not been nearly mad. The best chance for peace in post-war Europe seems to be to prevent dictators who are not very competent from becoming semi-divine.

★ ★ ★

Writing from Illinois, a correspondent observes:—

"I judge from some pictures in *Punch* that gentlemen wear their hats in art galleries. A hatted man in the Art Institute of Chicago is a subject for pitying glances and pointed remarks."

I comment on this because a long course of American films has led me to suppose that people hardly ever take their hats off in America. Business men never seem to take them off when they come into the offices of other business men; and plain-clothes detectives enter the most palatial homes without showing the slightest courtesy. In England the practice of hat-doffing, apart from metaphor, is extremely obscure. Do you, for instance, take off your hat in

(1) an art gallery?
(2) a lift?
(3) (on the assumption that money maketh man) in a bank?

Isn't it true that bailiffs don't take their hats off in a house? Why are hats kept on in certain City restaurants? And what about the House of Commons?

It is not absolutely clear, I think, whether the battered thing which I put on my head when I leave my house in the morning is a protection from the wind or a box of emotional nuances. Art, religion, money, chivalry, loyalty, enthusiasm or the top of a motor-car may dash it from my head in the course of the day. And who was it who said of a certain politician that he wouldn't mind the fellow's talking through his hat if he wouldn't always use it as a megaphone? There will be no equality between women and men, so far as I can see, until the status of their hats has been levelled.

All this philosophy I send with my blessing to Illinois.

EVOE.

* *King Edward and His Times*, by ANDRÉ MAUROIS, translated by HAMISH MILES. CASSELL. 15/-.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXIX.—And I Will Be a Nature-Child.

AND I will be a Nature-child
Whose hair the wind shall stir;
My feet among the woodlands wild
Shall go like gossamer.

I will philander with the breeze
Among the hazel-catkins,
Instead of travelling in cheese
For Messrs. Jones and Atkins.

My food shall be the beech-nuts brown.
My roof a wayside willow,
A cobweb be my eiderdown,
A porcupine my pillow;

And simple men who live on port
And sausages and pie
Shall see me passing like a thought
And wish that they were I.

P. B.

Sheep in Sheep's Clothing.

"I am not going to pull the wool over your ewes, as many others have attempted to do."—*New Zealand Paper.*



AN ASTRONOMICAL DIVERSION;

OR, ROOSEVELT RECOGNISES THE GREAT BEAR.

"SAY, DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE DOLLAR FOR A MOMENT; SEE WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED UP IN THE SKY."

[An ambassador to the U.S.S.R. has been appointed by the U.S.A.]



Owner of Furnished Flat. "I LET THIS FLAT ONLY ON CONDITION YOU HAD NO CHILDREN."
Lady. "WE HAVEN'T. THESE ARE ADOPTED."

N'united We Stand.

No matter what outsiders may believe to the contrary, there are communities in Ireland that have no desire whatever to be mixed up in the activities of the present political situation. Cloney is one of these. "Let them talk their nuff," the Cloney people say of their verbose statesmen in Dublin, "but they have no use in sthrivin' to rise a row here, for neighbours in this place is terrible n'united."

The name of the very newest political party appealed irresistibly to Cloney, though, like many another Irish community, its inhabitants made no attempt to pronounce the Gaelic title. An ardent politician is distinguished nowadays by the glib manner in which he can "draw down" the Gaelic names of the two chief parties and of the place in which they meet. As a name "United Ireland" was good enough for the people of Cloney. Let the speakers in such a worthy cause come by all means with their message of unity and of peace.

"Didn't I always an' ever say we'd have naythor paice nor aise in this counthry till so be we'd have a sort of unison?" the Heck Donnelly said solemnly. "For there's no pastime in masacreein' one another, God knows." And everyone agreed with him in that.

Old Mr. Dolan did most of the arranging for the open-air meeting; and some of the most prominent members of the new party declared themselves ready to speak to their brothers in Cloney on the following Sunday.

On the evening before the great day the weather signs that have so faithfully served the village for many years were watched with deep anxiety. Taking all in all, it seemed to be fairly certain that the most they could hope for would be what is called there "a rishky day."

Two hours before the time fixed for the meeting the square of Cloney was packed. Such a crowd had not been seen there since a yard made a coat for the Heck Donnelly—and that was a long time ago.

The first thing that puzzled the Cloney watchers was the sight of so many strangers in their midst—so many "out-an'-out black unknowns." It was seldom that Cloney was visited by people it did not know. It just showed that other people wanted unity too.

The next thing that caused some surprise was the fact that a delegate who alighted from his car in the square carried his much-bandaged arm in a sling and obviously wore splints on the injured limb.

The Cloney peace-lovers stared; then they turned to investigate the rumbling noise, which, after a period of suspense, was explained by the leisurely arrival by way of the bridge of one of the queerest "yokes" the village had ever seen — turreted and armour-plated and bristling with the business ends of guns. Slowly it advanced and came to rest near the raised platform. The waiting crowd grew a little smaller, and it became still more evident that a great many strangers were in Cloney that day.

The Civic Guards came next—a

hundred of them or more, unarmed save for the batons of which people speak so slightingly when they say that the men should carry revolvers, but of which the person who in a mob has come to conclusions with a baton speaks with such awe.

Then, accompanied by a sudden tumult of sound, the speakers climbed on to the platform; and, as the village said afterwards, "that's where we kem to the economicals of it."

No one knows who threw the first stone, but it certainly was not a Cloney man. Why bother about a first stone where there were so many?

In the houses about the square, to whose friendly shelter so many of them fled, the Cloney peace-lovers listened appalled to the yells of rage from the square outside, where the crowd of strangers had split into two furious parties.

Those who looked out through still unbroken windows say now that the armoured car showed great self-control. Though the stones rattled against its steel sides the pointing guns remained silent and the invisible occupants refused evidently to give up the popular idea that the presence of such an engine of war must have a calming effect upon the most unruly crowd.

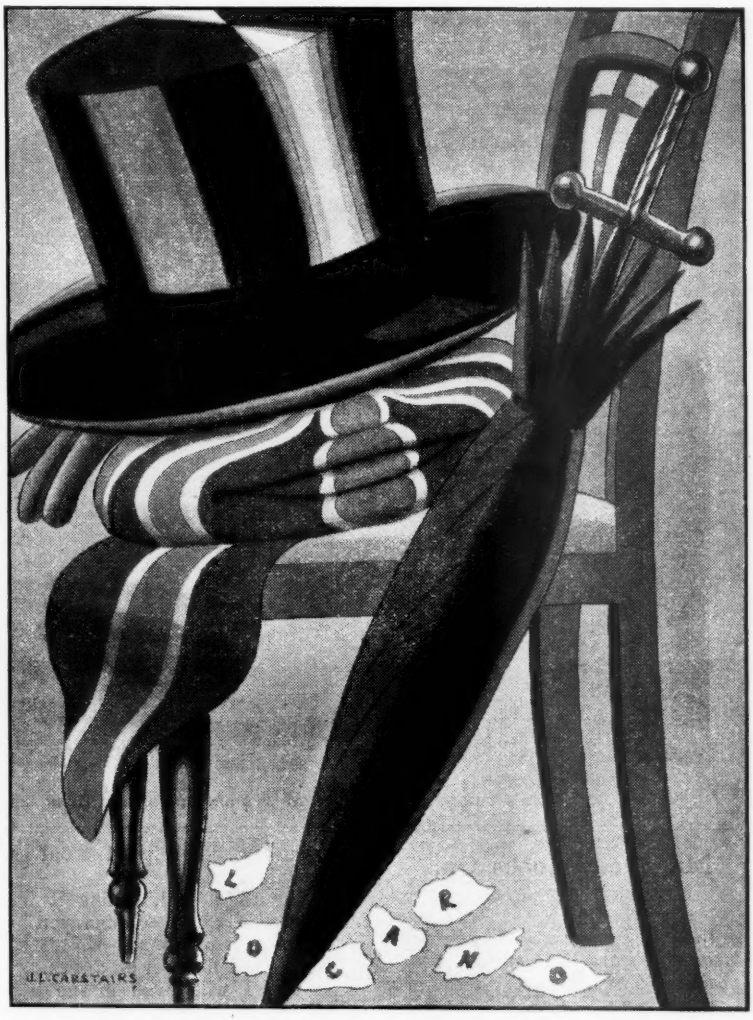
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Slowly Cloney is recovering from the meeting of which its people had such high hopes. The only man in the village who puts new glass into window-frames in a scientific way is so busy that he has grown arrogant. "Can't yez stick a lump of a cloth in it?" he says haughtily to the perspiring messengers. "Won't I come as soon as I can?"

Not far from the church-gate the charred remains of a car still stand, and the people gaze at them and wonder why that particular car should have been attacked while its owner visited his sister in one of the grey houses and took no part whatever in the stormy meeting. "Them was no sort of compliments to be payin' out," they say reprovingly. Of the final baton charge they talk most of all, and of a strange paragraph in a letter from someone in the distant town of Ballymore. "There's hardly a man in this place but has sticking-plaster upon his head," an exile wrote to her Cloney home, "whatever they were at." D. M. L.

"Mr. Eden, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, winding up the debate, said that the great increase in the manufacture of explosives was due at least in part to the slight betterment in the coal trade and to the Government's slum clearance scheme."
Daily Paper.

What about Guy Fawkes' Day?



STILL LIFE. ARRANGED BY LORD BEAVERBROOK.

The Joy of Youth.

I REMEMBER a time when the Young used to go to pubs—and that was awful.

Then the Young stopped going to pubs and went to cinemas instead—and now that's awful.

If the Young go "hiking" in the daylight that seems to be awful.

And if the Young go for walks in country lanes after dark, that's worse.

If the Young sit in motor-cars they have the police after them.

If the Young sit on the Common they have the Watch Committee after them.

If the Young sit in the parlour and listen to the wireless they have No Sense of Adventure.

And if the Young sit on pillions and motor-bikes they're Dangers to the Public.

If the Young sit in their studies they have No Spirit.

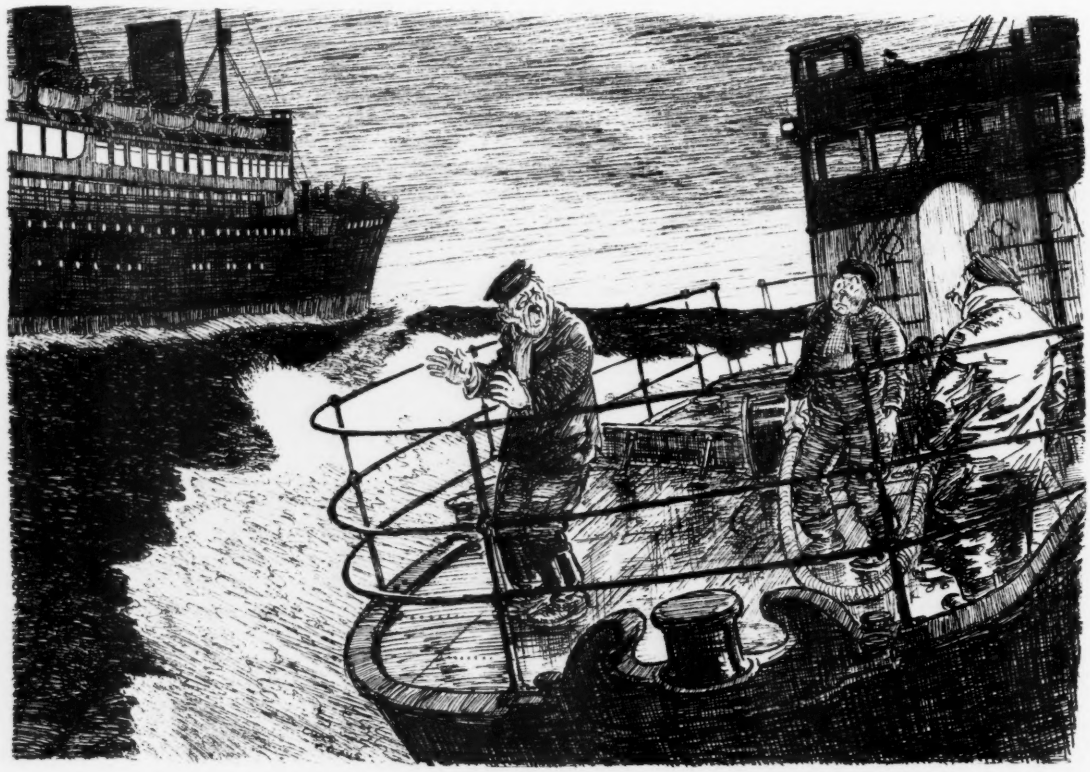
But if the Young go to political meetings they're Insubordinate and Uppish.

And even if the Young start a religious movement it's pretty scandalous.

If the Young go to the dog-races the Old Boys talk about it.

But if the Young go into Parliament the Old Boys still do all the talking.

Oh, dear! will anyone tell me where the Young *ought* to go? A. P. H.



"THAT'S THE SHIP WE OUGHT TO 'AVE BIN ON, BOYS. EVEN 'ER BAND'S PLAYIN' 'OT JAZZ."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

II.

Our Vigilant Law-givers—The Sabbath-breaking Figaro—Pleasures of Indisposition—The Whisperer's Bad Luck.

"WILLIAM," I said from the security of the pillows, "two heads are said to be better than one."

"Yes, Sir," he said. "According to the heads."

"You read the papers, don't you?"

"I glance at them," he said.

"Well, if in glancing you come upon anything at all interesting you might tell me of it. I don't mean about GORDON RICHARDS; I mean something out of the ordinary."

"Certainly, Sir," said William, "anything to help. Such as the thing I noticed the other day about the barber at Chertsey, for example?"

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well, this barber, who lives at Egham, was had up before the Chertsey magistrates for attending to a customer on a Sunday. Sounds simple enough, doesn't it? but it seems there's a law against it. But here's the whole thing," he said, offering me a newspaper-cutting. "I clipped it out as a curiosity."

"William," I said, taking it from him, "you are a real collaborator."

"I don't know about that," said William, "but if I can do anything to assist you I will, even in the litery way."

William's summary of the enormity was correct enough. An Egham barber has been summoned for attending to two customers on a Sunday when he ought, of course, to have been playing golf or motoring, his offence being a contravention of an imposing statute entitled the Hairdressers and Barbers Shops Sunday Closing Act. The guilty wretch, pleading ignorance, was let off with costs only; but, since ignorance is no excuse, it shows how important it is that we should acquaint ourselves with what our legislators are doing. We now know that there is a law against cutting hair on Sunday. But we may still, I assume, cut church.

If I am in bed with a cold of four dimensions it is because of the fussy activities of the modern inventor and of one of the most foolish concessions a guest ever paid to a host. Having been weak enough to accept an invitation to dine and hear a certain statesman's speech on the wireless, I was, when dinner was over, horrified to learn that the instrument in the house had gone wrong and we were expected to huddle on the steps of the front-door while the car, with its travelling radio, was brought round.

That there were people so incapable of being anywhere without outside distractions that they furnished their cars with wireless, I had dimly known—just as I knew that there are others so much in love with mechanical music or discord that they cannot go on the river without a gramophone—but I had never tasted of this joy.

Picture us then in our great-coats and furs and scarves surrounding a motor-car while the pompous accents of the Right Honourable Blank came through. Even the members of the party who were able to squeeze into the car were not too fortunate, for the windows were open.

As I listened and shivered I thought of the strange picture we should make to an observer from the past. At the genial hour of nine we ought still to be

at table under soft lights with the wine going round and a fire blazing. A soothing civilised spectacle. Instead of which his astonished eyes would see a dozen swaddled creatures with a curious horseless carriage in their midst from which proceeded platitudinous sounds. The first idea of the passengers of a coach stopping at a posting-house being to get indoors, the sight would be the odder.

"I venture to say, I have no hesitation in asserting, that never in the glorious history of this country have we been faced with such a peril, such a menace to our liberty, such a threat to our very existence, as now confronts us" (Loud sneezes)—that is how it went on. Well, my folly has found me out.

But my lot isn't really so bad. There is in fact something rather agreeable about a gentle illness: a cold yielding to treatment. You can stay in bed, surrounded by new books and old, and people come to see you—those, I mean, who are not afraid of infection. The others don't matter.

James, the artist, for instance, came; James, who is one of those fine painters that sneer at the Royal Academy, but otherwise a great man. He always has a new story, and this was his last: true too, for it happened to a friend of his.

The friend was on a railway journey, alone in a compartment until a sad and much-muffled elderly man entered and sat opposite. For a while they were silent, and then James's friend, who had been reading about the Duke of ATHOLL, asked, "Are you interested in sweepstakes?"

"Yes," said the muffled man in a faint whisper.

"Did you have a ticket in the last Irish draw?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Did you win anything?"

"No," he whispered.

"Bad luck!"

"It was worse than that," the sad man whispered.

"Why, what happened?"

"I sold my chance for five shillings," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"And the man who bought it won one of the thirty-thousand-pound prizes."

"Good heavens!" cried James's friend, who has a tender heart. "If that had happened to me I should have cut my throat."

"That's what I did," said the whisperer. E. V. L.



Very-well-connected Lady. "MY NEPHEW AT CAMBRIDGE HAS STARTED WRITING POETRY, BUT OF COURSE HE DOESN'T HAVE TO."

Chestnuts for Charity.

ON behalf of the Ex-Services Welfare Society and other charities (of which the School for the Blind is one) a Banquet of Humour for Men will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel, W.1, at 7.45 for 8.15 p.m., on the evening of December 1. Tickets, price 25/-, can be obtained from Mr. ROY BISHOP, 7 Park Lane, W.1. *Tel.: Grosvenor* 3071.

Lord LONSDALE, K.G., will be in the Chair, and Mr. EDWARD DUVEEN, C.B.E., is Vice-Chairman.

The principal feature of the evening will be a humorous story-telling competition for a Championship of Humour Cup, and other prizes.

Those who cannot attend the Banquet can send in stories (accompanied by 5/-), which will be re-told and judged at the Banquet.

"I am telling this audience, definitely and clearly, that the country gave the Government a mandate at the last election. In any case, what the editor of 'The Press' says is beside the joint."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Still, it ought to be dished up.

In Quest of Scotia.

In which I set out for Haggisburgh and watch a Roman Army—I meet the people of the Border and make a strange discovery—Learn the history of Haggisburgh and gain an ancient's confidence.

THE road ran straight as a sword before me o'er the wine-dark heather.

Road o' memories!

The road to Haggisburgh!

Wind was tearing at my overcoat like a pack of wolves and the rain lashed me pitilessly as I set out that dark October morn on my quest of the Border country with a high hope lilting in my heart. What new friends was I to make ere this adventure drew to its close? What new songs was I to sing and in what unlooked-for company? (They had "Sonny Boy" on the gramophone at the hostel at which I had sojourned the previous night.) Over what unknown graves was I to pause to shed a secret (but not unmanly) tear?

At the crest of the wild sweep of moorland which has stood, so far as I know, like a sentinel since the days when the Picts and Scots ravaged the land behind me, I stopped and looked back down the centuries-old road which fell away beneath. In imagination I heard the tramp of armed men and watched CÆSAR'S cohorts go swinging four-deep down the tarmacadam, the Roman eagle swaying in the van and with all the pomp and panoply of a conquering race in a fiercely hostile country. I wondered if the road had been made at the time, and, if so, whether CÆSAR ever used it. But there was no one there to enlighten me, and I pressed on again over the moor.

The smell of smoke and a huddle of grey stone cottages pressed together in a hollow of the moor. I passed an open door and there came to me the sound of voices—soft homely voices, yet with the outlandish tang of the Border in their tones.

"Wull it be raining the noo?"

"Ay."

"Shall ye gang oot tae work?"

"Nay."

Simple words, and yet to me richer in the history of the Border country than all the ballads which were ever written.

Away to my right the peak of some mountain or other thrust upwards to the sky, and I searched with cold shaking fingers in my knapsack for the map that I might make out its name. But the map was left behind at the last night's inn, and I pressed on once again with naught else to guide me but the sun, which was completely obscured by the dark and lowering clouds.

An old man was working in a field by the roadside as I passed. I broke through the hedge and interrupted his labours with a question which had been puzzling me ever since I entered the Border country.

"What is a bannock?" I asked.

"Whirrans!" he said, and I pressed on.

The first sight of Haggisburgh is like a blow from a feather bolster. Other towns may creep upon one unawares or spread themselves expansively before one's gaze, but Haggisburgh springs upon the traveller with a shout. As I topped the last rise of the moorland the whole of Haggisburgh was spread before me like a royal diadem. There is something strange about the beauty of Haggisburgh, and as I kept pressing on I made, all of a sudden, a startling discovery. For the town is a part of the mysterious East. Just as the towns of Southern France are so entirely Italian and the villages of England so palpably Scandinavian, so has the glamour of the East come to rest surprisingly in Haggisburgh. The tall factory chimneys hang in the air like minarets. The gleam from the municipal building greets one like the gleam from some sultan's palace. The faintly-heard clamour of motor-horns comes up to one like the muezzin's call to prayer.

As I passed into the town by way of the Tripe Market a policeman was directing traffic at the cross-roads, his hand upraised like that of an Eastern sage prophesying evil.

I tested my theory of Haggisburgh on him. He stared at me for a moment in silence, slow surprise dawning in his eyes. Then his face cleared.

"Blethers!" he said, and I pressed on.

From the walls of Haggisburgh Castle you can toss a ham-sandwich into the main street, so close is it to the modern town. And yet these old grey walls have a story unique in the history of Scotland. For it was here, among the courtyards and vast echoing chambers of the Castle, that MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, did not spend part of her childhood. They can still show you there the room in which she did not sleep. Reverently and a little proudly they will tell you that there are very few castles in Scotland which can make a similar boast. . . .

Across the courtyard and up the ruined winding stairway they will take you and show you the room where that last meeting occurred between the intrepid Angus MacFoot and Feargus, Duke of Falsteith. That scene, on the eve of MacFoot's departure for Spain, has already been described by FROISSART, but I will modernise his description for the benefit of those of you who have only just learnt to read:—

The flaring torches were casting flickering shadows down the long room. Outside, in the rain and murk of the night, the wind was howling eerily round the castle walls and sending great clouds of soot and swallows'-nests down the wide chimney. The Duke cast another log on to the flames and turned towards his guest.

"Wull ye no have anither slice of ham, Angus?"

"Ay, I don't mind if I do."

At that the Duke drew his dagger and advanced towards MacFoot. The next instant he had struck off a huge piece of ham, and MacFoot was eating ravenously—eating against time, while the clock ticked away the seconds ere the signal for which he was waiting should arrive.

And then that signal came. Sounds of shuffling footsteps on the stair outside and a heavy double-knock on the oaken door.

"Yon cab's come."

And MacFoot, still eating, passed out into the night. . . .

Darkness was falling as I made my way back down the High Street, treading, for all I knew, the very stones which were trodden by JOHN KNOX on one of his many pilgrimages. The shattered skeleton of the Abbey was pointing a bony forefinger to heaven against the deep purple of the sky. Against the stone gargoyles at the entrance leant an old man—so old indeed that he seemed to have taken on the very appearance of some of those stones. Very grim and forbidding he looked, but I felt, could I but win his confidence, he could tell me more about the abbey than is to be found in any guide-book.

"It must have been a fine building," I said.

The old man cleared his throat. "It was erected in the time of KING JAMES THE FIRST of Scotland," he said at length. "Five hundred men worked ten years to complete the main part of the Abbey. Since then many important alterations and additions have been made. The stone is said to have been taken from the castle of the outlawed Earl of McAuch. The main spire at one time rose to the remarkable height of one hundred and ninety-six feet."

"And what will it be now?"

"It'll be a shulling," he said, and I pressed on.

Back in the hotel, which overlooks the old market-square, I gazed out over Haggisburgh by night. A different Haggisburgh this from the one I had seen from the hill-top in the pale light of afternoon. For by night Haggisburgh is like a sentinel that never sleeps. The flaring lights above the old gas-works and the long lines of street-lighting betray her watchfulness. For behind her is all the wild hill-country which only Haggisburgh can shut out from encroachment on the lowlands.

It may have been naught but my imagination that made me fear that all the tempestuous violence of the Highlands might sweep that night into my room with a skirl of pipes and pibrochs. Nevertheless I slept the sounder in the knowledge that the door was locked.

In the morning my boots were gone. H. W. M.

Charles II. Revisited.

(Among the wax effigies at Westminster Abbey recently cleaned and restored by the Pilgrim Trust are those of CHARLES II. and of the Duchesses of RICHMOND and BUCKINGHAM.)

WE knew him well, a gentle grimy King,
Raffish and gaunt, yet in some sort august,
Who gazed upon the just and the unjust
With an ironic kindly questioning;
We knew his cloak, grey as a heron's wing,
His drooping plumes, his ruffles dark with dust.
O Dean of WESTMINSTER, O Pilgrim Trust,
We do not know this spruce and jaunty thing!
This holds no hint of our old friend, I swear;
None of his heart and nothing of his brain.
O Pilgrim Trust, O Dean of WESTMINSTER,
Let both the dazzling Duchesses remain,
Their silks be ever gay, their satins fair,
But give us back our shabby CHARLES again!

D. M. S.

Good News for Concert-Goers.

"YOU SHOULD SEE THE 1934 SINGERS.
GOOD-LOOKING WITH COMFORTABLE LARGE BODIES."
Advt. in Indian Paper.



"'FAN' MAIL ONE LESS THAN YESTERDAY'S."

Foreign Affairs.



HOW very tired I am of the Continent of Europe — of Geneva and the Quai d'Orsay, of the speeches of Mr. HITLER and the position of Mr. HENDERSON and the movements of Sir JOHN SIMON and Mr. EDEN, of secret *dossiers* and reports which would prove everything if they were printed, only they never are! The most loyal news-user in the country, I have followed all these matters with close attention for many months. If you had challenged me almost any day this year I could have told you instantly where Sir JOHN SIMON was and where Mr. EDEN was, and, if they were not in any particular place (as they very seldom are, poor fellows!), I could have told you which place they were on the way to (and from), and whether by aeroplane or train, and whether their immediate business was to find a formula, explore an avenue or build a bridge. I *knew* about Foreign Affairs and cared about them rather a lot.

But one day this week a rather ghastly thing occurred. I bought all the papers as usual and began to plot out the movements of Sir JOHN SIMON and Mr. EDEN and Mr. HENDERSON and all the rest of them. I have a little map of Europe with little flags representing the principal figures in Foreign Affairs, and it has been my habit to shift all the flags at noon and sunset, according to the news of the day. I once thought of getting some sort of electrical device, with lights, like the thing the Underground has, showing the movement of the trains. Then one could have *seen* Sir JOHN SIMON's little light flickering across from London to Geneva and Mr. EDEN's light flickering back from Geneva to London, and Mr. HENDERSON's light going round and round, like a great lighthouse, at Geneva, and so on.

But I have abandoned the idea. For suddenly I found, that awful evening, that *I did not really care where any of them were.* Do not think that I am working up some intrigue against Sir JOHN or Mr. EDEN. There is nothing personal in this; I like them both. It is just that Foreign Affairs suddenly became a bore. Thinking that I must be ill, I went out to the "Red Lion," and I asked the landlord and every person present if they could tell me where Sir JOHN SIMON was. None of them had the least idea.

Only one man gave his mind to the matter for a moment; he said vaguely, "At his office, I suppose." I pointed out that in these days the last place in the world in which to look for the Foreign Secretary of any nation was the Foreign Office. We had another, and formed some very important conclusions.

The first was that poor Sir JOHN SIMON ought to be allowed to stay quietly at home at the office and get some work done.* He is on the telephone, I suppose, and if he wants to talk to Mr. HENDERSON we pay the fees. As for the foreign capitals, there used to be people called Ambassadors who looked after the difficult bits of Foreign Affairs. If one of them made a bloomer he could be recalled, cancelled or unfrocked, and all was fairly well. Also, the Ambassadors could do the thing quietly because they avoided aeroplanes and stayed in the same place. But whatever poor Sir JOHN says the Government is supposed to have said, and the nation likewise. And whatever he *does* say, whether it's right or wrong, it's translated into sixty-six languages and misinterpreted all over the world; intrigues and recriminations begin at home, the Liberal Parties madly cross and re-cross the floor, and the Government is shaken. What would happen if the Minister for War led the Army into battle? The first battle that was lost the Government would have to resign. As it is, they can sack a General and have another battle with a new one.

"The road to Geneva," I said cleverly, "is paved with Foreign Secretaries." Bill Puddle agreed; we had another and came to a second conclusion. If there must be all this coming and going it ought not to be allowed to be mentioned in the papers. Foreign Affairs ought to count as indecent news, like divorce proceedings; and the word "Geneva" ought to be forbidden altogether, because it arouses the worst passions of almost everybody. If anything is actually arranged let there be a brief plain account of it, and nothing else. We want to see the omelette, not the breaking of the eggs. I am not sure that for the next six months Foreign Affairs ought not to be excluded from the papers altogether, and let every Foreign Secretary be chained to his desk.

As Bill said, "It stands to reason." If private citizens conducted their private affairs in this way what a mess their private affairs would be in! Suppose Mr. and Mrs. Smith fall out and think of separating: Mr. Smith thinks that Mr. Brown is paying too much attention to his wife. Mr. Jones, the kind friend of both families, intervenes. He goes to Mr. Smith and says, "Steady, old boy. I'll go and talk to Brown." And he goes to Mr. Brown and says, "Look here, don't be a fool, old boy." Then he goes back to Smith. Perhaps he arranges a meeting between Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown. And so on. He may or may not bring it off; anyhow, nobody blames him and he does no harm. But suppose that all his words and movements and intentions were elaborately reported in the papers stage by stage:—

MR. JONES REBUFFED.

Mr. Jones left Mr. Smith's house looking flushed and angry. It is understood that he will leave by taxi for Mr. Brown's this evening. . . .

RAPPROCHEMENT CANARD DENIED.

Mr. Brown, interviewed this afternoon, denied all knowledge of Mr. Jones's intended visit. While ready to subscribe to any formula compatible with the honour of both parties, he took exception to the reported intervention of Mr. Jones, which he regarded as an attempt to drive a wedge between himself and wife. . . .

WEDGE RUMOUR SCOTCHED.

Mr. Jones's numerous friends are highly indignant at the suggestion that Mr. Jones is driving a wedge. . . . A small committee has been formed. . . .

MR. JONES LEAVES FOR MR. BROWN'S.

A large crowd witnessed the departure of Mr. Jones by No. 9 bus for Myrtle Gardens. A band provided by "The Friends of Jones" played popular airs. . . .

JONES ARRIVES AT BROWN'S.

Great secrecy was observed concerning Mr. Jones's mission to Myrtle Gardens. Mr. Jones arrived on foot by a circuitous route and refused to make a statement to the numerous representatives of the Press who were present. It is believed that the intention is to build a wedge between Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown. . . .

RALLY TO JONES.

The Friends of Jones will give a

*Since these words were written I observe that the same idea has occurred to H.M. Gov.



SELF-EXPRESSION.



"Oh, Cox, I've been doing a little gardening."
"That's all right, Mum—I'll soon put it to rights."

dinner on Tuesday to protest against the suggestion (believed to be "inspired") that Mr. Jones intends to build a wedge. . . . The report, it is said, emanated from Mrs. Brown.

Later.

"The whole thing is a *démarche*," said Mrs. Brown. "I said *bridge*, not wedge."

Later.

"I never said either," said Mrs. Brown indignantly. "Anyhow, the less Mr. Jones interferes the better."

"Plot" Suspected.

Mr. Jones, leaving the Browns' home, appeared flushed and tripped over the foot-scraper. He remarked. "That —— woman again!"

Mrs. Brown Issues Writ.

Mrs. Brown of Myrtle Gardens has caused a writ for slander to be issued against Mr. Jones. . . . Mr. Jones has summoned Mrs. Brown for assault. . . .

Mr. Smith Files Petition.

Mrs. Smith has left Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith has filed a petition for divorce, citing Mr. Brown. . . .

Later.

Mr. Jones was mobbed to-day by an angry crowd in Myrtle Gardens. . . .

What a mess! But that is how we conduct Foreign Affairs. Only then we call it Open Diplomacy and think we are wiser than our poor mutts of ancestors.

A. P. H.

The Lighthouse.

The lamps of farms upon the ridge
  Are lighting one by one;
A mile to go to cross the bridge,
  Between the stars and sun,
Before we trot along the lane
  To pass beside the mill
And see the signal light again
  That beckons on the hill
To burning logs and steaming bath
  And mash and box and hay,
For us, who hunted with the Garth
  And had a glorious day.
We know the road we travel now,
  Where woodland meets the thorn
And every beech and oaken bough
  Has wakened to the horn.
I know we've come a mile around,
  This tired horse and I,
But he and I have often found,
  When darkness hides the sky,
That we shall see beyond the wood
  A window, flickering red,
That makes us think of all that's good,
  Like dinner, fire and bed.
Let others go by Lundy's track
  Between the heath and broom.
But when I'm riding slowly back
(I can't afford a covert hack)
I like the glinting red and black
That say, "The slippers and the jack
  Are in the smoking-room."

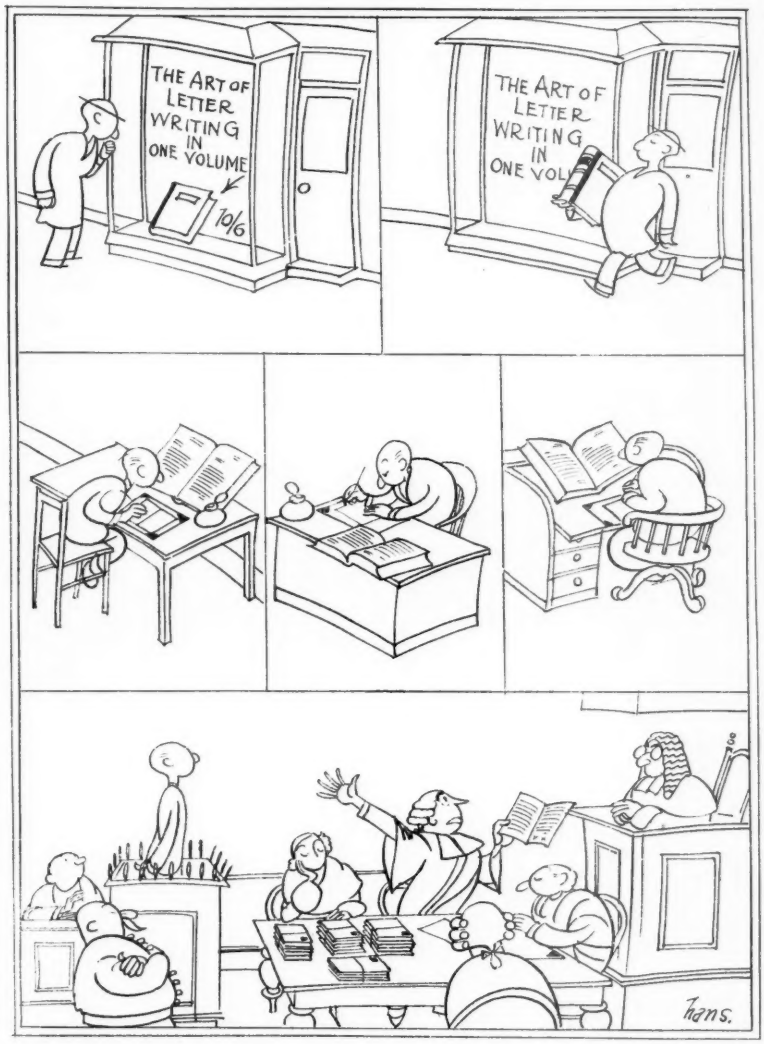
Christmas Cards for a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch's generous readers are asked to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association again by purchasing "Peter Rabbit" Christmas Cards. The cards, which are of new design and cost only 2*d.* each, may be obtained from the Hon. Angela Baring, Itchen Stoke Manor, Winchester, Hants; they are extremely pretty Greeting Cards which at the same time assist a most deserving cause.

Le Nom Juste.

"The Rev. T. Caddy, of the Maidenhead Methodist Church, spoke at a temperance demonstration at Maidenhead."
Daily Paper.

Milestones at Zigzag Oasis.



CENTRAL Africa is too central; that's the whole trouble. People rush in nowadays from all directions. The simple native who trotted home of evenings with a hundredweight of buffalo-meat or a couple of yards of python now brings home something in a tin.

No more of the old tribal dances at harvest-time, with a little light-hearted work with the war-club afterwards. All that quaint old-world life has disappeared. Commerce and progress have killed it. Aeroplanes fill the sky and Americans film the jungle. Cars passing from Cairo to the Cape honk at cars that have left the Cape for Cairo.

The coarsening effect of all this civilisation is to be seen at Zigzag. If a white visitor arrived at Zigzag a few years ago he got the old traditional welcome. Something like this:—

SCENE—*Outside* Chief's *hut at Zigzag.* Chief *seated on lion-skin, attended by four wives with very little on. Spearmen, bowmen, lions, crocodiles, cactus, flies, heat, ad lib. A tom-tom is playing a monotonous tune.*

Warrior (*with spears, entering in haste, prostrating himself and speaking in dialect*). O King! Master of the Elephants! Controller of the Lightning! Great Dust-Storm of the Sahara! etc., etc.

Chief. Speak!

Warrior. One of the white race has arrived—from the clouds! In an airboat that speaks as many guns.

Chief. Where is the white man?

Warrior. In the Musufuni swamp. He requires aid.

Chief (*rising*). We will see this wonder. (*To the crowd*) Slaves, to the assistance of this great white chief. (*To his wives*) Prepare ye the palace for an illustrious guest.

[*Crowd and wives go off at a run.*

Now that was typical; the old-world courtesy. And what a contrast with the sort of thing we have to-day:—

SCENE—*The Same.* Chief (*son of old* Chief) *seated on a cane-chair with three legs, attended by two wives who are rather over-dressed. Miscellaneous lot of ragamuffins, dejected cattle, tame hyænas, pi-dogs, cactus, more flies, heat as before. Intermittent sounds of gramophone playing cracked record come from hut.*

Messenger (*spanner in hand, enters, removes dilapidated cloth cap and speaks in pidgin English*). Marnin', Sah!

Chief. What is it now?

Messenger. More plenty trouble done come. 'Nother three new white man come down wanting plenty petrol for airleplan'."

Chief. Where they lib?

Messenger. Lib for Musufuni. An' them picture-man making too trouble all time. They say this place no good—no fit to pay money if no seeing plenty lions——"

Chief. Tell 'em no lion. And no petrol. And tell 'em keep going.

[*Retires into hut, dragging cane chair after him, and pulls down matting flap over doorway.*)

That 's the attitude. Of course they 're now in the transition stage, so one must make allowances. But the next step is even further removed from the old days. It will be like this:—

SCENE—*Zigzag Hotel and Garage.* Proprietor (*grandson of old* Chief) *listening-in to Hungarian band at Budapest, attended by one wife in khaki shorts. Black mechanics in blue overalls, motor-cars and cases of photographic material scattered about outside.*

Proprietor (*to wife*). Lunch ready for that Hollywood bunch, honey?

Wife. Sure—any time. How's that jungle-film going?

Proprietor. Fine—fine! Restocking the old Musufuni bog with that second-hand European circus stuff was sure a winner. Between that and the pub and the petrol-pumps it ought to run to a trip to Europe this dry-season.

Wife. Oh, boy! T. R. H.



Small Boy (at "parents' tea," as his sister's plate crashes). "PATRICIA, YOU HAVE DISGRACED ME FOR EVER!"

Ode to Noise.

HAIL, Noise! Preposterous Din!
That shrivels up the skin
And makes the short hairs bristle—at whose growth
Those that are nervy doubt
If they can stick it out,
And whether they'll be deaf, or cracked, or both.

For you loud buses roar
And lorries by the score
Crash through the traffic, loaded up with rails;
For you the wild car hoots
While, jumping in his boots,
The pale pedestrian tries to dodge, and fails.

Yours are those dentists' drills
(Worst of our present ills)
That split the asphalt and the human soul,
And hammered iron (that's
Where they are building flats);
Nor should we leave out milkcans, on the whole.

Unresting Shindy! these
In various degrees
Help to your greatness and to man's upset,
While others, quite a heap,
Give you a wider sweep;
Be of good cheer: I haven't finished yet.

Sweet 'twas of yore to float
Down some still stream, and note
The low of adult kine, the youthful bleat;
To hear in shady groves,
Or little Cornish coves,
The nightingale, or kittiwake, was sweet.

But now, where'er one goes,
Blare the loud radios
Or gramophones too portable by half;
When they get going now
No one can hear a cow
Or any warbler, let alone a calf.

I know of one who took
From your wide range his hook
To dwell remote, where never man drew nigh,
And said, "For miles around
Here is no alien sound";
Nor was there, but he quite forgot the sky.

For o'er that secret home
Heaven's translucent dome
Grew packed with aeroplanes of giant span
That roaring kept their flight
Up even through the night;
It would have done you good to hear the man.

Yet no. For ever you
Are up to something new
That pales your former efforts; maybe, soon,
Wan men will hear the sun
Roaring away like fun,
And silvery bellowings from the fat-faced moon.

DUM-DUM.



THOMAS TO THE RESCUE.

[The Report of the Newfoundland Royal Commission proposes that the affairs of Newfoundland should be administered for a term of years under the supervision of the Dominions Office.]

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Tuesday, November 21st.*—Lords and Commons: Opening of the New Session, King's Speech and Debate on Address in Reply.**

***Wednesday, November 22nd.*—Lords: Several Committees set up. Commons: Debate on reappointment of Select Committee on Indian Reform.**

Tuesday, November 21st.—To-day, HIS MAJESTY having opened Parliament and delivered his Gracious Speech, both Houses devoted abbreviated sittings to debate on Government's plans for the Session as outlined in that Speech. In each House debate took form of solemn reiteration that (*a*) Government is doing its best for Disarmament and increased employment, or that (*b*) Government is doing nothing to realize these ideals. If one considers that the equivalent in words of an average novel is spoken in House of Commons every day, that some of these speeches are concerned only with tactical moves in the Party system, that many of them overlap with serious redundance, and that they are nearly all unnecessarily long and abstract, one is astonished by speed with which business of government actually proceeds. Great mystery. Certainly Commons at Question-time, when each question and answer, about whatever subject, is phrased with brevity and precision, presents strangely business-like contrast to Commons in throes of general debate, when limitations of human larynx are sometimes only impediment to a perpetual motion.

In the Lords Address was moved by Earl of DUDLEY, who was optimistic about Home affairs, but urged importance of international agreement in face of manifold world difficulties. In seconding, Viscount GALWAY put in plea for British agriculture. Lord PONSONBY regretted that Speech contained no mention of Agriculture, American Debt or World Economic Conference, and expressed dissatisfaction at Government's apparent decision that FOREIGN SECRETARY should sit at home twiddling thumbs. This is latest fat grouse from Opposition moors, and it fell to Lord READING to bring it down with reminder that old grievance had been too frequent absences of FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Replying, Lord HAILSHAM reaffirmed Government's strong faith in League of Nations and Disarmament Conference, and expressed hope that Lord READING and his friends would continue to co-operate with Government, which must still remain for national purposes a party-blend.



THE CANNIBAL'S DAILY DIET.
I.—GENEVA BROTH.
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, SIR JOHN SIMON AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



II.—INDIAN CURRY.
SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

Commons registered noisily first appearance of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL and his men on Opposition Bench. They looked suitably self-conscious.

Address was moved and seconded by Mr. R. H. CROSS and Mr. KENNETH LINDSAY in two admirable speeches (the second a maiden) far above average in wit and elocution. They wore very fine black velvet suits, carried swords, and made most favourable impression on House by their gallant demeanour during what must have been gruelling ordeal.

(*Steward, kindly tell me who is that Member so courageously asleep, his feet upraised, his silk hat forming a gleaming pent-house over his nose?*

Ssh, Sir! the poor gentleman's tired. Let's hope none of his constituents is in the Gallery.)

PRIME MINISTER, in his forecast of coming Session, emphasised Government's anxiety to secure international agreement on Disarmament and to satisfaction of House he disproved completely, giving facts and figures, Mr. LANSBURY's recent declaration that English armament firms are profiting to the general danger. He also informed the House that negotiations for new trade agreement with Russia are being conducted, and he promised that Government's housing policy will be proceeded with quickly.

From his new pitch immediately in front of Noble and Teetotal Lady for Plymouth, Sir HERBERT SAMUEL defended his little expedition across House as only logical course he and his friends could follow, in view of their frequent divergence from Government, and mourned the temper of our present politics.

Dying embers of debate were momentarily fanned by a somewhat wanton attack by Mr. CHURCHILL on Mr. MACDONALD, whom he accused of allowing the blame for his failures to fall on other people; and on Sir JOHN SIMON, who, he said, was too ready to accept any brief. But he had nothing bolder to suggest than firm support of the League and a greater reliance on older methods of diplomacy.

Most pleasant features of debate were charming tributes by the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. LANSBURY and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL to the memory of Lord GREY.

Wednesday, November 22nd.—The Commons plunged with enthusiasm into a bitterly personal debate, on reappointment of Joint Select Committee on Indian Reform.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, Under-Secretary, moved with commendable brevity reconstitution of Committee. Seventy meetings had been held, twenty thousand questions had been put to witnesses, and the SECRETARY OF STATE himself had endured the witness-box for over seventy-five hours.



UNKNOWN LONDON.

A NEW INSTRUMENT BEING TRIED OUT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Attack was opened by Colonel WEDGWOOD, who opposed motion because he feared Committee would arrive at decision without sufficient evidence. Perhaps he had failed to hear Mr. BUTLER'S statistics.

In view of increasing fury with which Mr. CHURCHILL flings the darts of his scorn at Government benches, there seems something to be said for suggestion that he too, after so many attempts to wipe the floor of the House with the PRIME MINISTER, should cross it and enter into honest if independent opposition. To-day he condemned Government for going back on their promise not to commit Parliament to the White Paper by doing everything to make it impossible for Parliament to recede from it. PRIME MINISTER and Mr. BALDWIN had long ago formed alliance on Indian policy. They were entitled to their views but not to a pretence of impartiality.

Mr. CHURCHILL'S speech incensed member of original Joint Committee, Mr. ISAAC FOOT, who rebuked him soundly for his charge that the Committee was specially packed, reminding him that he had refused invitation to serve on it; and also for fiery declarations at Albert Hall, which he had not been prepared to substantiate as witness before Committee.

(Steward, will you kindly tell me why certain gentlemen have omitted to remove their top-hats? Are they the victims of catarrh?



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

Elder Brother (DAVID) to Prodigal (SAMUEL). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, OLD MAN! COME ALONG AND LET'S MAKE MERRY!"

It is an ancient privilege of the Commons, Sir.

My assumption is correct, then, that a béret would scarcely be de rigueur *in the Chamber?*

Entirely, Sir.)

Replying to the debate, Sir SAMUEL HOARE referred somewhat wrathfully to the capacity of critics of Government for finding mares'-nests and making the most of them. Mr. CHURCHILL'S insinuations, made in his hate of Government and all its members, were groundless. No pressure on Princes was needed, since idea of federation had sprung from them, and the suggestion that Union of Britain and India was subsidised for propaganda purposes from Party funds was equally untrue. Government's Bill would give those who wanted it an opportunity to register opposition in Division Lobby. He hoped in the meantime difficult work of Government would be facilitated by a truce to the kind of irresponsible criticism to which they had just been subjected.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet

IX.

POUND (EZRA).

BELIEVE in this. The other poet. (*See* "ELIOT, T. S.")

POUND (STERLING).

On the other hand, do not believe in this. Shares the responsibility with Civilisation for things being what they are.

PUBLICITY.

The true Modern hates publicity. On the other hand, it is sometimes one's duty to overcome this instinctive loathing. If a serious economic crisis will occur if you don't write an article for *The Daily Mail*, put aside personal considerations and write it. It won't be accepted, anyhow. If absolutely entrapped by Press photographers, stand still, put your tie straight and look handsome. After all, even Press photographers have to make a living.

Press-cutting agencies save a lot of time and are much cheaper than buying all the rags yourself.

SOCIALISM.

Socialism was once the safest political creed for the Modern. The inoffensive nature of Socialist Governments, however, has removed the charm of novelty. It is essential to belong to a party which has never been in power and which is therefore to some extent exclusive.

The Modern of the present day, being in favour of

(*a*) Freedom (*c*) Logic
(*b*) Justice (*d*) Something new

should be either a Communist or a Fascist, depending on the relative suitability of black and red to his colouring.

THEATRE.

Distinguish clearly between the Theatre and the Commercial Theatre.

The Commercial Theatre of course is dying, as everyone has known for years. But the Commercial Theatre is not Art, and consequently you needn't mind. Be careful, however, to be rather more respectful about the True Theatre than about the cinema. The theatre can be patronised, but not quite as heavily, because fewer people go to it. Lest any confusion should arise, the following will usually serve to distinguish the True Theatre:—

(1) It is always very small, very stuffy, very uncomfortable, and in some outlandish bit of London.

(2) The plays are usually Art, *i.e.*, Things that have been banned by the Censor.

(3) The actors never know their lines.

(4) Naturalism is avoided. That is to say, there are usually no properties and no scenery. If people have to shoot people, they point a finger at them and say "Bang!" This is very artistic.

(5) The characters never have names. They are called "The man," "The woman," "The lover." *c.f.* "The Cat" in pantomime.

(6) There is no bar.

Luckily, it is only necessary to believe in the True Theatre. You need not go to it. In fact it is easier to believe in it if you don't.

TOLERANCE.

Never show this. It is the same thing as mental laziness. Tolerance is all very well for people who can't Think Clearly and Logically, but for the Modern who knows about things it is absurd. It doesn't matter so much *what* you think as long as you think it violently enough.

If there are two sides to a question, select one and think it very violently. If this palls after a time, there is no harm in thinking the other (also violently) for a while. But avoid trying to think them both at once. It is silly and makes enjoyable argument impossible. *(To be continued.)*



"AND I WANT YOU TO BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN, MRS. STUKINS, BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL COMING BACK AGAIN TO-NIGHT."

At the Play.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS" (AMBASSADORS).

Cabbages and Kings is a wholesome pretty romantic little comedy of piety and simplicity vainly tempted by the specious delights of grandeur, power and riches and of the happy issue of innocent first love—therein differing vastly from the bulk of theatrical fare provided at the moment.

Don Geronimo (Mr. CYRIL MAUDE), parish priest of a remote little hill village near Siena and incidentally its council, judge, physician, weather bureau and matchmaker, a godly, simple, wise and friendly old man, is busy with the bottling of his wine. Hoarse military cries, jingling spurs and violently slapped muskets prelude the entrance of a grand ramrod General—from Paris. *Don Geronimo* knows little (perhaps rather too little to be convincing) of the outside world, of France. He remembers vaguely that she has killed her King. Ancient history by now, says the General. Does not his reverence remember his reverence's native Ajaccio and a family of Buonapartes—Letitia the mother, Napoleon one of the many sons? "That young rascal? My nephew. Certainly. What's become of him?" "He's Emperor of the French, and I bring you the offer (which is more like a command) of a cardinal's hat and a bishopric. We start at once. *Monseigneur's* carriage awaits him at the foot of this deplorably perpendicular hill." Author (GIOVACCHINO FORZANO) and adapter (EMILE LITTLER—who is also joint entrepreneur of this production) proceed to tell us what happened during the day and night demanded by old *Don Geronimo* for the calm consideration of the magnificent offer.

And what did happen? Well, first of all handsome *Corporal Martiez* (Mr. LAURIER LISTER), a Marengo hero, fell headlong in love with *Mattea* (Miss AILEEN MARSON), *Don Geronimo's* beloved god-daughter. And no wonder, for she was bewitchingly pretty and played her guitar and sang her *stornelli* with disturbing effect on the susceptible. And next, the whole village, indeed the neighbouring village also, was upset by intrigues as to who should form the new cardinal's suite—and heads were broken. Three extraordinary unlikely and unpersuasive scoundrels—a horrible fleshy avaricious monk (played with enormous gusto by Mr. RANDLE AYRTON), a lawyer and a titled gambling-house proprietor—came to solicit favours from the soon-to-be-great, bribes ready in their hands. The good old priest drove them from his door and his parishioners sped them down the hill. *Don Geronimo's* devoted *Bianca*, who had strayed, was found



CABBAGES AND KINGS—AND POULTRY.

Don Geronimo . . MR. CYRIL MAUDE.
Bianca (a hen) . . ANONYMOUS.

—we breathed more freely when she turned out to be an innocent mild white hen. The corporal rode off with his beloved *Mattea;* there was lamentation and much, almost too much,



RUSTICATION OF MISS EVA MOORE AS *AGNESE*.

intimate speculation on the chances of the worst having happened. The General swallowed another ramrod and swore to capture and shoot the abductor. But the two fugitives doubled back upon their tracks and were hurriedly married by *Don Geronimo*, who earlier in the preceding day had saved his beloved *Mattea* from entering a convent; he had commonsensically analysed the situation not as a divine call but as reaction from unsatisfactory if persistent wooing by a dunderheaded sacristan; moreover, he liked the look of the corporal.

The upshot of all this and of the reflection for which there had been little time or peaceful opportunity in these crowded hours was that the good old man voted to stay on his village hill-top with the cabbages rather than go down and ruffle it among the kings. He doubted, as well he might, the heavenly inspiration of such an offer conveyed in such a way. The renunciation came in fact from his own good and simple heart and had little to do with this rather arbitrary assembly of circumstance.

I doubt if Mr. CYRIL MAUDE made this clear. He is the friendliest and most ingratiating chuckler on our stage, and always attractive to watch and hear, especially when the chuckling is seasoned with a dash of pepper. And of course he will always have his joke, even if it's the nursing of a General's top-boot (obtrusively thrown through the door for this precise unexhilarating purpose) as he remembers how he held the baby Napoleon in his arms. But clearly the author meant his old priest to be something much more than a shrewd, genial (indeed, hearty), affectionate old man.

It was the other-worldliness, a quality of holiness shining beneath the work-a-day routine of the day's natural and material happenings which dictated his decision. Mr. MAUDE didn't seem to be interested in this and resolutely avoided any but the most perfunctory attempt to express the deeper emotions. This business of killing a character in a play and bringing it to life in a mood better suited to the impersonator's favourite technique is an old and, I suppose, a venial crime. But it plays Old Harry with the general sense of the play. I found too what seemed to me a rather unreasonable amount of hubbub and restlessness in the playing which may have been partly due to my being seated rather too near the stage. But the Ambassadors is an intimate little theatre and a little noise goes a long way.

Possibly, however, the author may have had no such solemn purpose as I have attributed to him and may thoroughly agree with Mr. MAUDE, and I am, by consequence, being merely tiresome. Which would be indeed unpardonable. **T.**

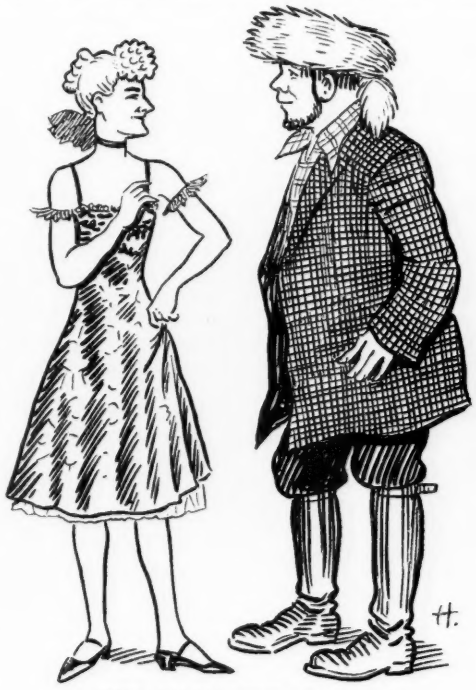
"PLEASE" (SAVOY).

This is a singularly mixed bag to bear the name of CHARLOT on its handle. Its main contents are Miss BEATRICE LILLIE, Mr. LUPINO LANE and Mr. FRANK LAWTON, and, though they each have their happy moments, their material is scarcely up to standard. A nursery vein of what one can only call *ad posteriora* humour runs through the piece, on the principle that the more painfully and unexpectedly the cast sit down the funnier everything will be. "Marlene Dietrich possesses a seat which——" one of the numbers imperfectly begins, and it sums up too many of the sketches. Some time ago even Hollywood discovered the pitfalls of undiluted slapstick.

Miss LILLIE can be as fascinating as ever. Burlesque is the note she strikes hardest, and for this she has at her command a marvellous range of satiric invention. From the start she makes two things clear to her audience—that she is enjoying herself hugely, and that she will continue to do so whether the audience do or not. Than this there is no more powerful theatrical juju, but it takes a very live personality to put it a cross. Miss GRACIE FIELDS has the same sort of gift, but it is rare. One little flick of Miss LILLIE'S eyebrows, one impish *coup d'œil* of innuendo, and, perhaps best of all, one little quiver of her voice, exquisitely timed, and a whole skyscraper of false sentiment is pulverised at a blow and comes crashing splendidly about us.

But why, oh why her addiction to tripping over sofas, sitting down on thin air and being trounced from behind? In *Nap*, for instance (a sketch in unnecessarily feeble taste, hinging on the unfruitfulness of the Empress JOSEPHINE), she and Mr. LUPINO LANE —*Napoleon*—devoted to dreary knockabout what were at least opportunities for regal burlesque.

Her best turns are "The Girl Friend" (though it is needlessly long), in which as an egotistic Society hostess she visits the dressing-room of an actress who has just returned exhausted from the curtain of a first-night; "Two in a Bar," where she is the beerlady with operatic ambition, sedulously standing drinks-on-the-house to a penny-whistler whom she mistakes for an impresario and finally ejects with a single superbly-authoritative "Owt!"; "A Porcelain Farewell," a study of temperament in reminiscence; and "Miss Lillie Explains," in which she tells a Muscovite story extremely well and exits on unsuspected roller-skates.



MISS LILLIE GOES BLONDE.
Frisco Fanny. . . . . MISS BEATRICE LILLIE.
Klondike. . . . . MR. LUPINO LANE.

Mr. LUPINO LANE is as versatile as he is energetic, an acrobat, a dancer and a comedian in one small rubber body. As STRUBE'S Little Man (without apologies) he sings a spirited song of a shirt, whose political colour he insists on settling for himself, and in "On My Lonely Trapeze" he proves that violent acrobatics and a mellow voice can thrive on the same breath. Possibly his cleverest item is the mimed story of *Peeping Tom*, which is very well if a trifle revoltingly presented.

The strain of the more romantic sections of the programme is taken by Mr. FRANK LAWTON, who sings and dances and flirts with all *Young Woodley's* charm. He makes a good *compère*, and, in the sketch "Justice," an eloquent counsel for a series of historical clients, his only failure being in the case of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, who, on the charge of discovering America, is found guilty but insane.

Mr. IRIS LLOYD'S dancing, especially as a *Midinette*, is distinctly worth noting, and I liked that of Miss BETTY NORTON. Honours must also go to Mr. REGINALD SMITH for his resonant *Judge*, his *Theatrical Manager* and and his robust portrait of a *Nurse*.

The Chorus began raggedly but improved, being at their best in a spirited Indian dance called *Tommy Tom Tom*, and in the grand finale, *Lousiana Hayride*, which I thought the best thing in the programme. It is certainly the most attractive of an unequal set of musical numbers.

This show is disappointingly full of talent only partially utilised. As a whole it is wanting in straight-cut wit, and it falls back too often on custard-pie, the tiresome theme of virtue abandoned, and on the exploded mysteries of anatomy. ERIC.



THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.
MR. LUPINO LANE.

Cleaner Rugby.

"Kennedy for Kelso enlivened matters with a wash on the touch-line, but the 'Varsity full-back grassed the winger in fine style."
Glasgow Paper.

So of course he had to wash again.

"VICAR AND VILLAGE CHILDREN WHO 'RUN ABOUT STREETS.'"
Provincial Paper.

Our Vicar is built more for comfort than speed.

Brighter Banking.

EVERYBODY can explain that our banks need improving, but why does no financial reformer visualise really popular banks, like this:—

LONDON'S BANKING PARADISE.

I was among the first thousand to gain admission to Messrs. Goldilocks' magnificent new Banking Stores, writes our Financial Correspondent. A large queue had begun to form as early as 2 A.M. in the pouring rain. One woman said she had never missed a bank sale for the last ten years.

The Governess, Directors and Chief Cashier were heartily cheered on arrival. The Governess has an extensive fan-mail, and has made history by going round the world under false names several times.

Three first-class dance-bands were in attendance. The lift-girls are the most beautiful I have seen. I went up and down five times to listen to their melodious cry, "Going up! Petty Cash . . ."

In the Bargain Basement, where a one-way-round system was controlled with admirable tact by Messrs. Goldilocks' courteous bank-walkers, I saw cancelled cheques of all the famous people of to-day offered at ridiculously low prices, together with a special line in cheque-collectors' albums.

Cheques may be had in volumes of all sizes, from a twelve-page duodecimo to a thousand-page folio. The cheque of the year will undoubtedly be the Goldilocks' Water-Colour, each one being signed by an R.A. One could desire no better decoration for an office. I understand smart young men are already wearing them as shirt-fronts.

The super-luxury pass-books are made of the best quality vellum with illuminated lettering. By the Sporting Investment Scheme, depositors may be awarded a special dividend of 10,000% at the discretion of the Governess.

Demonstrations of adding machines and account-balancers are given daily by the resident ballet, who also demonstrate the latest Bank Parade costumes.

The Adonis Unit, a fine exhibit of handsome bank-clerks, can be seen dealing with ledgers in the front-window of the ground-floor.

I bought some lovely new pound-notes, which are kept crisp in a special refrigerator, and a few ounces of clean assorted foreign coins.

On receipt of a phone-call or a post-card Messrs. Goldilocks will gladly send along one of their Mr. Smiths to give expert advice.

For the convenience of the public the Cash-Box Goldilocks is open all night.

The Heralds' College Affair.

DETAILS are now to hand of the recent disturbance at the Heralds' College. The trouble appears to have originated in the blazoning shop, where a temporary engrosser named Gobony refused to obey orders issued by one of the higher ranking Heralds. These instructions concerned the feeding of a tame martlet, to which the Herald was much attached. (Evidence shows that he had succeeded in training it to sing the well-known air, "Argent Threads among the Or.")

Gobony, it is said, aggravated this offence by referring to his superior as "sanguine, a fool proper," and demanding "whether he saw any vert in his eye." The Orderly Pursuivant at once gave directions for Gobony's arrest, but the latter made his escape to the weaving sheds. The tabard hands were soon persuaded to quit their looms, and a number of Herald Painters subsequently downed brushes in sympathy. These men, it should be explained, had as their grievance a long-standing claim of largesse for additional garnishings.

The malcontents proceeded to the college playing-fields, trampling several beds of fleurs-de-lys which lay in their path. A defaulters' squad had just completed the exercise, "Armorial bearings—couchant, sejant, statant, guardant, rampant, ambulant, courant, passant and counter-passant, judging the time—DISPLAY!" The majority hastily resumed their surcoats and joined the demonstrators, leaving the Herald-Instructor tinctured purpure, at gaze.

After a brief consultation the field was voided and the whole company, in order of precedence, moved off towards the home farm with the evident intention of liberating the live-stock. At the time the pales enclosed barbed unicorn in plenitude, several score head of griffin and wyvern, and a cockatrice salient with claws uncouped. Luckily the marchers' attention was distracted by the college trumpeter, unsupported, issuant sinister from the buttery-hatch. The hapless fellow, unpopular by reason of a delay in sounding the lunch-hour fanfare, was threatened with entire quartering. He was later rescued from the dolphin-pond, figured and habited sable.

Efforts were next directed to forcing the door of the Armoury, which was known to house a plentiful supply of pheons, habergeons and thunderbolts. The move was forestalled by a handful of loyal pursuivants, who abstracted the weapons and barricaded themselves in the Lozenge Store. On discovering this the insurgents, seizing billets and fusils, advanced to the attack.

An ugly scene was prevented by the arrival of the Principal, who narrowly escaped being vulned on the dexter side of the head by a demi-bat. Producing a pair of fetterlocks, he went boldly up to the ringleader and secured his wrists. The remainder, on the promise of a general amnesty, left their arms in pile and resumed work.

It is thought that Gobony will be treated leniently, as records reveal that he has hitherto borne a clean escutcheon.

A London motorist has been missing for over a week. We hear that the gyratory traffic at Hyde Park Corner is to be carefully scrutinised.

★ ★ ★

GANDHI has issued a statement denying that eggs were thrown at the platform during a public meeting at Nagpur. Maybe they just hit the platform.

★ ★ ★

"London bricks show a satisfactory rise," says a financial paper. Geneva half-bricks, on the other hand, continue to drop.

★ ★ ★

After working for the same employer for seventy-eight years a Bucharest man aged 112 has given notice. It is said he has a great horror of getting into a rut.

★ ★ ★

"Nothing pleases a good business-man more than to get down to brass tacks," declares a writer. Providing of course that they are not end-up on a chair.

★ ★ ★

A professional boxer was once a clerk in a city office. In the middle of a recent contest he amazed his seconds by demanding pen and paper and writing out his resignation, to take effect immediately.

★ ★ ★

A Margate man has cut a complete set of new teeth at the age of eighty-four. A case, let us hope, of cut and come again.

★ ★ ★

In Hong Kong is a tailor named AH MEN. The last word in tailoring, one might say.

Our Young Financiers.

"There is to be a silver collection in Chapel next Sunday. Please put a threepenny-bit in your letter. They cost fourpence here."

Extract from Schoolboy's Letter.



Boy. "BUT I DID WASH THEM."
Nurse. "WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH THEM SINCE?"
Boy. "NOTHING MUCH—ONLY DIGGING UP WORMS IN THE GARDEN."

Song of the Coast Raider.

"O WHO will o'er the Downs so free,
O who will with me ride"
Over the scene of PEARSALL'S glee
Transformed and beautified?

Where regiments of petrol-pumps
Radiant in green and red
Relieve the sombre sylvan clumps
And barrows of the dead;

Where, ousted by the Gods of Tin,
Pan hides his pipes and hoofs
From dwellings consecrate to din
And corrugated roofs;

Where once the heaven-aspiring lark
In lonely rapture sang,
And now you hear from dawn to dark
The crooner's nasal twang.

For, though by curious paradox,
Peace hath her Haven near,
The amplifier's *magna vox*
Bombards the listener's ear.

* * * * *

O blesséd day when all the way
From Chichester to Deal
Houses shall crown each yard of Down,
Thanks to the builder's zeal;

When we shall make the bare South Coast
To blossom like the rose
With one long never-ending host
Of huts and bungalows!

Poets may vent their deep disgust
And urge their futile plea;
Only the action of the Trust
Can save the Downs from me.

C. L. G.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

IX.

October 23*rd*. Extraordinary week-end with Ella Wheelwright on Long Island at superb country house which she refers to as her cottage. She drives me out from New York very kindly, but should enjoy it a great deal more if she would look in front of her, instead of at me, whilst negotiating colossal and unceasing stream of traffic. This, she says gaily, is what she has been looking forward to—a really undisturbed *tête-à-tête* in which to hear all about my reactions to America and the American Woman. I say, What about the American Man? But this is not a success, Ella evidently feeling that reactions, if any, on this subject are of no importance whatever to anybody.

She then tells me that she spent a month last year in London, staying at the Savoy, and gives me her opinion of England, which is, on the whole, favourable. I say at intervals that I see what she means, and utter other non-committal phrases whenever it occurs to me that if I don't say something she will guess that I am not really listening.

We gradually leave New York behind and creep into comparative country—bright golden trees excite my admiration, together with occasional scarlet ones—Ella still talking—have not the least idea what about, but continue to ejaculate from time to time. Presently country mansion is reached, three large cars already standing in front of door, and I suggest that other visitors have arrived, but Ella says, Oh, no; one is her *other* car, and the remaining two belong to Charlie. Decide that Charlie must be her husband and wonder whether she has any children, but none has ever been mentioned, and do not like to ask.

House is attractive—furniture and decorations very elaborate—am particularly struck by enormous pile of amber beads coiled carelessly on one corner of old oak refectory-table, just where they catch the light—and I am taken up winding staircase carpeted in rose-colour.

(Evidently no children, or else they use a separate staircase.)

Ella's bedroom perfectly marvellous. Terrific expanses of looking-glass, and sofa has eighteen pillows, each one a different shade of purple. Should like to count number of jars and bottles—all with mauve enamel tops—in bathroom, but this would take far too long, and feel it necessary, moreover, to concentrate on personal appearance, very far from satisfactory. Am aware that I cannot hope to compete with Ella, who is looking wonderful in white wool outfit obviously made for her in Paris, but make what efforts I can with powder and lipstick, try to forget that I am wearing my Blue, which never has suited me and utterly refuses to wear out. Decide to take off my hat, but am dissatisfied with my hair when I have done so, and put it on again and go downstairs. Complete house-party is then revealed to me, sitting on silk cushions outside French-windows, the whole thing being entirely reminiscent of illustrations to Society story in American magazine. I am introduced, everyone is very polite, and complete silence envelops the entire party.



ELLA WHEELWRIGHT.

Young man in white sweater at last rises to the occasion and asks me what I think of *Anthony Adverse*. Am obliged to reply that I haven't read it, which gets us no further. I then admire the trees, which are beautiful, and everybody looks relieved and admires them too, and silence again ensues.

Ella with great presence of mind says that it is time for cocktails. These are brought, and I obediently drink mine and wonder what Our Vicar's Wife would say if she could see me now. This leads, by natural transition, to thoughts of television, and I ask my neighbour—grey flannels and flaming red hair—whether he thinks that this will ever become part of everyday life. He looks surprised—as well he may—but replies civilly that he doubts it very much. This he follows up by inquiring whether I have yet read *Anthony Adverse*.



"WHO IS PLAYING THE PIANO VIOLENTLY."

Charlie materialises—imagine him to be Ella's husband but am never actually told so—and we all go in to lunch, which is excellent.

(Standard of American cooking very, very high indeed. Reflect sentimentally that Robert is in all probability only having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, then remember difference in time between here and England and realise that beef and Yorkshire pudding are either in the past or the future, although cannot be quite sure which.)

Tennis is suggested for the afternoon, and Ella tells me that she can

easily find me a pair of shoes. As I am far from sharing this confidence—every woman in the room looks like size 5, whereas I take 6½—and think my Blue very ill-adapted to the tennis-court, I say that I would rather look on, and this I do. They all play extremely well and look incredibly handsome, well-dressed and athletic. I decide, not for the first time, that Americans are a great deal more decorative than Europeans.

Just as inferiority complex threatens to overwhelm me altogether I am joined by Ella, who says that she is taking me to a tea-party. Tea-parties are A Feature of Life on Long Island, and it is essential, says Ella, that I should attend one.

Everybody else turns out to be coming also. A complete platoon of cars is marshalled and we drive off, about two people to every car, and cover total distance of rather less than five hundred yards.

Am by this time becoming accustomed to American version of a tea-party, and encounter cocktails and sandwiches with equanimity, but am much struck by scale on which the entertainment is conducted, large room being entirely filled by people, including young gentleman who is playing the piano violently and has extremely pretty girl on either side of him, each with an arm round his waist.



"She screams into my ear."

It now becomes necessary to screech at really terrific pitch, and this everyone does. Cannot feel that *Anthony Adverse* motif, which still recurs, has gained by this, nor do my own replies to questions concerning the length of my stay, my reactions to America, and opinion of the American Woman. Ella, who has heroically introduced everybody within sight, smiles and waves at me encouragingly, but is now too firmly wedged in to move, and I sit on a sofa next to slim woman in scarlet, and she screams into my ear.

Am obliged to give up all hope of hearing everything she says, but can catch quite a lot of it and am interested. She was, she tells me, the mascot of the baseball team at her college. Whenever a match took place she was carried on to the field by two members of the team. (Frightful vision assails me of similar extravagance taking place on village football-ground at home, and results—especially as to mud and bruises—that would certainly ensue.) On one occasion, yells my neighbour, the opposing team objected to her presence (am not surprised), but her Boys held firm. Either, said her Boys, they had their mascot on the field or else the whole match must be called off.

Cannot, unfortunately, hear the end of the story, but feel certain that it was favourable to the mascot and her Boys. Experience temporary difficulty in thinking out reasonably polite answer to such a singular statement, and finally say that it must have been rather fun, which is weak and totally untrue—at least as far as the teams were concerned—but as all is lost in surrounding noise it matters little. People walk in and out and scream at one another. Should be interested to identify my host and hostess, but see no hope of this whatever. Ella presently works her way up to me and makes signs that she is ready to leave, and we struggle slowly into the air again.

Remaining members of Ella's house-party, whom I am now rather disposed to cling to as being old and familiar friends, all gradually reassemble, and we return to Ella's house, where I discover that recent vocal efforts have made my throat extremely sore.

(*To be continued.*) E. M. D.

Our Helpful Advertisers.

"Try this Utterly New Face Powder."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Yes, but where can one get the utterly new face?

The Electric Age.

I met a little cottage child;
She was eight years old, she said.
Her head was bare, her eyes were wild;
She should have been in bed.

She told me that her name was Anne;
I asked her how she did,
And huskily the girl began,
"We live upon a grid——"

"Will not the landlord, child," I said,
"Repair a faulty drain?"
She shook the bob about her head
And started to explain.

"The current which they generate
With dynamos in town
They carry up to yonder gate,
And there they step it down."

She spoke of ohm and kilowatt
And kilowatt and ohm.
I found she had, which I have not,
An all-electric home.

"Surely a pleasant place," I said,
"Where all is for the best."
I asked her seven times: "Then why
Your obvious need of rest?"

She said, "My sleep has been and gone,
For Father wants to get
The Greenland signal stronger on
A four-valve super-het.

"He has an output pentode, Sir.
The current is A.C.;
The thing would go much better were
The output of Class B.

"But my advice he will not take,
And all night long he sits
And oscillates enough to make
A body go to bits."

I found I could not understand,
But, as her woe was deep,
I put a penny in her hand
And hoped that she would sleep.

But still she cried in deeper woe,
"He ought to have Class B;
He has a pentode, Sir, and, oh,
The difference to me!" Verges.

"Bludgeon Gangs Out."
Daily Paper.

Let it gang—an' guid riddance.



"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"
"GO ON—*you* SAY IT."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Uncle Arthur."

WHETHER the Chairman of the Disarmament Conference succeeds in crowning his career with an immortalising triumph or is finally compelled to join the ranks of those who have hoped and talked and passed on, he is to-day a centre of almost universal interest and respect. In *From Foundry to Foreign Office* (GRAYSON, 10/6) Mr. EDWIN A. JENKINS sets out, as simply and uninspiringly as a sum on the blackboard, the details of his hero's arithmetical progression, by way of the Salvation Army and Downing Street, from an inadequate wage paid weekly to the unanimously accorded dignity of Uncle-in-General to the world at large. In the name of all the romance of realised ambition one is compelled to protest that a career so thrilling in the summary ought never to ring so lifeless in the detailed telling. Perhaps the faculty of wonder is blunted alike in Mr. JENKINS and myself, for here is a veritable miracle of pluck and self-restraint and consistency and underlying brain-power reduced to little more than an outline of the general history of the period, the fluctuation of Election figures and an album of family photographs.

The Original Ugly Duckling.

I seldom find my appreciation of an artist enhanced by the highly personal methods of modern biography, and where you have so apparently isolated a craftsman as the author of "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" it is vital to realise how much of him was current, so to speak, in the ideology of his age. A lack of interest in perspective of this kind and a style oddly at variance with the simplicity of its theme render Miss SIGNE TOKSVIG'S account of *The Life of Hans Christian Andersen* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) less enjoyable than such a comprehensive and affectionate book has a right to be. Her hero's poverty-stricken and haunted childhood—brightened, it is true, by a wise woman's prophecy of success—led him to the torch-lit fulfilment of the augury through fruitless love-affairs, travels in search of oblivion, the shipwreck of novels and plays and the bitterly-resented triumph of the despised fairy-tales. None of his admirers can afford to overlook Miss TOKSVIG'S minutely documented study of this chequered and pathetic career, and their gratitude for all she has discovered and

set down will be augmented by supreme pleasure in her delightful illustrations.

A Clerk of the Scales.

Few write on riding better than
Mr. WILLIAM FAWCETT can.
Oft has he shown us steed and man
Who share a hunting-run;
To-day, Diana's woodland ways
Resisting, he has earned my praise
With *Racing in the Olden Days*,
Published by HUTCHINSON.

He tells us here of ancient things,
Horses of old and happenings,
Bucks of the Regency and kings
In Newmarket—as ROUS.
He tells of gamblers not a few,
Of jockeys, trainers, owners too,
And gossips of the sportsmen who
Have graced our Royal House.

In fact here is the Turf whose hub
And power-house is the Jockey Club
(First heard of at a Pall Mall pub
Which 1750 knew).
The Turf, from times of murrey coat
And boots, the Turf in anecdote,
The Turf that was before the Tote,
And jolly good Turf too.

A Dilemma for Doctors.

Though not, as was once the mode, to be regarded as an æsthetic crime, the thesis novel is liable to one cardinal defect. Character is very apt to be reduced to the mere mouthpiece or exemplification of argument. So it is, though with solid compensations in the interest of the argument itself, in *The Camberwell Miracle* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), a story with faith-healing for theme, told with the lucidity and constructive skill which we expect from Mr. J. D. BERESFORD, and with a sincerity which makes no attempt to conceal the author's own convictions. The perfect humanity of *Martin Davies*, the G.P. whose remarkable gift becomes, *malgré lui*, the subject of a journalistic stunt and a fluttering of the medical dovecotes, goes near to defeat his creator's end—an Elisha to such an Elijah seems so improbable; and while *Martin* himself is rather inarticulate, taking his faith for granted and getting on with the works, the explanation and rationalisation of his achievements by *Dick Stoner*, one of the few medicos whom they have not scandalised, are beyond measure prolix. Though *Rosemary Henderson* (lame and lovable) has more than one reason for hanging on his words, one wonders at times that they do not suffocate her. Nevertheless this story, with its effective climax, is to be read with respect.



"SHE 'S ALWAYS COMPLAININ'. SAID THERE WAS A LUMP OF SOAP ON 'ER FORK. AT ANY RATE SHE CAN'T SAY IT WASN'T *WASHED*."

The Last of "Stet."

It is with a treble sense of loss that you turn the last pages of a critic who loved the unremunerative past better than the paying present, who proclaimed himself a Romantic while using the more classical weights and measures and who united the tenacious holding of permanent convictions to a just, though not exactly an expansive, attitude towards novelties and newcomers. All this I have always found the late T. EARLE WELBY, beside whose *Back Numbers* I shall now instal the *Second Impressions* (METHUEN, 6/-) embodying the last critical pronouncements of "STET." Mr. EDWARD SHANKS' pleasant biographical introduction accounts for the aloofness of the man—an aloofness which had nothing Olympian about it and was (I think) to his readers a welcome guarantee of

disinterestedness. The forty articles themselves exhibit, perhaps, less completeness than their predecessor's fifty; but they have all the old enthusiasm and discernment, all the old felicitous mingling of quotation and comment which make criticism readable and re-readable. "STET" is too genial to be depreciative with gusto or malice. "High marmoreal perfection or charged romantic beauty"—with a tender glance for a handful of "lovable minors"—see him at his best.

Fridtjof's Saga.

It is more than three years since FRIDTJOF NANSEN died, worn out in the service of his fellow-men, and this little book, *Nansen of Norway*, written by Mr. CHARLES TURLEY and published by METHUEN at the very reasonable price of five shillings, gives an excellent and unpretentious account of a remarkably full life. NANSEN was born in 1861, not far from Oslo, in a home that seems to have supplied everything that an adventurous boy, sprung from a long line of Viking explorers, could desire. At Oslo too were good schools, and young NANSEN was inquirer as well as athlete. Choice of a profession was difficult. At first he thought of the Army; then he chose zoology as offering some chance of outdoor sport, and sure enough he almost at once secured the chance of accompanying a sealing expedition to the Arctic. This was in the *Viking* (Captain KREFTING) in 1882. Returning to Norway he was offered the post of curator at the Zoological section of the Bergen Museum, where he remained six years, though longing at times to break loose. Then, in the autumn of 1887, he began to make plans for the crossing of Greenland on skis, from east to west, which he carried out the following year. And after this another Arctic journey on a much larger scale had to be considered, and that famous vessel, the *Fram*, was built for the occasion. While devoting most of his space to the voyages, Mr. TURLEY does not forget the share that his hero had in Norwegian politics or the humanitarian work to which he devoted himself after the War.



Modern Wine Merchant dictating new Price List. "THIS IS NOT A WINE FOR THE MILLIONS, FOR THE THOUSANDS, FOR THE HUNDREDS, BUT FOR THE THINKERS, THE CLEAR, FRESH, FULL, CHARACTERISTIC, RICHLY-REFINED, FLAVOURY-MINDED, STYLISH, THINKERS OF THE WORLD. HAVING SAID THAT WE WILL LET YOU INTO A SECRET. WE PLACE OUR CARDS ON THE TABLE. THIS IS NOT A PERFECT WINE. THERE IS NO PERFECT WINE. THIS WINE IS UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE. BUT—THERE IS A TRACE OF HEADACHE IN THREE HOGSHEADS OF IT TAKEN AT A SITTING."

The Tragic Faun.

For a parallel to the Russian Ballet, culminating in the triumphs of NIJINSKY, one has to go back to Imperial Rome. Dancing, save in religious ritual, was alien to the Roman race, but it was encouraged by AUGUSTUS amd MÆCENAS, the patron and friend of BATHYLLUS, the famous Alexandrian pantomimist. Later emperors were less friendly to the profession, and, speaking roughly, the male dancer played second fiddle to the *première danseuse* from the days of SALOME to those of PAVLOVA. NIJINSKY, who was not a Russian but a Pole, in his brief, brilliant and tragic career became the chief idol of all *balletomanes*. Nature had endowed him with supernatural agility; he possessed something approaching the power of levitation claimed by HOME, the most famous of all spiritualists. Of the ardours and endurance which brought him early triumphs and world-wide fame, of his simple unsophisticated nature and his sudden lapse in his early prime into incurable insanity, his wife has given us, in *Nijinsky* (GOLLANCZ. 10/6), a picture of engrossing interest, remarkable alike for its devotion and devastating candour. The illustrations are admirably chosen, the most beautiful being those of *Giselle* and *The Spectre of the Rose*, in both of which NIJINSKY appears with KARSAVINA, an artist of whose unselfishness and perfect *camaraderie* the author writes with unqualified praise.

Happy Romance.

Mr. A. A. THOMSON must, I believe, while writing *Borders of Enchantment* (JENKINS, 7/6), have made up his mind to be thoroughly gay and romantic. He has, at any rate, produced a story which, however incredible it may sometimes be, is certainly an antidote to the gloomy novels of the present day. *Mirren Elvandale*, Laird of Lealhope, inherited a property on the Scottish borders, which she determined at all costs to retain, and the record of her struggle against poverty and of her scorn for a rich young man is, though perhaps a little sweet for all tastes, easy and pleasant to read. If, without niggling over possibilities and probabilities, you want for a while to be wafted out of to-day's prosaic world into a land of enchantment I can with confidence recommend you to accept Mr. THOMSON as a reliable and sympathetic guide.

Pets in the Park.

Few people care to go really close to a wild lion, even when armed, yet Mr. E. F. V. WELLS, in *Lions: Wild and Friendly* (CASSELL, 8/6), tells us how safe it is to do so unarmed if one is not afraid. I must say I would find the injunction almost impossible to obey. The author, with his family in company, has no qualms about posing wild lions for the camera (at a range of twelve feet) by such simple methods as flicking one on the nose with a piece of paper. He has brought up or bred some thirty lions on his Southern African farm, allowing some of them to have tea with the family and playing with them like huge dogs. The pictures in the book are truly wonderful, especially of those beasts met with on the veld (yet I wish footnotes had been added to the plates to say which lion referred to in the text was being illustrated). The author gives much new and interesting information of leonine habits and mentality. His descriptions of "Samson" and "Delilah" and of "Max" and "Climax" would make a hunter sell his armoury and buy a lion-farm. A delightful book and worth more than its price.

Charivaria.

Discussing the end of the flat-racing season, a sporting writer says bookmakers seem to have got what was coming to them. Alas! some of them also got what was coming to us.

***

Business-men recently entertained a Durham income-tax collector who was leaving the district. They probably didn't realise that another one would be sent there.

***

A child found wandering in Camberwell had over four hundred cigarette-cards in his possession. From this the police deduced that he must have been out nearly all day.

***

The trouble with young men nowadays is that they take a job with the idea of working up from the bottom to a position of irresponsibility.

***

"A vegetarian diet is best for those who would be beautiful," we read. Well, it does not seem to have done much for the elephant.

***

"Swiss workmen," says a Geneva message, "have unearthed the tusk of a huge prehistoric animal." Probably the weapon was discarded during the Mammoth Peace Conference.

***

"Like Julius Cæsar," says Mr. John Buchan, M.P., "Cromwell entered upon a military career as a middle-aged politician." It is only fair to point out that Cæsar abandoned politics as a middle-aged soldier.

According to a traveller the natives of Hawaii have no politics, never commit murder, and only marry once. Civilisation, however, is sure to overtake them before long.

***

Moscow authorities are trying out a robot bus-conductor which opens and shuts the door, takes fares and announces the stops. London Transport, it is rumoured, have already gone one better with a robot passenger that can be folded in four sections during the rush-hours.

***

A woman at Bow Street stated that a doctor had insulted her in a letter written in Latin. A more commercial-minded person would have popped along to the chemist and had it made up.

"The actor of to-day is not so careful of his figure as his predecessors were," says a writer. He doesn't need to be when he knows that sooner or later he'll be asked to play *Henry VIII.*

***

Dancing dervishes have been suppressed because they were reactionaries. We suppose they didn't practise the latest steps.

***

An Indian Chief visiting London was taken to see a revue. True to his inherited instincts of stoicism, he allowed not even a whimper of pain to escape his lips.

***

Miss Ella Retford says she finds pantomime is a wonderful change from variety. But audiences don't.

***

An actor fell from a Liverpool wharf and had a narrow escape from drowning. His first words on regaining consciousness were something about the quality of Mersey not being strained.

***

Engineers are trying to devise something to cool the atmosphere of dwelling-houses. One very good plan is to take a couple of friends home to dinner unexpectedly.

***

Toy-dogs are said to be going out of fashion and wolf-hounds are reported to be growing in popularity. But postmen deny this.

***

A meteorologist points out that storms in America affect our weather. The moment, however, seems inopportune for representations to President Roosevelt.



"I trust Madam will excuse me if I leave her for a moment? We have a slight outbreak of fire on the ground floor. But there is absolutely no need for Madam to alarm herself."

This and That.



PEOPLE often ask me how I, as a City worker, avoid co'ds. It is very easy and it is very important. The man who carries a bad cold about with him may for all we know be as dangerous as a reckless motor-driver. If we cannot segregate him we can surely take precautionary measures against the germ of death which he carries in his head.

Colds are too often caught by a sudden change in temperature. A man puts on warm under-clothing and goes out to work in a centrally-heated office, say about 100° Fahrenheit. Then he goes out into the cold again. What more simple than to carry a suit of light summer under-clothing in the attaché-case and change into it when you get to the office, changing back again when you leave? All City men and women should adopt this simple rule. For types of hot and cold underwear see advertisement pages. The changing should be compulsory. I am astonished to notice how often this minor point of office etiquette is overlooked.

But there are, of course, others. Before sitting down to work the throat should be sprayed with disinfectant by every office-worker for about ten minutes, after which a good gargle should be employed. After that, lozenge-sucking should set in. After that gargle again, and then suck some more. The interruption to dictating letters, holding interviews or business conferences caused by gargling, sucking and throat-spraying is far less real than may be supposed. I don't know why, but it is.

In addition the whole of the office building should be sprayed with assafœtida every half-hour, and oil of verbena carried on every handkerchief. All telephones should be filled with iodine and castor-oil.

Besides this, warm salt-water sniffed up through the nose is a marvellous corrective of catarrh. Bowls of warm salt-water, kept warm by artificial warmth, should therefore be placed in every room, to be sniffed or snuffed up during working hours. I am amazed at the way in which this sniffing or snuffing up of warm salt-water through the nose at frequent intervals is ignored in City offices and committee-rooms. Office-workers seem to hate the little amenities of life and make a fetish of toil.

There remains the question of diet.

The best anti-catarrhal foods are probably lemons, tomatoes, pineapples and Avocardo pears. As it may not be convenient to eat all these at lunch, dishes of lemons, tomatoes, pineapples and Avocardo pears should be placed here and there on tables and desks, together with fruit knives and forks. The skin of the tomato should on no account be consumed, nor the absurd prickly part of the pineapple. I am continually surprised at the way in which the absurd prickly part of the pineapple is greedily devoured by those who ought to know better.

Beefsteak is definitely bad for a cold. So is treacle-pudding. I am astodished at the way—no, I said that before.

Anyhow, at this cold damp season of the year, when cold damp mists are the order of the damp day, it is well-nigh inexcusable that so many people should go about as if nothing whatever was happening, whereas a few common-sense preparations at home and in the office would enable them all to be healthy and foul and well.

If in spite of all these little rules a premonitory snizzle is heard, indicating the near approach of the dread enemy, the offending typist, clerk, manager or what not should be ostracised immediately with an oyster-shell and insulated with a glass squirt in an insulating chamber until the doctor arrives.

I obtained all this advice by ringing up an eminent Harley Street physician on the telephone, and if I have got any of the words confused it is because the infernal fellow had such a cold on the chest that I could scarcely hear what he was sayig.

★ ★ ★

I ought perhaps to have mentioned that business houses who are willing to carry out the few simple instructions which I have outlined above are forming themselves into a group called the Anti-Nose League. But this should not be confused with the Anti-Noise League, which wants to stop the disgusting noise made by motor-cars, and can be joined by anyone who communicates with 18, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

★ ★ ★

Whenever I look at the news from Germany I see an increasing number of references to the split in German Christianity, which many of the German bishops apparently think should be made an entirely Teutonic affair, glorifying strife and battle, abolishing anti-Aryan elements and using the Nazi salute during prayers. Two of the leading spirits are said to be a certain Bishop HOSSENFELDER and a certain Bishop PETER; and I can only remark that it seems a pity that W. S. GILBERT is not alive. He adored bishops as a subject for light verse, and on German Christianity I think he would have let himself go. Somewhat, I suggest, after this manner:—

At dances pan-diocesan
No dignitary neater
Had ever danced the two-step than
The worthy Bishop PETER.
They called him Tiny Twinkletoes,
And each Thuringian elder
Admired his paces more than those
Of Bishop HOSSENFELDER.

For always as he trod the floor
With ladies large or littler
He praised the Testament of War
Compiled by ADOLF HITLER.
"The Gospels clearly prove," sang he,
"To all whose minds are rational
That German Christianity
Need not be international.

"The German Christian wants a gun
With hostile forts to shell at!"
Exclaimed, as round the room he spun,
This corybantic prelate.
"His duty is to fight and strive
With every nerve and tissue——"
(He quoted Matthew, Chapter Five,
To prove the point at issue).

And so on for miles and miles.

★ ★ ★

In the meantime *L'Intransigeant* reports that the stained-glass windows from Fécamp Abbey, which were stolen and sold to Mr. W. R. HEARST, are being sent back again. So that the hope of bribing President ROOSEVELT to remit our American Debt by offering Westminster Abbey to Senator BORAH may now be dismissed as a chimerical dream.

EVOE.



THE CHEAP JACK OF THE EAST.

"HONOURABLE NAPOLEON USED TO SAY ENGLISHMAN SHOPKEEPER OF THE WORLD, BUT THIS UNWORTHY FELLOW SEEMS TO GET EVERYONE'S ORDERS NOW."

The Shuttle of Fate.

I HOPE you're not too devastatingly good," said Dorinda.

"Not too devastatingly," I replied. "In fact——"

I had never actually played the game before. In my innocence I had imagined it to be a gentle pastime vaguely involving the harmless shuttlecock. How was I to know that—in Steeple Thatchby at least—it was a drama of strength and passion, played on the great open spaces of the village hall, where men were men and Vicar's nieces were Vicar's nieces? By the time they had put a racket in my hand and stood me out in what wireless commentators might call Square Four it was too late to confess.

At the other side of the net stood the Vicar's niece and a large young man who answered to the name of "Hullo, Ian." Hostile expectancy was in their gaze.

"Will you play up?" asked Dorinda.

"Like a Briton," I answered loyally. My moral at least was good.

"I mean, will you play up or back?"

I considered this. "Stand-off half is my usual position," I told her. "If one could hover gracefully just outside the scrum——"

"We'll take a court each, then."

Dorinda tipped the shuttlecock over the net. Instantly Ian flung himself into that pose which the poet LONGFELLOW used to admire so much in village blacksmiths when he heard them swinging their heavy sledges. I felt a stinging sensation in the right ear.

"Our service," said Dorinda.

I was glad of that. It seemed at least some slight compensation for my injury. Dorinda served. At once my friends—all three of them—began hitting the shuttlecock about with great vigour, assuming in turn attitudes suggestive of the Russian Ballet defying the lightning. While I played the part of passive though interested spectator, a good time was had by all.

"Do you mind if I join in?" I asked at the end of the rally.

"Well, you are my partner, you know."

Dorinda's notions of partnership were, if I may say so, typically feminine. Whenever a shuttle came anywhere near me she called "Leave it!" Whenever one fell miles away she cried (reproachfully) "Yours!" It was all very difficult, but I strove hard to improve. By the time the score was six-love I had almost mastered the knack of running out of my partner's way instead of into it. By ten-love I had mentally evolved what seemed (and still seems) to me the main criticism of badminton as an amusement, namely, that while the fast ones are too fast the slow ones are too slow. When Ian made a smash I never saw the shuttle until it rebounded from my person. On the other hand, when the Vicar's niece hit up a lob it was so long in coming down that I had always completed my stroke—a late cut or a sparkling leg-glance—long before it reached me. I explained these two major difficulties to Dorinda.

"Life," she said, "is like that, and the score is thirteen-love."

That stung me a little. I had done what a man could. I had already hit the shuttlecock twice—once against the electric-light shade and once into the piano at the end of the hall; not strictly scoring strokes, perhaps, but indications at least of enthusiasm and goodwill.

My action in attempting to save the fourteenth point was, I maintain, well-intentioned. Galloping madly across to intercept a fierce back-hand shot from the Vicar's niece, I ran full tilt into the hall's side-doors. The doors shot open outwards. I went out into the night.

When I returned it was to find three people convulsed with ill-timed mirth. After all, *was* it funny? I had run against those doors in a spirit of honest endeavour. Was it my fault that the doors opened outwards? On a point of strict legality it was the fault of the County Council.

"Fourteen-love," said the Vicar's niece, and served into the rafters. I have said the slow ones were too slow. It seemed as though this one would never come down. All my previous life passed before me. I hit out all round the wicket. . . . Then the universe reeled and a million new planets swam into my ken.

"Game," said the Vicar's niece, weak with laughter. "How about another?"

"No," I replied, rubbing my eye with dignity. "Badminton is a fine game, but this body-line spirit is killing it. I shall go straight home and send you a nasty cable.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

"OH, BOTHER! MY DEAR COLLEAGUE, DO YOU REALISE YOU HAVE OMITTED TO INCLUDE A HAMMER IN MY PROFESSIONAL IMPEDIMENTA?"

"TUT, TUT! WHAT A FEARFUL BORE!"

The Book.

THE following correspondence between Skunk Beaver, whose new novel is almost certain to be given by everybody to everybody else this Christmas, and his Literary Agent throws an interesting sidelight on the methods of the modern masters:—

Grub Street,
Jan. 1st.

DEAR MR. HOPPLETHWAITE,—I have come to the conclusion that if I am to make a big name I must write a *book*. This short-story business is all very well, but by the time I have paid for stamps and you have taken your commission there seems very little left. What sort of book is most in demand at



Constable (to excited foreigner). I 'AS TO WARN YOU ANYTHING YOU SAYS WILL BE TAKEN DOWN AN' TRANSLATED AN' USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU."

the moment? Let me know, and I will bung it along in about a month's time.

SKUNK BEAVER.

Snitchet Court, E.C.4.
Jan. 7th.

DEAR MR. BEAVER,—The only sort of book that is cutting any ice at the moment is the highly-spiced sex-novel. Heroines are being worn tall and willowy this season. Hero's hair should be slightly greying at the temples.

P. HOPPLETHWAITE.

Grub Street,
Feb. 7th.

DEAR MR. HOPPLETHWAITE,—I enclose sexy novel, 80,000 words. As requested, the heroine is tall and willowy and the hero has slightly-greying hair. I think you will agree that the scene in the Pullman-car goes as near the edge as possible. SKUNK BEAVER.

Snitchet Court,
Feb. 9th.

DEAR MR. BEAVER,—I am afraid that I must return the enclosed, as sex-novels have gone out. A high moral tone pervades the market. The best way out will be for you to re-write the book in the first person and call it *Confessions of a Convert.* Add an epilogue saying that you saw the light soon after the Pullman episode and that you publish your reminiscences only as a warning to the young.

P. HOPPLETHWAITE.

Grub Street,
March 9th.

DEAR MR. HOPPLETHWAITE,—I return the story with the suggested alterations. I thought it as well to shorten the heroine, and to make her slightly less willowy, as a friend tells me that *embonpoint* heroines may be expected to come in at any moment. I have also deleted the hero's greying hair.

SKUNK BEAVER.

Snitchet Court,
April 2nd.

DEAR MR. BEAVER,—I managed to persuade Tutt and Hemhem to include your book in their Autumn List on condition that you get a well-known politician to write a Preface. In the coming autumn prefaces will be *all the rage.* If you mention my name to Snifton Bungo, who was Minister of Museums in the late Government, I have no doubt he will oblige.

P. HOPPLETHWAITE.

Grub Street,
May 1st.

DEAR MR. HOPPLETHWAITE,—Please excuse the delay. I called on Mr. Snifton Bungo, and he said he was too busy to write a Preface specially for my book. He gave me, however, an old Preface he happened to have by him which he wrote some years ago to introduce a volume of War Reminiscences which a friend of his intended to write but never did. I have therefore had to re-write the novel with a war background. The *embonpoint* heroine has become a hospital nurse and the hero a captain. The Pullman-car episode fits in very well, which pleases me, as it is the only part of the original novel left. SKUNK BEAVER.

Snitchet Court,
May 15th.

DEAR MR. BEAVER,—Tutt and Hemhem like the altered novel very well. Pullman-car scenes, however, are not likely to be in favour during the coming winter, owing to the Buchmanites, so we have regretfully had to cut it out.

P. HOPPLETHWAITE.

You can be Sure of Shell if you order a poached egg in The —— Restaurant.

Misleading Cases.

H.M. Customs and Excise v. *Bathbourne Literary Society.*

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE WOOL.)

The Witness. So then I told them the one about the door-mat.

The Judge. Do you mean the Old Man of Kilmoon?

Witness. No, my Lord, the stock-broker.

The Judge. Did that make them laugh?

Witness. Not much, my Lord.

The Judge. Strange. I always make them laugh with that one.

This was one of the many sparkling passages in the cross-examination of Mr. Poker, the humorous writer, to-day. The action concerns a lecture delivered by Mr. Poker to the Bathbourne Literary Society on "The Ethics of Fun."

Sir Alister Banner, K.C., for the Society, explained that as a rule the lectures delivered by literary and scientific men were exempted from Entertainments Tax, because, in the words of the Act, they were

> *"lectures provided for partly educational purposes by a Society, Institute or Committee, not conducted or established for profit."*

But whenever the lecturer had the reputation of a humorist or the title of the lecture had reference to humour it was the practice of the local Customs officer to report the matter to the Customs House——

The Judge. What is all this? What in the world has the Customs House to do with lectures?

Sir Alister. Milord, the Entertainments Duty is an Excise Duty and is collected by the Board of Customs and Excise——

The Judge. But I thought you said that lectures were exempt?

Sir Alister. If they are educational—or partly educational.

The Judge. But cannot a lecture on humour be educational?

Sir Alister. In my submission, yes, milord. That is the defendants' contention. And, in fact, I understand, such lectures are sometimes exempted. But while in the case of a lecture on MILTON, Mount Everest or Pre-Raphaelite Art no questions are asked, in the case of a lecture by a humorous writer a special procedure is adopted. The local Customs Officer makes his report and the Board of Customs and Excise require the lecturer to send them a short synopsis of his lecture——

The Judge. God bless my soul!

Sir Alister. The assumption being, milord, that if a humorous writer is advertised as about to give a lecture the people come to the hall to be entertained and not to be instructed——

The Judge. But why not both?

Sir Alister. I cannot say, milord. Milord, I understand that in the opinion of all Government Departments all fun is *prima facie* illegal, and, if it is not illegal, deserves to be taxed. In the present case, milord, the Society was taxed in respect of Mr. Poker's lecture on "The Ethics of Fun," and not only for their own sake, but on behalf of all other Literary Societies, they ask for a declaration that a humorous lecture is not necessarily more worthy to be taxed than a serious lecture, and that, provided information of an instructive kind is imparted, the two categories of lectures cannot, for the purposes of Entertainments Duty, be distinguished.

The Judge. In all my experience I cannot recall so strange a case. What it comes to, Sir Alister, is this, is it not? A lecture is exempt from tax as long as it is dull enough?

Sir Alister. Yes, milord.

The Judge. And the moment a lecture is suspected of being not only instructive but amusing it exposes those who have invited it to a heavy tax, although they have not made the arrangement for the purposes of private profit?

Sir Alister. Yes, milord.

The Judge. As I think I said before—God bless my soul!

The Attorney-General. Milord, in the submission of the Crown the lecture was not a *bonâ-fide* lecture at all. Mr. Poker——

The Judge. How do you mean—"not a *bonâ-fide* lecture"? Do you mean that it was really a stage-play, a musical concert or an exhibition of performing animals?

The Attorney-General. No, milord.

The Judge. Then what do you mean? We have been told that Mr. Poker stood on a platform in the ordinary way, in his ordinary clothes, without the assistance of grease-paint, limelight or orchestral accompaniment, and read from a manuscript the opinions he had formed on the Ethics of Fun. If what he had to say was not worthy of the name of lecture that is a matter for the Society to deal with; and since the Society invited him and, having heard him, paid his fee without demur, we may assume that technically the lecture was worthy of the name. Certainly it is a question more likely to be answered correctly by a long-established literary society than by a Customs Officer, however gifted.

The Attorney-General. But, milord, Mr. Poker told funny stories. He told the one about the deaf bishop.

The Judge. Oh, did he? Let Mr. Poker be recalled.

Mr. Poker having entered the box, the Judge said:—

"So you told them the one about the deaf bishop, did you? Tell it again."

Mr. Poker related the alleged anecdote.

The Judge. Why did you tell them that one, Mr. Poker?

Mr. Poker. Milord, in the course of my analysis of the Ethics of Fun I gave the audience, by way of illustration, some samples of fun which in my judgment are not ethically justifiable—jokes, for example, which are based upon physical deformity or sickness; and, though they may cause laughter, leave a residuum of——

The Judge. All that is very right and proper, Sir Anthony; I cannot imagine anything more truly educative.

The Attorney-General. But, milord, he told the one about the door-mat?

The Judge. What do you say to that, Mr. Poker?

Mr. Poker. Milord, the story I have just told leads up to Part 7 of my lecture, which deals with the general theory that all humour is founded on misfortune.

The Judge. I see.

(Then followed the passage reported above.)

Giving judgment, his Lordship said:

"In my opinion, the Crown has no case at all, and the defendant Society have done well to contest the claim. It springs from two wrongful but widely-spread beliefs: first, that what is instructive cannot be amusing; and, second, that what is amusing ought not to be allowed, and, if it cannot be prevented, ought to be discouraged.

"The first is the common fallacy of confusing heaviness with weight, of supposing that a light touch is the same thing as levity. Statesmen who make the House of Commons laugh are almost always suspected of insincerity and shallowness. A speech which is witty we are inclined to dismiss as so much 'froth,' forgetting that froth is the best sign that there is good beer below. But a dull speaker, like a plain woman, is credited with all the virtues, for we charitably suppose that a surface so unattractive must be compensated by interior blessings.

"This distrust of laughter is especially strange in the English race, which prides itself so loudly upon its sense of humour; but its existence is not to be denied, and it is creeping into

the administration of the laws. I have remarked before that while an amusing performance of one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays is heavily taxed a dull lecture about all of them goes free.

"I have never clearly understood why the principle is not logically carried out; that is, why a comic play does not have to pay more than a gloomy one. But this refinement did not occur to the Legislature; and that is one more reason why I must reject the present claim of the Crown. Our wise Parliament distinguished between lectures and entertainments; and if I were to say that the addition of laughter may make a lecture liable to taxation which is not liable without it, I might as well say at once that laughter is illegal, which I do not propose to do. It holds, I think, the same position as betting in the eyes of the law; that is, it is an indulgence which is discouraged but not yet forbidden. And that being so, the more the people are lectured on the ethical use of it the better.

"Judgment for the defendants."

A. P. H.

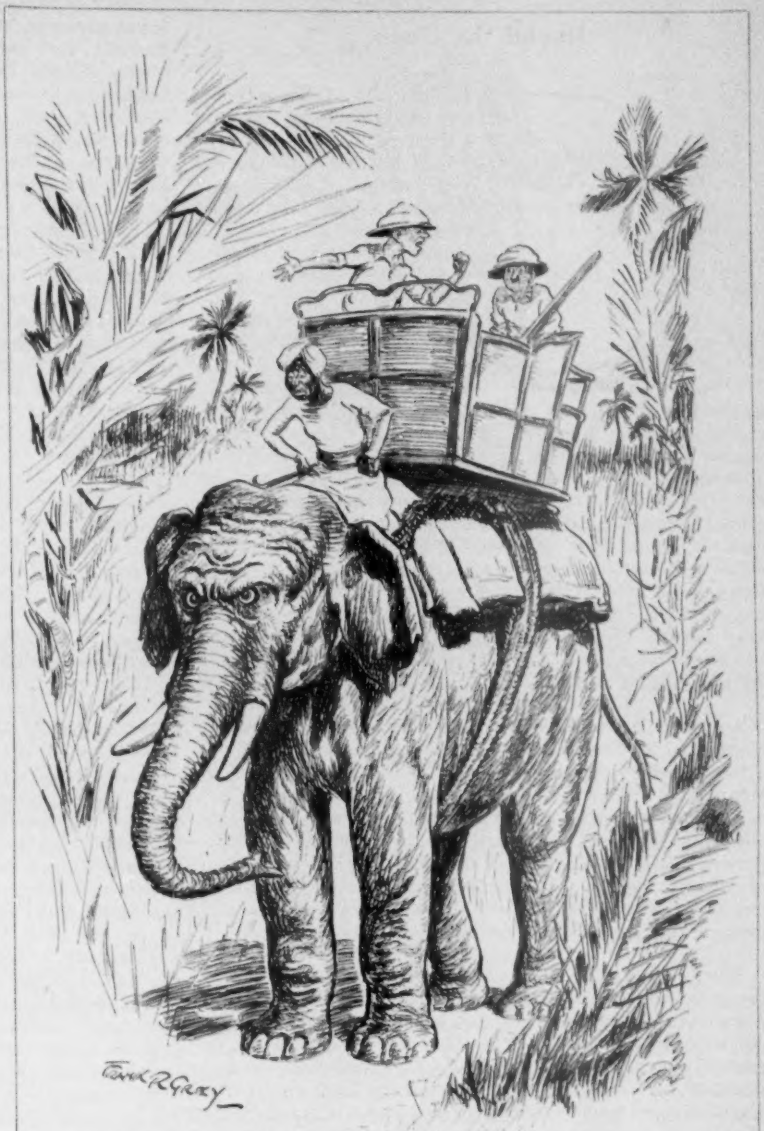
Cautionary Tales for Young Golfers.

I.—Hugh, who Disliked Mathematics and was Warned off the Links.

WHEN Grandmama gave little Hugh
Some golf-clubs and some golf-balls too
  She said to him, "My lad,
The practice of this manly sport
Should teach you patience, and it ought
  To teach you how to add;
For in your latest school-report
I read, 'For mathematics, 0;
  Addition, very bad.'
Now, in the game of golf you score
Your strokes—one, two or three or four
  (Or five or six, should they
To that disgraceful sum amount);
At any rate you'll learn to count.
  Now run away and play."

So thereupon Hugh trotted off
To learn the noble game of golf
  And practise with the pro.
He learned the drive, the short approach,
The putt, until at length his coach
  Remarked, "I think you know
Enough to play a decent match—
Your handicap I put at scratch—
  So I suggest you play
A "medal" round with Colonel Hard
(You each can mark the other's card)
  At two next Saturday."

On Saturday they played, and Hugh
Drove first. His ball, hit straight and
    true,
  Fell dead—or dead enough.
The Colonel, making envious sounds,
Hooked wildly, three times, out of
    bounds,
  Then sliced into the rough.



Peeved Sahib (on the return journey). "YOU'RE THE FOOL WHO SAID THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS—WHY, WE'RE LOST!"

His progress after that was fair,
Save when he smote the empty air
  (And when his niblick broke);
And patient little Hughie ran
Behind the blasphemous old man,
  Recording every stroke.

At length the Colonel reached the
    green,
Holed out (in only seventeen),
  And turned to little Hugh.
"How many strokes is that?" he
    cried.
To which the wretched child replied,
  "I make it ninety-two."

Purple with passion, Colonel Hard
Took from Hugh's trembling hand the
    card
  And muttered, "Little fool!"
Then added with increasing heat,
"Do you deliberately cheat
  Or weren't you sent to school?
"Go home," he cried—"go home at
    once,
Uneducated little dunce!"
  And so the weeping lad
Slunk home; and Granny took away
The clubs with which he loved to
    play
  Until he'd LEARNED TO ADD.

Round the Shops.



CHRISTMAS, 1933, is going to be known as Bargain Christmas. Never before, as I said last year, has such a wide range of Useful and Acceptable Gifts been offered to the public at prices well within the reach of all who can afford to pay for them. A rapid tour of the shops gives convincing proof of the truth of this statement.

If you have made up your mind to include wearing-apparel in your list of presents this year (and what more useful and acceptable gift for a girl than a crêpe-de-chine blouse or a pair of satin riding-breeches?), a visit to Pilferingtons will be well worth while. They have a splendid choice of evening wraps at anything between ten and fifteen guineas, and some delicious afternoon-tea-gowns in moiré and red taffeta from thirteen guineas upwards; while for those who are looking for something a little less costly there is the most attractive three-piece in velveteen to be had for £9 17*s.* 6*d.*, and another in blue georgette which is very moderately priced at nine guineas. Or you can get the same thing across the road at Eghams for 27/9, if you are that kind of person.

Jewellery is always a safe choice for a wife or woman-friend, and here again the would-be purchaser should have little difficulty in finding something to suit his or her needs. Mannerings in Turpentine Street have a wonderful showing of diamond necklaces and tiaras from £215, while emerald-and-ruby pendants, some of them as low as forty-five guineas, are the feature of Messrs. Buffer and Skips' Christmas display. I was particularly attracted by a five-and-elevenpenny brooch at Rummages which would make a very suitable present for a cousin or aunt.

This Christmas will always be remembered above everything as Novelty Christmas. The skill and ingenuity of Japanese and Assyrian craftsmen (not to mention, as usual, our own home-made products) has never been shown to greater advantage. Calendars, clocks, barometers, bridge-markers all appear in more complete and entrancing disguises than ever before. At Gunbolts a silver-and-cut-glass clock exactly resembling a tantalus has already attracted a lot of attention, while the tantalus at Dillworthy and Sons made in the shape of a clock is sure to be equally popular. Smacketts have gone one better and offer a timepeice which runs on whisky and can be used as a decanter provided the liquid is kept up to a certain level. An interesting innovation in this connection is a lovely old Venetian decanter which shouts, "Steady on, old boy!" when more than two fingers are poured out of it at a single movement. It is to be seen at Gupps.

An electrically-heated fountain-pen with altimeter attachment (Clive and Pennycook, 38/-) may help to solve the problem of that author-friend of yours just off to the Himalayas—or it may be had with ice-pack for use in the tropics if desired. But for the stay-at-home a combined egg-spoon and tuning-fork, offered in Indian hardwood at 25/- (or with aluminium corkscrew 3/6 extra), will probably prove a more acceptable gift.

Don't miss Messrs. Helter and Pims' display of genuine topaz pen-wipers: they look lovely on the new rolled-gold bureaux, and are a real bargain at seventeen guineas. I nearly bought two for some friends in California, but, happening to remember the great need for warm clothing out there, went over to Makeshifts and selected a couple of pairs of their guaranteed yaks'-wool socks instead. These are to be had in a wide range of colourings and fit very snugly to the feet in cold weather.

If the contents of the toyshops are any criterion, the kiddies are in for a wonderful time this Christmas. Steam-rollers, petrol-pumps, gasometers, pneumatic-drills—any and every kind of electri al working model is there to gladden the heart of the up-to-date youngster. Parents of very limited means will like the amusing double-edged toy saws offered by Muffins at 55/6; or a roulette-board from the same firm at 32/- would be a pleasant surprise for a little girl of eight to ten years.

And the Juvenile Novelties! No party need be dull when Dobb's De Luxe Assortment of Selected Jokes is available at no more than 8/6. Buy it and make the acquaintance of Edgar the Explosive Egg, Auntie's Delight, a banana which leaps from its skin with a loud cry the moment the business-end is touched, causing everyone in the room to do the same, Sam the Indelible Sausage, and many others. You will roar with laughter at the misfortunes of your friends and relations.

More sedate folk will appreciate the Surprise Item which Wopleys are putting on the market at 15 guineas. This is a beautifully-finished model of the balloon in which Professor PICCARD ascended into the stratosphere, correct in every detail, down to the figure of Professor PICCARD himself, visible through one of the portholes in the gondola. When inflated with gas it rises in realistic fashion to the ceiling, where it bursts, scattering an assortment of sweets, penknives, paper-weights, coloured streamers, china ornaments, etc., on the heads of the delighted guests. You may imagine the excited cries of the recipients and the good-natured confusion which result from such an unexpected shower of really acceptable gifts.

It is only possible in this brief summary to mention a few of the many new Round Games which will be the sensation of every home this Christmas; but Wibble-Wobble, Jim-Jam, Egg-Nog, Chase-the-Curate and Plunko are perhaps as outstanding as any. The first-named especially, in which each player has to steer a ball of quicksilver up an inclined plane with a length of rubber-tubing (no blowing allowed), calls for a high degree of skill and patience and should be in correspondingly great demand at festive gatherings—though it is only fair to add that Chase-the-Curate too is, as its manufacturers claim for it, a wow.

By the way, I saw a rather nice blue silk dressing-gown at Gimlets which would make an acceptable gift for a young man of taste and discernment. But of course you may not be thinking of spending as much as forty-five shillings on me this year.

It is on the ground-floor. H. F. E.

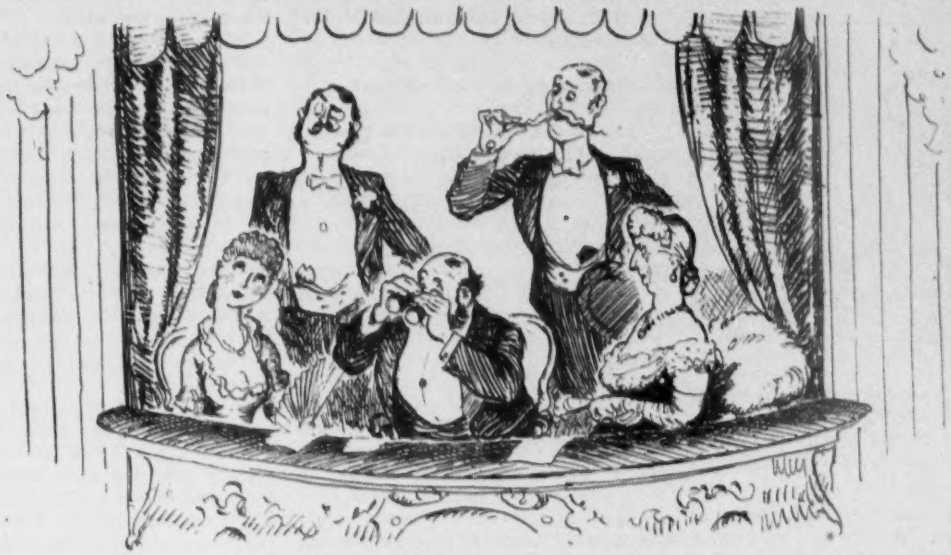
"GENERAL GORING IN ROME."
Newspaper Headline.

Someone must have let out all the Papal Bulls.

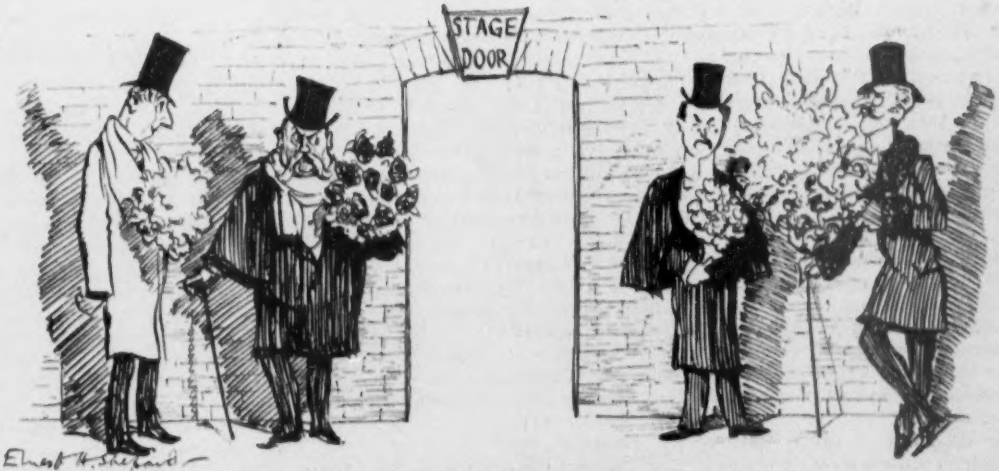
"Do not mix outfits. . . . This does not mean that an extensive or extravagant wardrobe is necessary, but a little scheming can overcome glaring combinations."—*Extract from Etiquette Book.*

A little petticoat does equally well.

NOW THAT WE HAVE A REVIVAL OF THE OLD-TIME MUSIC-HALL—







WHY NOT A RETURN TO THE MANNERS OF THE OLD-TIME AUDIENCES?

Mr. Beeny Looks On.



III.

The Wall against Boys—A Clay-souled Committee—The Postman's Foe—Cast-iron to the Rescue—The Admiral's Request—Another War Story—William the Cautious.

WALKING past the Oval the other day my heart bled for that particular variety of the human sparrow known as the small boy of Kennington. For many years now he and his predecessors have known the ecstasy of peeping through the interstices of the wooden fence surrounding the ground and catching fleeting but thrilling glimpses of HOBBS stealing a single, or, in the field at cover-point, saving one; FENDER (whom *The Times*' reporter never fails to call P. G. H.) bowling like MACCHIAVELLI or SHEPHERD lifting a ball on to the Pavilion. He has even, this small boy of Kennington, been known to climb the fence and mingle as innocently as might be with the paying crowd.

But, alas! these fearful joys are over, for a wall of yellow brick is now being built too solid for even *Sam Weller* with his patent microscopic eyes to see through, and too high to be scaled without a ladder. Hard-hearted Surrey Committee! Surrey Committee totally devoid of imagination! How pleased the small boys of Kennington must be to hear that the percolations of the neighbouring river, the Effra, have so saturated parts of the foundations that the original estimate is being exceeded!

What curious things one finds in the papers! William, my collaborator, who now often brings me odds and ends, placed a marked passage on the breakfast-table this morning.

It was to the effect that every year in England five thousand postmen are bitten by dogs.

"But, William," I said, "this is astonishing. I always thought it was a joke."

"Dogs biting postmen?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Like the old mother-in-law stuff?" he remarked.

"Yes."

"Something in both of them," he said.

"Have you ever known a postman who was bitten by a dog?" I asked.

"Can't say as I have," he said; "but I've known postmen look nervous."

"What is the attraction, do you think? Why bite postmen? Is it their uniform?"

"It might be the new caps," he said, "now; but of course the whole business started long ago. It 's as old as the postal system."

"But why? Dogs don't bite butlers."

"Well, Sir, I can understand that. Butlers often feed them. Postmen never give them anything, and of course dogs don't receive letters. A man who comes to the house with nothing better than letters would naturally in course of time get himself disliked. And perhaps the double-knock has something to do with it. Dogs don't like being startled."

"Is there no remedy?" I asked.

"All I can think of," said William, "is cast-iron trousers."

My godson, the sub-lieutenant, who is on leave for a few days from the shove-halfpenny board and his other Naval duties, tells me a nice story of an illustrious admiral and a midshipman.

"And what is your name?" the Admiral inquired.

"Wells, Sir."

"I wonder if you are any relation of my old friend, Captain Roderick Wells?"

"My father, Sir."

"Your father? Then please remember me to him."

"I am sorry to say he is dead, Sir."

"Then remember me to him in your prayers."

Having told me this story about the Navy, my godson proceeded to pose me with what he called a psychological problem drawn from the Army.

"You fancy yourself as a psychologist, don't you, Sir?" he began. (He always calls me Sir, and I, wishing, even at such a distance, to participate in his glamorous career, always call him Sir in return.)

"I wouldn't say that I fancied myself, Sir," I replied.

"Anyway, Sir, you are a student of life, Sir?"

"I hope so, Sir."

"Then let me put a case, Sir. Very interesting. A French General, Sir, meeting an officer who had lost one arm, noticed that he was wearing only an inferior decoration.

"'If you had lost the other arm as well,' he said, 'you would be wearing the Croix de Guerre, which would not only tell everyone what a brave man you are, but wou'd obtain for you preferential treatment in restaurants.'

"The officer immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what a gesture!"

"Yes, Sir," my godson proceeded. "Now comes the psychology, Sir. What would you say, Sir, was his controlling motive?"

I thought for a while. "Well, Sir," I said, "I'm sorry, but it wouldn't surprise me if it were gluttony."

"Indeed, Sir," said my godson. "And perhaps you will now tell me, Sir, how, having only one arm, he could draw his sword and cut off the other?"

I had been had. There was no psychological problem: it was a common Gun-room catch.

Although common, I have to confess that I tried it that evening, as skilfully as I could, on William.

"William," I said, "here's rather a nice question for you to consider;" and I then recounted the incident, to which he patiently listened.

"Now what," I said at the end, "was, do you think, his chief reason for such an act?"

"There wasn't no act," said William. "A man with only one arm can't cut off the other like that. His only chance of getting rid of it would be to push it into a sausage-machine or to go to one of those nursing-homes which aren't homes and where they don't nurse."

"True," I said. "Please let me have a little more of that saddle. It is excellent." E. V. L.

The Compleat Modern.

An Alphabet.

X.

TRAVEL.

EVERY person of modern views should travel. If you lack the time and money actually to go to places, there are many excellent books which will give you all you need, and curios can be picked up in London at little cost.

If by chance you *do* go abroad, take care not to go to see things. This makes you a tripper. Remember that the whole point of going abroad is to be *different*. Nowadays the cheapness of tours makes this difficult. It is therefore essential to avoid places of interest, for that is where everyone

else will go, and everyone else is a tripper.

In general, avoid Paris, Berlin, the Riviera, Brussels, the Lakes, Venice, Madrid, Barcelona, the Rhine, Vienna, Monte Carlo, the Northern capitals, Brittany, Rome, Naples and Oberammergau. Find a dear little village in Provence and go and be bored there.

VULGARITY.

Other people's taste. Vulgarity is like Bad Form and resembles Going Too Far and Things Which Do Not Pass. In short, it is anything which is done too much or which *looks as if you were trying to do it.*

Vulgarity is a useful conception, because

(1) It is indefinable but
(2) Very damning.

Its most useful application is to someone who has gone one better than yourself. The following are nearly always vulgar:—

(1) Success.
(2) Money.
(3) Ability.
(4) Energy.
(5) Other people's furniture.
(6) People who talk so much in public that you can hardly hear yourself shout.
(7) Things a lot of people like.
(8) People who *will* make frantic efforts to be modern.
(9) Anything new which you haven't thought of.

WEATHER.

There is nothing modern about the weather. If your grandfather is emphatic that there was always deep snow at Christmas in his youth, do not believe him. The weather has always been just as foul as it is now.

WORK.

Do not believe in this. If it is an unfortunate necessity, make it clear that you do not over-estimate its importance by taking no interest in it whatever.

YOUTH.

Believe in this. (*See* "AGE.") The fact must be faced that

(1) No man over forty has any real ability left at all.
(2) That youth is kept in subjection by the tyrannical union of powerful old men.
(3) That all the best people have always been young (at some time at least).

Useful bromide:—"A man's age has nothing to do with when he was born."

Z.

There is nothing beginning with Z about which it is essential for the Modern to have views, except perhaps ZEAL and ZOOLOGY. Do not believe in either of these.

Gossip-writer's Amusing Mishap.

"I slipped into the Armley Baths the other night on the occasion of the Victory Ball arranged by the West Leeds Labour Party, and found quite a big crowd enjoying the function."—*Leeds Paper.*

Our novels get longa and longa;
Their language grows stronga and stronga.
There is much to be said
For the life that is led
In illiterate places like Bonga.

"It was in 1883 that Mr. Thomas Davis, sailing his yawl in the North Sea (sic), found himself in difficulties."
Channel Islands Paper.

We quite understand.



The Culprit. "AS I AM A SUBSCRIBER TO A NEIGHBOURING PACK I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE A DAY WITH YOU."
The Master. "IN FUTURE KINDLY SUBSCRIBE TO THIS PACK AND HUNT WITH OUR NEIGHBOURS."



OLD CUSTOMS THAT ARE FAST DYING OUT.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JUNE IN SCOTLAND: THE CEREMONY OF "BURNING THE BANNOCK."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXX.—Before us as we Plunge and Swerve.

BEFORE us, as we plunge and swerve,
I watch the road unwind;
We reach a curve, we pass the curve,
We leave the curve behind;
And in a corner of my brain
This thought begins to grow—
I will not drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

Above the rattling of the glass
And grinding of the gears
The language of the folk we pass
Is roaring in my ears.
The road is smooth with frozen rain
And slippery with snow.
I will not drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

Oh, see you yonder ruby lights
That glitter through the gloom?
Oh, they were lit by friendly wights
To save us both from doom.
They do not beckon you to go,
They cry to you to stay,
That you may live, for weal or woe,
To drive another day.

Oh, see you yonder constable
That stands where four roads meet?
Oh, study his expression well;
Observe it, I repeat.
Small wonder that he shouts in pain;
Your wheel is on his toe.
I will not drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

I do not know the price of wheat
Or how to curdle cheese;
I do not know how oysters eat;
I do not know Chinese;
A thousand things I can't explain,
But this at least I know—
I will not drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

A thousand times your restless horn
Shall wake the sleeping sky,
A thousand nights shall turn to dawn,
A thousand dawns shall die;
A thousand moons shall wax and wane,
A thousand tides shall flow
Before I drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

Oh, saw you Colonel Bindley Black?
His face looked stern and grim;
It was not wise of you to back
So sharply into him.
Too late your movements you rehearse,
Too wild a course pursue,
Too often get into reverse
Without intending to.

In England or Alsace-Lorraine,
In Putney or in Pau,
In Sweden, Switzerland or Spain,
Tibet or Tokyo,
Or in——
Look—
Level-crossing—
Train—
Gates—
Crash!
Where are we . . .?
No,
I will not drive with you again,
Professor Waterlow.

P. B.

"A FINE RECIPE FOR BACKACHE."
Daily Paper.

Weeding continues to satisfy our modest needs.

"Heretofore, students left the lasses after passing the oral examinations."—*Irish Paper.*

Frightened, perhaps, by the searching inquiries of the female mind.

Another Gossip-Writer Cracks Beneath the Strain.

THE other day I ran into Lord DAWSON OF PENN;
He said, "Have the goodness not to do that again."

★ ★ ★

Had tea yesterday with Sir THOMAS BEECHAM. As he handed me a crumpet
He remarked, "Of course I like conducting quite well, but I would sooner play the trumpet."

★ ★ ★

Few people know that Sir JOHN SIMON
Is a descendant of the well-known character who had an encounter with a pieman.

His ancestor's simplicity
Was not, the FOREIGN SECRETARY explained, a family trait but an individual eccentricity.

★ ★ ★

Lord BEAVERBROOK, addressing a vast throng
On the subject, "Why I Am Wrong,"
Announced amid acclamations
His intention to withdraw from the League of Nations.

Lady ASTOR
Thinks women M.P.'s should talk more often and faster.

★ ★ ★

I met Mr. BERNARD SHAW in the Row, smiling all over his face.
It is an open secret that he has been offered the Mastership of the Whaddon Chase.

★ ★ ★

Mr. EPSTEIN, I hear, is engaged on a model of Mr. OSBERT SITWELL in characteristic pose
For Madame TUSSAUD'S.

★ ★ ★

Crossing the House I met Sir HERBERT SAMUEL looking remarkably fit and hearty;
His only complaint is that Liberals will vote for some other Party.

★ ★ ★

A beautiful American film-star of world-wide fame
Landed yesterday at Southampton. She has asked me not to disclose her name.

C. L. M.



Passer-by. "CAUGHT YER 'EEL IN THE DRAIN, 'AVE YER?"
She. "UNFORTUNATELY, YES. MY HUSBAND HAS GONE HOME FOR ANOTHER PAIR OF SHOES. IN THE MEANTIME THIS LADY IS MAKING THINGS AS COMFORTABLE AS SHE CAN FOR ME."



"HULLO, OLD MAN! BEEN TO THE DOCTOR?"
"YES; BUT I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE HIM UP."
"DOES YOU NO GOOD?"
"OH, YES! BUT—OH, HEAVENS! *HAVE* YOU SEEN THE PICTURES IN HIS WAITING-ROOM?"

A Place in the Sun.

["Sir, I was once in business at Kumbakonam."
Extract from a letter in the Press.]

THE old year's fading away in its last chill embers,
The stark trees shiver in winter's threatening clutch;
At present it looks like one of our bad Decembers,
Not, as a fact, that any are up to much;
Now in the mind steal visions of happier places
Set in a golden sun, with an air like balm,
And this fair thought comes up with its fragrant graces:
I was in business once at Kumbakonam.

Kumbakonam, where all green things grow thickly
Now, in the East where the red-faced trippers go;
The sun shines bravely there and the heat's not prickly;
Flowers in tropical splendour bloom and glow;
The casuarina quivers; the soft airs laden
With champak odours play in the feathery palm;
That's what you get just now when you're East of Aden;
I was in business once at Kumbakonam.

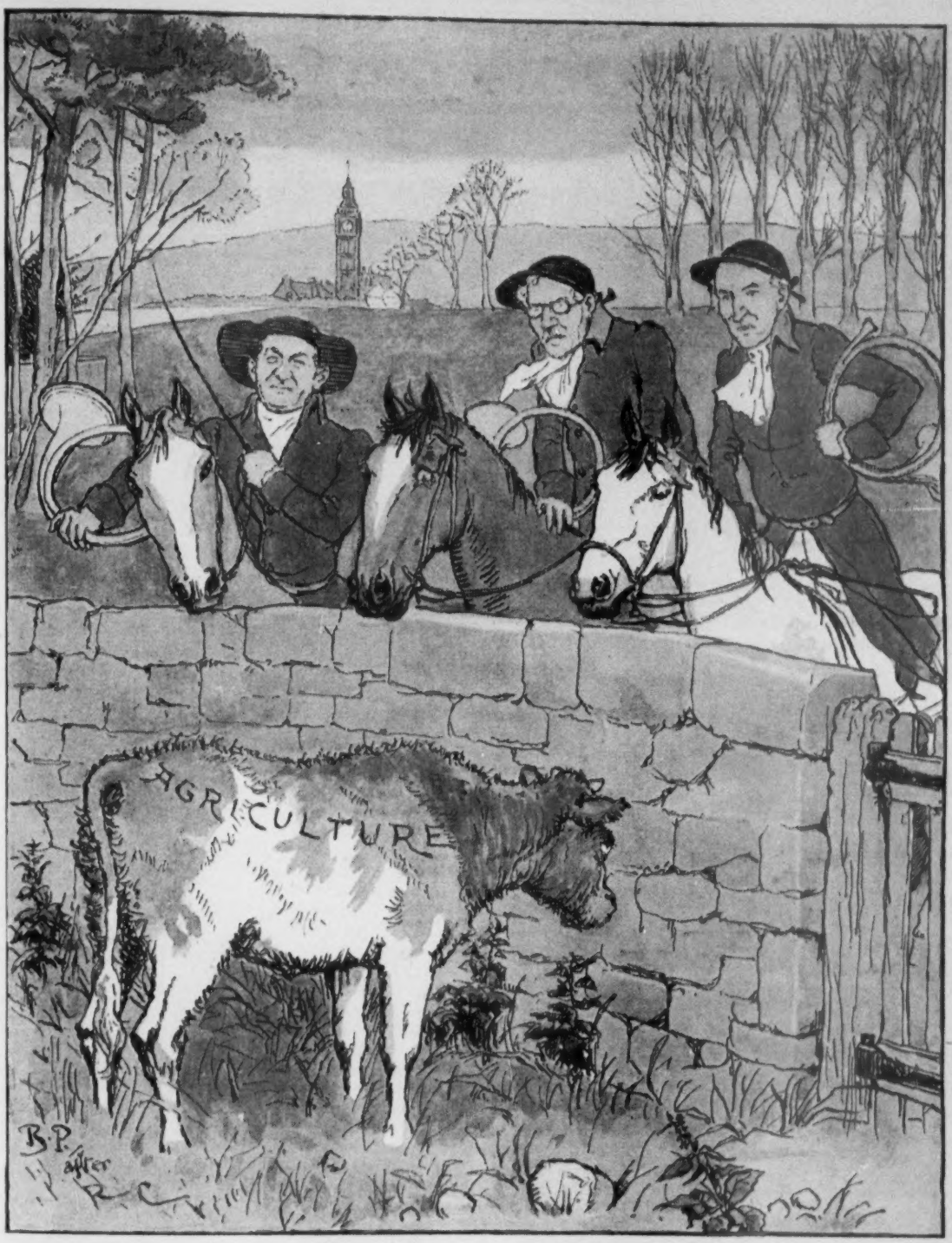
Sweet the sound of the cow-bells gently tinkling;
Fair the miles of billowy verdure (rice);
See yon orient elephant, grey and wrinkling;
That's a chuprassi there; the other's a syce;
Out to the jungle go where the bright snake wriggles
And gay-flanked tigers drowse in the noonday calm,
Where wild bees hum and the gross hyena giggles;
I was in business once at Kumbakonam.

Sing, O bulbul and koel (or Indian cuckoo),
Sing your best to encourage my Eastern lay;
Not that I'm doing it badly considering, look 'oo,
That I, in fact, have never been out that way;
Only it cheers me, here where the skies are glum, where
Gloom sets in, to fashion a bright-flung psalm
Based on a capital tag that I've picked up somewhere:
I was in business once at Kumbakonam. DUM-DUM.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch has been asked to draw the attention of his readers to the fact that an Evening Party will be held on Thursday, December 14th, at Bridgewater House (kindly lent by the Earl and Countess of ELLESMERE, by special request of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), where an Auction in aid of the Personal Service League will be held. Manuscripts, First Editions, pictures, jewellery, silver, china and other articles of artistic or historical merit are being given by those who realise the work of the League.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of YORK has graciously consented to be Patron of the Auction, and the proceeds will go integrally to the purchasing of boots, suits, blankets and materials for the distressed areas where unemployment is most prevalent. A reception will be held from 8.30 to 9.30, and the Auction will be held from 9.30 onwards. All particulars and tickets of entry to the Evening Party may be obtained from the Auction Secretary, Personal Service League, 38, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.



THE THREE (DON'T-BE-TOO-)JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

"THEY HUNTED, AN' THEY HOLLO'D, AN' THE NEXT THING THEY DID FIND WAS A BULL-CALF IN A PIN-FOLD, AN' THAT TOO THEY *KEPT IN MIND*."

[*—Or so Mr. Punch devoutly hopes.*]

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, November 27th.*—Commons: Labour Motion on the Address.**

***Tuesday, November 28th.*—Lords: Matrimonial Causes (Procedure in Suits for Nullity) Bill read second time. Debate on Assyrians in Iraq.**

Commons: Liberal motion on the Address.

***Wednesday, November 29th.*—Lords: Debate on Air Defences and Malta.**

Commons: Debate on Japanese Competition and Air Defences.

Monday, November 27th.—International telephone comparisons were subject of interesting answer by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. Great Britain stands third with 46 telephones per 1,000 inhabitants, United States first with 143 and Sweden second with 93. Germany comes fourth and France fifth.

Those who grudge our contributions to League of Nations will be glad to learn from Sir JOHN SIMON'S statement to-day that these (apart from expenses of International Labour Office) total only a little over a million pounds since inception of League. A modest sum indeed in terms of armaments.

Mr. HICKS took up burden of Labour discontent and censured Government for not dealing more quickly with slums. Purchasing power of people must be increased, he said, otherwise new houses beyond their reach. After him came Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who attacked Mr. ELLIOT'S policy of agricultural restriction and mocked Labour Party for making song and dance about Means Test at Election time but not in Parliament.



"NEW RIVER WATER"
(after TEMPEST'S "Cries of London," 1702).
SIR E. HILTON YOUNG.

In his reply Sir HILTON YOUNG made important announcement that the Government is allotting £1,000,000 towards capital cost of new water-schemes in rural areas; spoke of local slum-clearance programmes which involved 200,000 houses, and foreshadowed legislation to promote reconditioning and better landlordship.



TILTING AT THE QUINTAIN.
SIR F. DYKE ACLAND.

Claims of British mariner having been urged by Sir H. CAYZER and Major MILNER having seconded *The Times'* suggestion that we should send circular despatch embodying our peace proposals to nations of the world, Mr. BALDWIN wound up debate with reasoned review of Britain's increasing prosperity. Budget had been balanced, agreements within and without Empire concluded and confidence greatly restored. Continuance of million unemployables in this country seemed inevitable, but problem must be tackled. He greatly hoped that with France, who shared with us legacy of great civilisation, we might be joint-architects of Peace. He also suggested evolutionary film entitled *The Public Life of the Member for Darwen.* When recently Miss LLOYD GEORGE had played on paternal harp in House and had touched Sir HERBERT SAMUEL with her spear, he felt Sir HERBERT must have said to himself in words of *Falstaff*, "O defend me from that Welsh Fairy." On a division the Labour Amendment was handsomely negatived.

Tuesday, November 28th.—Latest news from Assyria very confusing. According to Archbishop of CANTERBURY in Lords to-day wolf is most lamentably at Assyrian door, owing to victimisation of Assyrians by Iraqi troops; but, according to Lord HAILSHAM, the animal had recently reverted to Byronic type and come down in murderous manner on Iraqi fold. He denied that Government had accepted any special responsibility for Assyrians, and stated that League is seeing about settling them in Brazil.

In Commons Mr. RUNCIMAN assured Miss RATHBONE that recent exports of English nickel to Germany had been for coinage not armaments. He did not add that in any case Germany has in Westphalia an endless supply of pumpernickel.

Honourable and Gallant Members were interested to learn from Mr. DUFF COOPER that there is to be no early-closing of the Shop, War Office having decided that Woolwich and Sandhurst shall remain separate; and that fate of new uniform still hangs in balance, as so far there has been little opportunity for trying it out in wet weather. This is one of rare instances where Ireland could have been useful.

Opposition Liberals continue to add gaiety to House. Yesterday they voted against Labour Amendment, but to-day their own was so similar that it would have been disallowed but for clemency of DEPUTY-SPEAKER.



SCRAPPING THE PLANK.
LORD LONDONDERRY.

(*"Steward, is Mr. BERNARD SHAW correct when he suggests in his new play that there is no statue in Westminster of GUIDO FOOKS?"*)



"WHAT 'S THE MEANING OF THIS, PERKINS? THEY 'VE CLEARED AWAY MY SLUM."

"What—the gentleman who tried to blow us all up?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Sir, you don't want us to perpetuate the likes of him!")

Sir FRANCIS ACLAND moved Amendment in what Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS described as mild exhortation to Government, which came so near to Government's own policy that it hardly served its purpose. Wittiest speech of day came from Mr. MAXTON, who trained his irony first on dissentient Liberals, whose itinerary about House he presumed to have ended, and then on official Labour Benches. He has happy knack of enlisting immediate sympathy and attention of House, whether it agrees with him or not.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS made further fun of Liberals; Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR regretted Government's huge majority, which he said was resulting in slow drift towards Tory reaction, and Dr. BURGIN and ATTORNEY-GENERAL replied effectively for Government.

Division: Government majority of 373.

Wednesday, November 29th.—In Commons to-day Mr. OLIVER STANLEY made agreeable announcement that he is considering, for experimental period in defined London area, scheme similar to that now being tried in Paris, by which motor-horns shall be forbidden between 11 P.M. and 6 A.M.

Both Houses gave themselves up to question of air defences. In Lords Duke of SUTHERLAND pointed out that frontiers of Britain were now simply in the air, and so we could no longer afford to finish game of bowls before Armada approached. In civil air mileage this country came last. (Though here two facts should be remembered:—(*a*) That Imperial Airways leads the world in safety, and safety costs money; and (*b*) That England is bound to be more a terminus than a junction.) He suggested expansion of Territorial Air Force. The AIR MINISTER, Lord LONDONDERRY, regretted that England's voluntary reduction of her air arm had met with no Continental response, and declared that Government's policy was parity with other great nations in the air as at sea.

Admiral SUETER (who was responsible for development of the R.N.A.S.) moved resolution in Commons that we should at least complete Home Defence Force decided on as minimum in 1923. We were now ten squadrons short of that. An Amendment was moved by Wing-Commander JAMES affirming support of Government's air objectives as declared in British Draft Convention, on grounds that Admiral SUETER's resolution might be taken abroad to imply desire to rearm; and Mr. BALDWIN wound up debate by saying that, though we had purposely lagged behind in air programmes, we could not stand alone and unprotected. At same time it was still of utmost importance that Germany should continue to believe in our good faith.

Amendment carried by 109 votes.

"BURGLARS TAKE PERFUMES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

The police are hot on the scent.

"A slender dress of red-spotted silk crêpe embroidered with silver spots has a rather wide basque of skunk fur flared over the hips. To get a slender straight line it is only necessary to remove the basque."
Evening Paper.

And, in some cases, the hips.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a
GOSSIP WRITER.
Heart Failure Made Him Quit.
He met a
FAMOUS PERSON
Who Didn't Look Tanned and Fit.



"NOW CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYBODY FALLING FOR 'ER?"
"HO, I SHOULD THINK IT'S HER PERSONAL MAGNITUDE."

Sledges are being used in Montgomery, owing to the bad state of the roads. The local authorities seem to believe in letting things slide.

★ ★ ★

A German complains of the reception his countrymen are getting from Britain. British radio-fans have been complaining for years.

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that listeners on short wave-lengths are said to have heard bad language from trawlers. "Heaven help the listeners-in on such a night!" as the trawlermen say.

According to a news-item hundreds of rats came out of a blazing warehouse. That is what we should have done.

★ ★ ★

Proceeds of a robbery from the house of a newly-married couple have been discovered buried in a field, and already the exasperated couple have received some of their toast-racks back from the police.

★ ★ ★

"A rhinoceros closes its eyes when it charges," we are told. So do some hotel-proprietors, judging by their bills.

"I like a person who is prepared to respond to the call of the wild," declares a writer. He must have a great sympathy with telephone-operators.

★ ★ ★

"Any nation resorting to a war of aggression is guilty of a crime against humanity," says the Bishop of FULHAM. Fortunately all the best aggressors in history have acted strictly on the defensive.

"Lady required. Drive car; poultry; goats; children; pets."—*Advt. in Church Paper.*
For circus?

At the Play.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (DUCHESS).

MR. EDMUND GWENN is the *Long John Silver* of Golder's Green. Or perhaps I should say the *Short John Silver* of Shooter's Green. Or, still keeping to STEVENSON, he is the hero of a Suburban Night's Entertainment in which *George Radfern*, mild, twinkling, rubicund, like the tomatoes which he grows in his greenhouse, becomes, after two Acts of mild comedy, exciting, romantic, strange.

This *George Radfern*, this little man who is something or other in the paper-trade, has a tiresome brother-in-law and sister-in-law staying with him, and also about the house an undesirable young man whom his daughter wishes to marry. The brother-in-law has been living "out East," where he has acquired a habit of laziness and a passion for eating bananas. In my own opinion a man who eats two-and-a-half (or was it three-and-a-half?) bananas every night ought to have a special addition to his salary. And what about matinées? Anyhow, both the brother-in-law and the undesirable young man are spongers, trying to get money out of *George Radfern*—the one for an agency, the other for a second-hand motor-car concern. In the middle of a very realistic Sunday supper—tomatoes, lettuce, ham, cheese and beer—Mr. GWENN, who appears to have done ample justice to them all, announces with perfect calmness that he is a crook. He has not been in the genuine paper-trade for years. He practises a policy of private inflation. His friend and fellow-amateur of tomatoes, *Mr. Joe Fletten*, is a crook too.

There is some consternation. *Elsie*, the daughter, who at the beginning of the play longed for something exciting to happen, is shaken in her views. Her young man wants to shuffle out of his engagement. The brother-in-law spends the whole night talking to his rather acid-tempered wife about the affair. Life out East was much more exciting and adventurous than in Shooter's Green; but this, between you and me and the banana, was a bit too much. Ought they to go?

All is uncertainty next morning when *George Radfern* starts off early to Birmingham to foster the unofficial paper-trade, as he allows it to be understood, in that enlightened city. *Mrs. Radfern*, all that is most wifely and affectionate, was not present at supper on Sunday night, but she is visited during the day by a very large gentleman from the C.I.D., who wishes to make "some purely routine inquiries about a commercial case." This means nothing to her. Or does it? Whatever it means, she mocks at the



THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.
Socrates . . . MR. HUGH E. WRIGHT.

notion (when her daughter in tears, her sister in righteous indignation, tell her about it) that *George* can be a



Pheidias (*Mr. IAN HUNTER*). "YOUR NOSE IS NOT GENUINE GRECIAN."
Cleon (*Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY*). "IT 'S AS GENUINE AS YOURS."

crook. Quite impossible. He got it out of a novel he was reading.

And was he? Even the audience is a little mystified, a little fearful that nothing is going to happen after all in Shooter's Green. The Third Act triumphantly allays that anxiety. Mr. GWENN, in a long bout of verbal fencing with the police-inspector, makes Suburbia blossom like Soho. Can he get out of it? Will he be caught? We hold our breath for him.

Ought I to inquire whether *Mrs. Radfern* knew all the time? Ought I to ask whether a man so cunning as *Mr. Radfern* would have given his secret away to two spongers and potential blackmailers merely because they annoyed him? Ought I to wonder why Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY permits the wicked to flourish like a bay-tree both on Angel Pavement and in Shooter's Green? Better, perhaps, to thank him for a delightfully amusing suburban interlude, and thank also, after the inimitable Mr. GWENN, Mr. MELVILLE COOPER and Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE for their clever presentation of completely tiresome relations-in-law; and Miss MARY JERROLD for being the best of wives. How good, I am not quite sure. EVOE.

"ACROPOLIS" (LYRIC).

This imaginative reconstruction of the Athenian scene seemed to me a very agreeable, indeed a distinguished, entertainment. Mr. R. E. SHERWOOD has a fine seriousness and a graceful wit. He can be eloquent (with perhaps just a little tendency to take the edge off his eloquence by over-elaboration). He has also, refusing to be the slave of his documents, very properly cut and pieced his historical material to suit his dramatic purpose. His vivid sense of the fact that while the colouring and movement of affairs change the general pattern remains astonishingly the same enables him to quicken his text by unstressed but certainly not unintended allusions to current moods and crises of which only the very careless or indifferent could miss the significance. *Pheidias* (Mr. IAN HUNTER—having apparently borrowed the beard of a distinguished contemporary painter) is at work upon the Parthenon, in particular upon the statue of Athene, which is in the likeness of *Aspasia* (Miss GLADYS COOPER).

Pericles makes no appearance in person, but effectively dominates the play through his reported actions and the comments of friend and enemy. *Cleon* (Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY), in alliance with Big Business, represented by *Hyperbolus* (Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER), heading the war party, declaims vehemently against the degeneracy of the times—the ineffectiveness of liberal counsellors such as old *Anaxagoras* (Mr.

ELIOT MAKEHAM), the slackness and indifference of youth, such as the dissolute *Alcibiades* (Mr. ANTHONY BUSHELL) and the flippant *Aristophanes* (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK); against the diversion of public funds imperatively needed for defence to the vain splendours of the Parthenon. It is the old quarrel between the men of sweet reason and the men of force, and the case is stated with a balanced fairness. And the conclusion is—the conclusion dictated by your temperament. The author does not press his own point of view, though you can see where his sympathies lie. *Cleon* triumphs; *Pheidias*, impeached, condemned, drinks from the fatal cup. The last scene shows some officers of the beleaguered garrison—*Socrates*, *Alcibiades* and *Aristophanes*—watching the smoke of Spartan burnings and listening to the menacing drums.

There was a deliberate hard bright effectiveness in Miss GLADYS COOPER'S *Aspasia*; Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY (all complete with admirable Grecian nose) was full of smouldering fires breaking out fiercely into flame at his well-chosen moments. Mr. IAN HUNTER as *Pheidias* drunk and *Pheidias* sober was a sound expansive human being, and the author had put good stuff into his mouth in defence of the life of the spirit—good stuff, delivered with a passionate conviction. The part of *Aristophanes* was full of a lively and allusive wit very pleasantly interpreted by Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK in a Bloomsbury mood; and I liked a rather queer *Alcibiades* by Mr. ANTHONY BUSHELL, who improved much on acquaintance and justified his reading. The unstressed humour and dignity of *Anaxagoras* was cleverly presented by Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.

The material decorations by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND—the sets (the Parthenon, *Aspasia's* Garden, a Court Scene, and a Prison Cell) and the costumes—were of a pleasing sincerity and plausibility. T.

"ON THE ROCKS" (WINTER GARDEN).

The title of this conversational satire describes the predicament in which we find the British Ship of State, and the question propounded is whether she can be floated off the rocks by constitutional and democratic means. The final answer of the ex-captain of the salvage-vessel *Fabian* seems to be in the negative, for Mr. BERNARD SHAW, having once overturned the apple-cart of self-government, is now considerably attracted by the notions of dictatorship.

The scene throughout is in the Cabinet Room at 10, Downing Street. There is scarcely any action in the piece, but a feast of delightfully controversial talk.

Sir Arthur Chavender is the Liberal P. M. of a National Government, the date being approximately the present. He is so tired by talking and by enthusiastic participation in the bickerings of Westminster and Europe that he has become incapable of practical thought. His reception of a factious deputation from the Isle of Cats shows us his pompous self-dramatisation in, so to speak, top-gear. One of its number, however, an old Labour leader named *Hipney*, to whom long years of politics have brought a splendid mellow cynicism, stays behind, and in an increasingly genial conversation they both admit that they have never read the MARX on which they differ, and that the Gold Standard has them beaten.

The scene which follows is the least convincing of several unreal patches in the play. *Lady Chavender* sends her woman-doctor to diagnose *Sir Arthur's* condition, and this lady is dressed unaccountably as a Grey Friaress, behaves like a semi-paralysed oracle (the fault is not with Miss FAY DAVIS), and for some time is mistaken by the overwrought *P.M.* for a Messenger of Death. But in the end she gets what she wants, which is his presence for a fortnight in her expensive sanatorium, where she "teaches her patients to think." *Sir Arthur* orders his secretary to pack the works of KARL MARX, and, being a thorough girl, she adds those of LENIN and STALIN.

In the Second Act he returns from Wales a very, very different man. He has learnt with a vengeance to think. The futility of talk, the burning necessity for action have struck him with staggering force: in a public speech he announces briefly his intention of nationalising everything. With one exception his Council take the decision well, for the Forces cannot resist his offer of more armaments and higher pay, while the Indian magnate who stands for Big Business embraces the idea of rapid progress; the exception unfortunately being *Sir Dexter Rightside*, the Diehard Conservative leader, who grows apoplectic at the word "change" and effectually throws a spanner into the works by insulting Big Business and stumping off with the vital allegiance of his party.

Another visit from the Isle of Cats deputation shows Labour to be equally unsympathetic to a Nationalisation involving compulsory labour and compensation for land; and so *Sir Arthur's* brave move is queered from the start and his supporters desert him. Ironically he is left with only the sympathy of *Hipney* and the *Duke of Domesday*, the true democrat and the true aristocrat.

Such are the puppets, by means of whom Mr. SHAW makes further fun of our various political creeds. This is not a bitter Mr. SHAW, but one who admits how damnably uphill is the path of the reformer, and how comfortable the old tracks; nor a very advanced Mr. SHAW, for a good many people have already formulated vaguely in their own minds most of the sentiments to which he gives such sparkling expression.

Mr. HANNEN, in his difficult and exhausting part, is entirely triumphant; and from the rest of an excellent cast I should like to mention Mr. EDWARD RIGBY'S *Hipney*, a delightful and memorable creation. ERIC.



LONG-RANGE IMPRESSION OF SOME CHAIRS AND A TABLE.

(The figure is believed by our artist to be Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN as a Prime Minister)

At the Pictures.

TWO REDHEADS.

THE wise critic, I suppose, reads as few judgments by his fellow-practitioners as possible. And in this respect I aspire to wisdom. All the same, it is difficult not to pick up impressions as to the prevailing opinions on new productions, and I confess to having approached both my redheads with the knowledge that they had been much praised. I found them praiseworthy, but I thought the films in which they appear, KATHARINE HEPBURN in *Morning Glory* and ROBERT LYNEN in *Poil de Carotte*, inferior: *Morning Glory* because it has so poor a story, and *Poil de Carotte* because the producer has been so wrong in not emphasising the boy's misery.



STAGE-STRUCK.
Eva Lovelace . . KATHARINE HEPBURN.

There is, however, no doubt that both these new stars can act and that both have appealing personalities, although to say of KATHARINE HEPBURN that she out-GRETAS the GARBO is ridiculous. She is not really in competition.

The mistake of *Morning Glory* comes when the heroine, *Eva Lovelace* (but if you don't like the name she will change it), takes to alcohol, recitation and sophistication. I have rarely enjoyed anything in the cinema more than her early conversations with AUBREY SMITH, as a kindly elderly English actor, and ADOLPHE MENJOU, as a stagey but agreeable American theatrical manager. Here she was simple and natural, and when being simple and natural there is nothing she could not do. But afterwards she declined into something quite ordinary and also no longer looked the part.

My recollection is—dim and yet fairly distinct—that JEAN RENAUD'S curious episodic novel, *Poil de Carotte*, made it clear that the unwanted boy, with an actively hostile and malignant mother, a selfish preoccupied father, and a shallow and uninterested brother and sister, so brooded on this and that repulse to his affectionate overtures and on the isolation and drudgery into which he was thrust, that his natural ebullience was gradually but surely broken down. But in the film his cheerfulness persists. The machinery of unhappiness is all about him, but he refuses to be drawn into it; the attempted suicide is unconvincing and our eyes remain dry.

Little ROBERT LYNEN does his very remarkable best, and had he been properly directed would have us all in tears. The picture, although in the main sad, has a lovely neo-Theocritean interlude. Neither of the parents is quite right, but there is a friendly *femme de ménage* well acted, and I liked an occasional glimpse of HALL CAINE among the municipal crowd what time *Poil de Carotte's* negligent sire is elected *maire*.

CONRAD VEIDT is a fine actor, but he is not well cast as the *Wandering Jew* in the film of that name, and I found myself wishing that MATHESON LANG, who was so impressive in the play, had made the picture too. Yet I doubt if, even with this change, the story would hold the spectator, for it merely alleges and never proves; and it alleges a vast deal. We see the doomed pilgrim of eternity in four phases: first as the Jerusalem citizen (bearded) who attempts but fails to intercede with CHRIST to attend on his sick mistress; next, in the twelfth century, as a mysterious knight attached to the English army in the Crusades (clean-shaven), invincible in the lists (a very poor "shot") and irresistible to women; next, two centuries later, as a Sicilian merchant (with short beard); and lastly, in the days of the Inquisition, as a doctor (with long beard) in Spain.



THE WASHING'S-UP.
Poil de Carotte . . ROBERT LYNEN.
Annette . . . . . CHRISTIANE DOR.

The legend has much to stir the imagination, but the film does nothing. It goes remorselessly on and remains dull and dreary. So far from being unable to die, the *Wandering Jew* might be said to be dead all the time.



Fan (to Matteo Battadio—CONRAD VEIDT). "COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANDER A LITTLE FASTER?"

CONRAD VEIDT is, as I have said, a fine actor; but he should be kept for very different parts, modern, wicked and subtle.

May I again urge cinema managers to adopt such a simple amenity as the repetition of the cast at the end of each film? Some have it, but not all. Now that programmes are disappearing, this reminder of the names of the performers would be a real boon.

E. V. L.

The Sorrows of Parting.

"COLLECTION.

During which the Orchestra will play 'A Keltic Lament.'"—*Church Pamphlet.*

"The bank overdraft stands at £124,570. The Committee of Debenture holders has agreed with the Board that there must be a further deferment of Debenture interest.

Accompanying the report is a statement containing the gift of the speech to be made by the chairman at the meeting on November 17th."—*Daily Paper.*

So the shareholders get something out of it after all.

Advice to the Army.

It is an accepted maxim that the art of war is unchanged throughout the ages. Did not some famous soldier—probably Napoleon, who gets the credit for most military dictums—tell us to read and re-read the campaigns of the great commanders? I have recently read a small volume which seems to show that not only are the problems of war unchanged but that the general conduct of military life remains the same, in spite of mechanisation, education and other perils that beset the soldier of to-day even in time of peace.

I do not know the date of the first publication of *Advice to the Officers of the British Army* (*with some Hint's to the Drummer and the Private Soldier*), but my edition, which is the ninth, was produced in 1787 by Messrs. G. Kearsley, of 46, Fleet Street, for the moderate sum of half-a-crown (sewed). The author preferred to remain anonymous, which was probably a very wise precaution on his part. The fact that the little book ran into so many editions is a proof of its popularity at the time, and I cannot help thinking that it would be greeted with equal enthusiasm to-day. The author tenders his advice to all ranks, from the Secretary of State for War to the private soldier, and much of it is so excellent that the republication of the book in official form by His Majesty's Stationery Office would, I am sure, meet with the approval of all ranks. At the same time I fear that the possibility of this step being taken is somewhat remote.

"Nothing shows a General's attention more," the author states, "than requiring a number of returns, particularly such as it is difficult to make with any degree of accuracy. As to the information they convey, that is immaterial; no one ever reads them. . . ." It would appear that the outlook of the Staff, at any rate, has changed but little in a century-and-a-half.

I am afraid that I have long misjudged the Army Pay Department. "Make your accounts as intricate as you can, and, if possible, unintelligible to everyone but yourself," is the advice to the Paymaster, "lest in case you should be taken prisoner your papers might give information to the enemy."

You know, I had never thought of that. What a simple explanation of some of our Army Forms, whose existence has troubled the simple-minded regimental officer for years!

Amongst many excellent precepts for Young Officers is one that has my complete agreement. It has long been a subject of contention between myself and our Adjutant:—

"Never read the daily Orders. It is beneath an officer of spirit to bestow any attention upon such nonsense; and the information you can get from them will not pay you for the trouble you are at in decyphering them and reducing them into English."

Again there appears to be but little change in the ideas of the rank and file: "In order to get the character of a smart fellow at exercise, loosen the pins on the stock of your firelock to make the motions tell. If the piece gets damage by it, it is no great matter. . . .

At a field-day, stop up the touch-hole of your piece with cobbler's wax. This will prevent your firing and save you the trouble of cleaning your arms." How much easier things were before the introduction of the blank cartridge!

And, finally, to the Secretary of State for War: "From the moment you are placed at the head of the War Department you are to all intents and purposes a Heaven-born General."

Possibly I may endeavour to supplement my pay by republishing this little book myself. On the other hand, I might get more as hush-money from the Army Council for suppressing it.



"It isn't what I call a *classy* place; smells of cabbage in the dance-'all."

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

X.

October 25th.—English mail awaits me on return to New York Hotel and is handed to me by reception-clerk with agreeable comment to the effect that the Old Country hasn't forgotten me *this* time. Feel that I can't possibly wait to read mail till I get upstairs, but equally impossible to do so in entrance-hall, and am prepared to make a rush for the elevator when firm-looking elderly woman in black comes up and addresses me by name. Says that she is very glad indeed to know me. Her name is Katherine Ellen Blatt, which may not mean anything to me, but stands for quite a lot to a section of the American public.

I try to look intelligent, and wonder whether to ask for further details or not, but something tells me that I am going to hear them anyway, so may as well make up my mind to it. Invite Miss Blatt to sit down and wait for me one moment whilst I go up and take off my hat—by which I really mean tear open letters from Robert and the children—but she says, No, she'd just love to come right upstairs with me. This she proceeds to do, and tells me on the way up that she writes articles for the women's magazines and that she makes quite a feature of describing English visitors to America, especially those with literary interests. The moment she heard that I was in New York she felt that she just had to come around right away and have a look at me (idea crosses my mind of replying that A Cat may look at a King, but this colloquialism probably unappreciated, and in any case Miss B. gives me no time).

Bed still unmade, which annoys me, especially as Miss B. scrutinises entire room through a pince-nez and asks, What made me come here, as this is a place entirely frequented by professional people? She herself could, if I wish it, arrange to have me transferred immediately to a women's club, where there is a lovely group of highly-intelligent cultivated women, to which she is proud to say that she belongs. Can only hope that my face doesn't reflect acute horror that invades me at the idea of joining any



KATHERINE ELLEN BLATT.

group of women amongst whom is to be numbered Miss Blatt.

Incredibly tedious half-hour ensues. Miss B. has a great deal to say, and fortunately seems to expect very little answer, as my mind is entirely fixed on letters lying unopened in my handbag. She tells me, amongst other things, that NOEL COWARD, SOMERSET MAUGHAM—whom she calls "Willie," which I think profane—the Duchess of ATHOLL, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and Miss AMY JOHNSON are all very dear friends of hers, and she would never dream of letting a year pass without going to England and paying each of them a visit. I say rather curtly that I don't know any of them, and add that I don't really feel I ought to take up any more of Miss Blatt's time. That, declares Miss Blatt, doesn't matter at all. I'm not to let that worry me for a moment. To hear about dear old London is just everything to her, and she is just crazy to be told whether I know her close friends, ELLEN WILKINSON, REBECCA WEST, NANCY ASTOR and RAMSAY MACDONALD. Frantic impulse assails me and I say, No, but that the PRINCE OF WALES is a great friend of mine. Is that so? returns Miss Blatt quite unmoved. She herself met him for the first time last summer at Ascot and they had quite a talk. (If this really true can only feel perfectly convinced that any talk there was emanated entirely from Miss B.)

Just as I feel that the limits of sanity have been reached telephone-bell rings and I answer it and take complicated message from Lecture Agent about Buffalo, which at first I think to be Natural History, but afterwards realise is a town.

Continuity of atmosphere is now destroyed and I remain standing and inform Miss Blatt that I am afraid that I shall have to go out. She offers to take me up-town, and I thank her and say No. Then, she says, it won't be any trouble to take me down-town. This time I say No without thanking her.

We spend about ten minutes saying good-bye. Miss Blatt assures me that she will get in touch with me again within a day or two, and meanwhile will send me some of her articles to read, and I finally shut the door on her and sit down on the bed, after locking the door for fear she should come back again.

Tear open letters from Robert and the children, read them three times at least,



"STRONGLY TEMPTED TO BOOK MY PASSAGE FOR TO-MORROW."

become homesick and rather agitated, and then read them all over again. Robert says that he will be glad when I get home again (am strongly tempted to book my passage for to-morrow), and adds details about the garden. Our Vicar, he adds, preached quite a good sermon on Sunday last, and Cook's sponge-cake is improving. Vicky's letter very affectionate, with rows of kisses and large drawing of a horse with short legs and only one visible ear. The Literary Society at school, writes Vicky, is reading MASEFIELD, and this she enjoys very much. Am a good deal impressed and try to remember what I know of MASEFIELD'S work and how much of it is suitable for nine years old.

Robin's letter, very long and beautifully written, contains urgent request for any American slang expressions that I may meet with, but it must be *new* slang. Not, he explicitly states, words like Jake and Oke, which everybody knows already. He also hopes that I am enjoying myself and have seen some gangsters. A boy called Saunders is now reading a P. G. WODEHOUSE book called *Love Among the Chickens*. A boy called Badger has had his front-tooth knocked out. There isn't, says Robin in conclusion, much to write about, and he sends Best Love.

Receive also charming letter from Caroline Concannon, who says, gratifyingly, that she misses me, and adds in a vague way that everything is ALL RIGHT in the flat. Remaining correspondence mostly bills, but am quite unable to pay any attention to them for more reasons than one, and merely put them all together in an elastic band and endorse the top one "BILLS," which makes me feel businesslike and practically produces illusion of having paid them all already.

Extraordinary feeling of exhaustion comes over me, due partly to emotion and partly to visit of Miss Katherine Ellen Blatt, and I decide to go out and look at shop-windows on Fifth Avenue, which I do, and enjoy enormously.

Later in the day am conducted to a Tea—cocktails and sandwiches as usual. Meet a distinguished author, who is amusing and talks to me very kindly. In the middle of it telephone-bell rings and he conducts conversation with—presumably—an Editor, in which he says, No, no, he must positively decline to undertake any more work. The terms, he admits, are wonderful, but it simply can't be done. No, he can't possibly reconsider his decision. He has had to refuse several other offers of the same kind already. He can undertake nothing more. On this he rings off and resumes conversation just as if nothing had happened. Am completely lost in awe and admiration. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)



"NO, HE CAN'T POSSIBLY RECONSIDER HIS DECISION."

Rapprochement in the Animal Wor'd.

"TURTLE TO LEAD BARKING."
Football Paper.

The claims of our neighbour's dog appear to have been overlooked.

"Sleep is a very dashing affair in these pyjamas."—*Advt.*

We prefer to take it lying down.

Dramatic Consequences.

"Strand . . . . . Nice Goings on
Vaudeville . . . After Dark
Westminster . . The Lady from Alfaqueque
Whitehall . . . . Afterwards
Winter Garden. . On the Rocks."
Theatre List in Daily Paper.

The Great Renunciation.

["This journal will seek to lack nothing in constructive goodwill, but in the mummery and flummery of delusive verbiage and sentiment we shall decline to deal."—*Mr. J. L. GARVIN in "The Observer," Nov. 26th.*]

In times so very grave and critical,
When in the sphere of things political
An atmosphere malign, mephitical,
Infects the universe,
'Tis well in these perturbed conditions
To shun all mountainous parturitions,
To curb all gaseous ebullitions
And be restrained and terse.

Though Philistines may scorn and flout me
And say unpleasant things about me,
Unawed by envious objurgations
In spite of manifold temptations
I mean to shun all perorations,
All ornamental orotundity,
All high pontifical profundity,
All purple patches and pomposity
And all voluminous verbosity.
Henceforth I'll have no truck or trafficking
With any literary mafficking.
I have no use for froth and mummery,
I hate sesquipedalian flummery,
I mean to preach with fire and fervour
Goodwill each Sunday in *The Observer*,
Yet careful to control my powers,
True to the motto of "No flowers." C. L. G.

In Memoriam.

Mr. Punch regrets to have to record the death, at the age of 85, of Mr. E. J. Wheeler, an artist who contributed regularly to his columns from 1881 for some twenty years. He excelled in decorative initials, theatrical sketches and illustrations of Burnand's contributions, and his work, if old-fashioned in method, had individuality and a kindly Victorian humour which many of us still remember with affection.



Rural Stationmaster. "NO, SIR, THERE BAIN'T NO FIRE IN THE WAITING-ROOM, AND DON'T GO STAMPING YER FEET ON THE FLOOR 'COS THE BOARDS IS ROTTEN."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Letters to Egeria.

THE correspondence preserved by MARY, Marchioness of SALISBURY, Countess of DERBY could have had no happier editor than the late Lady BURGHCLERE, whose intimate annotating of the treasures of 1862–1890 heightens both the historical and the domestic interest of these records of *A Great Lady's Friendships* (MACMILLAN, 21/-). Dowered with "onyx eyes" and generous sympathies—the delight of her fellow-women—and a receptiveness that endeared her to masculine egoists, DISRAELI'S "EGERIA" preserved the confidence and the confidential letters of both to the end of her days. "DIZZY'S" were unluckily burnt; but unceremonious outpourings from Lord COWLEY, Lord CLARENDON, the LYTTON brothers, BOB LOWE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and SOPHIE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, are among the survivors. Undoubtedly the pearl of Lady MARY'S correspondents was SOPHIE, whose comments on BISMARCK'S Germany and LOUIS NAPOLEON'S France are worthy of the sound observer who was RENAN'S *dernière des grandes princesses*. The dullest, strange to say, in view of his gift of epigram, is BOB LOWE; but much, I feel, may be forgiven a man who managed to reduce a fivepenny income-tax to a fourpenny one. For pleasant comicality—and little but kindly gossip seems to have come "EGERIA'S" way—I commend the Continental honeymoon of LECKY the historian.

Kenneth Grahame.

What author is really qualified to write another's biography, Mr. PATRICK CHALMERS asks himself in his preface to *Kenneth Grahame: Life, Letters and Unpublished Work* (METHUEN, 10/6). We can safely answer that the author of *The Wind in the Willows* could have had no more brilliant or understanding biographer than Mr. CHALMERS, for he too has driven Pegasus and the Golden Calf in double harness and tempered the cares of an active business life with the double aid of a gifted pen and all that goes with a passion for "messing about in boats." It must have been no easy task to make a convincing portrait of GRAHAME, the young Scot endowed with every quality that could commend him to Threadneedle Street and did ultimately bring him the Secretaryship of the Bank of England, who nevertheless had in him the stuff of which immortal fantasies are made. Yet we really do understand, when we read Mr. CHALMERS' chapters—as no GRAHAME addict will fail to do—how he could at the same time be the sober, dignified, well-dressed, courteous, rather silent and rather lonely man of affairs and the master of the smooth-flowing essay, lover (like the good physician *Melampus*) of things

> That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck,
> Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball

and delightful interpreter of and minister to the child-mind. KENNETH GRAHAME'S few books have a sure niche in the temple of literary immortality. It only needed this biography to complete the picture.

Who 's Zoo.

Most of us know
That whenever we go
The beasts at the Zoo give an excellent show,
But of how they all got
To their places, and what
They might say if they talked, we can learn quite a lot.

In *Zoo Cavalcade*
Mr. BOULENGER's played
The part of the showman or spokesman-in-aid;
And many 's the tip
He imparts as we skip
Round the Park of the Regent or Snade of the Whip.

Salamander, baboon,
Kinkajou or racoon,
Or manatee sporting in pool or lagoon,
The sloth bear at rest
Up a tree in a nest—
They all yield a story and often a jest.

There 's history too,
And a general review
Of managing, feeding and vetting the Zoo.
In short, to present
Or to keep (if not lent)
It 's a bargain at seven-and-sixpence (from DENT).

More Good Food.

As it is impossible ever to have too much of a good thing, those who welcomed Mr. AMBROSE HEATH'S *Good Food* a year ago will be glad that he has now followed it with *More Good Food* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-). He preserves the same calendar form, telling us each month what is in season and giving us recipes accordingly; there are additional notes on sauces, *hors d'œuvre* and *sautés*, with examples; and he caters for all tastes and purses, making a case in his preface for an occasional extravagance in the culinary use of wine. Mr. Punch has made trial of one such dish, Eels *à la Tartare* (which is to be found on p. 131, and not on p. 113, as the Index directs), and found it satisfying and succulent, and will not fear to entrust the volume to the hands of his cook, seeing that its cover is, as proudly announced before the list of contents, WATERPROOF and WASHABLE.



THE BLACK RAT MENACE.

"DON'T KILL 'IM, BILL; THE NEW WAY IS YOU 'AVE TO REPORT 'IM TO THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE."

A Critical Garner.

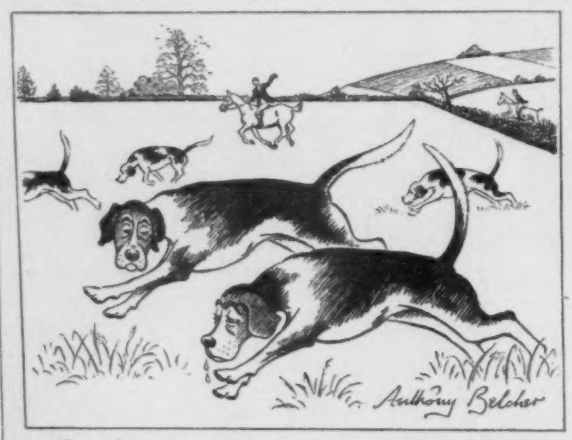
Few critics were more aware than the late Professor SAINTSBURY of the perils and opportunities of occasional criticism, and none that I know has defined the scope and limitations of the art more precisely. It can seldom have been more attractively exercised than in the prefaces he supplied to reissues of French and English classics; and thirty-three of these and similar pieces have at his own wish been reprinted in *Prefaces and Essays* (MACMILLAN, 8/6). Not a few—the superb DONNE Introduction, for instance—have remained current coin. But the essays on FIELDING, SMOLLETT, STERNE and each of their more notable books have been less "extremely quoted" and—in STERNE's case especially—the omission is one to repair. With an interval sometimes of half-a-century between papers on the same theme their consistency of judgment is as remarkable as their versatility of handling. I have seldom known their writer's impish banter more validly exercised than on LONGFELLOW and LONGFELLOW'S detractors, or his prosodic acumen more fervently displayed than in eulogy of EDGAR ALLAN POE. Professor ELTON'S charming introduction stresses these excellences and many more—the unforgettable make-up of one of the most learned and most entertaining of English critics.

A Next Century Sequel.

Not many people to-day know PIERCE EGAN'S masterpieces of a century ago, *Boxiana* and *Life in London, or the Day and Night Adventures of Jerry Hauthorn, Esq., and his Elegant Friend Corinthian Tom, etc., etc.* The latter has, however, inspired *The Amazing Epilogue* (LOVAT DIXON, 9/-), in which BARBARA WINGFIELD-STRATFORD takes *Jerry* up where EGAN put him down, rescues him from humdrum marriage and country life and brings him to town. Not content with this, Mrs. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD calls on Venus to endow him with perpetual youth and enable him to return every few years, a new man, to the fashionable circles of the day. Each return has its story: in the first he adores a dean's innocent-seeming daughter and finds that she is scheming to catch him; in the last he loves and marries a girl who is a kinswoman and reincarnation of his beloved *Corinthian Tom*; and we leave him at the age of a hundred-and-thirty about to live happy, not for ever after, but for a normal human span. Illustrated by Mr. ROLAND PYM, it makes an uncommon, if somewhat scrappy, book, and *Jerry* is a pleasant fellow as to whose fates one cannot help being a little concerned.

Horseplay and All That.

Messrs. W. C. SELLAR and R. J. YEATMAN, authors of the memorable *1066 and All That*, have now turned their joint attentions to the horse, and in *Horse Nonsense* (METHUEN, 5/-) commit with unflagging zeal every conceivable jest, quip and verbal contortion at the expense of that noble animal and its retinue. Where Mr. SELLAR (or Mr. YEATMAN) might perhaps, if unaided, have passed over a possible pun, the presence of Mr. YEATMAN (or Mr. SELLAR) at his elbow has invariably averted the catastrophe; and the result is a book so crammed with *jeux d'esprit* that it is difficult at times to see the humour for the jokes. This is not to say that *Horse Nonsense* is a bad or an unfunny book, but only that it is less funny than it might have been had the authors used their astonishing talent for joke-production more sparingly—or, alternatively, been a little less constant in their adherence to the "1066" formula. Whatever its weaknesses the book remains eminently purchasable, and that for two reasons: first because the really good things in it are so good that it is worth taking a little trouble to find them; and, second, because Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS (who knows a horse when he draws one) is again responsible for the pictures.



"I CAN'T SMELL A THING WITH THIS DREADFUL COLD."

Human Bullets.

Wing-Commander A. H. ORLEBAR, A.F.C., in *Schneider Trophy* (SEELEY SERVICE, 12/6) tells of the joys, worries and anxieties of a Captain of a High Speed Flight. He minimises the dangers faced by and the skill required from pilots, who, it appears, do not notice any particular feeling of pace when travelling at six miles a minute. In speaking of a landing the author remarks that he slowed down too much, in fact to a mere 200 m.p.h. The book is well written in diary form and gives a vivid picture of trials, disappointments and triumphs. In the chapter "Reflections," the standard question of the public (and what good came of it at last?) is answered with no airy prophecies of 'planes girdling the earth in forty minutes. There is no bombast and no "ballyhoo" throughout the book—I like that. I was also struck by the fact that Flight-Lieutenant STAINFORTH broke the speed record with a score of 407 in twenty-seven minutes with only two minutes fuel left. A rough calculation from the tables given in the Appendix shows that a Schneider machine uses almost three gallons of petrol in a minute. No wonder the Air Ministry (until private assistance was forthcoming) jibbed at the expense of competing, however great the trade advantages that might accrue from success.

Where Children Reign.

Lovers of children and good drawing should be grateful to COUNTRY LIFE, LTD., for giving us the new popular edition of *Important People*, by Mr. J. H. DOWD and Miss BRENDA E. SPENDER. Mr. DOWD as a humorous artist needs no introduction to readers of *Punch*, but in this book he displays his mastery of delicate and sensitive line devoted to the delineation of childhood in many phases. In these pages his children romp and dance and play and sleep, ride camels in the Zoo, make castles in the sand, are bathed and sail toy-boats, go fishing, and learn to walk and say their prayers. And in everything they do Mr. DOWD finds a beauty beyond mere prettiness and unconscious grace without sentimentality. This is essentially a book of drawings, but the little stories about children by Miss SPENDER are a delightful accompaniment to Mr. DOWD'S pencil. A wonderful six-shillingsworth.

The Riddle of the Sands.

The Case of the Gold Coins (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) is "another *Eustace Hailey* novel," and those of us who have accompanied *Hailey* on his previous tours of investigation may be excused for considering that on this occasion he is a little out of form. At the outset Mr. ANTHONY WYNNE invites us to discover by what means *Lord Wallace's* body was placed on the sands, above high-water mark, without the slightest trace of footprints. That for me, at any rate, was a perplexing enough problem, but when two more murders followed my attention to the main issue, though not entirely withdrawn, was appreciably diminished. This story abounds in exciting incident, but lacks the compactness and neat workmanship which as a rule distinguish Mr. WYNNE'S novels.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

AN Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at The Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool, from December 16th to January 13th, 1934; at Southport, January 20th to February 17th; at Kidderminster, February 24th to March 24th; at Hastings, March 31st to April 28th; and at Bristol, May 5th to June 2nd. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

THE trouble with French Cabinets of late is that they seem to go in one year and out the other.

***

"Last year," says a Home Office report, "1,741 aliens were granted British naturalisation, of whom 411 were Russians and 235 Germans." The other 1,095, we infer, were crooners.

***

"He's got to have his hair cut," said the Oxford County Court judge on being told that a debtor "patronised a fashionable hairdresser." We should like to point out, as showing that liberty is not wholly dead, that he can still choose between an Eton and a Borstal crop.

***

"Mr. J. H. THOMAS, the Dominions Secretary," says a Sunday paper, "is giving close concern to a serious situation in New Ireland." Not so dashed new, if you ask us.

***

"Oh, I've shot the wrong man!" exclaimed a Rhode Island damsel. This worrying over trifles is what is making a nervous wreck of the American woman.

***

A well-known Society lady who recently reported the loss of a gold pendant has now discovered that it has been in her jewel-case all the time. Scotland Yard officials, we understand, are most annoyed, as they have in their possession a valuable clue to the thief.

***

A writer suggests that no one under forty years of age should be allowed to become an M.P. Is this a cunning move to rob women of their right to enter Parliament?

***

It is reported that a Kent householder hit a burglar with a golf-club and drove him out of the house. It does not say in how many.



WASTING ITS SWEETNESS.

Members complained last week that odours from the House of Commons kitchens were finding their way in the House. It is felt that there is quite enough inducement to abandon the House for the dining-room without this.

***

The finding of a headless body has caused the arrest of an American dentist. Our experience with dentists is that the head doesn't really come off; it only feels that way.

A gas-company official recently found a gold-rimmed monocle amongst the pennies in a penny-in-the-slot meter. An item in the pathetic struggles of the New Poor to make ends meet.

***

A member of the Austrian football team who have been playing in this country is a locksmith by profession and a happy father in private life. So love hasn't laughed at *him*.

***

"I would gladly give my blood for a good cause," declares an M.P. Just the very man for hanging the holly this Christmas.

***

Ladies' handbags are on sale which on being opened have their interiors illuminated by electricity. Invented, no doubt, by some long-suffering ticket-collector.

***

Statistical investigations recently published in a Blue-Book reveal, it is stated, that in head measurements the criminal does not differ perceptibly from university undergraduates. We shall be surprised if the Old Lags' Protection Society takes this lying down.

***

A statistical authority reminds us that babies born since the last Census will remain non-existent until the next one is taken. Parents, however, will probably have grounds for believing otherwise.

***

An explorer returning to Canada from the Polar regions learned for the first time that the War was over. We understand that, after making a few inquiries about the Peace, he packed up and went back again.

This and That.

FAR the best way of dealing with the danger to London pedestrians, in my opinion, would be to bring the speed-limit of motor-traffic down to that of a well-girt man—say fifteen miles an hour or thereabouts. This is a speed both easy to dodge and easy to catch. All but the very infirm would be able to cross the road quite often, even at points where there are no controls, and any driver who was going faster than the limit could be pursued by a well-girt policeman with shouts and cries. If the policeman failed to catch him he would blow his whistle and the next policeman would stop the brute. The fact that policeman Number One had not caught him would be sufficient proof that he was going too fast.

Another advantage of this speed-limit would be that all nimble persons could pursue and overtake motor-buses and taxicabs when they wanted them, leaping on the step or the running-board. London would be full of light-hearted and agile citizens, whereas at the present time I frequently have to wait fifteen minutes outside my house, in order to cross the road, singing, "O for the wings of a dove," or rather, "O for the wings of a seagull," for the whole air is full of a cloud of seagulls which, being fed for nothing, have a far better time in London than men. It is possible, of course, to throw one's hat, umbrella, attaché-case, etc., into the road in hope that the motor traffic may stop out of curiosity, and then gather them up as one crosses; but even this method does not always succeed, and if it fails one looks rather a fool.

★ ★ ★

Not long ago I mentioned on this page a book about RICHARD THE THIRD which glorified that once unpopular King, and suggested that not he but HENRY VII. smothered the Little Princes in the Tower. Since then I seem to have read columns about those Little Princes every day. In July of this year they were re-exhumed and re-buried by the Dean of WESTMINSTER, having first of all been buried by CHARLES THE SECOND, and there seems to be no doubt that they were the right ages for being killed by RICHARD THE THIRD and not by HENRY THE SEVENTH.

But the latest thing I am told about them occurs in a quotation made by Professor POLLARD in *The Times* from *The Great Chronicle of London*, written by ROBERT FABYAN in the fifteenth century and never published yet. That says:

> "But of theyr dethis maner was many oppynyons, for some said they were murdered betwene ii fethyr beddis; some said they were drawnyd in malvesy . . ."

I count it then for certain that these poor little boys were murdered by RICHARD THE THIRD, and that all men knew it at the time, one cynical citizen saying to another that if he didn't smother them he probably threw them into a butt of wine, like poor old CLARENCE. RICHARD THE THIRD'S hilarious methods of homicide were obviously a byword in the Town.

★ ★ ★

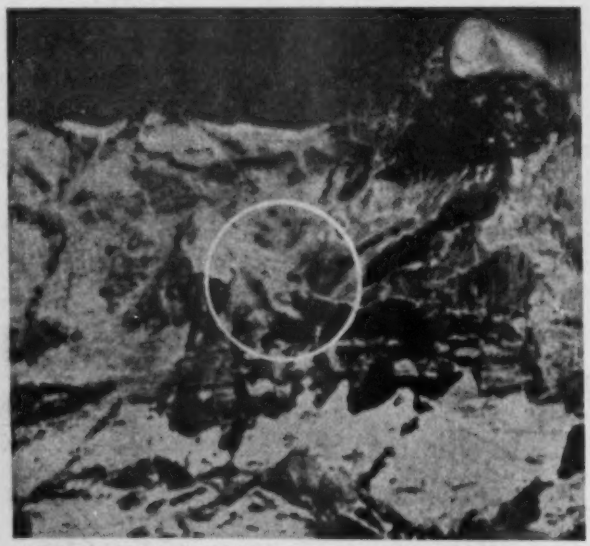
Another controversy that has exercised my mind has been the complaint by the Public Orator of Cambridge that there is no such word as *ultimata* (the plural of *ultimatum*). When he was told that *The Oxford Dictionary* included the word he confessed that he had only bought *The Oxford Dictionary* down to P. This was natural, of course. He bought O to see what was said about "Orator," and then P, out of a natural curiosity to read about "Public." After that he stopped.

But there might be worse plurals than *ultimata* if the politicians have their way. What about *loca standorum* and *status quibus ante*?

Which reminds me that Mr. EAMON DE VALERA entitles himself in his official despatches "Minister for External Affairs." A good phrase. Though not perhaps quite so good in these times of infinitely tedious and almost interminable negotiations as "Minister for Eternal Affairs."

★ ★ ★

And Ireland reminds me that the potato has now at long last come into its own. It is to have a National Marketing Board and a Central Executive Committee all to itself, this quaint tuber which Sir WALTER RALEIGH brought over from South America and for years and years nobody would condescend to eat. Whatever else may be said about the close of the year 1933, at any rate it marks the Apotheosis of the Spud. EVOE.



AS THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF CONTROVERSY BETWEEN LADY HOUSTON AND THIS PAPER, WE SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY OF SHOWING THAT MR. PUNCH WAS CALMLY IF GRIMLY DESCENDING FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. EVEREST AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THE HOUSTON-WESTLAND EXPEDITION WAS MERELY FLYING OVER IT. THE PHOTOGRAPH, A PART OF WHICH IS HERE REPRODUCED, WAS TAKEN BY COLONEL BLACKER AND FIRST APPEARED IN "THE TIMES" IN MAY OF THIS YEAR. MODESTLY WE NEVER MENTIONED IT BEFORE.

"I am asked to emphasise that there is no need to fear any harm to domestic pets as two poisons are used, one of which is a special preparation, only harmful to residents."—*Local Paper.*

We shall certainly order some of this.

Virtue Triumphant.

A Reply to Moralists and Barbers.

["Long and painstaking observation has convinced me that the most devout men are invariably thin on top."—*French phrenologist.*]

In my youth I was gay (which is often the way
When a fellow goes into society);
My pyjamas were silk, I came home with the milk,
And I frequently dined to satiety.

Oh, many times since I have felt myself wince
At the thought of my past insobriety,
Till scientists showed that my future abode
Was causing me needless anxiety;

For the fact must remain that the shape of my brain
(Whate'er I once lacked of propriety)
Has made the hair stop coming up on the top,
So I *must* be a model of piety.



GOOD KING BETTERTON.

"PAGE AND MONARCH FORTH THEY WENT,
FORTH THEY WENT TOGETHER."



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

"A-AND GIVE 'IM ONE FROM ME, GINGER!"

Where Do Flies Go?

FOR a considerable while Reggie had threatened to keep a fly. We had attempted to dissuade him, but both the season and the circumstances made it a safe bet that he would attain his entomological goal, and that we would soon have an addition to the family. The season was the sticky season, when flies love you without fear, while the circumstances were that Reggie has a pet complex and we had forbidden him, after a strange experience with a sort of preserved frog, to buy any more. You can get flies for nothing.

But the first intimation I received that Reggie had acquired his tame fly was when I learned that he had lost it. I read Tragedy in his face as I passed the nursery-door, and when I asked him, rather unwisely, what was the matter, he replied, "*It's gone!*"

"What's gone?" I inquired, realising from his tone that this was no common-or-garden loss.

"My fly," muttered Reggie.

The commercial value of the loss was inconsiderable, but in our home we have other standards. I entered the nursery to commiserate, and also to assure myself that the mislaid fly, which after attentions from Reggie might be in any condition, did not turn up again in an undesirable form or place.

"Where was it before it went?" I asked.

"There," answered Reggie, pointing emotionally to an inverted glass.

I examined the glass carefully without touching it. I have sympathised over a clockwork mouse that springs up into your face when a bulb is pressed, but the tenantless tumbler remained still, and I had to admit that the fly had departed from a most attractive home. On the floor was a lump of sugar and a leaf, while the floor itself was an Ace of Clubs from one of my best packs.

"Is the card necessary?" I queried, recalling a bridge-party we were giving that evening.

"Well, you see," Reggie explained, "you can swish it out bing whenever you want to."

"Why do you want to swish it out bing?" I asked.

"Well, you might," murmured Reggie evasively, "some time or other."

I gathered he was thinking of bird-cages, but did not press the point. As a matter of fact the mystery of the fly's escape was beginning to intrigue me. It could not have escaped unless somebody had moved the glass, and nobody could have moved the glass unless regardless of life, for an impressive notice, written on one of my visiting-cards and fixed in the split end of a match issuing from a plasticine pedestal, ran:—

BEWAIR
OF THE FLY
DO NOT TUTCH
ON PEREL OF DETH.

"Oh, well, you'll have to find another," I said.

After all, why shouldn't he keep a fly if he wanted to? They don't sing or bark; but apparently I had suggested an impossibility.

"There *isn't* another," he informed me earnestly. "I know, 'cos I looked *everywhere*. I went all over the house, an' this one was in your study, it's all right, I knocked an' you weren't there, so I said, 'It's all right, he isn't there, an' he wouldn't mind if I jest looked round an' promised not to upset anything, an' p'r'aps I'll find one,' an' I *did*——"

"Near the ink-pot by any chance?" I murmured reminiscently.

He did not hear the reminiscence and went on, "So I got it up in my handkerchief; it didn't mind, but I had to be careful 'cos there was a currant in it too, the handkerchief, an' I couldn't tell by the feel which was which, but I got it out all right, it was on the currant, an' I put it under the glass, the fly——"

"One minute—what happened to the currant?" I interrupted.

"Well, that doesn't matter," answered Reggie, and I hoped he was right. "Anyhow, I *know* it's the last one, 'cos all the others have inbernated—that's what they do in the winter, an' this one was jest goin' to when I stopped it."

He paused, breathless. I gathered from his trembling lips that he was not far off tears. I was beginning to feel slightly weepy myself.

"Then we must certainly find it," I exclaimed quickly before we both broke down.

We searched the nursery thoroughly. Perhaps too thoroughly, for I found a penknife that I had missed for several weeks. We also found a small portion of half-sucked liquorice in the fold of a curtain that Reggie had missed for several weeks. This latter was the nearest we came to a fly, and I thought it *was* the fly till it failed to respond.

When the search was concluded and we were resigning ourselves to the dreariness of a flyless existence, the door opened and my wife came in.

"Whatever are you doing?" she demanded as I shook my clothes to remove the dust of the search and to make sure that no flies were inbernating in my garments.

"We are looking for a fly," I answered. "I don't suppose you have got one on you by any chance?"

"What's that in the glass then?" she asked, pointing.

Reggie and I dead-heated to the glass. There was his fly. A dear little baby one, just crawling off the middle of the Club to explore the big white world.

I have always considered this protective colouring a mistake.



Captive (to Pirate). "PARDON ME, OLD FRUIT, BUT ARE WE EXPECTED TO DRESS FOR DINNER ON THIS LINER OF YOURS?"

A House Agent's Love-Song.

My charming love, my bijou dear,
Oh, how desirable appear
Your well-appointed charms!
Pray, will you not inspect my love,
A fixture that will never move
But constant as hot water prove,
Detached by no alarms?
More crazy are my dreams at times
Than all the paving at "The Limes"
I watch you tripping on your way
Redecorated every day
To capture every taste.
And when by chance you look at me
I find I'm turning H and C—
As upset as a price can be—
Small wonder that I waste!
My reasonable figure's shrunk
More than the price of "Kosibunk."

If all the wealth of beams that shine
From out your eyes were genuine,
My outlook would be clear.
I'd make an offer, sweet, to be
Your own dear freehold property
(No terminable lease for me);
But ah, I greatly fear
Your smiles are just as big a bluff
As our Elizabethan stuff.

Smith Minor, Misogynist.

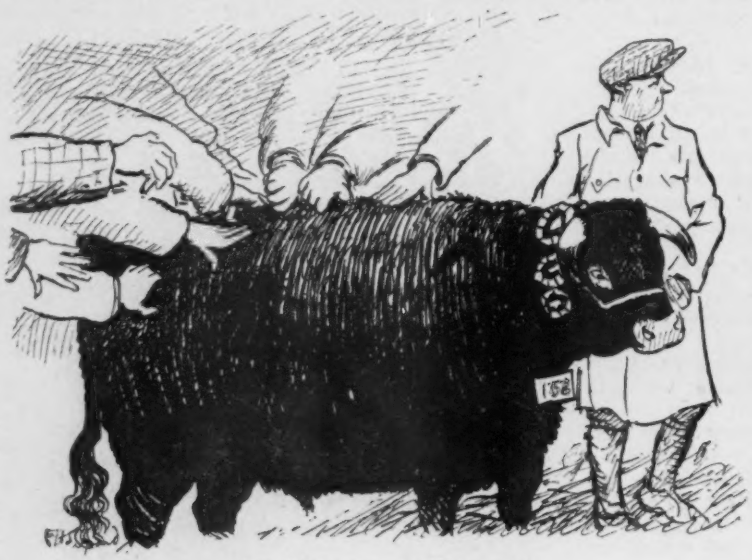
"The Romans left Britain because they were afraid of the Gals."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"SCOTTISH LIGHT RAILWAY TO BE WOUND UP."
Headline in Glasgow Paper.

Who found the key?

Cattle Show Symphony.

You may go to the Smithfield Club Cattle Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall without a knowing look and a red face, or even, at a pinch, without gaiters, but if you do you make it plain to all the world that you are not a cattle-fancier. Perhaps that is why a gentleman in the entrance-hall tried to interest us in a sausage-machine of curious workmanship. This was not, you will understand, the sausage-machine of romantic journalism, which admits a pig at one end and turns out the finished product at the other (much as our public schools are supposed to do), but a kind of mammoth mincer capable of reducing eighty-five pounds (or it may have been tons) of raw material to dust and ashes in four minutes. A lovesome thing it was, red and shiny and full of worm-wheels, but one can't have everything, and we passed on.

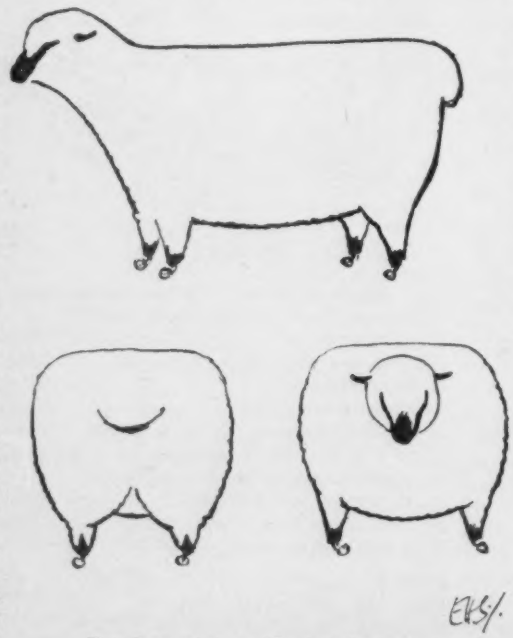


THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

There are over three hundred head of cattle in the Show. I say this without pride, because nearly everyone knows that cattle are counted by their heads; but I doubt very much whether many people know how little interest is taken otherwise in this part of their anatomy. However thick the army of experts clustering round some well-fed beast one had only to stand at the front end of it to be quite sequestered and alone. Apparently there is nothing to be learnt here; the right thing to do is to go round and prod them just behind the ribs. Everybody does it. Sometimes you may see as many as five or six men all prodding together; and once, when a particularly stout animal was being led out of the ring, there was quite an ugly rush for the honour of getting in the first prod. I tried it myself, when no one was looking, on a pleasant little Sussex steer, but there must be some special knack in it, for I learnt nothing. The beast wasn't even ticklish.

Highland cattle must be terrifying to meet on their native hillsides, but, properly secured in the Agricultural Hall, they seemed more pathetic than alarming. The accessories with which Nature has encumbered them may be all very well in the great open spaces, but for indoor work the scale on which they are constructed must be a maddening handicap. A fringe, for instance, may be becoming in moderation; when it streams down over the eyes in such rank luxuriance as seriously to hamper the vision one feels that one can easily have too much of a good thing. The horns too are preposterous. I watched two of these beasts trying to eat cabbage-stalks out of the same bucket—it was No. 191's bucket really—and the difficulties they had to contend with made the ordinary elbow-trouble in dining-cars seem puny by comparison. The slightest movement towards the bucket on the part of either of them meant minutes of manœuvring before they could get their horns disentangled again; and it seemed impossible for them to decide which was to have the first mouthful. In the end I think 192 got it, but he could never hope to swallow with 191's horn pressing as hard as it was against his windpipe. It was a saddening spectacle.

A hoarse agricultural cheer interrupted my contemplation of this dismal feast, and I arrived at the ringside in time to learn that Mr. JAMES CRAIG'S "Gold Flake," a magnificent Galloway steer of about ten tons burthen,* had won the Championship Plate for the Best Beast in the Show. It has no horns at all—which goes a long way to prove my contention that these fittings are a real handicap to Fat Stock in the race for bulk. It must be nice to be the best beast in the show, but "Gold Flake" soon found that fame has its drawbacks. I only hope his owner took him away before he was prodded to death.



THE SIMPLICITY OF MODERN FURNITURE.

I do not wish to say much about the sheep, except that they had very flat backs and kept their own counsel. Indeed their silence was to me one of the surprises of the Show. Lowing there was in plenty, and a great deal too much grunting and squealing, but of bleating not a trace. Perhaps somebody will be good enough to start a

* The Catalogue gives 14¼ cwt., but I prefer my own estimate

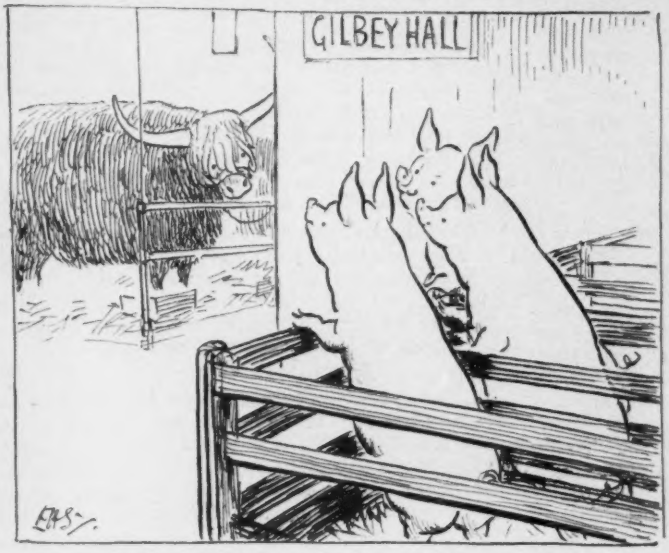
correspondence in the papers about this curious phenomenon?

Further sensational developments awaited us in that part of the building known as the Gilbey Hall. After walking down a long line of pens filled with vociferous pink pigs and back again past other pigs equally pink but perhaps slightly more vociferous, I looked into the first pen of the third rank and got quite a shock.

"I didn't know hippopotamuses were brown," I said to a man in a white coat who was mixing mud and sawdust in a trough.

"Yon's a pig," he said with a sour glance at my gaiterless legs, and added, "cross-bred," as though that explained it. After which he went on sprinkling sawdust and looking more like an umpire than ever.

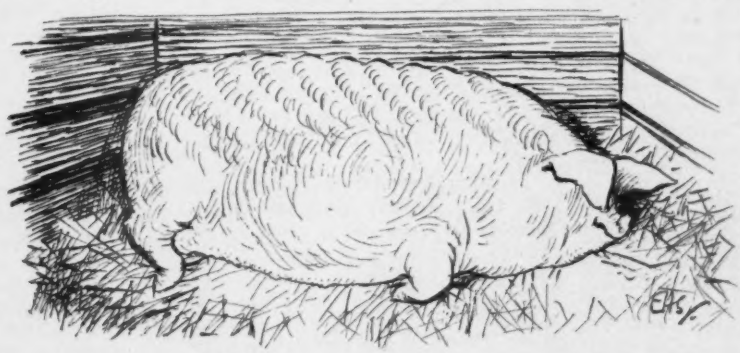
I made a closer inspection of the exhibit and had to admit that in all probability the man was right; it *was* a pig, so far as its general specification went. But in girth, unwieldiness and general ability to make the beholder doubt the evidence of his senses it was a hippopotamus—and to that statement I shall cling to my dying day. I had no idea that pigs could overeat themselves so shamelessly.



Three Little Pigs. "WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BULL?"

Later on we saw even larger pigs than this, but the mind by that time had become more or less attuned to the infinite. It is a relief to be able to report that none of them actually burst while we were in the building.

There was time before the beginning of the Pig Auction to wander among the machinery and agricultural implements ranged round the walls and in the galleries. From my confused recollection of the multitude of exhibits in this section (ranging from Pig-Units—a kind of Week-End Cottage for Elderly Hogs—to Potatoes) three distinct impressions emerge:—



THE FEELING OF WELL-BEING THAT GOES WITH A PERFECT COIFFURE.

(1) There is no more beautiful object in all England than a finely-made old-fashioned hay-wain, and no more hideous sacrilege than the fitting of pneumatic tyres beneath these noble land-ships, as now appears to be the fashion.

(2) Farm-gates are wonderfully cheap at fourteen-and-sixpence. I am seriously considering getting one to put in my back-garden, so that I can lean over it in the evenings without getting shouted at and watch the sun setting behind the gasworks.

(3) No cow should be asked or expected to submit to the indignity of being milked by machinery.

I spoke so feelingly and at such great length to my companions on this last point that we missed the Pig Auction altogether. They represented themselves to be inconsolable, but to me it seemed a blessing in disguise. For inexperienced auction-goers to attend an auction at the Agricultural Hall would be, as I pointed out, little short of madness. An inadvertent twitch of the eyebrows, some maladroit movement of the ears at a critical juncture and the pig, for better for worse, is yours. And what then? I can imagine no worse calamity than the sudden acquisition, far, far from home, of an unwanted hog. There may be people who know how to travel in such company from Islington to the balmier meads of Kensington without any sacrifice of comfort or personal dignity, but we (as I did not hesitate to say) were emphatically not of their number. With no cart, no netting, not even a poke, what could we have done? We had missed what might have been an interesting experience, but at least we had no Large White or Gloucester Old Spots on our hands.

Nor did we buy a sausage-machine on the way out—but that was a much closer thing.

* * * * * * *

Doubts are being raised, at the time of going to press, concerning the purity of "Gold Flake's" pedigree, and an investigation is, I learn, being undertaken into the secrets of his ancestors' pasts. Whatever the ultimate result it is a comfort to think that much-prodded animal must by now be thoroughly inured to insults.

H. F. E.

"Remember that what you put into black-and-white you may have to pay for one day," advises a lawyer. So our bank-manager keeps reminding us.

★ ★ ★

One of the famous old war-worn taxi-cabs that conveyed a French army to the Front in 1914 is in a Paris Museum. Some of the rest of them, we suspect, are plying for hire in London.

"Issues."



COLLECT "issues." They are an even more fascinating object of study than "avenues," and, from what I can judge of the market, have already a higher collector's value.

I picked up many nice little "issues" in the papers this morning.

Mr. HENDERSON said that—

"There was no hope of a successful issue from a premature discussion in the General Commission" [on Disarmament].

(Meaning, I suppose, that anyone who went into a premature discussion would never leave the building alive.)

A leading article in the same paper (and, by the way, the same "issue") says:—

"We hope that the Opposition will force the issue ruthlessly on the Government's attention."

A leading article in another paper says that somebody intends to

"re-open the issue in the House of Lords."

Sir SAMUEL HOARE (in the India debate) scored four issues in one speech. He began by deprecating the discussion of "all these second-reading issues," since "every one of these issues is being considered in all its aspects," went on to speak of "considering the issues of any future Indian Constitution," and ended by asking the House not to "confuse the issue."

Mr. CHURCHILL, on the other hand, said that "it was hardly a heroic statement of the issues which the Government, etc.," and that "every direct issue had been avoided, whether in the House of Commons or in the Party conference out-of-doors."

The Times' leading article (same issue) is headed—

"THE ISSUE IN EUROPE,"

speaks severely of

"a failure to come to grips with this all-important issue,"

and (eighteen lines lower down)

"the countries most closely concerned with the issues of revision."

Turning to the Financial Page, I see that in the motor-group—

"—— issues were sold, the Ordinary falling 1*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.* 6*d.* and the Twenty Per Cent. Preferred dropping 2*s.* 6*d.* to 23*s.*"

("Dropping" issues are very rare; and this is remarkable as they are so often raised.)

And in the Law Reports there is the report of a case about "two issues of *The Daily* ——."

Not a bad bag for one day, you must admit (and eleven from *The Times*).

Mr. BALDWIN, a few days ago, contributed a superb piece of issue-work in two consecutive sentences:—

"We shall use every energy and force that we possess to bring the work upon which we have embarked to a successful issue.

"Surely we have enough domestic issues about which we can fight and wrangle . . ." (*The Times*).

This is the best right-and-left that I have found. In the first sentence, you see, it is a ship which is going to be brought to a successful issue (for the Government have embarked on it), so that the issue must be the exit from a lock or dock—unless it is our old friend the end of the tunnel. But in the next sentence the issue is a domestic thing about which one fights and wrangles, and we make a charming mental picture of some sort of domestic lock-gate which is the cause of strife.

We must now attempt some classification of issues:—

ISSUE (*substantive*), according to my ancient dictionary, means "the act of passing or flowing out: a means of exit or escape," and a great many other things. ISSUE (*verb intransitive*) means "to pass or flow out," and ISSUE (*verb transitive*), "to send out: to deliver for use."

Transitive-verb-issues are not much collected. Reports, pronouncements, threats, ultimata and newspapers are always "issued," and specimens can be picked up anywhere. Intransitive issues are rarer. Governments, for example, still fall or go out, but never issue. The word, however, is so rapidly extending its popularity that new uses may be expected and should be looked out for.

Substantive-issues offer the best opportunities for collectors, and they may be classified as follows:—

1.—*The Issue Legal.*

(*a*) Meaning children (legitimate).

"There was issue of the marriage four girls and a boy." (In "devises" by the way, "issue" is *prima facie* a word of limitation and equivalent to "heirs of the body.")

(*b*) Meaning the profits arising from lands or tenements, amerciaments or fines.

(*c*) Meaning the real point of a lawsuit, arrived at by the process known as pleadings. The issue is then "joined."

(Legal issues, though perhaps the oldest specimens of all, vary little and are not much collected.)

2.—*The Issue Military.*

"An issue of rum."

From this use have sprung certain quaint verbal specimens, as:—

Quartermaster-Sergeant. "I *issued* Private X *with* a tooth-brush."

Or,

"He *was issued with* a Prayer-Book and Bible."

3.—*The Issue Commercial.*

"A new issue of capital will be made (or even 'floated')."

These at the moment are very rare and valuable, for the thing signified is hardly ever done. Also, when it is done, it is not what is said to be done. That is, the person responsible does not, as the phrase suggests, distribute capital or cause it to flow out, but, on the contrary, collects it in one place by causing it to flow in.

4.—*The Issue Political.*

Here is the widest and most delightful field for collectors.

The issue political, it is thought, was modelled on the issue legal, meaning the essential point of a conflict, though how an exit or passing out came to mean that I do not know. But the politicians are less exact than the lawyers, and issue now, it seems, is not the main point, but any point. True, if you ask them at election time to pronounce their opinion upon this or that they will tell you sternly (if this or that is difficult) to concentrate on the "major issues." But anything they want to talk about may be an issue, and as a rule there are several issues. As we have seen, you may (if you are a politician) discuss, raise, confuse, re-open, avoid, state, ruthlessly force upon, come to grips with, or fight about issues. And that is by no means all that you can do to issues. You can burke them, shirk them, cloud them or fog them; you may bring your work or whatever it is to successful issues, or you may leave grave issues with confidence to the electorate. Grave issues and successful issues are common and have little appeal to the collector.



"NOW *seriously*, MY DEAR."

Direct issues are rarer and should be snapped up, for, though there is no recorded case, an indirect issue may turn up any day and would be a delightful companion-piece.

I have not yet found a vague issue, though, browsing about in the report of a Borough Council meeting one day, I discovered a dirty issue (very rare); and a friend tells me that he once heard a political candidate speak of "saboting the issues" (unfortunately he never tracked it into print, so it cannot count for competition purposes). I have two delicate issues and am searching earnestly for an indelicate one. Nor have I a bogus, unpatriotic, nebulous, trumped-up, dastardly or ephemeral issue. But I am sure that these are to be had (or will be soon); and for any one of them I am prepared to swap three graves, one trivial, two minors and an out-standing.

Golly, what a word! A. P. H.

Echoes from Bayreuth.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A recent announcement states that it is proposed by the Nazi Government to extend the copyright of WAGNER'S operas for the benefit of his family, whose means have been seriously straitened by the discontinuance of the Bayreuth Festivals during the War and since then by the competition of other musical centres.

This prompts me to revive for your benefit what I think is one of the best and worst of all musical Limericks. It dates back some thirty years when the performance of *Parsifal* in New York was vigorously contested by the masterful COSIMA as an infringement of her rights, and, so far as I know, it never enjoyed more than an oral currency, though it manages to condense a great deal of musical history and criticism within the brief compass of five lines:—

"There was an old widow of Bayreuth,
Who said, 'Playing *Parsifal*'s my roight.
Though my singers are fat
And sing horribly flat,
Remember, my husband's the ply-wroight.'"

Crammed full of topical allusions, it stands poles apart from LEAR'S Limericks, which from end to end are divorced from actuality, but shows none the less how well the stanza adapts itself to uses which LEAR never contemplated.

It is, I admit, an outrageous example of poetic licence to make Madame WAGNER pronounce English in Cockney fashion, but it is justified by results and contributes helpfully to the humours of Bayreuth, which are almost as rare as the snakes in Iceland. The only other example I can think of is the story of the travels of a new Dragon, specially ordered in London to replace the old and inadequate monster employed in *The Ring*, which, owing to an illegible label, was duly delivered at Beyrout in Syria.

Nonsense Limericks and topical Limericks have one common quality. They have generally a geographical basis; and this applies to my favourite amongst all those with a musical motive:—

"There was a young lady of Sheen
Whose musical sense was not keen,
For she said, 'It is odd
I can never tell "God
Save the Weasel" from "Pop Goes the Queen."'"

C. L. G.
(OLIM LIMERICENSIS).

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXXI.—When Autumn Mists Were Falling Dank.

When autumn mists were falling dank
And autumn days were waning,
Alone beside a river bank
I heard a nymph complaining.
She sang in accents high and strange
Beside the sighing river
Of Mutability and Change,
Of Life and of her Liver.
She recognised me as I passed;
"It was in nineteen-ten,"
She said, "I think, I saw you last;
You were a stripling then.
To think what merry songs were sung
And what good things were said!
When I was young and you were young
What times we had!" she said.

"When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young, and Fred
And Alistair and Sue were young,
And James and Ethelred;
When Mabel Winthrop-Bligh was young,
And Joyce and Colonel Tweed,
And you were young and I was young
The world was young indeed!

You used to join us in our sports
When you were quite a lad;
Then nobody felt out of sorts,
And ah! what times we had!
What tricks we played on Edgar's aunt,
On Wilfred and the Plenders,
And how we chaffed Sir Arthur Grant
About his sock-suspenders!
What mad and merry days we've seen!
How Arthur and his mates
Applauded when we got the Dean
On Desmond's roller-skates!
But that was many years ago,
And since our folly faltered
The water has had far to flow
And many things have altered.

When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young, and Fred
And Jane and Joyce Carew were young,
And James and Ethelred;
When Mrs. Vincent Blow was young,
And Soames and Mrs. Reid
And everyone I know was young,
The world was young indeed!

Now Soames is breaking stones abroad
And Fred is broking stocks;
And Wilberforce is on a Board
And Wilfred on the rocks;
And Desmond's deaf in both his ears
And bald and old and thrifty;
And James is doing forty years
And Charles is doing fifty.
Godolphin has a house in Kent,
And Sue's a Lady Mayoress;
And Paul has met an accident
And Alistair an heiress;
And Major Twisden is in Oil
And George is in a fix;
And Edgar walks on foreign soil
And Cuthbert walks on sticks.

Now I am old and you are old
And Charles is old, and Fred
And Alistair and Sue are old,
And Lady Leatherhead;
And Jane is on the stage, I'm told,
And Joyce is on the shelf;
And, though I feel no age, I'm told
That I am old myself.

Now Colonel Tweed has lost a leg
And Cuthbert his connections;
And Claude was wounded with an egg
At Ilford by-elections;
Belinda's married some poor soul,
And Mrs. ffoulkes is balmy,
And Hector is in the Tyrol
And Arthur in the Army.
What things were said! What songs were sung!
And how we did our stuff
When I was young and you were young——!"
"Enough!" I said, "Enough!"
I left the nymph to her refrain
And home to tea went hieing;
But all along the leafy lane
I heard the aspens sighing:—

"When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young, and Fred
And Jane and Joyce Carew were young,
And James and Ethelred . . .
But that was many years ago,
And since our folly faltered
The water has had far to flow
And many things have altered." P. B.

The Post-Office has issued a circular warning subscribers that they must not paint their telephones to match their rooms. Nor, presumably, to match their conversation.

★ ★ ★

Don Bradman has signed a lucrative business contract by which, in the event of his death, his widow's interest would be amply safeguarded. This should enable him to face fast bowling with increased confidence.

★ ★ ★

There is a coster who claims to have 32,000 pearl buttons on his clothes. We'll bet *his* wife hasn't got time to go to the pictures, anyhow.

★ ★ ★

"The L.C.C.," says a writer, "was born in 1889." And still going wrong.

★ ★ ★

"There are tens of thousands of young fellows with abounding life and energy pressing for an outlet," says a writer. A good time to see them is at the conclusion of a Cup-Tie.

★ ★ ★

"Why not give motor-cars for Christmas?" reads a notice in Great Portland Street. We must confess that this happy thought had never occurred to us.

HOSPITALITY.



"Do you feel a draught, Mr. Smith?



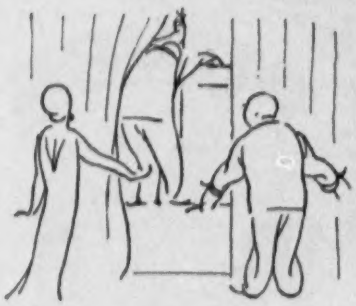
I'm *sure* you feel a draught.



Oh, you *must* feel a draught.



Of *course* you feel a draught.



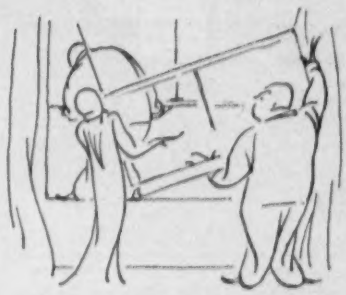
We mustn't *let* you feel a draught.



You *can't* sit in a draught.



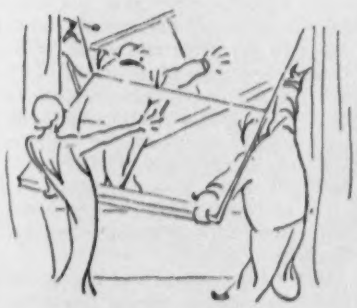
You can't *possibly* sit in a draught.



We can't *hear* of you sitting in a draught.



We *must* stop the draught.



We *will* stop the draught.



We *have* stopped the draught."



"I *liked* the draught."

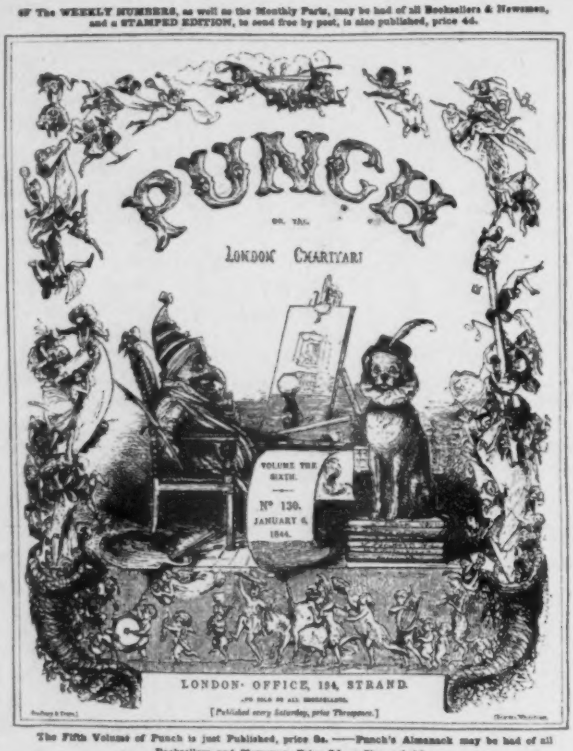
Dicky of the Cover.

FIFTY years ago, on Monday, December 11th, 1883, to be more exact, died one of the most gifted and delightful members of Mr. Punch's early helpers—RICHARD, or DICKY, DOYLE, the artist whose design for our cover is perhaps the best-known picture in the world.

The history of painting and draughtsmanship contains probably more fathers who were against their boys becoming artists than those who supported that ambition; but in DOYLE'S case there was complete accordance. From his tenderest years his pencil was aided and abetted by his father, JOHN DOYLE, a political caricaturist of great influence in the first half of the last century under the initials "HB"—a pseudonym the secret of which he was curiously successful in preserving. The result of this constant paternal encouragement was that the boy's powers quickly matured, as you may see by looking at the journal which he kept through the year 1840, aged fifteen and sixteen, where his lively pen and lively pencil unite with a very remarkable sympathy and skill. "The First of January," it begins. "Got up late: very bad. Made good resolutions and did not keep them. Went out and got a cold. Did keep it." Thereafter throughout the year there is an entry for every day, with its accompanying sketch; and meanwhile the youthful humorist was under commission to a print-seller for publishable works. The child was indeed being father to the man, all the characteristics of his mature work being visible in this diary, which is now treasured at the British Museum, and all his fun and high spirits too. It has also some historical value for its record of certain great events of that year, such as the arrival and public reception of PRINCE ALBERT, and the Royal marriage. Some of the boy's reflections on personalities and affairs are singularly acute.

Punch was founded in 1841. It was in 1843 that DOYLE, then aged nineteen, joined the staff, at first as a "farmer's pony," and later, for seven years, as a constant and varied contributor of growing importance.

At the time of his appointment the cover of the paper, the fourth to be tried, was after a design by Sir JOHN GILBERT. The three preceding ones had been the work respectively of A. S. HENNING, in 1841; "PHIZ," January, 1842, and WILLIAM HARVEY, July, 1842. In July 1843 KENNY MEADOWS provided yet another, and for January, 1844, the new recruit's pencil was employed on a foreshadowing of the cover that is now so familiar. It was not absolutely right, although merrier than any of its predecessors; but it held the field for five years, in which time—by January, 1849—the present one had been evolved. This time there was no question as to its adequacy. It filled every requirement; it was gay, it was amusing, it was fanciful, it was charmingly drawn and it caught the eye. To-day, after nearly eighty-five years of change (to which, save for a slight blush, it has made no concession), and, amid so much that is garish and sensational, it catches the eye still.



THE SIXTH COVER: THE FIRST BY RICHARD DOYLE.

Comparison of the first version, which is reproduced, with this week's cover will show how enriching was the interval between the two; the most valuable of the second thoughts being the substitution on the easel of the British Lion for the Punch-and-Judy show. But Mr. Punch's own expression is, I think, more impish in the 1844 effort.

During his association with *Punch* DOYLE did some of his most characteristic work, perhaps his best series being the line drawings depicting the *Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe*, a masterpiece of minute satirical observation, now of great value to the social historian. Except for certain superficial modifications, these scenes of life indoor and out are as true to-day as they were when, in 1848 and '49, they were drawn. They were accompanied by a commentary by another member of the *Punch* Staff, PERCIVAL LEIGH, who called himself "Mr. Pips," and used the famous diarist as his model. This was, I fancy, the first attempt to turn PEPYS to comic effect, a tradition now carried on with such ingenuity and acceptance every week in *Truth*.

When, however, DOYLE produced *The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson* he asked no literary assistance but wrote the text with his own hand and did it exceedingly well. Who Jones and Robinson were I cannot say, but Brown, the artist of the trio, was DOYLE himself.

It was while this series was running that his severance from *Punch* occurred, due to the editorial hostility to papal policy, which, as an ardent Catholic, DOYLE could not but resent. Thereafter he devoted himself to the illustration of books, among them such favourites as RUSKIN'S *King of the Golden River*, TOM HUGHES' *Scouring of the White Horse*, with its bustling double-page frontispiece, *The Newcomes* by THACKERAY and *The Battle of Life* by DICKENS; and of course there was his own *Doyle Fairy Book*, upon which so many children now great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers were brought up. But his delicate humorous pencil was not all; he came later to do more and more with his brush, and the student will find at the Victoria and Albert Museum three or four exquisite water-colours filled with comic and fantastic invention; while in the National Gallery of Ireland are many more, bringing to life elves and goblins, the very essence of Fairyland, with a strange beauty all his own.

After a successful and happy career spent largely in giving pleasure to others, DOYLE was cut off almost in a moment by "the red fire of apoplexy," in his sixtieth year. E. V. L.

London's Upper World.

London's Underworld has been exploited so often that it is time the Upper World took a share in the great task of boosting newspaper circulation. I therefore offer any enterprising editor my astounding revelations, "London's Little Heavens." In these unique articles the reader will be shown all the hidden haunts of virtue. He will solve the mystery of London's most godly suburb and probe the secrets of Ealing's sobriety and Balham's early rising. The Angel of Amhurst Park and the Good Fairy of Golders Green will reveal their life-stories to him.

The first article of the series is, "How I Found Paradise in Peckham." At great personal risk the writer managed to penetrate to the bosom of a Peckham family and there made astounding discoveries. All names in the article are fictitious, for the Upper World is swift in its revenges. They might send me a Christmas-card with robins in the snow. Do you know that many suburban families make a practice of retiring to bed at 9.30 every night; that Peckham youth respect their parents, and that the paying of bills is an inveterate habit with almost all Peckhamites? Perhaps you never guessed that heaven was a bus-ride from your door. Read these breath-taking revelations in to-night's *Moon*.

Further articles will deal with Camberwell's secret sewing circle at which woollies are made for the good poor and distributed through underground channels on Christmas Eve; and Bloomsbury's Lend-a-Hand racket. No reader should miss the account of the Smile King of Hampstead or the Purity Ring of Tooting Bec. That normal-looking man sitting beside you in the bus may belong to a secret gang for the advancement of morality. The woman who gave you a wrong number this morning may spend every evening drilling her Girl Guides. Your nearest and dearest may be about to join the Anti-Litter crusade. Read of the secret virtues of ordinary citizens in Monday's issue. Order your copy now to avoid disappointment.

This remarkable series, *On the Trail of Virtue in Lighter London*, is full of stories far stranger than fiction. Do you want to learn of the underground forces at work for cleaner parties? Do you realise that if all the Sunday-school teachers in London were arranged in a pile they would bury the Albert Memorial? Do you know that not a single resident in Laburnum Road, Highgate, has ever been to prison? Hear the testimony of the local income-tax collector as to the amazing prevalence of clean speech in Tottenham. Visit the haunts of the Bright Young Things who have never told a lie.

Would you have guessed that there is a man in Shepherd's Bush who cannot say a cross word and a girl in Highbury who had never seen a lipstick. When the writer flourished one before her, she asked with a pretty smile whether he would like a piece of paper to draw on. Who would have dreamed that London could conceal such appalling innocence?

Among the strange denizens of London's Upper World is the butcher who makes sausages of the best meat and the Queen of the Dailies who owes her title to the fact that nothing ever comes to pieces in her hand and that she has never been late in the morning. "I have no regrets," she told me; "I have chosen my bed and that is why I cannot lie in it." With a bright little laugh she ran her scrubbing-brush across the floor. There were tears in my eyes. These men and women of the light present a strange picture. Let the ordinary vicious reader pause for a moment as he skims the golden words of their fantastic story and let him murmur, "Here, but for a saving touch of original sin, go I." Order Your Copy Now.



"The fact of the matter is, Madam, we've got no shoes that are big on the inside and small on the outside."



The Lady. "NOW THESE PICTURES ARE HUNG AS THEY SHOULD BE—ON A LEVEL WITH THE EYE."

Farewell to Rugger.

THIS is the end. Nay, do not weep, good captain;
Tompkins, remove that not unmanly tear;
Cast off, my friends, the gloom I see you wrapped in;
My purpose holds, immutable and clear,
To quit ere murmurs of "*Lusisti satis*"
From coarse spectators on the touch-line heard
Put me to shame—in plainer language, that is,
Before I get the bird.

To-day sees "*Finis*" written to the story
Of two-and-thirty seasons more or less,
From prep-school cap to "Cuppers," grim and gory,
And games that found their way into the Press
(Once I was even seen upon the cinema),
Through many a minor but ferocious fray,
Down to my final avatar, *pars minima*
Of Little Mudford "A."

HORACE, his amorous campaignings ended,
Safe home in port from Love's tempestuous main,
Tells us his dripping garments he suspended—
A curious custom—in the sea-god's fane.
I bid farewell to no such perilous pastime,
No such romantic ending lies in store
For these discarded weeds that for the last time
I strew about the floor.

The jersey, whose long-faded golds and puces
Once gleamed so brightly on my manly form,
Shall do its bit (Ah me! to what base uses . . .!)
Of winter nights to keep the Baby warm;
The trusty shorts, that in the wildest scrambles
Defied the clutchings of rapacious hands,
Henceforth shall merely deck my senile gambols
On August's sunlit sands.

And, like some high-born maid who smears her dial
Each night before she seeks her well-earned rest
With sticky creams (and, after thorough trial,
Informs the papers which she finds the best),
In thickly-greased repose my boots shall slumber,
Dreaming regretfully of ancient fame,
Amid the box-room's unregarded lumber
Until my next last game.



THE THIN BOY'S THREAT.

MASTER DE VALERA. "I WANTS TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."
MRS. BRITANNIA (*unterrified*). "ALL RIGHT, GO ON; I 'M WAITING."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, December 4th.*—Commons: Debate on Unemployment Bill.**

***Tuesday, December 5th.*—Lords: Road Traffic (Emergency Treatment) Bill read Second time. Debate on danger of motor traffic.**

Commons: Unemployment Bill read Second time.

***Wednesday, December 6th.*—Lords: Debate on Attitude of Irish Free State.**

Commons: Private Members' Motions on Fishing Industry and Electoral Reform.

Monday, December 4th.—Parliament contains at least seventeen kitchens, dining-rooms and mess-rooms, so that in view of its geographical position it can unquestionably claim the title of the Westminster Corner House. This surprising statement was made to-day by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, who feared it was impossible in such antiquated architecture to prevent culinary aromas escaping into the building. General feeling of Members is that only on Budget Day is it essential for atmosphere of House to be entirely free from suggestion of cooking.



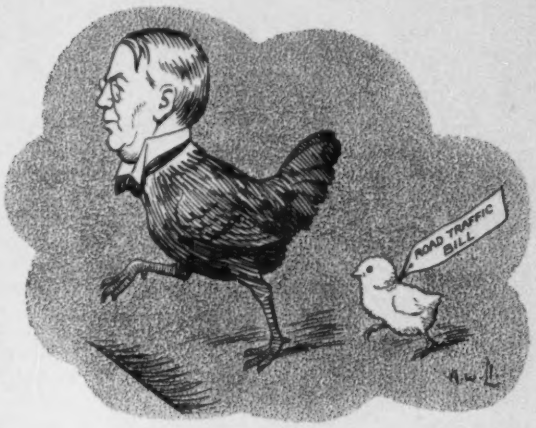
A COMMINATION.
(*Revised Edition.*)

"Cursed be he that indulgeth in excessive speed."

THE REV. LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD AS SEEN BY LORD PONSONBY.

The Assistant P.M.G. added entertaining statement that during last official year letter-mail carried 6,640,000,000 letters and packets, or roughly one per person every two-and-a-half days.

This was second day of debate on Government's Unemployment Bill, most complex measure, which as yet few private Members fully understand. Comments of Back-benchers were therefore not very far-reaching. Continuing



A SAFE TRANSIT.

THE MOYNI-HEN CROSSES THE ROAD.

Labour attack, Mr. A. BEVAN took view that man who had been out of work longest should be first to be considered, and that Bill struck at foundations of democracy by laying down that in future unemployment should be controlled not by legislation but by Order. For Samuelites Mr. CURRY urged unfairness to posterity of spreading existing debt of £115,000,000 over future; and Mrs. TATE suggested that some of local training centres inaugurated by Bill should have four-year courses, so as to turn out really skilled workers, for whom there was still demand in certain industries.

Accusation of Opposition that Bill was callous example of capitalist legislation was easily refuted by CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who in brilliant survey of its financial aspects pointed out that it would give unemployed over £100,000,000 a year; that it would add 21% to the number of male beneficiaries alone, that by insurance part of Bill the Fund would in future be entitled to borrow only on short term; and that in general Parliament's control over relief would be extensive. There had been a great deal of misapprehension about objects of Bill, which in simple form were these: Part I. outlined an amended insurance scheme, on self-supporting basis, to be maintained on advice of independent Statutory Committee; Part II. covered those unemployed who were outside the insurance scheme and entrusted their relief to an unemployment Assistance Board. Bill was based on principle of centrally-controlled administration, and local contributions (about which we have heard so much) would only amount to £2,400,000 a year.

Tuesday, December 5th.—In the Lords this was Motor Day. After brief discussion of Lord MOYNIHAN'S Bill to ensure reimbursement of doctors for expenses incurred in accidents it was given Second Reading, despite Government's disapproval, and House passed on to interesting debate on Lord BUCKMASTER'S motion emphasising gravity of road accidents.

His case would have been the stronger for a little moderation, for he took line that, as motorists are semi-criminal class, Traffic Act should be repealed or amended so as to deal with them more harshly as a body. He professed little faith in MINISTER OF TRANSPORT'S good intentions as regards pedestrians, and insisted that speed-limit should be re-enforced.

But, as Lord COZENS-HARDY declared, more than half accidents are due to carelessness of pedestrians and



LOYALIST ERIN.
(*A Dirge.*)

"Let Erin remember the days of old
Ere her faithless friends betrayed her!"

LORD CARSON.

pedal cyclists, and it is essential that these should be educated into possession of a better road-sense. Lord MIDLETON deplored the speed at which cars were driven, and with justification, seeing that one has recently dived into the area of his house.



A LECTURER AT THE UNIVERSITY AT NINEVEH HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO DROP A BRICK.

Reasonable plea for a driving-test was put forward by Lord HOWE, and suggestion that pedestrians should be partially controlled, as they are in Paris; while for the Government Lord PLYMOUTH defended MINISTER and refused to believe that arbitrary speed-limit would help.

Truth seems to be that if road-cad were savagely dealt with and feckless pedestrian penalised casualties would rapidly decrease.

In Commons Mr. RUNCIMAN informed Mr. WHITE that something is being done to secure general adhesion to the rules laid down in 1926 Convention that oily waste should not be discharged within fifty miles of any coast. The notorious difficulties of Southern France, where Mediterranean is daily polluted by tons of coconut-oil washed off persons of sun-worshippers, were not touched upon.

So far Sessional prize for Brightest Question goes easily to Major HILLS, who wanted to know to-day why Leeds Excise Office had refused exemption from Entertainments Duty in respect of concert recently held for boys in Junior Bible Class and Cricket Club Combined belonging to St. Luke's Church, Harrogate. Mr. HORE-BELISHA was understood to reply that in his view such a cause could hardly be considered a charitable purpose. It is comforting to know that at any rate Major HILLS' Question itself will go untaxed.

Chief interest in Commons was announcement by Mr. THOMAS of his reply to Mr. DE VALERA'S Note, text of both of which he read to unusually attentive House. Government has wisely refused to be put in wrong by acceding to Free State's demand for "unequivocal statement" of what they would do in event of a final repudiation of Treaty obligations, preferring to affirm opinion that such a disaster is too hypothetical to discuss.

After poor debate Unemployment Bill was given a Second Reading by 435 to 81.

Wednesday, December 6th. — Lord DANESFORT and Lord CARSON called attention to unenviable position of loyalists in Irish Free State in view of Free State's repudiation of right of appeal to Privy Council, and they wanted to know what steps Government were going to take in the matter. In one of his rare speeches Lord CARSON said that Irish loyalists had been betrayed by England, but at any rate betrayed with safeguards; but now all safeguards had gone. Ireland was in horrible condition of disorder and horrible cruelties were going on there. He remained member of Conservative and Unionist Party, but failed entirely to understand why it was called Unionist Party.

Lord HAILSHAM in reply deplored his own position in having to answer criticism, much of which he approved. Problem clearly bristled with difficulties. To break off diplomatic relations, as Lord DANESFORT had suggested, was not likely to improve loyalists' lot, and further tariffs were not advisable. Mr. THOMAS'S conciliatory reply was the best Government could do at the moment.

Commons, having been comforted by Mr. HORE-BELISHA'S statement that alcoholic flavouring essences now being sold cheaply in stores contain only a quaint Utopian alcohol which does not endanger stability of electorate, passed on to discussions of Private Members' Motions calling attention to distress in herring-fisheries and need for electoral reform.

Mr. J. H. STEWART told House that since War number of fishermen had declined by 30%, and while it was about as impossible to secure co-operation among Scottish fishermen as among members of Liberal Party, what Government could do was to protect fishing-grounds from illegal trawling. Stark poverty faced herring-fishermen of Scotland.

In reply Sir GODFREY COLLINS promised an Illegal Trawling Bill and said that Government was doing its best to sell herrings to the U.S.S.R. Perhaps as some little return for all the red ones they have let us have in the past.

The London House-Name Society.

THE London House-Name Society is not yet as well known as it deserves to be, but it is making steady progress in its monumental task of recording and, where possible, tracing the origin of the many strange house-names in London. The five dark-green volumes it has already published are, as a reviewer has said, "a mine of information concerning the social habits of the present generation and contain much to interest even the casual reader."

The following survey of a typical road, taken from the forthcoming volume on "House-Names of the Wimbledon District," will give some idea of the difficulties the editors have been called upon to face and of the success with which they have coped with them. In every instance the information has been obtained at first-hand by means of a personal call; and thanks are due to the many willing helpers who by their honorary services have accumulated the material which forms the basis of the work.

ACACIA AVENUE.

Clovelly.—So named because the present occupiers, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, spent their honeymoon at Clovelly, in Devon. As far as can be ascertained in the present incomplete state of the survey, Clovelly is responsible for the greatest number of "honeymoon names," although "Kynance" and "Shanklin" are very common also.

Osborne.—The present occupiers were able to give no information, but, since the house was built during the Early Bungalow Period, it is not likely that it was named, like most of the other "Osbornes," directly after the well-known residence of Queen Victoria. It is much more probable that the name is derived from that of the house belonging to the parents of one of the original occupants.

Wathill.—Again the present occupiers could give no information, but as they were able to state that the first tenants were a Mr. and Mrs. Watson, it is likely that the name is an example of the somewhat rare process of "amalgamation," the first element being part of the name of the husband and the second part of that of the wife. It is unfortunate that, with our present incomplete information, this cannot be definitely added to the short list of "amalgamation names," especially as it is extremely seldom that the husband element precedes the wife element. Nor can anything be said about the full form of the wife's name, for the possibilities are so numerous that it is unsafe even to hazard a guess.

Aden.—Here all information was refused. However, it was learned from Mr. Stevens, the occupier of the house next-door, that the name has only recently been changed from "Delhi." The tenant, Major Fothergill, after a heated altercation with the landlord concerning a leak in the roof, was heard to announce that he would henceforth call the house "Aden," because that was the most unpleasant place he had been in during the whole of his life.

Sansovino.—So called after the 1924 Derby winner. Mr. Jenks, the owner and present occupier, explained that he was able to buy the house as a result of drawing Sansovino in a well-supported sweepstake. The name is interesting, for it is seldom that the date upon which a name took its birth can be established so accurately from external evidence.

Kitchen Entrance.—This rare and probably unique name has a curious history. A large house, formerly called Acacia Lodge, has during the past year been divided into two, and the door of the rear half is approached through what was formerly the tradesmen's entrance. On the gate-post was painted the simple statement "Kitchen Entrance," and the new occupiers, a young married couple, decided, with rare spirit, to retain it for the name of their house. "We did so want to be original," they said.



Actress (discussing her second marriage). "OF COURSE, DARLING, IT WILL BE FRIGHTFULLY QUIET. AFTER ALL IT'S ONLY A REVIVAL, NOT A PREMIÈRE."

At the Play.

"THE WORLD OF LIGHT" (PLAYHOUSE).

I SHOULD suppose that the revival of Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY's play, *The World of Light*, which is round and about the subject of spiritualism, is due less to its intrinsic dramatic merits than to the fact that, notoriously, there are so many harassed souls treasure-seeking in that strange uncharted field. It did indeed seem to me, judging from the rather ready laughter at slightly inappropriate moments, that the audience at the performance I attended was not drawn chiefly from either professed members of the cult or serious seekers after truth. Which is not perhaps to be wondered at, as the author's attitude, while not definitely hostile or even flippant, is so rationalistic as to be quite unsatisfying to actual or intending believers. The play is designed on the Shavian model of desultory comment and irrelevant parenthesis rather than as a close-knit logical structure, and, according to the tendency of commentary plays, it drags a little towards the end. Which is by no means to say that it was uninteresting. On the contrary, the discerning will accept Mr. HUXLEY's imperfect technical accomplishment for the sake of his ideas and his genuine if disorderly dramatic inventions more readily than much more skilful exercises which are lacking in real matter.

Mr. AUBREY MATHER, the only member of the original cast, played his old part of the curiously inhibited, much-marrying, self-effacing and mildly facetious old accountant, *Mr. Wenham*, with so effortless an air that one was liable to take too much for granted his fine sense of character and the faultless perfection of the detail of his performance.

The two linked and contrasted parts of *Wenham's* son *Hugo*, the strained and deflated Trinity don (betrayed into an engagement with an unloved woman by a conspiracy of the conventions), and his handsome, expansive, happy-go-lucky friend, *Bill Hamblin*, were played excellently by Mr. CLIFFORD BARTLETT and Mr. REGINALD TATE; the former being particularly impressive in a passage at the end of the First Act—of hysteria, the joint product of overstrain and unaccustomed whisky; and the latter when the gay *Hamblin*, blinded by an accident, savagely rends his friend both for his compassion and for his alleged neglect. A very fine duet, this.

Mr. ESMÉ PERCY may always be reckoned on for an interesting interpretation. The part of the horrible little canting publisher, *Mr. Gray*, appealed to his sense of the bizarre, and the resulting caricature, indefensible because obviously out of key with the mood of the piece, was so diverting in itself as to make disapproval of it a mere academic impertinence. And I fancy that the author would acknowledge that it carried his last Act past certain danger-points.

Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT and Mr. ERIC PORTMAN played creditably the difficult and unsympathetic parts of the starved spinster and the not altogether honest or altogether dishonest medium. But I think Miss NESBITT should make a point of demanding a really light and bright comedy part in her next engagement, or she will be permanently overcast with an atmosphere of gloom. Her range has certainly become uncomfortably restricted of late.

T.



THE SPIRIT THAT MATERIALISED A LITTLE TOO COMPLETELY.

Mr. Gray . . . . . MR. ESMÉ PERCY.
Enid Deckle . . . . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.
Mr. Wenham . . . . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.
Hugo Wenham . . . . . MR. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

At the Music Hall.

(THE GARRICK.)

A SHADOW seems to have drifted constantly across the stage of the Victorian music-hall, of an excessively shabby man nearing the end of a life whose vivid colour had found final lodging in his nose. His gestures indicated a disbelief in everything except the bottle, and he accompanied them by a disgruntled harping on the discords of the married state. It is this extreme pessimism about marriage which is the dominant note in the second half of the programme at the Garrick, which in its new three-show-a-day venture has planned courageously



THE CHAIRMAN (MR. CHARLES AUSTIN) IS NOT QUITE SURE THAT A SMALL GINGER-ALE, AN EMPTY TANKARD AND A FEW CONDIMENTS TALLY WITH HIS RECOLLECTION OF PAST ENTERTAINMENT.

to divide the time between the Boards of yesterday and to-day.

In the first half the new brigade give a good account of themselves. To me the best turn of all was a Spanish conjurer named FRAKSON, whose deceits were as dazzling as his personality and broken English were charming. Never have I seen a stream of playing-cards produced from the mouth with a nicer attention to good manners, or the confidence of an audience more quickly won. "Only maneepulashun," he kept murmuring; but what manipulation! When the King of Clubs, selected in the stalls, was returned to the pack and the pack placed in a wine-glass held by FRAKSON at arms'-length, his majesty rose very slowly above the other cards. And when the trick was repeated and the wrong card rose, a touch from FRAKSON printed two more spades on its face. He is also one of those lucky men who can wheedle lighted cigarettes from thin air and puff out an unlimited quantity of smoke; and perhaps his prettiest trick was El Periodico, in which he tore a newspaper to shreds and welded it magically before our eyes, the photograph of the gentleman suffering, I think, from backache becoming absolutely as good as new.

Miss JANET JOYE is an impersonator of considerable talent. In rapid succession she presented the GARBO (her easiest target), Miss GRACIE FIELDS, Miss LAWRENCE, Miss THORNDIKE and Miss COURTNEIDGE, the last a very clever vocal parody.

I humbly predict that we shall soon hear more of DRURY, who with her male partner, RAMOND, danced for us. If we don't, we ought to. She is pretty, holds herself superbly, and dances with a dash which should give a fillip to any musical comedy.

Seven delightful German—or were they Austrian—girls called the FRITZ FAVORITS also sang and acted part-songs with great humour, one of their number playing the piano and another the fiddle; and Miss MARY HONRI charmed us with her concertina.

In the second half the Chairman's table (which bore a regrettable and certainly anachronistic quantity of gingerbeer bottles) was presided over by Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN, who combines a fine presence with an ability to tap a hammer of rare authority. His traditional supper was brought to him, and his backchat with Call-boy WILLIE LANCET (whom I suspect of being really Call-girl WILHELMINA LANCET) was one of the best features of the evening.

As I have already said, the deleterious effects of married strife were frequently emphasised. Surely the words of most of the old music-hall songs were far below their tunes, which were often magnificent. We were treated to a feast of them. CARLO the Boy Accordeonist passed easily from one to another on an instrument which appeared to be made entirely of diamonds.

I liked Miss LOTTIE LENNOX's singing of a number of old songs as a stout elderly drunk, though her horn spectacles seemed rather out of period, and Miss MARIE KENDALL won our hearts as *Mrs. Pringle*. Mr. TOM



A LIGHT SWELL.
MR. TOM LEAMORE AS *PERCY FROM PIMLICO*.

COSTELLO, once famous for "Trinity Church," delivered it with gusto, and Mr. HARRY BEDFORD gave us "A Little Bit off the Top." Not every day do you get a chance to applaud the original "Percy from Pimlico," Mr. TOM LEAMORE. Dressed in a morning-coat of chatty tweed, he not only sang but also amazed us by the agility of his dancing.

Finally I must mention Mrs. JOHN TILLER'S Sixteen Garrick Redheads, who appeared on both sides of the programme in very well-disciplined dances. How many of the post-war generation realise that there was once actually a time when chorus-girls wore nightdresses, below which they were actually so immodest as to show an inch of white plus-twelves?

Which part you will enjoy best depends mainly on when you were born. In any case it seems a good idea just now, when the songs of the Nineties are having a fresh spell of life, to bring out some of the old warriors of the music-hall. There is a selection here for all tastes; a little of what you fancy undoubtedly does you good. ERIC.

In a Good Cause.

A Star Performance of Sir J. M BARRIE'S play, *A Kiss for Cinderella* will be given at the New Theatre, on Monday, December 18th, at 2.30 P.M., in aid of the Winter Distress League. Tickets for this performance, at which HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously consented to be present, may be obtained from Miss ETHEL PHILLIPS, 132, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2 ('phone: Temple Bar 6139), at prices ranging from five shillings to five guineas.

Finishing Touches.

Dinah
Is finished.
She 's come back
From France.
She knows how
To walk and
She knows how
To dance.
She knows how
To sneeze *à*
La mode, and
To cry,
And to make a
French twinkle
Come into
Her eye.
She can't bake
A biscuit;
She can't sew
A seam.
Then why is
It every-
One thinks her
A dream?
Because all
Her partners
Can tell at
A glance
That Dinah's
Been properly
Finished
In France!

"WHO WILL STROKE OXFORD?"
Evening Paper.

Anybody can, now she 's muzzled.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

IV.

An importunate Niece—Dogs as Fortune-makers—The Kennel as Disintegrator—The prevalent Peke—Parents as the Eternal Foe.

My niece Harriet, or Harry as she wishes to be called—and why, I want to know, do so many girls take boys' names?—has been throwing out very strong hints that I should finance some kennels for her to make a fortune in. But with unflagging presence of mind I retained my obtuseness. Not an easy task.

"But, uncle," she said after I had expressed a few honest doubts, "it 's a cert, unless, of course, your breed of dog goes out of fashion."

"Or distemper plays havoc," I suggested.

"Oh, you can inoculate against that now," she said. "Distemper 's, so to speak, over."

"So to speak," I repeated.

"Yes, definitely."

They are still saying definitely, but it has had so fierce a reign that I am sure another word is on its way.

"And what about neighbours injuncting you for a nuisance?" I asked.

"They couldn't!" she exclaimed with dilating eyes.

"Oh, couldn't they? I know I could. Have you realised what an unbearable row a lot of dogs can make?"

"The pets!" she cried.

"Yes, I know. But have you realised what an unbearable row a lot of pets can make, especially when strangers arrive? And you 'll want strangers, because strangers are customers."

"Dogs can't be stopped from barking and yelping," she said. "It 's monstrous, poor lambs! But if it 's likely to lead to trouble, the kennels must be in a field far away from horrid people."

"Which will mean rent and a resident attendant," I said. "What about his accommodation and meals?—or more probably hers?"

"I shall do all that myself," said Harry firmly.

"Without any help?" I asked.

"As much as possible. Not paid help anyway."

"Then who will be looking after the dogs and puppies when you are at a show? Or who will go to the shows while you are looking after the dogs and puppies? One of the servants, I suppose. Or you 'll want to borrow William. Yes," I said, "I can see what's coming. You 'll try to enlist William."

"William?" she remarked. "Yes, that 's a good idea. May I ask his advice? But you won't influence him, will you?"

"I wish I could," I said, ringing the bell.

"William," I said as he entered, "Miss Harriet is thinking of starting dog-breeding. What do you think?"

"For racing?" he asked, I thought with too much eagerness.

"No," said Harry; "I 'm not up to that. Pets."

"Oh," said William, "those little dogs. Aren't there enough as it is?"

"How could there be?—the angels!" she asked. "What we were wondering, William, is if you could suggest the kind most likely to stay popular. You must see so many about here."

"No doubt about that, Miss," said William. "Pekes. There 's a new Peke every day."



Lady (on rope railway). "Oh, Hubert, I feel more like a bird every minute!"

"Yes," said Harry, "I 'm afraid they 're overdone. But what next?"

"I shouldn't touch it at all, Miss, if I were you," said William. "I 've got some friends that have tried it and they say there 's nothing in it. Just slavery and disappointment and people coming pretending they want a good puppy and, after dilly-dallying about for an hour or so, going off saying they 're all too dear and all they were really looking for was a mongrel against burglars. But excuse me," he added, "there 's the bell."

"So you see," I said, as William left the room.

"You 're so literal," she said.

"We 're only trying to put the difficulties," I said. "And what about your own life? Are you going to cut out all your fun and frolic?"

"Until the thing 's established, of course I shall. But after it 's begun to pay I shall be more free."

"You mean you will have found a manager?"

"Well, I refuse to be a slave to it. Please be sympathetic, uncle."

"Do you know what I should advise?" I said.

"No, do tell me; but let it be nice."

"I should advise forgetting all about starting kennels. I should find a decent young man and make him give me the best kind of dog as an engagement present."

"Oh, Uncle! You are foul to me—you 're as foul as father."

"Your father," I remarked, "is, I gather, on the other side?"

"Definitely," she said, "and poisonously."

"And your mother?"

"Mother looks on all experiments as wrong—or at any rate all experiments that make for independence and what she calls mannishness. She still thinks that the only career for girls is marriage. She's an absolute ichthyosaurus."

"Come now," I said, "she 's my sister."

E. V. L.

The Christmas Aftermath.

"Enlarged Boys' Department."
Notice in Shop.

"Lords Debate on Sweeps."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Sweeps' debate on Lords would be more entertaining.



Mistress. "WHERE'S THAT GREEN GLASS VICTORIAN JUG, MARY?"
Mary. "OH, PLEASE, MA'AM, I HUNG IT UP ON THE DRESSER WHERE THERE WASN'T NO HOOK."

Cautionary Tales for Young Golfers.

(With apologies to Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.)

II.—Sophia, who Squinted Horribly and was Compelled to Abandon the Game.

Sophia, at the age of nine,
Had one desire, which was to shine
  Pre-eminent at golf.
Her aunt (who won the Spinster's Cup
In 1910, was runner-up
  Next year, and pulled it off
Again in 1912) would say,
"Sophia really ought to play
  Extremely well if she
Could only keep her eye upon
The ball," to which her Uncle John
  Would heartily agree.

Sophia heard these words of
  praise
And thought, "I will indeed amaze
  The world of golf by dint
Of steadfast practice at the
  game."
But (here the difficulty came)
  Sophia had a squint;
Her left eye looked towards the
  right,
Her right eye, by a trick of sight,
  Glared permanently left,

And poor Sophia used to cry
And wonder which—if either—eye
  Would prove to be more deft.
With one she sliced, the other
  hooked,
And if with both of them she
  looked
  She missed the ball or topped it. . . .

One day her Mother, standing near,
Sophia's language chanced to hear,
  Forbad the game and stopped it.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XI.

October 26th.—Telephone-message reaches me just as I am contemplating familiar problem of packing more into suitcases, hat-box and attaché-case than they can possibly contain. Will I at once get into touch with Mrs. Margery Brown, who has received a letter about me from Mrs. Tressider in England? Conviction comes over me in a rush that I cannot and will not do anything of the kind, and I go on packing.

Telephone-bell rings—undoubtedly Mrs. Margery Brown—and I contemplate leaving it unanswered, but am mysteriously unable to do so. Decide to pretend that I am my secretary, and say that I've gone out. Do so, but find myself involved in hideous and unconvincing muddle in which all pronouns become badly mixed up. Discover, moreover, after some moments that I am not talking to Mrs. Margery Brown at all, but to unknown American lady who repeats patiently that an old friend wishes to come round and see me. Name of old friend is unintelligible to me throughout, but finally I give way and say, Very well, I shall be here for another hour before starting for Chicago.

(Am not in actual point of fact departing for Chicago until to-night. *Query:* Would it not, when time permits, be advisable to concentrate very seriously on increasing tendency to distort the truth to my own convenience? *Answer:* Advisable perhaps, but definitely unnerving, and investigation probably better postponed until safely returned to home surroundings. Cannot wholly escape the suspicion that moral standards are largely dependent upon geographical surroundings.

Return to suitcases, and decide that if bottle of wych-hazel is rolled in paper it can perfectly well be placed inside bedroom slipper, and that it will make all the difference if I remove bulky evening wrap from its present corner of suitcase and bestow it in the bottom of hat-box. Result of these manœuvres is not all I hope, as situation of best hat now becomes precarious, and I also suddenly discover that I have forgotten to pack photographs of Robin and Vicky, small red travelling-clock, and pair of black shoes that are inclined to be too tight and that I never by any chance wear.

Despair invades me and I am definitely relieved when knock at the door interrupts me. I open it and am greeted by a scream: *Ah, Madame, quelle émotion!* and recognise Mademoiselle. She screams again, throws herself into my arms, says, *Mon Dieu! je vais me trouver mal, alors?* and sinks on to the bed but does not cease to talk. She is, she tells me, with *une famille très Américaine—assez comme il faut* (which I think an ungenerous description), and has promised to remain with them in New York for six months, at the end of which they are going to Paris, where she originally met them.



"AH, MADAME, QUELLE ÉMOTION!"



"THIS SHE DOES WITH EXTREME CONFIDENCE."

Are they nice, and is Mademoiselle happy, I inquire? To this Mademoiselle can only throw up her hands, gaze at the ceiling, and exclaim that *le bonheur* is *bien peu de chose*—with which I am unable to agree. She further adds that never for one moment, day or night, does she cease to think of *ce cher petit chez-nous du Devonshire* and *cet amour de Vicky*.

(If this is literally true Mademoiselle cannot possibly be doing her duty by her present employers. Can also remember distinctly many occasions on which Mademoiselle, in Devonshire, wept and threw herself about in despair owing to alleged dulness of the English countryside, insults heaped upon her by the English people, and general *manque de cœur et de délicatesse* of my own family, particularly Vicky.)

All, however, is now forgotten, and we indulge in immense and retrospective conversation, in which Mademoiselle goes so far as to refer sentimentally to *ces bons jeux de cricket dans le jardin*. Do not, naturally, remind her of the number of times in which *ces bons jeux* were brought to an abrupt end by Mademoiselle herself flinging down her bat and walking away saying, *Moi, je ne joue plus*, owing to having been bowled out by Robin.

She inspects photographs of the children, praising their looks extravagantly, but on seeing Robert's only observes respectfully, *Tiens! on dirait qu'il a vieillit!* She then looks piercingly at me, and I feel that only politeness keeps her from saying exactly the same thing about me, so turn the conversation by explaining that I am packing to go to Chicago.

Packing! exclaims Mademoiselle. *Ah! quel horreur! Quelle façon de faire les choses!* At this she throws off black kid gloves, small fur jacket, three scarves, large amethyst brooch and mauve wool cardigan, and announces her intention of packing for me. This she does with extreme confidence and unlimited use of tissue-paper, but exclaims rather frequently that my folding of dresses is enough to *briser le cœur*.

I beg her to stay and have lunch with me, and she says, *Mais non, mais non, c'est trop*... but is finally persuaded on condition that she may take down her hair and put it up again before going downstairs. To this I naturally agree, and Mademoiselle combs her hair and declares that it reminds her of *le bon temps passé*.

Find it impossible to extract from her any coherent impressions of America, as she only replies to inquiries by shaking her head and saying, *Ah, l'Amérique, l'Amérique! C'est toujours le dollarrr, n'est-ce-pas?* Decide, however, that Mademoiselle has on the whole met with a good deal of kindness, and is in receipt of an enormous salary.

We lunch together in Persian Coffee Shop, Mademoiselle talking with much animation, and later she takes her departure on the understanding that we are to meet again before I sail.

Send hurried post-cards of Tallest Building in New York to Robin and Vicky respectively, tip everybody in hotel who appears to expect it, and prepare myself for night journey to Chicago.

(*To be continued.*) E. M. D

"Mr. Shaw in His Old Form."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Wearing his old school beard?

"The Poet Laureate League," says a Washington message, "has filed a code with the National Recovery Administration calling for a minimum wage of four pounds a week for poets." That seems satisfactory, but nothing is said about a maximum of three poetry-readings a month for Laureates.

"Mr. ——: It would be a serious thing for the nation if the road did become a white elephant?—Yes, I agree."—*Yorks Paper.*

Why? We could still travel on it.

The Perfect Present.

Christmas presents, or, more correctly, Yuletide gifts, differ greatly from year to year. This season fashion favoured the camouflaged article. Most of the West-End shops were offering novelties even more novel than they seemed to be.

"You want a useful gift?" chirped a helpful assistant while I was endeavouring to slip through the store unobserved.

"Lady or gent?"

"Well, really, I have not quite decided."

"Have one of these golf-balls. It will do for either."

"But my friend does not play golf."



"Tip everybody in the hotel."

"That's right," said the assistant, opening the ball and revealing a set of liqueur-glasses packed one inside the other.

"Most ingenious; but my friend is a teetotaler."

"They may be used for grape-fruit or coffee or ices."

I gave way and became richer by one golf-ball. I tried to buy a set of clothes-brushes, but was presented with a handsomely-dressed doll which did its best to hide the brushes concealed beneath its raiment.

I bought a watch that expanded behind and turned into a toast-rack; and what I thought was really a toast-rack turned out to be a pencil-sharpener one minute and a jam-dish the next. It was very confusing.

In spite of the fact that many people have "gone dry" I noticed several very alcoholic-looking gifts. There were whisky-flasks made of china, representing figures of policemen, soldiers, sailors, etc., which could stand on the sideboard quite innocently and no one would guess their contents. There were life-size models of Aberdeen terriers whose heads came off, revealing bottles of wine in their interiors.

I saw easy-chairs that were really bookcases and bookcases that were sewing-machines in disguise. A box of cigars turned out to be bath-salts, and a fountain-pen was in reality a tin-opener.

"Why," I asked, "is everything so different this year?"

"It's because of the depressions," said the assistant.

"The ones from Iceland or our own?" I inquired.

"We are trying to re-establish trade in this country, and people are more likely to buy if they think they are getting a novelty. Take this, for example. What do you think it is?"

"A tea-cosy?" I hazarded.

"No, it's a coal-box really, but it can easily be used as a work-basket or a marmalade-pot."

I bought one to send to the man who compiles income-tax questions. I thought it might inspire him to fresh efforts. Then I purchased an ink-stand that was really a cruet, and that will come in useful for a wedding-present.

But the thing I liked best was a calendar which told the time instead of the date, and had the weather forecast printed in advance for the whole three-hundred-and-sixty-five days. I have it before me as I write, and I know exactly what to expect next August. Nothing too good, I can assure you.

Mouton en Surprise.

"There is ample gas everywhere, and the new regulator enables one to put a joint of beef in the oven, go away for an hour or two and come back to find a tender leg of mutton done to a 'T.'"—*Dorset Paper.*

"The explanation is simple—for it is, in the words of the Eton song, 'forty years on' since Jenkyns first played for Wales."
Daily Paper.

Surely they mean the Harrow Boating Song?



Watchman. "YES, IT'S MY OLD BOX ALL RIGHT, FRED, BUT I'VE THOUGHT OF A NEW IDEA FOR MORE COMFORT."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Christmas Books.

CHRISTMAS, coming but once a year, brings its punctual crop of children's books, a sending that neither custom nor the supposed sophistication of the young people can stale.

And first in bulk as ever, and perhaps in interest too, come the Animal books, as to which, we oldsters notice with some regret, there is some falling-off in what one may call the anthropomorphic school—some tendency for Baloo to figure as *Melursus labiatus* and for Ratty to be transmogrified into *Microtus amphibius*.

For the unsophisticated who like plenty of what the feature editors call "human interest" in their animal kingdom I specially commend *Phari: The Adventures of a Tibetan Pony* (COUNTRY LIFE, LTD., 7/6), by M. E. BUCKINGHAM, charmingly illustrated by K. F. BARKER and full of Kiplingy people. JOHN LANE weighs in with *Famous Animal Stories* (edited by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. 8/6), an animal anthology, extending from the Minotaur (which is carrying anthropomorphism a bit far) to Tarka the Otter. Another book for children of all ages.

More animalcular, so to speak, are *The Whipsnade Animal Book* (GOLLANCZ, 6/-), by HELEN SIDEBOTHAM, rightly described as "For Children and Others," whereof the illustrations by JOHN SKEAPING are alone worth the price of admission; and *All the Other Children* (METHUEN, 7/6), a book about Zoo babies, to tell of which Miss C. FOX SMITH (who needs no introduction to *Punch*-reading Papas) deserts her sailormen but not, I'm glad to say, her Muse. Half-a-hundred photographic portraits give tone to this zoological crèche.

For the Much Younger Set RAPHAEL TUCK, LTD., have produced *Told By the Animals*, 2/6, the (literally) outstanding feature of which is a sort of cardboard Whipsnade which colourfully unfolds as you open the book. The animals have an anonymous compère and several artists. On a more modest scale by the same publishers is *Told in the Jungle*, 1/-, by VIOLET METHLEY, and *Elephant Tales*, 6d., by ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Fiction should follow on the heels of animated Nature, or even precede it if the proper study of mankind is really man. For nice little girls who have not yet achieved the MICHAEL ARLEN complex Messrs. CHAMBERS have published *The Reformation of Jinty* (ELSIE J. OXENHAM) and *The Exploits of the Châlet Girls* (ELINOR M. BRENT-DYER), both at 3/6; and for detestable little boys with the DOUG complex the same publishers give us, at the same price, *Marooned on Mystery Isle* (and what a little island!), by DAVID KER, past-master of many thrills; and WARD, LOCK & Co. *Billabong's Luck*, in which MARY GRANT BRUCE transports us, as you have guessed, to the great open Antipodean spaces.

I am not sure that anybody as vehemently irrepressible as *Georgie M'Culloch* ought to be read about by the young, but an occasional glimpse of him . . . Anyway, he has the Clydeside complex, has stood for some irresistible portraits to Mr. G. L. STAMPA, and has in A. MAITLAND MURRAY (assisted by JOHN LANE) a delightful impresario. The book costs 7/6. *Tales from Sir Walter Scott* (R. TUCK, 1/6)

is what you expect it to be; and *Tales of the Sea*, by PERCY F. WESTERMAN and others (same publisher, 3/6), is very much the reverse, being as full of "marvels many and many wonders" as any boy could wish.

I suspected *Peter Down the Well*, by Professor A. M. LOW (GRAYSON, 3/6), of having gone astray from among the zoographies, but soon found that, assisted by delightful illustrations by a very up-to-date but for some reason unmentioned artist, the Professor weaves physics and Heaven knows what into his amazing tale.

ROBERT HOLLAND'S *The Little Giant and Other Stories* (JOSEPH, 3/6) is fairy tales (with charming illustrations by JEAN LADNER); while nobody needs to be told what *Doctor Dolittle's Return*, by HUGH LOFTING (JONATHAN CAPE, 7/6), is about or how utterly worthy-to-be-read.

What shall I say of ELLA MONCKTON'S *The Top of the Mountain* (NELSON, 3/6); NORAH VIVIAN'S *Letters to the Babalog* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 6/-); *The Princess Dances*, by ROSE FYLEMAN, charmingly illustrated by CECIL LESLIE (DENT, 10/6); *Heroes and Heroines*, by ELEANOR and HERBERT FARJEON (GOLLANCZ, 6/-)—all jolly rhymes and quaint old-fashioned "twopence-coloured" pictures? Each deserves and will surely win the *entrée* into innumerable stockings; while *Father Tuck's Annual* and *Tuck's Annual*, 3/6 each, far too bulky for baby socks, will appear at the side of ever so many small people's beds.

WARD, LOCK'S *Wonder Book of Machinery* is an incredible five shillings' worth with over three hundred photographs and coloured plates and appropriate reading matter, from which a boy must indeed be a glutton if he does not emerge sated.

Of FABER AND FABER'S *The Playtime Omnibus*, compiled by HUBERT PHILLIPS (5/-), it should be enough to say that it is a young people's companion to *The Week-End Problems Book*, full of every conceivable device, old and new, for twisting tongues, sharpening wits, inspiring imaginations, setting pitfalls for the unwary and otherwise making the holidays Go Like Lightning. It even tells you how to organise a treasure-hunt, which, provided the recipe is successful, is alone enough to ensure mammoth sales.

I am not sure that GERTRUDE JEKYLL'S *Children and Gardens*, of which COUNTRY LIFE have produced a new edition (5/-), should really be classed as a children's book. However, it represents the admission by one of the world's greatest garden-lovers that children and gardens *can* live together and that alone should commend it to the approval of blithe youth and the fortitude of horticultural age.

Last but one on my list is *Ant Antics*, presented and illustrated by Lady CAVE, assisted by such familiar spirits as Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, RUDYARD KIPLING, "TOM, DICK and HARRY," "LORD LOVE US," "JACK SPRATT," BEVERLEY NICHOLS and other worthies. JOHN MURRAY publish this accumulated extravagance at 5/-, into which has crept, *inter alia*, such tit-bits as (from the pen of the LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS):—

> "What time I led a peaceful rustic life,
> Pre-war, pre-jazz, pre-cocktails and pre-strife,
> My only foe 'gainst whom perpetual fight
> Was waged on summer evenings, aphides or blight.
> Borne on the eastern gales to eat my roses,
> How little recked I that to formic noses
> That very fly whose aspect made me shudder
> Led ants hot-foot to that exotic udder."

If only the H. of C. would sometimes echo to this carefree note!

P.S.—I almost forgot ANNE SHIRLEY, an authoress in her own right—ay, and artist too—at the age of seven-and-a-half. I think ANNE is destined to be a famous autobiographer or perhaps a modern JANE AUSTEN. At seven-and-a-half one has plenty of time to choose. The fact that this imaginative work of fiction, *Eran's Surprise*, 2/6, leaves the happy couple at the church-door sufficiently attests its modernity. EDGAR BACKUS of Leicester and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, LTD. of London have conspired to publish it.



"THREEPENCE? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT. YOU MIGHT WRAP IT UP IN A PIECE OF MUSIC."

A Woman and a Philosopher.

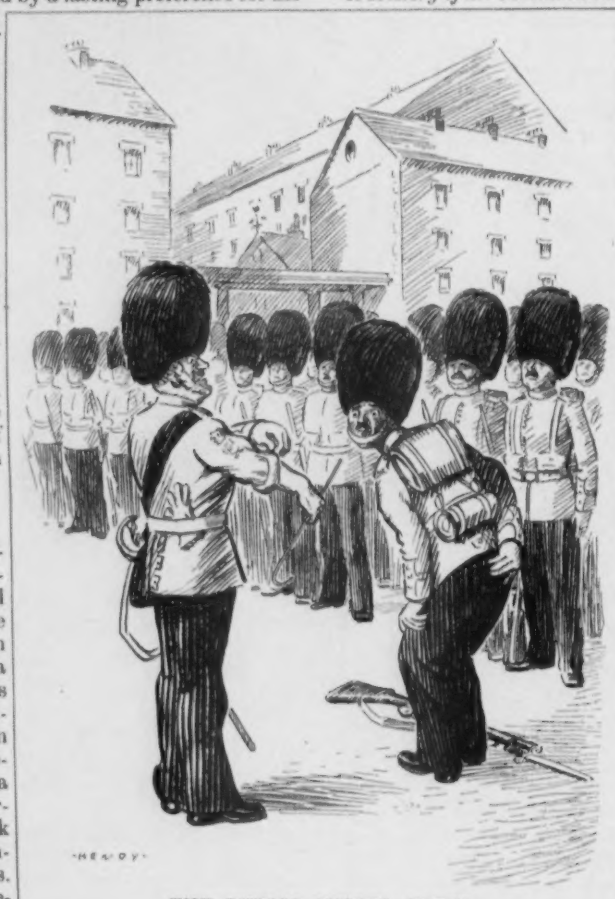
The contrast between the stately sonority of a great Queen's great Prime Minister's patrician prose and HER MAJESTY'S own uneasy cluckings and faintly plebeian commonsense is renewed in the second volume of Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA'S *The Queen and Mr. Gladstone* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-). DISRAELI'S sound wit in realising that it was more comfortable for the QUEEN to be affectionately managed than to be perpetually set about with reasonings having been rewarded by a lasting preference for his party, Mr. GUEDALLA argues therefrom the existence of something like treachery on the one hand and acquiescence on the other. The many letters, here reproduced, which the QUEEN and Mr. GLADSTONE exchanged after 1880 hardly confirm, I think, this theory to the full; yet the burden of the two writers' discords runs to uncountable hours of mutual weariness, and this volume declares again the amazing capacity for endurance of the man who moulded his Victorian era, even while it re-emphasises his lack of reasonable gumption in moulding his VICTORIA.

Worlds not Realised.

Dr. G. J. RENIER, preluding another volume on himself, his philosophy and England, is discovered, like BROWNING'S *Caliban*, flat on his belly improvising a "catchpenny" title for his first book. This accomplished he reviews his own career in a fanciful retrospect, which suffers as a document from its indeterminate status and as a work of imagination from its engrossment with trivial facts. Of mixed Franco-Dutch descent, the *Gerard* of *He Came to England* (PETER DAVIES, 10/6) found himself a misfit among national-minded idealists; and his Belgian education (by "Fathers of St. Jerome") gave him a distaste for the cosmopolitan faith in which he was born and bred. Then came his discovery of England—an interesting because a positive influence; and the still more interesting determination to discover Italy because Italy meant so much to Englishmen. His sojourn in the Veneto and Capri is full of intimate if disjointed observation; and I feel that if our *Caliban* could only be persuaded to dwell less on himself and *Setebos* and more on the sweet airs of the island, we might secure an attractive book.

The Giant Sleuth.

Mr. W. A. DARLINGTON'S sense of fun has at times been too exuberant for my enjoyment, but in *Mr. Cronk's Cases* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) he bids rather for chuckles than guffaws. *Cronk* was "a dried-up old stick" when he inherited enough money to abandon his post as a lawyer's clerk and become a Private Investigator; but he had always felt this to be his *rôle* in life, and, when he had the opportunity to play it, greatness was thrust upon him. Some may think Mr. DARLINGTON a little flippant, but if they do not smile over *Cronk's* experiences I shall suspect that too much mystery has beclouded their sense of humour.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

Sergeant-Major. "NOW REPORT TO THE ORDERLY-ROOM AND WRITE OUT 'I'M A NAUGHTY SOLDIER' TWENTY TIMES—AND DON'T FORGET TO CLEAN YOUR BUTTONS TO-MORROW."

Amateurs Only.

A History of the Corinthian Football Club (LONGMANS, 10/6) is a welcome reminder of the important part which the Corinthians have played in Association Football. Founded in 1882, they reached the top of their form twenty-two years later when, playing against Bury for the Dewar Shield, they defeated the team which in the previous year had won the Football Association Cup by ten goals to three; and Mr. F. N. S. CREEK rightly refers to it as "the most remarkable display in the annals of the club." Mr. CREEK'S history includes accounts by various writers of foreign tours, chapters on the Queen's Park matches and on Cup ties, and a batch of statistics which, if a little formidable in bulk, is without doubt valuable for reference. Excellent photographs of celebrated players accompany a volume which will be read with interest by all devotees of amateur "Soccer."

Caran d'Ache the Supreme.

Those of us who laughed over the drawings of CARAN D'ACHE when they first appeared will be grateful for a book of selections from the work of that inimitable humorist. The younger generation too should at least be interested to see in *Caran d'Ache the Supreme* (METHUEN, 5/-), the inspiration of much that is best in the comic drawing of to-day. Probably they will laugh too. To find so much wit, humour, satire and good drawing in a five-shilling book is a thing to be welcomed in these gloomy days.

Mr. Punch welcomes the *Punch Calendar* for 1934 (MCCAW, STEVENSON & ORR, 2/-), containing "an appropriate quotation for every day" from his columns. He also wishes to acknowledge a parcel of Christmas Cards, Calendars and Party Games from Messrs. C. W. FAULKNER AND CO.

"I pledge every reader of these articles that not one single word will be found in them that is not the solemn and solid truth. I shall invent nothing: I am not the novelist now, but the newspaper reporter."—*Evening Paper.*

And, as everybody knows, a reporter *cannot* lie.

Charivaria.

"BETTER live one day as a lion than a hundred years as a sheep" is the inscription on an Italian coin. There are sheep like that, but they usually feature on the menu as lamb.

***

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology says that a mechanical man "with simple psychological reactions similar to those of a human being" can be turned out for forty pounds. That undercuts the Eton and Oxford price by about £1,960.

***

"The most disturbing sign in undergraduate life," says Dr. W. R. HALLIDAY, "is the perpetual itch to mind somebody else's business." In our day of course that sort of thing was left to the dons.

***

On the eve of his wedding an Austrian bridegroom challenged a man to a duel. It was useless, however. The bridegroom won.

***

"Will our 'best-selling' authors live?" asks a writer. While the law of this country remains as it is we suppose they will.

***

An Arkansas showman is suing a company for supplying him with a shorter python than he contracted for. The defence is that the python also contracted.

***

A writer in an evening paper makes a plea for more picturesque dress for scavengers. The next thing we suppose will be handsomer dust.

An authority notices that more Indian children are being educated in English schools. They have to learn their civil disobedience somewhere, of course.

***

A minimum of four children per family is the demand of the new Nazi Department for Enlightenment on Population Policy and Racial Hygiene. The "form fours" complex again.

***

"How can I cure blushing?" asks a correspondent. *Cure* it? Why do that to such a charming and unusual accomplishment?

"Why shouldn't dentists have a slogan?" someone inquires. What about "Tooth Will Out"?

***

A man stood on his head in a London teashop. His ruse succeeded. A waitress incautiously approached, and before she could escape he had ordered his tea and toast.

***

In view of the fact that students at the new police-college have to buy dinner-jackets, cat-burglars intend to come out in tails.

***

A woman-writer mentions that evening frocks can be bought on the instalment system. Many women seem to be wearing the first instalment just now.

***

"Turkeys have no idea what is before them," remarks a writer. We doubt whether the soup and fish would interest them, anyway.

***

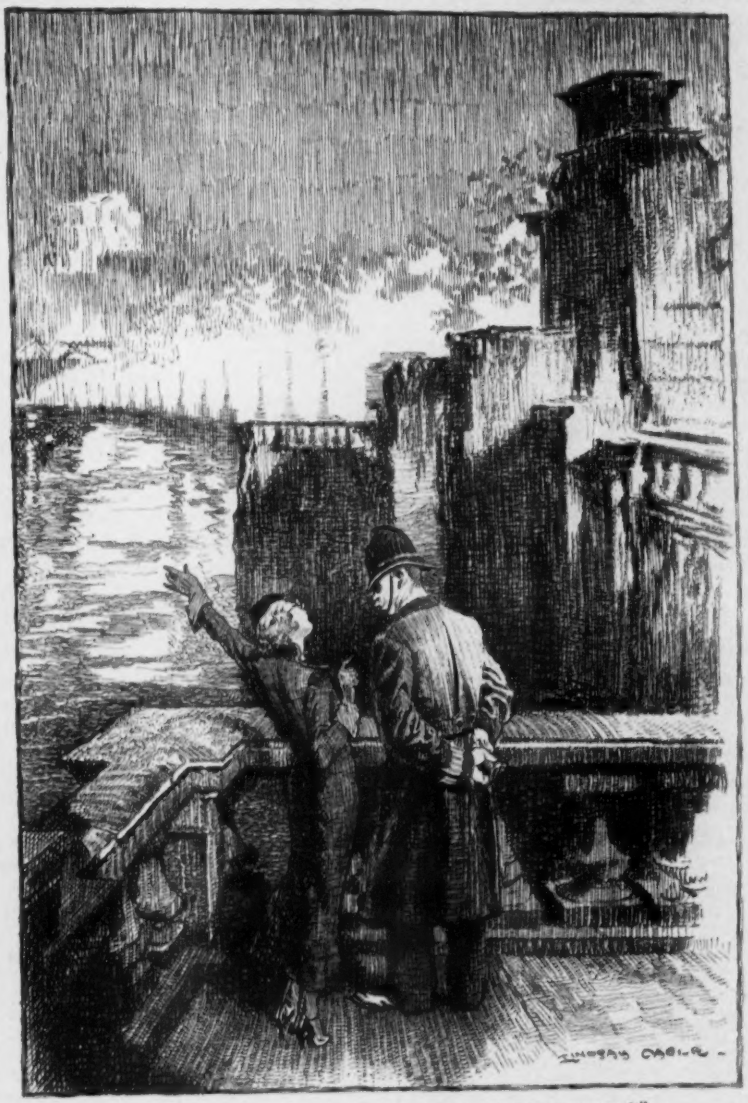
A fancy-dress ball was held at a London night-club. We hear that one reveller in immaculate evening clothes explained that he was taking the part of a detective.

***

Some day an enterprising morning newspaper will start printing bedtime stories for night-watchmen.

***

The Norwegian Scientific Society reports an interesting case of pearls being formed in the human body. Persons who think of exploiting this method of getting rich quick will be advised to let the surgeon in on the ground-floor.



"IS NOT THAT MYSTERIOUS CHIAROSCURO WONDERFUL, OFFICER?"
"YES, LADY; BUT YOU CAN'T SEE IT PROPER NOW; YOU WANT TO SEE IT IN THE DAYLIGHT."

This and That.

I HAD often wondered that modern poets, following the example of modern novelists, do not find a theme in the magnificence of huge hotels. When therefore I received a numbered copy of an illustrated brochure on hand-made paper, bound in Welsh mountain-sheepskin, and signed by the artists and authors (one of them a well-known poet)—a brochure dealing entirely with the latest of these London palaces, I expected something of this kind:—

Tremendous Edifice, whose walls conceal
Under their snowy concrete limbs of steel,
Embodiment of high creative thought,
Mecca of England, by the Pilgrim sought!
Where Comfort in unparalleled supply
Dwells with her softer sister, Luxury!
Where Art and Beauty, wandering hand in hand
With Moderate Prices, listen to the Band;
Where Splendid Service leads her loyal troupe,
And nothing curious gets into the soup;
Gigantic Structure, whose unguessed amount
Of bedrooms statisticians could not count!
Vast Caravanserai, which hurls in scores
The rout of Fashion through Rotating Doors!
Or sues the favour of the Untidier Mob
With sumptuous Dinners ranging from five Bob,
Sweet Paradise, at every point equipped
With persons who should probably be tipped! . . .
Assist me, Muse, with Rapturous Ecstasies
To find out where on Earth the Cloak-Room is!
Waft me, O Pegasus, from ground to roof
On wings of Fancy with Electric hoof!
Help me, O Phœbus, while I strive to tell
How Air is filtered through this Huge Hotel! . . .

But the brochure was all in prose. Perhaps it was better so. It is extremely difficult to describe the system of air-filtering in heroic couplets, or indeed in any kind of verse.

* * *

An apology must be made, by the way, for a sonnet which appeared in *Punch* on November 29, and bore the title "Charles II. Revisited." The note beneath the title stated that the wax effigies at Westminster Abbey were recently cleaned and restored by the Pilgrim Trust. That is not so. The Dean of WESTMINSTER challenges me to withdraw the statement, and I do so in sackcloth and what you will, but let me wander round the cloisters in a penitent sheet. The credit or debit for cleaning Charles II., silver tunic, ruffles and all, belongs to the Abbey authorities alone. Biographers, of course, have been busily cleaning him for some time. My own sentiment in any case is opposed to that of our sonnet-writer. I think the effigies of all the kings should be kept well scoured and dusted, let historians denigrate or reblanch them as they please.

* * *

Unavoidably this number of *Punch* is in part a Christmas but in part also a Loch Ness number. For many a long week I refused to make any reference to the dread creature, supposing it to be a mere maritime serpent left over from the silly season, with lifted head and gigantic gooseberry eyes. But now it has received the honour of a column-and-a-half in *The Times* and a question in Parliament, so that I dare not exclude it any longer. I may also announce as a fact that the funds of the Pilgrim Trust will not be used for trawling, dredging or draining Loch Ness.

They say, the old men who remember hard winters long ago, that this is going to be another of them, and that we may yet see the Thames frozen over between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridge, booths and stalls set up, sledges going merrily, lighters stuck fast, and London skating merrily opposite the County Hall. And on Christmas Day, perhaps, to keep up the robust and roaring traditions of the past, an Argentine steer may be unchilled, whole, on the ice. EVOE.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

XXXII.—Of Salesmanship.

OF all the gifts that the gods bestow
The greatest gifts that a man can know
Are Salesmanship and Pep and Zip;
But the greatest of these is Salesmanship.

Of Salesmanship it has been said
That but for it we should all be dead;
Of Salesmanship it has been found
That this is what makes the world go round.

The man who can by word or pen
Sell sock-suspenders to sockless men,
A racing-car to a Rural Dean
Or boxing-gloves to a Beauty-Queen—

The man who can contrive to plant
A parachute on his maiden aunt—
That man has Pep; that man has Zip;
But that man, above all, has Salesmanship.

Oh, Salesmanship it is the thing
That makes a pauper a Pancake King.
It can make failing fortunes new,
And a peer as rich as a parvenu.

It can create demand for wares
For which no rational creature cares,
And stick consumers great and small
With things that nobody wants at all.

By Salesmanship we can contrive
To keep the tottering world alive
Amid the welter of surplus wealth
That's sapping the nation's strength and health.

It is the mass-producer's friend,
Our civilisation's aim and end;
It shapes our destiny from the font
To sell men things that they do not want.

Then salesmen all, your voices raise,
And join me in my pæan of praise.
Come, sing with me from Rome to Rio
The praise of this magnificent trio.

Heaven grant us all, whoever we be,
A liberal helping of these three—
Of Salesmanship and Pep and Zip,
But the liberalest of Salesmanship! P. B.

Love-Nest for Sale.

"An intriguing little pied-a-tree, among healthy country environs, though but only 5 miles from the heart of London, hidden in an old garden and possessing many unusual features."
Advt. in Daily Paper.



THE REAL SEA-MONSTER;

OR, THE MENACE TO OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.



"It only rang once, Madam."
"Well, in future if it doesn't ring when I push it, I wish you'd come and tell me."

Turkey for Ten.

In the East, even in the Near East, it is seldom wise to interfere with traditional customs, and in the case of our Abdel Aziz a custom becomes traditional very rapidly—as soon, in fact, as it has passed unchallenged on more than one occasion.

During the ten years he has been in our service Abdel Aziz has succeeded in establishing to his own advantage many traditional customs, and the most inviolable of them is his right to buy the Christmas turkey. To Abdel Aziz Christmas is pre-eminently an eating festival and one therefore for which he has a peculiar sympathy and understanding. The act of buying the turkey is thus not only unusually profitable in itself (experience having shown that no one is likely to question too strictly the price of this particular commodity) but it allows the buyer to take, as it were, an active part in the rite, and the privilege is much esteemed from its sacrificial aspect.

On eight successive occasions had Abdel Aziz assisted at the family celebrations, but last year a friend of ours who lives in the Fayoum, a district justly noted for turkeys, conceived a singularly unhappy idea.

"Why," he said to us, "get your turkey in Cairo when I can send you a far better one from the Fayoum at about a quarter of the price?"

Mary and I were at first inclined to scout this idea as being entirely out of the question. But we were reluctant to admit to an outsider that we didn't dare suggest such a plan to our own servant, and we knew that a turkey from the Fayoum would certainly be better than one from the Cairo market so we eventually fell in with the scheme, only stipulating that the bird must be a very large one, enough for ten people.

"Don't you worry," said our friend heartily, "I'll see to that, and I'll have it delivered on the twenty-third."

At first we said nothing of this to Abdel Aziz. We knew that he would disapprove, and we ignobly deferred breaking the news until the last possible moment. We postponed our confession, in fact, until Abdel Aziz himself asked how many guests there would be for the feast, in order that he might gauge the size of turkey required.

"Oh, the turkey," we said with forced casualness. "We quite forgot to tell you, *ya* Abdel Aziz, that a friend of ours is kindly sending us one from the Fayoum. So you won't have to buy one at all this year. They're *so* much cheaper in the Fayoum," we added in a weak and foolish attempt to soften the blow.

We watched Abdel Aziz's expression change from courteous attention to astonishment, from astonishment to disapproval and from disapproval to wounded pride.

"As *ganabkum* please," he said quietly and walked with reproachful dignity from the room.

A day or two later the Fayoum turkey arrived in a large parcel, which we handed to Abdel Aziz unopened, feeling guilty and ashamed. Abdel Aziz received the turkey in hurt silence and put it, still unopened, into the ice-chest. On Christmas Eve, however, he asked us to accompany him to the kitchen, and there was a subtle difference in his manner which made us look at each other with dim foreboding.

"It is true, *ganab el sitt*, is it not," he asked Mary, "that there will be ten persons for the feast to-morrow?"

"Of course it's true," said Mary in surprise.

"Then," said Abdel Aziz in quiet triumph, "what am I to do?" He removed the cloth from a dish on the kitchen-table and revealed, lying in horrid nakedness, a meagre bird having the appearance of a large and athletic hen. "This," he pointed at it with contempt, "is the turkey which *ganabkum* brought from the Fayoum, and it is not enough for ten people."

We looked at the bird in consternation. It certainly was by no means enough. We thought evil thoughts of our friend, who had so conspicuously let us down, and we turned in despair to Abdel Aziz.

"What is to be done?" we cried. "It is already late in the day and to-morrow is the feast itself."

Abdel Aziz smiled the aloof and forgiving smile of a prophet who has at last been received in his own country. "If *ganabkum* will that I do so," he said tolerantly, "I can still go to the market and search for a turkey of sufficient size. It will unfortunately be very expensive at so late an hour and most difficult to find. But the guests must not be disappointed."

Abdel Aziz departed on his mission and Mary and I returned thoughtfully to the drawing-room. We pointed out to each other that our friend in the Fayoum was usually a careful and conscientious man, and we lamented that the matter of our turkey should be the exception which proved the rule.

On Christmas morning Abdel Aziz invited us to inspect his purchase. He displayed with pride a magnificent turkey—an opulent and enormous turkey, sufficient in itself to satisfy twelve people. We expressed astonishment that such a bird should still have been on the market, but Abdel Aziz pointed out to us that it had a toe missing from one foot. Such, he explained, was the fastidious discrimination of the cooks of Cairo that the sacrificial bird must be perfect in every respect. He himself, he added, would indignantly have rejected such a turkey had the emergency been less pressing, particularly as the vendor, taking malicious advantage of the situation, had demanded an exorbitant price.

Christmas dinner, in spite of the missing toe, proved a great success. The praises of our guests consoled us for the price we had paid for the turkey, and Abdel Aziz waxed proud in the fragrance of public esteem.

A few days after Christmas we heard from our friend in the Fayoum. "I trust," he wrote, "that you didn't find your turkey *too* big. The man I got it from explained that its enormous corpulence was due to a missing toe, which had prevented it from exercising."



"AND NOW, HARRISON, KINDLY TELL COOK TO COME UP AND SEE ME FOR A MOMENT."

HERE FOLLOWS OUR CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

Knine of the Penten Hills.

(A Lament of Plus One.)

ELEVENDERLY her fivem fair
  Fifthwith they carried up the mill's
Fivelorn and lichen-covered stair.
  My sweet Knine of the Penten Hills!

O Knine! O Knine! Thy twodrous een,
  Thy femiten elevendril grace
Fivever lost! But not, I ween,
  Three soon their loss shall I replace.

No more the fivest shalt thou roam,
  Whenas I threetle on my flute
Three fourp thee and the cattle home,
  Two song five beauty and five brute.

No more shall I atelevend
  With caten ear thy step, dear two,
There at the river's privnine bend,
  Beneath the elevenebrous yew.

Our passion, inchonine as yet,
  Had scarcely seen thy tenteenth year.
Oh, might I, like the rest, fiveget
  This ten days' twoder in a tear!

"G. K. Chesterton was a many-sided man."—*Weekly Paper.*

Well, he's still a good all-round one.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.



V.

Plum-pudding Dog—Spotted Soothsayers — Alsatians — The Humiliated Bedlington—A Lesson from the North—Fatal Facetiousness — Rex Appears.

THE great kennel problem is still unsolved because Harry can't decide what breed is best. William, as I have related, is all for Pekes, if any; but other counsellors have offered other advice, and all these questions are brought to me.

"You see," said Harry, "dog-owners are so fickle. I mean pet-dog-owners. Men who shoot know what they need and stick to them, but with pets it 's different. One wants to be right on the spot in these matters."

"A Dalmatian would make that easy," I suggested.

"Please don't be funny," she said coldly. "All the same, the Dalmatian is coming back and I had seriously thought about him."

"But there 's nothing for him to come back for," I said. "There are no horses' heels to dog and dodge, and he couldn't keep up with a motor-car. He 'd be useless and lost."

"Usefulness has nothing to do with it," she replied scornfully. "Companionship is what people want from dogs, not use. And anyway there wasn't much use in running between the wheels of a carriage."

"It may not have been an invaluable service," I said, "although I recall it with pleasure. But as a matter of fact I 've just remembered that the function of the Dalmatian did not stop there. If when you saw him you did not see his tail, any wish that you wished would come true. Think of how that might influence the Irish Sweep prizes."

"You 're not being serious enough," said Harry. "I wanted help, which is a thing I can't get at home, so I came to you. You 're usually so kind."

I sighed.

"Very well, then," I said, "let 's go into it scientifically. Let us take the alphabet. A for Aberdeen."

"More often called Scottish terriers or Scotties," said Harry.

"In my time they were Aberdeens," I said. "Anyway, what about them?"

"Very good," said Harry. "Very popular too. I think I may decide on them."

"Why not decide on them at once?" I asked, with a longing glance at my open book. But it was lost on Harry, who when on the warpath is not to be deflected.

"No," she said. "Let us consider the whole question."

"If you must," I agreed. "Then what about the Airedale?"

"Airedales aren't so hot," Harry said. "They fight."

"Very well, then, Alsatians?"

"Alsatians want an awful lot of room," said Harry, "and they 're apt to be savage. You see, they 're what are called one-man dogs, which means that anyone approaching their owner is liable to be attacked. They 're so powerful that it 's dangerous. Something smaller would be better."

"B, then," I said. "The Beagle?"

"No, the Beagle is a sporting dog."

"I remember," I said, "I used to be worn out trying to keep up with him. The Bedlington, then? A fine gallant fellow in my day, but now painfully like a lost lamb."

"I don't think he 's in demand enough," said Harry. "And he fights too."

"He used to, I know," I said, "but does he now? In his new clothes he looks like a pacifist, and he isn't blue any longer. I can't think why there is all this monkeying with dogs; why the Bench asks for so many changes."

"But if they do, there it is," said Harry. "Is that all the B's?"

"No," I said, "there 's a splendid creature called the Bulldog. Very ugly but very true."

"No," said Harry, "I don't like his teeth."

"Then the Bull-terrier? One of the most faithful friends a man can have."

"Too naked," said Harry. "A positive Nudist."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Then we 'll turn to C. C stands for Cairns, nice little domestic things."

"Not bad," said Harry. "I might decide on Cairns."

"How I wish you would!" I replied.

"Oh, Uncle!" said Harry; "we 're not half through yet. Only C, and the alphabet has twenty-six letters."

"I 'm very tired," I said, "but I 'll try a little longer, only I do wish you 'd decide on either Aberdeens or Cairns. Or why not both? They speak more or less the same language, and the Aberdeen might teach you thrift."

"Now you 're being bright again," said Harry severely, that being the modern girl's attitude to the facetiousness which used to be welcomed in happier and easier times.

"*A propos* 'bright,'" I said, "there 's a sports car that has just drawn up to the door driven by a young man in a sweater with nothing on his head."

"Is it Rex?" she asked.

"He looks exactly as if his name was Rex," I replied.

"A yellow car?"

"Excessively."

"Then I must beat it. Be a darling and give me a cigarette."

"But you 're not going to smoke at sixty miles an hour?" I exclaimed as she lit it.

"Always," she cried, and was off.

E. V. L.



TRAPPED, OR THE PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN FROM SCOTLAND YARD.



"I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T MIND IF I POPS IN FOR A MINUTE TO PLAY FATHER CHRISTMAS TO MY KIDS? MY HOUSE HAPPENS TO BE ON THE BEAT TO-NIGHT?"

A Taradidyll.

["The PRIME MINISTER, replying to a deputation . . . said that time alone would show whether he was justified in hoping that in the not too distant future circumstances would allow the Government to consider relaxation of the conditions imposed by the necessities of two years ago."—*The Times.*]

I WENT to her and said to her, "Miss Jenkins, will you marry me?"
For young she was and sweet she was as any rose in May;
And only youth as mine could tell the feelings that would harry me
As dumb I stood with cheek aflame to hear what she might say.

She said to me, "Oh, Mr. Jones, this comes as a surprise to me—
I had not guessed you thought of me as other than a friend."
She paused a long-drawn moment, then she raised her lovely eyes to me,
And I—I scarce could breathe the while I looked for her to end.

"The question you have asked of me is hardly one to hurry at;
The issues that it raises are at present ill-defined.
You'll understand, I know, if I entreat you not to worry at
What may seem undue hesitance in making up my mind.

"But only time will prove to me (and have sure proof I must if I'd
Be worthy of the faith in me your offer clearly shows)—
Yes, time alone will prove to me if I am really justified
In thinking that the not-too-distant future will disclose

"Such circumstantial evidence as well may give me cause enough
To ponder well the pros and cons of matrimonial life,
And thus by proper reasoning (if you'll permit me pause enough)
To state if I'm prepared or not to be your wedded wife."

I took my hat and went from her (and I was barely twenty yet);
I waited for a month or two—and each day loved her less,
And each day saw more joyfully that there were girls a-plenty yet—
And presently came one who whispered swift but softly, "Yes."

And she? She went to Parliament; and that's the proper place for one
Who uses words to camouflage a vacillating mind.
I wonder does she sometimes in her busy life find space for one
Regret of all that might have been—or would she have declined?

First Chamber Reform.

I HEAR that a Bill will shortly be introduced in the House of Lords for a drastic reform of the House of Commons.

One section of the House of Commons wants to abolish the House of Lords, another wants to reform it. The House of Lords, like horse-racing, goes on serenely, and will probably continue so to do.

It will always beat me how any man can really expect to work up a big popular compaign against the House of Lords in this fair land. Like horse-racing, it is a thing that has very little, logically, to be said for it, except that the English like that sort of thing. It is illogical but it is just right, and that is the sort of thing the English like. Its members include some of the most popular men in England—Lord DERBY and Lord LONSDALE, Lord BEATTY, Lord JELLICOE—and it will soon, I understand, be enriched by the presence of the first Baron Haddock.

Some people seem to think that they will be able to inflame the nation by attacking the "hereditary principle." What a hope! The House of Lords is selected, in the main, on the same wise principle on which the nation selects its horses and its dogs and, to a large extent, chooses its own careers. It is said to be absurd that a man should be a legislator simply because his father was a legislator. But go and tell the son of a miner, a fisherman, railway-man, author, actor, or lawyer that it is absurd for him to expect to follow the same calling as his father. Go down to Epsom on Derby Day and tell the crowd that the hereditary principle is all nonsense.

Then there is the accusation that a very large proportion of the Lords never attend the proceedings of the House. One answer of the Lords to that is that they are not, like the Commons, paid to be there. They have not, like the Commons, thrust themselves forward as legislators, they have no constituents, and if they are not there nobody is a penny the worse. When these considerations are remembered, the absenteeism of the Commons is far more blameworthy. However, about this Bill. It is entitled

A BILL
for the
Better Management
of
The Lower House of Parliament.

Short title—House of Commons (Reform) Bill.

Section One deals with the methods and principles of voting. Sub-section 1 provides that voting shall be by ballot. This is designed to secure freedom of conscience for the individual Member, who is either (*a*) terrified of any particularly foul but active body of his constituents, or (*b*) subsidised out of Party Funds and afraid to vote against his Party.

Sub-section 2 provides that any Member who speaks in a debate must register a vote in the divisions which follow. This is designed to put a check on certain wordy wobblers who, having laid down the law in all directions for three-quarters of an hour, announce as they sit down that they will abstain from voting. The object of all speeches being to assist decisions by influencing votes, a speech which recommends no vote at all is evidently of doubtful value. And these speeches are often the longest.

Sub-section 3 contains a novel idea which may not be found easy to work in practice. The idea is that no legislator should be allowed to vote in a division unless he understands what he is voting about. The present procedure in an every-day debate is that a handful of Members sit in the Chamber and discuss legislation, while the bulk of the House sits elsewhere and discusses something else. Then the Division Bell rings, the Members rush from the Smoking-Room, the Library, the Dining-Rooms, the Terrace and the Underground Station and walk like sheep through the particular hole to which the Whips direct them. Epoch-making speeches may have been made in the Chamber; a majority of those present may have been persuaded that "Aye" is right; the whole aspect of the thing is changed. But the lads from the Smoking-Room are told to vote "No," and the "Noes" have it. Then they go back to the Smoking-Room, etc., having no more idea what they have done than the Man in the Moon. This is called the Free Play of Democratic Institutions.

Sub-section 3, then, provides for the appointment of six Lobby Inspectors, to be independent of Party and nominated by the Speaker. At every division an Inspector will stand at the exit from each Lobby, select a Member at random and ask him to state clearly what he has voted about and why. If the Member cannot satisfy the Inspector that he knows what he has voted about, he will be reported to the Speaker and "named" from the Chair. Thus the act of ignorantly voting will count as a species of gross disorder or disrespect to Parliament; and on a second offence will be punishable with a fine of £50.

The general effect of this Section, it is thought, will be that there will be more Members in the Chamber and fewer in the Smoking-Room (and perhaps the Lobbies), and the voting figures will more nearly approximate to real opinions.

Other Sections deal with various matters, such as the clothes of Members. Nothing impresses a visitor to the House so much as the dignity of the rare Members who still wear top-hats; and Section Seven prescribes that all Members shall wear top-hats always, except when speaking. It will then be easy to tell at a glance which Members are speaking and which are asleep, which is not always the case at present.

Section Three is aimed at the childish manœuvres called Parliamentary obstruction, which, though they seem to amuse the Members a great deal, are really no more to be commended than vehicular obstruction—the "talking-out" of a Bill to avoid a division, the wasting of time on one Bill to prevent the discussion of another. The Speaker, on application, will have power (like a Judge) to declare that a speech is frivolous or vexatious or obstructive in intention, and tell the obstructor to sit down.

Section Four "rations" the length of speeches, according to circumstances—twenty minutes for a Maiden, thirty for a Minister introducing a Bill, fifteen for an ordinary blow-off, and five for a Prohibitionist.

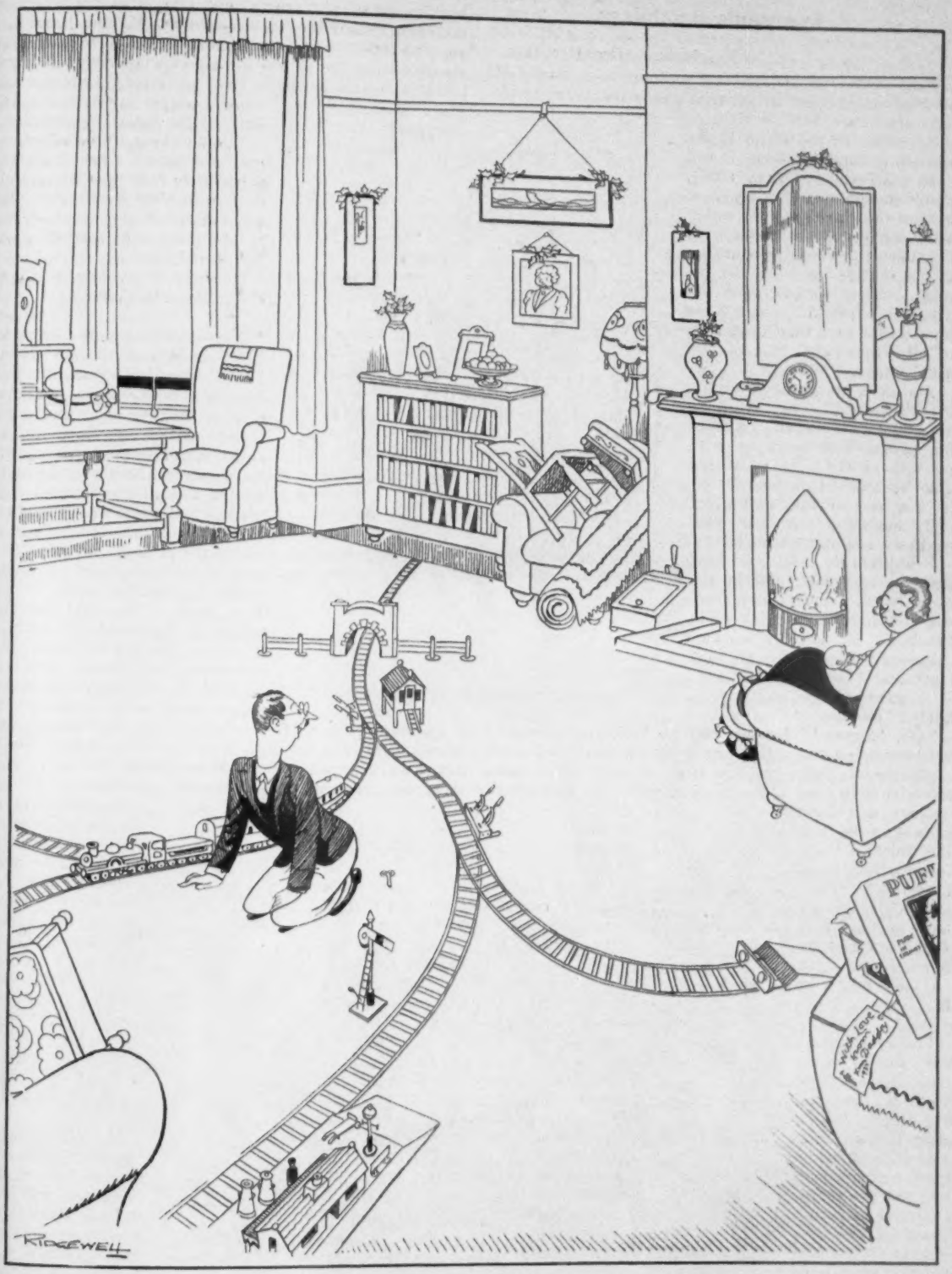
Section Five deals with Hours of Labour. These are normally to be 11 till 7 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and 3 till 11 on Mondays. Thus the present week-end is preserved and Members may enjoy themselves socially or go to bed early on the middle days of the week. Parliament broke up for the holidays this year at the end of July; it is just about to break up for the holidays again until the end of January. Six months—during which Parliament will have sat for about thirty working days. This is not considered by the Lords to be enough. Section Six, therefore, provides that Parliament shall sit whenever the Law Courts sit, and if necessary longer.

It may not be possible to make the Commons as efficient and well-respected as the Lords, but it is worth trying.

A. P. H.

"Scent was good, but the foxes kept finding open drains."—*Daily Paper.*

Where it was not so good.



"YOU KNOW, ELSIE, I'M AWFULLY PLEASED IT'S A BOY."

A Spectator's Ramblings.

Twickenham, December 12th.

I AM wearing my Old Blue scarf to-day—at least I am wearing an old blue scarf of mine, and no man living, so far as I am aware, has the right to deny either to me or to it the benison of capital letters. It is a good scarf (the gift of an aunt), ample enough to protect my chest against the rigours of a December afternoon yet not so voluminous as entirely to obscure the remnants of my College tie which lie beneath. That would never do. To-day of all days I wish it to be known that I am that finest type of all—the Public School and Varsity man.

And here, by all the powers, is old Wilberforce!

"Hul-LO, old man!" he cries, his honest face beaming with pleasure at the sight of an old school-chum. "How goes it?"

"Oh, not so bad, thanks," I reply modestly, and then with ready wit ask him how *he* is.

It appears he is fine, old boy, fine—never better; and in the pause which follows this deplorable confession I rack my brain frantically for another subject. Apparently there is only one possibility, and Wilberforce sees it first.

"Seen anything of old Stiggins lately?" he asks.

"Oh, *Stiggins!*" I reply, and we both laugh heartily until through a gap in the surging throng about us I catch a glimpse of Todby, who is if anything a shade more repulsive even than Wilberforce. I turn with a muttered apology and force my way madly from the infested zone towards Block L and freedom.

This brings me face to face with Bagshot, a most infernal fellow. He is, he tells me, very fit. . . .

I have reached my seat, leaving in my wake a trail of "curses, not loud but deep." At first, when I viewed from afar off that inadequate-seeming space and saw the multitudinous knees that heaved between, a kind of panic seized me and I would have fled; but friendly voices called to me from the further shore and (in the misplaced belief that hacking and tripping are no longer allowed at Rugby football matches) I made the painful journey. So here I am, with my pipe and my programme (Official), and never more convinced in my life of the futility of the saying that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. One moment, while I adjust my overcoat, and then let the game beg——

"Come along, come *along*, for goodness' sake!" People seem to think they can turn up any old time, trampling on other people's feet and disturbing everybody just as they are getting settled. Curse the great lumbering fellow!

However, I got him neatly on the ankle as he passed me.



THE TWICKENHAM ATMOSPHERE.

I am watching C. W. JONES (of Llandovery and Clare). Everybody is watching JONES. "Watch JONES," said the papers, and that is what we have come here to do. Moreover it is very soon obvious that JONES is worth watching. He has wonderful hands and he never wastes time. One feels—as one used to feel about R. S. SPONG—that while he has the ball grave issues are at stake, and that the sooner he is deprived of it the better for the other side. He has just made a beautiful pick-up almost at full-speed and followed it with a clever kick ahead; but this manœuvre, though perfect of its kind, has results which JONES, I dare swear, never foresaw. *For I am now watching* OWEN-SMITH. In an instant the laurels have been snatched from the brow of the amiable JONES and set upon the head of the Oxford full-back. And there they remain. Henceforward my attention is concentrated, almost to the exclusion of all else, upon the cleverest, bravest, most imperturbable exhibition of full-back play ever seen since the days of W. J. BANCROFT, HUGH TRUMBLE, HENRY CLEGG, STEPHEN LEACOCK, "Tripper" WILLIAMS, ROGER PEABODY, myself and other giants of the past.



THE THROW-IN FROM TOUCH.

THE CAMBRIDGE METHOD. THE OXFORD MANNER.

My reflections on the great games we used to have in the 'seventies, and how in those days there was no straw round the ground for tacklers to fall on, (as there seems to be here) are inter-

rupted first by Oxford's try (a pleasant interlude), and a little later by a high-pitched voice somewhere behind me asking, "What was that for?" It is a most peculiar thing, but whenever I go to Twickenham and no matter where I sit this female with a thirst for knowledge is sure to be in attendance. That she is aware what the goal-posts are for I do not doubt, and for all I know she may have a rudimentary grasp of the principle upon which points are awarded to the respective teams; but what she simply cannot understand is why the whistle blows. And always—as in this case—she is accompanied by a male friend whose laborious and usually misguided explanations drive me to the last stages of homicidal mania. At the moment he is explaining a "foot-up" rule which must have been obsolete in the early 'nineties. I hope, oh, I do *hope* they will go and sit somewhere else for the Calcutta Cup match.



THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE BOMBARDMENT.

Meanwhile, R. C. S. DICK has scored an excellent try for Cambridge; the score is 5–3 in Oxford's favour, and for the rest of the game I—I mean of course the wearers of the Dark Blue rosette—sit in an agony of apprehension. There are times when it seems impossible that Cambridge can be kept out till the end. Their forwards surge towards the line, their backs run hither and thither (but mostly across) in search of an opening that never, or hardly ever, comes, and in the gathering gloom a fierce bombardment of drop-kicks and penalty-kicks is launched against the Oxford goal. My heart cleaves to the roof of my mouth, my feet are frozen, OWEN-SMITH saves his line for the hundredth time, the final whistle blows, the woman behind says, "What was that for?" and I—the Dark Blue supporters, that is, rise to their feet in an ecstasy of relief and self-congratulation. A great game.

On the way out I run with considerable force into Stiggins, who says, "The better side lost, of course."

I hate the fellow! H. F. E.



THIRD-PARTY RISKS: THE NEW HUNTING POLICY.

At the Pictures.

MAE WEST AND JEAN HARLOW.

THE much-discussed film at the Carlton, *I'm no Angel*, certainly has a seamy side of life for its theme, but I



The Lion. "DON'T WORRY, FOLKS. I AIN'T GONNA BREAK MY TEETH ON *this* TOUGH NUT."
Tira . . . . . MAE WEST.

was astonished when, with so much to choose from, the purists made it their special object of attack. It is no novelty, for now that the Wild West no longer has any attractions for the screen, and cowboys and Indians have galloped out of it, and the War is forgotten, and air-stunts have had their season, and stories of millions of dollars leave a bitter taste, and bootlegging gangsters are out of work, Hollywood has had to return to the oldest and surest and most respected dramatic motive, the fracture of what *Joseph Poorgrass* called "the Seventh." Cinema-theatres for some time past have not been abodes of sweetness and light, and there have been many recent pictures to which I should dislike to take the young; but again I say that why *I'm no Angel* should have been singled out for so much amateur censure I cannot see. MAE WEST'S *Tira*, the lion-tamer, may be vulgar, but there is no vice about her. She is of the school of BESSIE BELLWOOD and MARIE LLOYD: free of speech, impulsive of heart and pre-eminently jolly; and to see her triumphing over her mean and petty enemies is a joy.

All American courts of justice (on the film) are, to English eyes, sources of excited amazement; but the one in *I'm no Angel* is among the best.

In addition to MAE WEST, who rides the whirlwind, there is an attractive new leading man of the GARY COOPER type, named CARY GRANT, who is destined for a "fan-mail" that will break many a postman's back; and I am always pleased to meet again the dark lady who has been dresser and maid in so many PARAMOUNT pictures —GERTRUDE HOWARD, this time known as *Beulah*.

Another dark lady—LOUISE BEAVERS—familiar to cinema audiences is to be found in *Blonde Bombshell*, at the Empire, acting as a kennel-maid, incessantly in tow behind three of those glorious bob-tailed sheep-dogs which rich Americans breed and fondle: here introduced as further evidence of the wealth and caprice of *Lola Burns* the movie-star. This amusing part proves that JEAN HARLOW of the platinum locks is capable of doing much more than looking spoilt and pretty or both; for in her capacity as a bombshell she has really to act.

To me no film with LEE TRACY in it can be a failure, and here in the congenial *rôle* of an unprincipled Press-agent he has so much to do and say (although not all his wisecracks are too audible) that the whole thing goes with a rush, interrupted only when *Lola* escapes from the studio and believes herself to be in love with a poet.

Blonde Bombshell is really a contribution to the natural history of the traditional Hollywood meteor, with no phase of her hectic progress left out. We see her sponging father and her sponging brother (who is, by the way, the only weak figure in the cast); we see her negresses and her dogs, her perplexed and servile manager, her impoverished foreign nobleman hoping to make a good match—in fact all her entourage, self-seeking and flattering or (very rarely) sincere. We even see



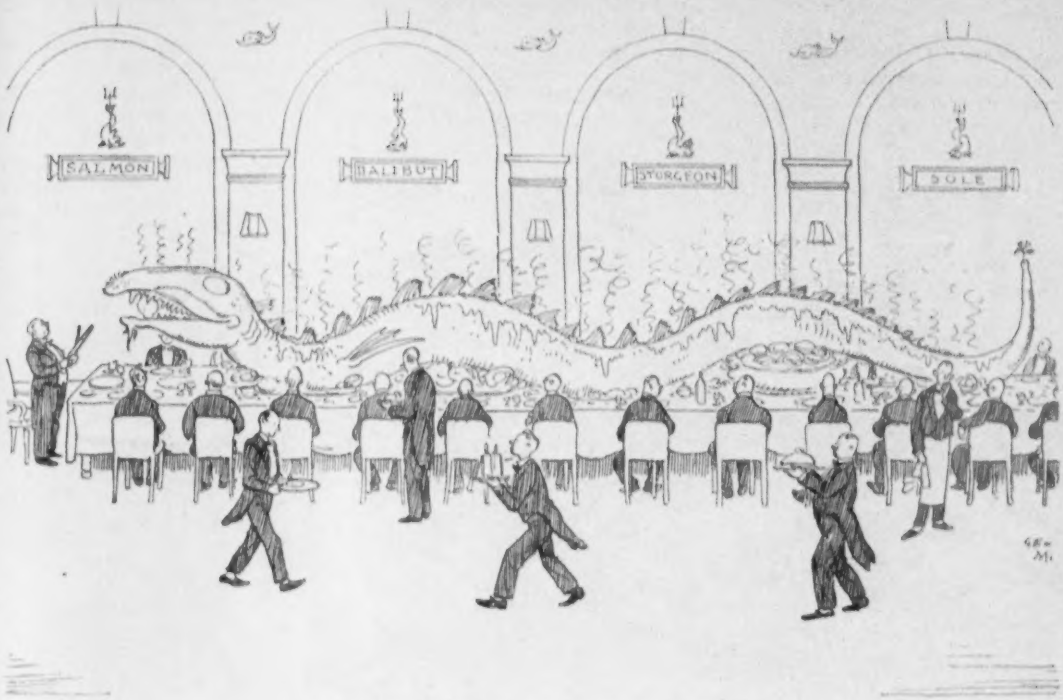
IN DANGER OF BEING PARENTS-IN-LAW.
Mrs. Middleton . . . MARY FORBES.
Mr. Middleton. . . . C. AUBREY SMITH.

her, in a momentarily natural aberration, forgetting the joys of spotlight rule and falling for the idea of little pattering feet—but only to the extent of threatening to adopt a baby from an orphanage; and the terror of the studio authorities lest this should materialise and their "If Girl" acquire a sentimental reputation is worth all the entrance-fee.



FILM-STAR WITH AGENT AND LOCAL COLOUR.
Lola . . . . . JEAN HARLOW.
Space . . . . . LEE TRACY.

In fact *Blonde Bombshell* is a very satisfactory satirical comedy, and JEAN HARLOW and LEE TRACY, the publicity-man, whom she alternately fights and forgives, and in the end is ridiculously to marry, carry it off with a fine gusto. It would be two hundred-per-cent. American were it not for the presence of a most benign and admirable representative of the Old Country, who, although affecting to impersonate a Boston aristocrat, cannot fail to diffuse an atmosphere as authentic as Westminster Abbey's. Americans who used periodically to come to England to find repose in a riper civilisation, and who can afford to do so no longer, need only go to see Mr. AUBREY SMITH to enjoy the same experience and privilege. E. V. L.



A DINNER WHICH WE HOPE TO ATTEND.

THE FORTHCOMING BANQUET OF THE SOCIETY OF ICHTHYOPHAGISTS WHEN THE LOCH NESS MONSTER HAS BEEN CAPTURED.

An Old Song Re-Sung.

(*The Irish Free State has granted bounties on periwinkles, mussels, escallops and fresh-water eels exported to Great Britain and Northern Ireland on and after December* 1, 1933, *until March* 31, 1934.)

In Dublin's fair city,
Where girls are so pretty,
Sweet Molly Malone, in the days long ago,
Through streets broad and narrow
Once wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!"

She "died of a faver,
For no one could save her,"
And that was the end of this exquisite maid;
But her ghost still goes wheeling
Her barrow, appealing
For custom to bolster a perishing trade.

And to-day in that city
No dolorous ditty
Assails and disheartens the citizens' ears,
Where the waters of Liffey
No longer are sniffy
But cleansed of infection by French engineers.

And no longer Sweet Molly
In sad melancholy
Her poor little trolley persistently wheels,
For they've clapped on a bounty
In Dublin's fair county
On scallops and mussels and fresh-water eels.

No more like a Peri,
Distressful and dreary,
She stands at the gates of this new Paradise,
But serene and seraphic,
Unscared by the traffic,
"Periwinkles and mussels!" she joyfully cries.

C. L. G.

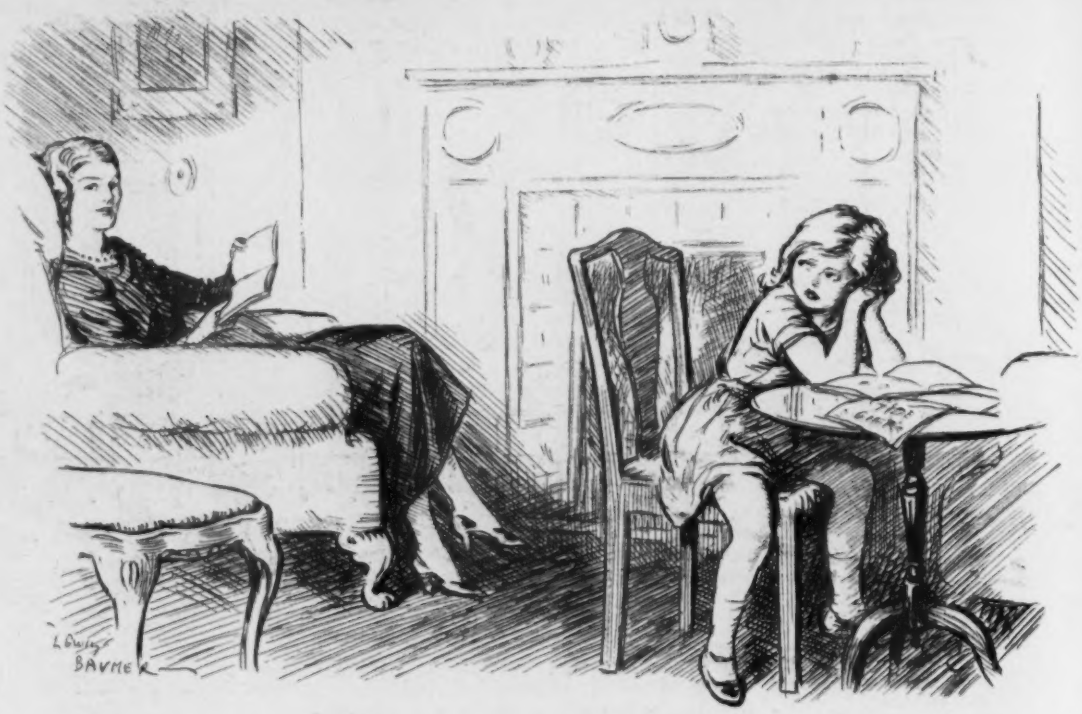
N. H. Rules

For Amateur Riders Only.

Two P.M. on a cold winter day—a pulling horse with his tail tucked in and his ears back. Chilled hands and slippery reins. I feel the result of three Turkish baths and the fact that I am seven pounds below my proper weight. My saddle weighs four pounds and feels like it. There are twelve starters, all amateurs like me. The starter is also an amateur and so has to arrange three unnecessary false starts in order to show his authority. If he was not a fool he would see that none of us really wants to start at all. We're away! Steady, you brute! The wind blows right through me as I have next to nothing on. I have three-and-a-half miles to go. I am with the leaders. There is the smallest fence on the course in front now. I am at the turn. An Army officer has bumped me over it. I am off and have lost the reins. He says, "Mind what you're about, fool!" and passes on; so does my mount.

Back to the paddock over the plough. I believe that at Aintree a mounted policeman always gives one a lift back. There are no mounted policemen here. If I saw one on foot I would ask him for a lift.

See finish of next race as I approach. Nine people ask me if I have "been off." Hear that Army officer who rode me down has won on outsider. Meet owner, who tells me my horse came in first by two lengths but seemed to be underweight. Is there a refreshment-tent on this beastly racecourse? Not open? I am going home now. My sister has taken the car? Thank you, Sir. As you have a humane-killer in your hand I take you for the veterinary surgeon. Come with me behind this tent. There is man's work in front of us.



"MUMMY, I'M IN DESPAIR! I CAN'T THINK WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS. YOU *might* HELP ME WORRY ABOUT IT."

To the Monster of Loch Ness Urging Him to Song.

SING, monster of Loch Ness! For though
With all we 've heard about you,
Science, who rarely has a go,
Is still inclined to doubt you.

Enough that many a wary Scot,
Persons of highest credit
Who couldn't lie if paid a lot,
Have seen you, and have said it.

But heard you, no. By all reports
You yet remain a dumb thing;
Assuming you 've a voice of sorts,
Why don't you sing, or something?

Not yours, perhaps, with swelling heart
To sing of love and so on;
Doomed as you are to dwell apart,
You haven't much to go on.

But there are themes of homelier kind
Yet in their way uplifting:
The fish you shifted when you dined,
The fish you think of shifting;

The thought that in your native sea
Your enemies were many
While, in Loch Ness, it seems to me,
Really, you haven't any;

Nay, that wild mood when sing we must,
When unsought tempers win us
To yell like fifty devils, just
To show the stuff that's in us;

All these are there. The very loch,
The scenic splendours round it,
Make poets sing like one o'clock;
And why not you, confound it?

Then sing, and quickly. Be the note
Rough from disuse or mellow,
A deafening screech that scrapes the throat
Or a melodious bellow,

Sing, though your music pale the cheeks
Of Caledonia's daughters,
The Highlander who wears no breeks
Fly screaming from those waters,

For us who sit afar and read
'Twould liven up the Press,
And, as that's just the thing we need,
Sing, monster of Loch Ness. DUM-DUM.

"She flapped her eyelashes at him devastatingly."
Weekly Paper.

At the same time lightly pointing her eyebrows at his heart.



THE LITTLE MASTER-BUILDER.

NURSE EUROPA: "NOW, BEN, HERE 'S A BEAUTIFUL BOX OF BRICKS, AND MIND YOU DON'T DROP THEM ALL, LIKE YOUR COUSIN ADOLF."

MUSSOLINI. "NOT LIKELY. I 'M GOING TO MAKE A MARVELLOUS MODEL OF GENEVA AS I THINK IT OUGHT TO BE."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, December 11th.*—Commons: Unemployment (Money) considered in Committee. Agricultural Marketing (Money) Resolution agreed to.**

***Tuesday, December 12th.*—Lords: Debate on Housing.**

Commons: Newfoundland Bill read second time. Agricultural Marketing Bill read third time.

***Wednesday, December 13th.*—Lords: Debate on position of Native Protectorates in Africa, and representation of F.O. in House of Lords.**

Commons: Debate on Private Members' Motions on Shipping Industry and a World Police Force.

Monday, December 11th.—Christmas, so evident in shop and bough, has not yet touched hearts of Mr. H. V. RAIKES or Mr. E. J. YOUNG, who to-day drew attention of HOME SECRETARY to Christmas Draws in aid of children's charities and to a private gambling-party for charity held in London last week, and asked whether proceedings were being taken. In case of the draws, law being what it is, police are unfortunately on war-path; but they have something better to do than gate-crash on well-conducted private parties; and the House signified its approval of Sir JOHN GILMOUR'S reply to this effect.

News of Mr. LANSBURY'S accident has been received with very real regret by all sections, and PRIME MINISTER'S good wishes for his speedy recovery were heartily cheered.

House then went into Committee, and Sir HENRY BETTERTON (Minister of Labour) moved financial resolution in connection with Unemployment Bill, which at end of debate was withdrawn so that in it might be incorporated concession of £300,000 made by CHANCELLOR to distressed areas. Although new Unemployment Assistance Board is likely to cost £4,500,000, Bill will result in actual saving of £1,000,000 a year. It will also relieve rates by £2,600,000 a year.

Main points made by Opposition in criticism were that Bill took away from local bodies right to control expenditure of money locally raised, and that it did not do enough to alleviate difficulties of distressed areas.

In reply CHANCELLOR announced his concession, and reminded House that local authorities will only have to bear five per cent. of total cost of relief. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS objected to appointments to Assistance Board being outside control of Parliament, but Amendment moved by Mr. A. BEVAN, that salaries of Board should be voted by Parliament, was easily negatived.



THE DROWNING DOG.

The Newfoundland ("Terra Nova") to Mr. ATTLEE (on terra firma). "WON'T YOU SAVE ME NOW, SIR, AND READ ME THE LECTURE AFTERWARDS?"
(Æsop adapted.)



LORD PEEL *(after swallowing several mouthfuls of the egg).* "PITY IT ISN'T SERVED A BIT *FRESHER!*"

("*Steward, I am so much attracted by this habit of asking questions of the Government that I have decided for the future to ask one myself each week. Sometimes gay, sometimes serious, it will be always to the point. If I were to ask one now* à pleine voix *from the Press Gallery, would you chuck me out?*"

"*That would be my painful but inevitable duty, Sir. Your best procedure will be to include the question in your article, which all the honourable gentlemen below read with avidity in the hope that they will have been mentioned.*"

"*Very well. Our first question is addressed to the entire Cabinet: Is it aware what an easy path awaits it to the hearts of all civilised people if only it will ensure the complete failure of any scheme for the vulgarisation of the Sussex Downs with a motor-racing track, seeing that such a scheme would flood the best part of Sussex with the worst kind of violently external combustion engine; and that the present scheme's promoters have admitted the weakness of their position by suggesting that the necessary buildings should be of a pseudo-agricultural character?*")

Tuesday, December 12th.—Lords devoted to-day to Housing. Debate was led by Bishop of WINCHESTER, who asked for Government estimate of number of cheap letting-houses required, expressed doubt as to Government's policy being adequate to deal with overcrowding, and urged Ministry to state decision on Moyne Report and to consider carefully idea of a National Housing Corporation. Country, he said, was more conscious of problem than it had ever been.

Bishop of LONDON declared that slums had changed little in last forty-five years. He had never known a speculative builder let a house under twelve-and-sixpence a week, price which many people were paying to detriment of their children's nourishment; and he therefore backed suggestion of National Housing Corporation. Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH expressed his opinion that Moyne Report contained a number of points in

which "Guinness might be good for us"; and Lord MOYNE himself said a kind word for private enterprise. Replying for Government, Lord GAGE reiterated their determination to avoid subsidies and his own confidence in their policy.

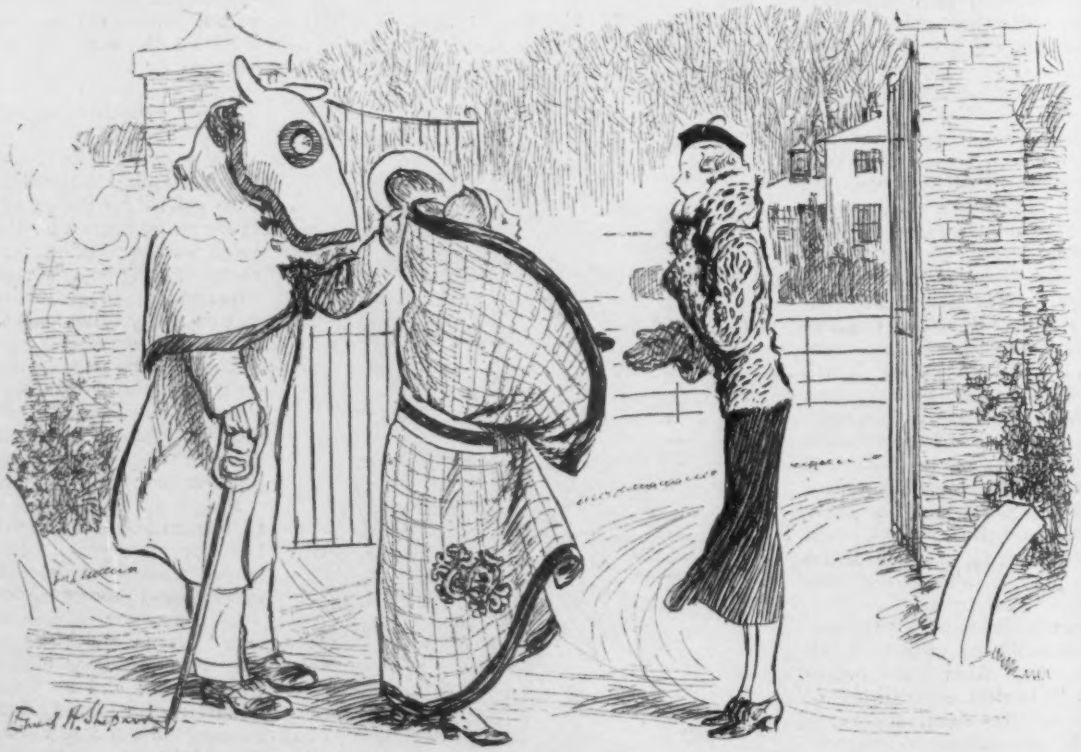
Loch Ness monster, which many now believe to be only a new type of rubber bathing animal undergoing secret trials in preparation for summer market, was officially disowned in Commons by Sir GODFREY COLLINS, who refused to order an investigation. After Mr. SHAKESPEARE had declined to implicate Ministry of Health in matter of Downs racing-track, and the CHANCELLOR had stated his belief that artificial stimulation would not assist shipping, House tackled Newfoundland Bill, which was given Second Reading by 250 votes to 42.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS put forward hope that necessity for suspension of Dominion status would be only temporary, and declared that present Newfoundland Government are honest men. Newfoundland's troubles were discovered by Mr. ATTLEE, Leader of Opposition in Mr. LANSBURY's absence, to be perfect instance of failure of competitive capitalism. Why, he demanded, should money leave this country to make things comfortable for Newfoundland bondholders?

Wednesday, December 13th.—Lord PEEL made proposal in Lords to-day that Foreign Office should have direct representative in Upper Chamber, and said that no one could have failed to notice difference in quality of debate when responsible Minister was answering and when an unfortunate was replying for Department for which he had no responsibility. He suggested a second Under-Secretary. Lords NEWTON and ARNOLD supported him; Lord READING doubted if representation was worth having except by Cabinet Minister; while in reply Lord HAILSHAM assured their Lordships that matter was receiving sympathetic attention of PRIME MINISTER.

In Commons great enthusiasm greeted Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S announcement that, in view of merger now being concluded between North Atlantic fleets of Cunard and White Star Companies, Government had decided to assist in completion of giant Cunarder 534. In consequent spirit of marine fervour House plunged into vital and well-informed debate on plight of British shipping. Grave concern at depression was expressed by Dr. LEECH, who, quoting latest bulletins from sufferer's bedside, prescribed temporary State assistance against subsidised foreign competition. This view was backed by Colonel ROPNER, with the assurance that British shipping would only ask for subsidy as last resort. For Labour Party Mr. NEIL MACLEAN demanded public ownership, and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, while admitting difficulty of foreign subsidies, urged greater attention to international agreements.

For Government Mr. RUNCIMAN admitted that national anxiety had been aroused and that, seeing we were an island people, we might have to resort reluctantly to tariffs. Britain was almost alone in her anti-subsidy policy, and he had little faith in negotiation unless one had something definite in one's hand with which to negotiate. But we must not forget that with our large interest in foreign trade we exposed a very broad flank for attack.



"YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND AND I CANNOT AFFORD TO KEEP THE HORSES, BUT WE MAY AS WELL KEEP WARM."



Leader. "WHAT—NOTHINK? WELL, THEN, YOU JUST STAY BE'IND AN' GIVE THEM A SOLO."

The Song of the Record-Breaking Aviators.

(*With apologies to* JAMES ELROY FLECKER'S "PILLAGE.")

WE are they that come faster than Fate; we are they that fly early and late;
We storm at Eternity's gate; we shatter the shuddering air.
Not in silk nor in samite we fly, nor in curtained solemnity die,
But in Purple Publicity's eye among headlines that splutter and blare,
With a contract and twopenny stamp, with a tiger-cub kept for a ramp,
With a tooth-brush or two and a vamp, or a couple of kids and a bear.

From the land where the elephants are to the Forts of Merou and Balghar
(You can read the reports in *The Star*) we have hopped in the dawns and the darks.
We have flown the Atlantic to Spain, and, by God, we will fly it again!
Though it really is hardly humane to tantalise innocent sharks)

For the purpose of Furthering Trade, our National Might to parade,
And, inspired by the film *Cavalcade*, to Kindle Imperial Sparks

Quite heedless of private ambition—and the boodle can go to perdition—
As we said in the latest edition—— OH, TAKE OFF THAT CYNICAL STARE!
"Cheap, tawdry and futile," you sneer (though is *yours* such a vital career?).
Our glory will die in a year; of that we are fully aware.
"No help to Society's plan, we are useless to God and to man;"
THEN DO IT YOURSELF IF YOU CAN, AND DO IT YOURSELF IF YOU DARE!

"Marshal Pilsudski, who will be sixty-six on Tuesday, is known mainly to the outside world as a rather untidily-dressed figure reviewing troops in an occasional strip of news-film."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Wouldn't "scantily-dressed" be more correct?

At the Play.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK" (COMEDY).

YOU will agree, I think, that any yegg can take another yegg for a ride and put a slug through his dome, but that when it's a question of doing away with a carefully-guarded police-chief the cruder methods obviously won't do. This is the old, old problem of how to pass a big shot a handful of clouds without finding oneself in the hot chair; and one afternoon, in a house in the suburbs of New York, it was being feverishly debated by a group of anxious gangsters whose activities had been dangerously hemmed in by the new Commissioner.

Were these babies as tough as, theatrically speaking, one could wish? Believe me, to a guy they had been cordite-chewers from the bassinette. Their elegant leader, *Jacob Dillon*, had hospitably invited them to take the weight off their tyres, and now they sat around in acute cerebral distress trying to get things like bombs and machine-guns out of their minds and think out a perfect murder—a moving sight, for, thinking not being really in their line, nothing came.

Nothing, that is, except a very shy young Englishman, who knocked at the door and asked if it was true that the house was to let? Invited in and given two or three highballs while the gang observed him suspiciously, he soon lost his bashfulness and introduced himself as *Wallace Porter*, the famous writer of crime novels. Given two or three more highballs he announced further that, having devoted his whole life to the study of criminology the world over, he was in the first place astounded at the invariable stupidity of the criminal type, and in the second he was probably the only living man capable of devising the absolutely perfect murder. At this last magic phrase a look of justifiable offence which had crossed the rugged faces of the company turned suddenly into a pale glow of understanding; and before *Wallace Porter* had realised what was happening his *fiancée* had been brought in from the car, guards had been stationed, and he found himself with twenty-four hours in which to work out a perfectly clueless departure into the unknown for the one man whom he revered above all others—that supreme criminologist the Police Commissioner. If he failed, he and his *fiancée* would be taken for a ride in a motor-boat, and there were sharks in the bay.

This excellent situation is the mainspring of one of the best comic-thrillers we have had for a long time—the work of Mr. LAURENCE GROSS and Mr. EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER. The plot is most ingeniously developed and the tension is sustained right to the



AUTHORSHIP UNDER PRESSURE.
Wallace Porter . . . MR. RICHARD BIRD.
Jacob Dillon . . . MR. GEORGE PUGHE.

end; and, as if this were not sufficient treat, the whole piece is enlivened by a distinctly pretty wit, thanks not only to its authors but to an extremely able performance by Mr. RICHARD BIRD as *Porter*. He managed somehow to be consistently amusing without ever striking the false note which would have ruined our excitement, and he got the very most out of the temperamental author working for his life against the twin handicaps of an armed guard and a well-meaning but disturbing *fiancée*.

What happened? I shan't tell you, but I advise you strongly to go and find out. *Porter* of course evolved a plan of such diabolical simplicity that the gangsters sat up and goggled at him; but, seeing that he was essentially a kind young man and that the intended victim was his hero, you will look for some sign of a double-cross, and you will not be disappointed. The funniest scenes are those in which *Porter* gets carried away in an ecstasy of criminal academics, reducing his audience of hardened practitioners to tears of boredom, and in which a solemn rehearsal of the crime is carried out.

When I tell you that our old Borstal comrade, ERNEST JAY, is with us and that his fellow-thugs approach his high standard I need say no more about the cast except that Miss BILLIE RICCARDO was suitably distracting as the girl-friend and that Miss ETHEL RAMSAY's brief appearances were indescribably sinister.

There are several nice points to worry you as you queue for your hat. As to the likelihood of the people whose photographs embellish advertisements ever having sampled the commodities advertised I have long ago made up my mind; but what about the effects of a certain poison and the possibility of a certain electrical circuit? I frankly don't know, but perhaps you will. In any case this show should be put on every Christmas list for theatre-goers of any age. ERIC.



JONES MINIMA.
Sir Ivor McClean MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
Gemma Jones . MISS ELISABETH BERGNER.
Herr Heinrich . MR. W. CRONIN WILSON.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER!" (APOLLO).

Tempted to break forthwith into ecstatic babble in praise of Miss ELIZABETH BERGNER, I propose to discipline myself into giving a brief and I hope sufficient account of the general drift of this further instalment (translated by Miss MARGARET KENNEDY from her novel into episodic dramatic form) of the chronicles of the egregious *Sanger* family. We are here concerned, old *Sanger* being now some years dead, with his sons, *Caryl* and *Sebastian*; *Sebastian* (Mr. HUGH SINCLAIR), who inherits both his father's musical creative genius and his ruthless disregard of other people's rights and feelings, and *Caryl* (Mr. GRIFFITH JONES), a mere plodding derivative musician "whose best," as his brother says, "is remarkably like father's worst," and who is so far forgetful

of the tradition of the *Sanger* males that, having fallen in love with the rich, beautiful, sham-romantic daughter of a successful margarine manufacturer, *Fenella McClean* (Miss EVE TURNER), he disdains to sponge upon her family and takes a dull job in a music publisher's office.

And while *Caryl* is honourably wooing *Fenella*, *Sebastian* is so far as possible living upon the cadgings and thievings (of food only) of little *Gemma Jones*, orphan of dubious parentage, who with her infant *Tom* has attached herself to him and, in so far as that was possible, has won his affections. It is on one of *Gemma's* foraging expeditions in the *McCleans'* hired palazzo that we are introduced to her. She is disguised as a school-girl—a sharp-witted, intensely vital, conscienceless little animal, resolute to fight for her young and her mate against all comers. . . . The spin of a (borrowed) coin has determined her to go with the two brothers in their touring concert-party designed to raise the wind and to track down *Fenella*, whose parents have whisked her away to the Dolomites. *Gemma* has her own way of countering *Sebastian's* flirtation with *Fenella* when found, and her own motives for hating it, which are not simply inspired by, though they include, possessive jealousy. She has no illusions about her man. Even further proof, after his repeated denial, of his intended perfidy to his brother and herself and of his heartless refusal to turn aside from the rehearsal of his Ballet even for a moment to attend to her when her child was dying, do not break the tie between herself and her strange partner. He shall escape her never, nor she him. . . . It cannot be denied that Miss KENNEDY has a really obstinate prejudice in favour of constancy in untoward circumstance, a romantic prejudice—if you give romance a new and very modern topsy-turvy connotation.

There is however a hint of fundamental truth in this extreme situation, and I am not sure that the genius of Miss BERGNER—for we are all agreed without any misgivings that that word of high import is appropriate, indeed inevitable—does not convince us that it is completely true and entirely justifies the author. Certainly this desperately precocious untamed bewitching child-mother came to life for us—beyond reasonable criticism on the ground of unlikeliness.

It is always possible to tell when an audience is completely under the spell of a dominating theatrical personality. It is not a thing measured by applause. And spells cannot be explained in words.

Miss BERGNER has not, according to our (fatuous) box-office standards, the quality of beauty (she has it however by any more rational universal standard). She is gloriously alive; she has a trick of sweet laughter and the power of evoking laughter; she can convey an effect of deep suffering, the whole of her (already small) body shrinking, as it were, and becoming heavier. And she has reserves of fire and bitterness. I cherish the hope that the rulers of her country will discover that she is not sufficiently Aryan for their exalted standards and leave her with us so that we may learn the full range of her powers—this *Gemma* is so queer and unlikely and over-developed a character as not to be an entirely satisfactory medium for the display of her superb talent.

Mr. HUGH SINCLAIR was skilful in suggesting mitigating traits in the savage *Sangers'* character; Mr. GRIFFITH JONES as the amiable *Sanger*—a none too easy part—was excellent, and in the long list of characters which appear inevitably in plays which are merely adapted instead of being entirely reconstructed from novels, one must note a promising, kindly manufacturer in outline by Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, too soon lost to us; an amusingly lady-like ballet-master by Mr. JOHN BOXER; an effective "char" by Miss ANN STEPHENSON. Miss EVE TURNER'S *Fenella* seemed to me successful in her attempt to solve the difficulties presented by *Fenella's* undecided character.

T.



SAYING IT IN VOLUMES.

Gemma Jones . . . . . MISS ELISABETH BERGNER.
Sebastian Sanger . . . . MR. HUGH SINCLAIR.

Evolution Set to Music.

"Offenbach wrote 'The Tails of Halfman.'"—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"A long-felt want is to be met by the provision of a clock on the Corporation."
Sussex Paper.

Complete with chain?



In a Good Cause.

MAY Mr. Punch make one more appeal to the charity of his readers? The Musicians' Benevolent Fund urgently needs donations. The Fund is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and there has never been a time when distress and unemployment were so widespread amongst professional musicians. The Fund gives assistance to the aged, sick and infirm; it also makes money grants to tide over periods of great difficulty. Any subscriptions which generous readers may be able to give should be sent to the Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.P., Musicians' Benevolent Fund, 16, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

Subject to Beelzebub.

IV.—The Death-Watch Beetle.

"WHAT manner of time does your watch keep,
Strange timekeeper?" "The time of sleep."

"I see no movement in the hands."
"And yet the sleeper understands."

"The sleeper understands! But how?"
"You cannot understand it now."

"And shall I never?" "In the end
You 'll ask no other timepiece, friend."

HUMBERT.



"I SAY, DEAR OLD TUBBY *has* GOT *brains*!"

Sweepery.

"YES," said Poker, "I know that sweepstakes are highly immoral, corrupting, wasteful and all that; but are they more immoral and wasteful than a Charity Matinée, a Charity Ball or a Charity Fun Fair?

"And I know that many of the Big Fellows in the hospital world take a high line about sweepstake money and say they wouldn't look at it, partly because they wouldn't like it and partly because it wouldn't last.

"They may be right. But that doesn't, as some people seem to think, settle the sweepstake question. The hospitals, after all, are not the only deserving objects that stand in need of filthy lucre. Look at poor old Waterloo Bridge, for example, which is going to cost I forget how many thousands to prop up. Westminster Bridge was built out of lottery money, wasn't it? and the British Museum owes a great deal to the same corrupting source. But no one would guess it to look at them now. Why not a Waterloo Bridge Lottery? Or, better perhaps, call it a 'Fund.' 'The Friends of Waterloo Bridge Fund.' Grand. The idea would be that all those who had a passion for Waterloo Bridge were asked to subscribe for its health, and some of them were to be rewarded with money prizes. A tax of 12½ per cent. would be levied on the prizes, so nobody would get anything for nothing—except Waterloo Bridge.

"Then you could have a Fund, a series of Funds, to set Grand Opera on its feet—'The Friends of Opera Fund,' and another for the National Theatre, and another for the Slum Campaign, and another for the Friends of the Waterbus. I could find you four Good Causes a year very easily, and that would be enough.

"It's quite idle, by the way, for the pious State to say that it can't mix up charity with something it doesn't approve of, for it has already done that in that extraordinary measure the Sunday Cinema Act. The State said then 'We don't approve of cinemas being open for private profit on Sunday. Nevertheless we're going to allow it, provided that a specified portion of the profits is handed over to charity.' That is exactly the principle of authorised sweepstakes for charitable purposes, and there is absolutely no difference except in degree.

"But if we're going to talk about immorality, let's talk about it in a big way and consider these charity shows. The sad fact is that, if you send out a million appeals for money for some excellent but bankrupt hospital or institute, about one in a thousand citizens will take the simple course of writing a cheque and sending it off. But many more than that will ooze out a guinea or two if you offer them a chance in a sweepstake, in addition to a seat in Paradise; or if you invite them to a matinée where they will see all the stars and perhaps a princess; or give them a midnight cabaret where the daughters of the aristocracy will do variety turns and try to look as beautiful and efficient as chorus-girls; or arrange a tea-party for them at which distinguished writers will read their works; or get up a Fun Fair to be opened by a film-star. It sounds

greedy, perhaps, but the instinct is sound enough; it 's the good old English (or perhaps Scottish) principle of 'Nothing for nothing.' The point is that the mind and motive of the man who buys two tickets for a Charity Ball to see a duchess dance the *can-can* is not a bit superior to the mind and motive of the man who buys two tickets in a hospital sweepstake. The difference, again, is only one of degree —the amount of the prize.

"Indeed, economically and ethically" (what lovely words!), said Poker, "there 's a lot to be said for the sweepstake. There 's no pretence about a sweepstake. A man says frankly, 'I want to win a bit of money, and if I don't, I don't mind losing a little money to a hospital.' But charity shows very often are rotten with pretence and humbug, though we won't go into that now.

"Then, again, the sweepstake gives a high yield in proportion to the labour involved; the charity show gives a very small one, and is therefore economically bad. Sometimes the work 's enormous; all the unfortunate actors and authors and film-stars and statesmen are taken away from their ordinary work to do their little bit; and, what is worse, the doctors and hospital-folk themselves sometimes have to give up a lot of time to the organisation of the show, writing appealing letters to the statesmen and the speakers and the what-nots; and thousands of people spend an enormous time making useless objects to sell at stalls, preparing ridiculous side-shows, practising the can-can, collecting lovely programme-sellers and rehearsing bad plays. Nearly all this labour, though nobly given, is economically unsound, because it takes people away from their proper productive functions without producing a proportionate yield for the charities.

"As things are, it 's got to go on; and it 's very marvellous how it does go on. But if we 're going to talk about immorality I say it 's much more immoral for the fatuous old State to compel great hospitals to beg their bread in the streets, to deflect the doctors and nurses and students from their proper duties to the organisation of Fun-Fairs and Poets' Readings and Charity Balls than it would be to permit a State Lottery or two.

"Immoral be blowed! Why, the whole Constitution is founded on the lottery principle. What else is the Ballot Box? What is a General Election in these days but a very large sweepstake with very small prizes?"

A. P. H.



"WOULD YOU MIND CLOSING THAT DOOR, YOUNG MAN? THERE 'S A FRIGHTFUL DRAUGHT COMING THROUGH."

The Poet Complains.

(*In a recent article in the Press the writer referred to "the daily to-and-froing of the London seagulls."*)

Ah! if I had the power to trace in words
The Springtime in-and-outing of the birds
Along the hedgerow; or to paint the plover
Hither-and-thithering around her lover!

Ah! if I could but capture in the vale
The now-and-thenning of the nightingale,
Or had a pen that could contrive to follow
The annual here-and-thereing of the swallow!

How can the joys of Summer be expressed—
The bit-by-bitting of the whitethroat's nest,
The on-and-offing of the eggs, the glamour
And yellow-hello-ing of the yellow-hammer,

The music of the dawn, the tuneful song
Of skylarks up-and-downing all day long,
The evening hush, when o'er the meadow grasses
Sooner-or-latering the white owl passes?

Alas! the round-and-rounding of the earth
Brings much more melancholy thoughts to birth.
While Autumn breathes of Winter's by-and-bying
I cannot manage it. It 's no good trying.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XII.

October 27th.—Remember, not without bitterness, that everybody in England has told me that I shall find American trains much too hot. Our Vicar's Wife—who has never been to America—going so far as to say that a temperature of 100 degrees is quite usual. Find myself, on the contrary, distinctly cold, and am not in the least surprised to see snow on the ground as we approach Chicago.

Postcards of the World Fair on sale in train, mostly coloured very bright blue and very bright yellow. I buy one of the Hall of Science, suitable for Robert; Observation Tower, likely to appeal to Robin; Prehistoric Animals, Vicky; and Streets of Paris, which has a sound of frivolity that I think will please Caroline Concannon. Rose and Felicity get Avenue of Flags and Belgian Village respectively, because I have nothing else left. Inscribe various rather illegible messages on all these, mostly to the effect that I am enjoying myself, that I miss them all very much, and that I haven't time to write more just now, but will do so later.

Breakfast is a success—expensive but good—and I succeed in attaining a moderate cleanliness of appearance before train gets in. Customary struggle with suitcase ensues; pyjamas and sponge-bag shut in after prolonged efforts, and this achievement immediately followed by discovery that I have forgotten to put in brush and comb. At this, coloured porter comes to my rescue, and shortly afterwards Chicago is reached.

Literary friend Arthur has not only gratifyingly turned up to meet me, but has brought with him very pretty younger sister, visiting friend from New York (male), and exclusive-looking dachshund, referred to as Vicki Baum.

Moreover, representative from publishers puts in appearance—hat worn at a very dashing angle; know him only as Pete, and cannot imagine how I shall effect introductions, but this fortunately turns out to be unnecessary.

Am rather moved at finding that both literary friend and Pete now appear to me in the light of old and dear friends, such is my satisfaction at seeing faces that are not those of complete strangers.



"COLOURED PORTER."

Someone unknown takes a photograph just as we leave station—this, says Arthur impressively, hasn't happened since the visit of QUEEN MARIE of Roumania—and we drive off.



AN INVOLUNTARY SHOWER-BATH.

Chicago strikes me as full of beautiful buildings, and cannot imagine why nobody ever says anything about this aspect of it. Do not like to ask anything about gangsters, and see no signs of their activities, but hope these may be revealed later, otherwise children will be seriously disappointed. The lake, which looks to me exactly like the sea, excites my admiration, and building in which Arthur's family live turns out to be right in front of it.

They receive me in kindest possible manner—I immediately fall in love with Arthur's mother—and suggest with the utmost tact that I should like a bath at once. (After one look in the glass can well understand why this thought occurred to them.)

Perceive myself to be incredibly dirty, dishevelled and out of repair generally, and do what I can in enormous bedroom and bathroom to rectify this. Hair, however, not improved by my making a mistake amongst unaccustomed number of bath-taps and giving myself quite involuntary shower.

October 30th.—Feel quite convinced that I have known Arthur, his family, his New York friend and his dog all my life. They treat me with incredible kindness and hospitality and introduce me to all their friends.

Some of the friends—but not all—raise the Problem of the American Woman. Find myself as far as ever from having thought out intelligent answer to this, and have serious thoughts of writing dear Rose and asking her to cable reply if Problem is to pursue me wherever I go in the United States.

Enormous cocktail-party is given by Arthur's mother, entirely in honour of New York friend—whom I now freely address as Billy—and myself. Bond of union immediately established between us as we realise joint responsibility of proving ourselves worthy of all this attention.

Am introduced to hundreds of people—quite as many men as women, which impresses me and which I feel vaguely should go at least halfway towards solving American Woman Prob-

lem if only I could make the connection; but clarity of thought distinctly impaired, probably by cocktails.

Attractive woman in blue tells me that she knows a friend of mine—Mrs. Tressider? I instinctively reply: Yes, Mrs. Tressider. And The Boy too. He doesn't look strong. I assert, without the slightest justification, that he is much stronger than he was, and begin to talk about the Fair. Am told in return that I *must* visit the Hall of Science, go up the Observation Tower and inspect the Belgian Village.

Complete stranger tells me that I am dining at her apartment to-morrow; another lady adds that she is looking forward to seeing me on Sunday at her home in the country; an elderly gentleman remarks that he is so glad he is to have the pleasure of giving me lunch and taking me round the Fair; and another complete and charming stranger informs me that Arthur and I are to have tea at her house when we visit Chicago University.

Am beginning to feel slightly dazed — cocktails have undoubtedly contributed to this —but gratified beyond description at so much attention and kindness, and have hazy idea of writing letter home to explain that I am evidently of much greater importance than any of us have ever realised.

Am brought slightly down to earth again by remembrance that I am not in Chicago entirely for purposes of enjoyment, and that to-morrow Pete is escorting me to important department-store, where I am to sign books and deliver short speech.

Decide that I must learn this by heart overnight, but am taken instead to a symphony concert, come back very late and go to bed instead.

October 31*st*.—Am called for in the morning by Pete—hat still at very dashing angle—and we walk through the streets. He tells me candidly that he does not like authors; I say that I don't either, and we get on extremely well.

Department-store is the most impressive thing I have ever seen in my life, and the largest. We inspect various departments, including Modern Furniture, which consists of a number of rooms containing perfectly square sofas, coloured glass animals, cocktail-appliances and steel chairs. Am a good deal impressed, and think that it is all a great improvement on older style, but at the same time cannot possibly conceive of Robert reading *The Times* seated on oblong black-and-green divan with small black-glass-topped table projecting from the wall beside him and statuette of naked angular woman with large elbows exactly opposite.

Moreover, no provision made anywhere for housing children, and do not like to inquire what, if anything, is ever done for them.



"Am a good deal impressed."

Admirable young gentleman who shows us round says that the Modern Kitchen will be of special interest to me and ushers us into it. Pete at this stage looks slightly sardonic, and I perceive that he is as well aware as I am myself that the Modern Kitchen is completely wasted on me. Further reflection also occurs to me that if Pete were acquainted with Cook he would realise even better than he does why I feel that the Modern Kitchen is not destined to hold any significant place in my life. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)

These we take it are the piping times of peace. And we are paying the piper.

"New hats for women will be worn on the back of the head," we read. It is something to know that they will be worn on the head at all.

* * *

"Girls dislike washing-up because it makes their hands red," says a writer. They would much rather smoke cigarettes and make them yellow.

* * *

"Don't get slack," urges a lecturer. Still one is compelled to order coal at this season of the year.

* * *

A man has written to a weekly paper to say that he snores so loudly he often awakens himself. He should sleep in the next room.

* * *

"In summer the cult of nudism has thousands of enthusiastic followers," declares a writer. And they are largely mosquitoes.

* * *

Bart's Hospital has installed a machine which artificially raises a fever in the patient to whom it is applied. In the case of private patients the same result is achieved by presenting them with the bill.

* * *

Somebody has written to a daily paper expressing amazement at the number of people who read it in the train. A compliment was intended.

* * *

"Fire at G.P.O.," says a headline. Even a poor shot ought to be able to hit that.

* * *

According to a gossip-writer, next year's coming-out parties are already being planned. Will Dartmoor please note?

* * *

"As regards income-tax it is best to pay up and look pleasant," says a writer. Most people, however, just pay up.



First Chicken-stealer. "'ADN'T WE BES' WAIT TILL DEM FIRE-FLIES GOES TO BED?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Poems of Three Worlds.

MR. W. B. YEATS is a poet who not only repays but clamours for collection and collation, for so varied is the bent of his Muse from youth to maturity that only a bird's-eye view of his whole range reveals its essential coherence. He is, as it were, the *conquistador* of three territories—two half-subdued and one explored and settled: the star-dusty region of BLAKE, the nebulous Limbo of Erse mythology and the actual paved streets and peat bogs of contemporary Ireland. There is hardly a line in *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) which does not fall into one of these categories—roughly chronological, though the two first intermingle with the last like freshets in a determining sea. Allowing for the glamour of old acquaintance, I am inclined to think the finest essence of poetry belongs to the first period. But undoubtedly the most poignant, the most characteristic, the most critical and the most humane of Mr. YEATS's work has been written in and after 1914. The present edition is entirely lyrical, save for half-a-dozen narrative and dramatic poems ascribable for the most part to the second and least effective section.

Lord Riddell's Second Volume.

A saving grace of humour in statesmen contributes largely to the welfare of mankind. If it were not that *Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-) is as full of good stories as a plum-pudding is full of plums it would make grim reading. In his capacity as a "privileged observer" at sixteen international conferences, Lord RIDDELL gazed deeply into the hidden springs of human action and sometimes found them strangely cold and murky. It must indeed have required an exceptional faith in human nature to have survived some of Lord RIDDELL's experiences without succumbing to cynicism. For Lord RIDDELL had his personal disillusionment—L. G. Never has the many-sidedness of the Welsh Wizard's personality been thrown into higher relief than in this witness to the dangers of hero-worship. At least Mr. LLOYD GEORGE knows himself as few of his friends and enemies know him. In reply to a question posed at a party as to what quality was most desirable, L. G. unhesitatingly chose "the power of a great preacher." A most entertaining and stimulating book.

Gardens, From Eden On.

Not being at all convinced that any art "progresses" in the Victorian sense of the word, I still feel that there is enough continuity of aim among gardeners to make *A Short History of Gardens* (METHUEN, 12/6) a reasonably coherent if not a strictly evolutionary document. Mr. H. N. WETHERED has differentiated his little book from such comparatively luxurious treatises as Miss ROHDE's mainly by eschewing the sentimental and the scientific; and when you consider that most gardeners are either sentimental or scientific or both, you realise the austerity of his aim. Within it he has performed miracles of comprehension, chronicling the earliest notion of an earthly paradise and

the latest efforts of Californian summer-resorts to "go herbaceous." I particularly enjoyed his chapter on the two PLINYS—the elder all for pot-herbs, the younger an early expositor of the Versailles spirit. Between these objectives—the cottage-garden and the park—the story as Mr. WETHERED tells it oscillates. The rigour of his game leaves little scope for humour, but he unbends to include POPE's delightful diatribe on topiary exploits and the "quickset pig shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot in a week of rainy weather."

Letters of Wonderland.

These *Letters of "Lewis Carroll"*
(One hundred-and-seventy letters)
Wear his fancy's own apparel
And go, not to elders and betters,
But to children, all the batch,
In his cap and his kindly bells;
They're collected by EVELYN HATCH,
Who too of their writer tells.

This correspondence that he mails,
Miss HATCH points out, he addresses,
Entirely to little females
(For their brothers his use much less is).
And, among that news or this,
Miss HATCH, in her foreword, has
The charming genesis
Of *Through the Looking-Glass*.

Could I quote these gay epistles
Of MACMILLAN's publication,
Then, light as the down of thistles,
Quaint were the whims for quotation;
But I can't, and I'm rather glad,
Since this book untapped you'll secure—
A book which must surely add
To "CARROLL" literature.



THE NAZI WHO HAD RHEUMATISM IN THE SHOULDER.

Jean de Reszke.

The operatic tenor often goes far to justify HANS VON BÜLOW's bitter gibe that he is not a man but a disease. He is apt to be short, squat, bull-necked and ridiculously vain; and yet the lion's share falls to him, even in WAGNER. *Jean de Reszke*—by CLARA LEISER (GERALD HOWE, 18·)—stood apart from his tribe in many ways He was a fine figure of a man, handsome and robust, a great artist and a keen sportsman, who kept a racing-stable with his illustrious brother EDOUARD. He illustrates the transitoriness of the singer's fame, since his career ended before the gramophone. Those who heard him in his golden prime are already elderly; but my own recollection is fortified by a general consensus of opinion that the singing and acting of JEAN and the incomparable TERNINA as *Tristan* and *Isolde* have never been surpassed. Mr. AMHERST WEBBER'S view that "he was the first to show how rôles such as *Tristan* and *Siegfried* could be beautifully sung and not merely declaimed" is borne out by the candid testimony of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, that "he sang *Siegfried* as it had never been sung before" (p. 96). MOUNET-SULLY, the great French tragedian, said that "even if he lost his voice he could still become one of the greatest actors in the world." And WEINGARTNER acclaimed him as "a great artist, a great teacher and a noble human being." Miss LEISER's biography is full, well-documented and admirably illustrated. QUEEN VICTORIA'S admiration of JEAN is well-known, but it is new to learn on authentic evidence that QUEEN ALEXANDRA was responsible for his declining to accept the repeated invitation of COSIMA to sing at Bayreuth.

Kitchen Pearls.

According to CULPEPER, the onion "belongs to Mars," and that thought may be encouraging even to the most Amazonian of housewives on being presented with Mr. AMBROSE HEATH'S *The Book of the Onion* (METHUEN, 2/6), which contains one hundred-and-fifty recipes all written in honour of the immortal bulb. Although tears may be shed over the preparation they will not be spilt in vain if the author's instructions are followed. He begins with the use of the onion in hors d'œuvre and soup, and goes on to show how it may be wedded with eggs, fish, meat, vegetables and cheese. He also gives recipes for sauces, salads

and tarts. All his directions are clear and excellent, and some of the others (written by Mrs. GLASSE, a famous cook of the sixteenth century) have a pleasant savouring of quaintness. I am sorry for one omission—the Cornish pasty has no place in the book, but grateful for another—the onion is not allowed to trespass on the sweet course though it may rule the remainder of the meal. In fact Mr. HEATH'S book is a model of efficiency, economy, good taste, and, above all, kindliness, for the cover is washable. Wandering onion-sellers should peddle this volume round the country and increase their trade.

Gulliver's Creator.

Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN has worked to great purpose in his account of *The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 18/-). Though he allows more space than other biographers have done to STELLA and VANESSA, he has omitted nothing significant in the career of the great eccentric. While reading, one wishes the author would forsake his authorities a trifle more often and speak at greater length from his own mind, for when he does so he is always illuminating and to the point. He draws a more pleasant picture than either MACAULAY or THACKERAY and exhibits SWIFT with much pathos as the sufferer from the particularly cruel disease which now bears the ugly name of otosclerosis. If this is the price to be paid for becoming a satirical genius we may well beg to be excused. But the fact remains that SWIFT was a master and a magician. The power and directness of SWIFT'S undecorated prose have infused additional life into Mr. GWYNN'S own style, so that he contrives to retain interest throughout. An excellent work, much more than competently performed. It deserves better paper than that which the publisher has seen fit to furnish.



Butler. "THE WAITS HAVE CALLED TO INQUIRE, SIR, BEFORE THEY START TO SING, WHETHER YOU'D PREFER 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS' OR 'SANTA PLAYED HIS SAXA DOWN IN DIXIE'?"

Experto Crede.

Many old internationals have written text-books on the game of Rugby football since the War, but none perhaps with more authority or a keener appreciation of the essential principles to be grasped by the young player than Mr. W. J. A. DAVIES. His new book, *How to Play Rugby Football* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), does not, so far as the purely instructive chapters are concerned, differ very considerably from *Rugby Football*, which he wrote nearly ten years ago. What was true then of passing, tackling and the other fundamentals of the game is equally true to-day. But it is written, as Mr. DAVIES himself says, with "the accumulated knowledge and experience of four years on the English Selection Committee," and in particular there is a chapter on specialisation amongst forwards which offers some candid criticisms of the International Board's recent circular on the same subject. While agreeing that forward play has deteriorated, he refuses, in common with the great majority of Rugby football players, to admit the Board's contention that the present practice of fixed places in the scrum is responsible for the decline; and in support of his view he mentions two very pertinent facts: first, that the almost invincible South African pack of 1932 played in fixed places throughout the tour; and, second, that in the four years preceding and just after the War, when English Rugby was at its zenith, "specialisation was practised and carried out just as assiduously as it is now." Some excellent photographs add to the value of a most useful book.

A Maid of All Work.

Mrs. FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK'S *Elizabeth* has already gained a host of friends, and in *Oh, Joy!* (JOHN LONG, 7/6) her ingenuity is as prevalent as her optimism. Owing to the unexpected visit of a rich aunt a temporary husband had, for plausible enough reasons, to be engaged by *Miss Felicity Brent, Elizabeth's* employer. A young and presentable man was forthcoming; but he was not at first a great success, because his ideas of the position did not coincide with those of *Felicity*, who professed to despise all husbands, whether pseudo or real. Mrs. KILPATRICK handles the succeeding tangle with admirable lightness of touch, and the result is that her story, which quite easily might have been absurd, never fails to provide laughter and diversion.

Heated Atmosphere.

Mr. ELLERY QUEEN has limited the scene of *The Siamese Twin Mystery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) so drastically that, to my mind, he has considerably cramped his style. The *Queens, père et fils*, had willy-nilly taken refuge in a doctor's house, which was perched on the top of a mountain. Moreover a forest-fire was sweeping up and over the mountain, and no escape seemed possible either for the *Queens* or the doctor's household. To add to a position unpleasant enough already, both the doctor and his brother were promptly murdered; and the combination of danger, both from without and within the house, seems to have seriously affected the detectives' powers of deduction.

Incontestable Logic.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in *Mr. Digweed and Mr. Lumb* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), has created a solver of mysteries who, if a trifle sententious and long-winded, is nevertheless a shining light among the sleuths of fiction. *Mr. Chilver*, an organist by profession, composed both fugues and potato-salads, but when the local police were completely puzzled by the disappearance of *Digweed* he came to their assistance, and by using his powers of deduction solved the problem for them. It was a difficult problem, but it is also absolutely fair, and I am glad to emphasise this point because I have thought that Mr. PHILLPOTTS, in his mystery tales, has sometimes been a shade too mystifying.

Charivaria.

LATEST JOKE, the winner of a recent race, is a bay. In sporting circles the view is taken that a chestnut bearing this name would have been liable to disqualification.

***

"My girl-friends simply race to give me presents," declares a young man. So long as the result isn't a tie he needn't worry.

***

Posted at Taunton, only thirty miles away, on July 24, 1914, a postcard has just been delivered at Exeter. "It's Quicker to Telephone."

***

The Court of Chancery has decided that hotels must pay a royalty on all gramophone records played for the entertainment of their guests. A rebate will presumably be claimable if it can be shown that the record is played for some collateral purpose, *e.g.*, to drown the soup course.

***

"What Britain says to-day Europe will say to-morrow," Lord HUGH CECIL told the League of Nations Union. In order that there may be no misunderstanding we should perhaps point out that what Britain is saying is, "Have you got your winter woollies on yet?"

***

Readers at the British Museum Library, we learn, are closely watched by concealed observers. It would be interesting to know whether anyone has been caught skipping.

America has twelve telephones to every one in this country. But then Americans have so much more to say.

***

Unsightly hoardings are being removed wherever possible; but the plea that ours can hardly be seen has been ignored by the income-tax collector.

***

One thing about being an Italian is that you can leave all the New Year resolutions to MUSSOLINI.

***

A contemporary prophesies that the present interest in the Tudor period will have a startling effect on fashions. So far, however, the man in the street remains unruffled.

***

"Why," asks the former headmistress of a well-known girls' school, "are there so many Mothers' Unions and Young Wives' Leagues but no corresponding institutions for fathers?" The answer is that there are, but they prefer to take unassuming names, like the "Three Feathers" or the "White Swan."

***

According to a writer the man who sticks to horses enjoys the best of health. Those who don't of course often walk with a limp.

***

London bus-drivers and conductors have received an increase in pay, it is announced, in consideration of their running to accelerated time-schedules. Passengers anxious to travel by bus will continue to run at the old rates.

***

A party of British bridge-players are touring Greece on horseback. We hope they have good hands.

***

"STENOG" complains of being bored to death by the solemn young man of 1933. We can but wish her more brightness with the young man of 1934.

***

A Chicago gangster has prepared a gigantic raffle which took two weeks to organise. But no doubt he will be quick on the draw.



"AND YOU 'RE QUITE CERTAIN IT 'S A YOUNG BIRD?"
"POSITIVE, SIR. WE 'VE GOT ITS GRANDFATHER IN THE SHOP."

This and That.

NOT a doubt of it, a time will come when I shall wake up on Boxing Day or the day after and see placards posted on the walls announcing:—

SCHEDULED REVELRY
(In conjunction with the B.B.C.)

or

COMMUNITY SNOWBALLING
As Arranged by the Metropolitan Water Board

or

TICKETS FOR ROMPING
ON THIS COMMON
ARE NOW OBTAINABLE FROM THE L.C.C.

We don't take our pleasures sadly in these days. We take them by regulation and by rote.

A lot of the regulations are very likely good for us, whether they are made by public bodies or private firms. But they are passing strange. One queer public prohibition and one queer private veto I encountered on the same afternoon.

PENALTY FOR GOING ON THE ICE — £5.

That was the first.

You might have thought that the penalty for going on the ice would have been to fall in and get jolly wet if the ice was thin, or to come down with a thundering smack on your back if it was thick. There was nothing to prevent either of those penalties, and a man richer and more resolute than I am about his pleasures would perhaps have had five pounds' worth of jovial wetting or hilarious bumps. But I obeyed the rule, which I suspect was a good one, though curious. Public Metropolitan ice, I take it, is administered by the Parks Committee of the L.C.C. The Committee imposes no penalty on those who slip into the water of various ponds, or even boat on their surface. There are ponds in which you may paddle and ponds in which you may bathe. Let, however, the hand of Nature under the inscrutable decrees of Providence bind the water fast and it becomes the sacred possession of the L.C.C., so that unless a permit is given for skating on the pond you may not even touch it with your boot.

A profound concern for health and safety no doubt provokes this peculiar edict. But who can reflect without a thrill of wonder on the way that this simple element water passes in one night from a piece of public property in which men and women, mother and child, not to speak of dogs and boats, can dabble and play and fish and swim, to become suddenly the mysterious and ghostly haunt of officialdom, trod by no common feet and ringed about by a terrible tabu?

But the private veto which I encountered was queerer still. I discovered it not a dart's throw from the Strand, in a tavern which I entered with a friend because the hour was propitious and the weather exceedingly cold.

"I shall not see you again before Christmas," I said to him, "and you look thoroughly chilled. I should think hot whisky and water is what we want."

So I asked the waiter for that.

"I am sorry, Sir, but you can't have it," he replied.

"Can't have whisky?" I exclaimed. And this was indeed somewhat surprising, for the whole place seemed to be stacked with bottles containing every variety of alcoholic fluid, and these bottles were festooned with holly and Christmas greetings. On one wall there was even a large cardboard ship, out of whose portals there were bottles of whisky protruding like guns. They ought really, I felt, to have been bottles of champagne, so that the corks might have been let off suddenly like a broadside when the New Year came in.

"Why can't we have whisky?" I went on.

"You can have whisky all right," he said, "but we can't serve hot water."

Shades of CHARLES DICKENS! Only consider the rum punch, the gin punch, the hot grog, the mulled ale, the bowls of something warm and spiced and comforting that all those dear old fellows in the *Pickwick Papers* drank hour by hour during the whole of the Yuletide season throughout England, my England, from Rochester to Bath and back!

"Why can't you serve hot water?" I inquired. "Haven't you got a kettle? Or haven't you got a fire?"

"We can't serve hot water," he said quite imperturbably. "We can only serve soda-water here."

That, of course, was the rule. We're a rule-ridden people. What would happen under a Dictator I simply can't imagine.

But the reason for the rule was perfectly obvious. The firms who distilled spirits sold spirits, and the firms who bottled soda-water sold soda-water. The tavern supplied them both. But no manufacturing firm supplied hot water. How then could it be sold? Why should anybody consider the quaint preference of one or two customers and go to the trouble of putting a kettle on the fire to boil?

I might have got up and made a speech about standardisation and human sheep. I might have hired a boy to go down and get some water from the Thames and had it boiled over a brazier in the street. I might have pointed out to the waiter that the god Bacchus was not a god to be served with petty restrictions, but a gay and even a riotous god.

"Like to a moving vintage" (I might have said) "down they came,
Crowned with green leaves and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley
To serve thee, whisky toddy!"

As it was, we just had whisky and soda-water.

But later on I bade two men heat an enormous cauldron of boiling water and carry it to the ice on the L.C.C. pond. And this I told them to pour on the surface of the ice until a large hole was made. And into that hole, with a loud cry of triumph, I fell.

Or so I dreamed.

Waes hael! EVOE.

The Danes Do It Differently.

"While we in this country have been struggling with the problem of a threatening oversupply of hugs, the Danes have adopted efficacious measures which promise alleviation of similar difficulties in Denmark."—*U.S. Paper.*

The dames do it differently, we imagine.

"Beef and pork livers, gibbets, guzzards, stomach linings and tinted sausages."—*Breakfast Menu in Manchurian Paper.*

We shall stick to eggs and bacon for our stomach linings.

"P.C. —— said the defendant drove from King's Road to King Street against the traffic lights. He stopped the defendant, who said: "I am sorry, but I was stopped on the wrong side of the road. There was so much traffic about that I lost my head. It was green when I started."—*Daily Paper.*

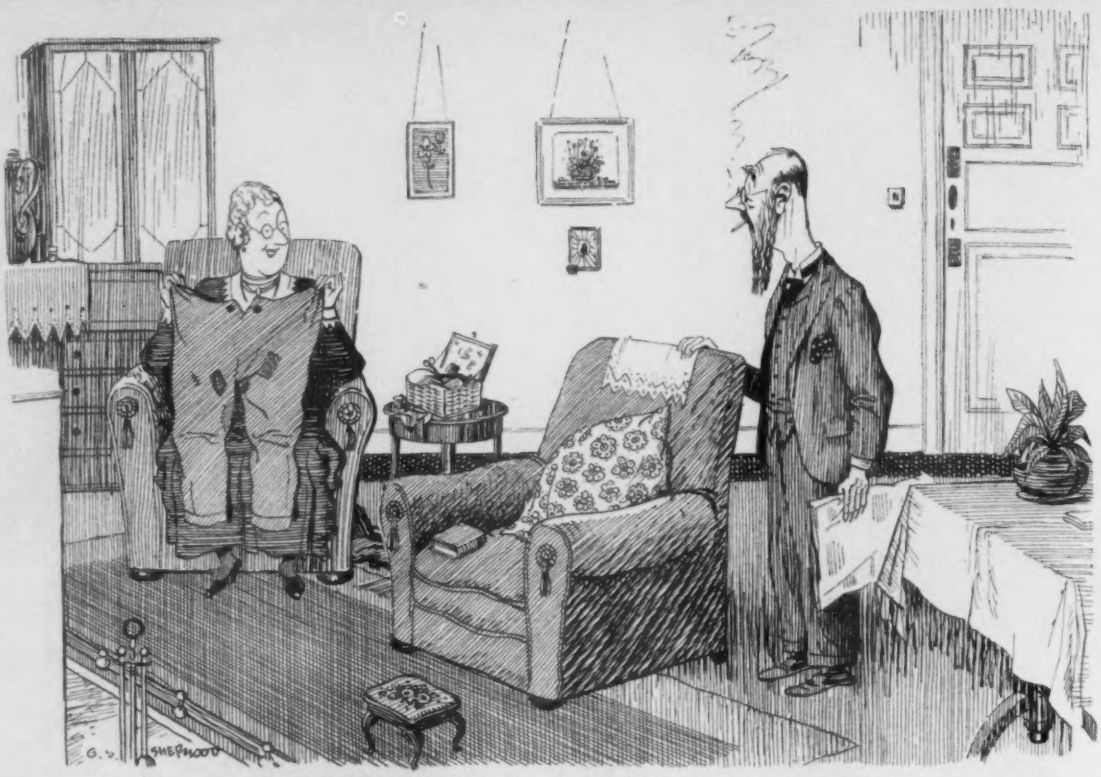
We are keeping a look-out for one answering to this description.



WHERE THE RAINBOW BEGINS.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "I HAVE FOUND A CONSIDERABLE TREASURE AT THIS END OF THE ARCH."

HIS PARTICULAR FRIEND. "AND IS THERE ANY POSSIBILITY OF RELIEF FOR ME AT THE FURTHER END?"



She. "YOU 'LL HAVE TO HURRY UP NOW, EZRA, WITH YOUR CIGARETTE-COUPONS IF YOU WANT ANOTHER PAIR OF SPORTS TROUSERS."

Christmas with a Complex;

or, The Merry Introspectionist.

Sidonia Macklethwaite was conscious of polychromatic waves of psychic pain as she slithered wakefully into the blurky blobbery of Christmas Day.

By her side—Henry. Henry, whose face at the best of times, and especially at that hour of the morning, was always to her so starkly nebulous, a vague something with a hole in it. Henry, who had no glandular reactions and who never felt like anything but Henry! And now, she thought rackfully, it was Christmas Day.

Sea-green revolt clawed her soul. In the convalescing light, drab as putty, she saw Life as a mass of badly-cooked tapioca and in the midst some lump that was herself. Bravely she fashioned a light response to the "Merry Christmas" that tonsillated stertorously from Henry's cratered lips and then, stifling a scream, she fled to the bathroom. Escape! Yes. But from what? From herself? No.

In the morning-room, amid a speckled phantasmagoria of breakfast fodder, were spread mockingly her Christmas presents. The usual costly and Oh-so-unsatisfying thing from Henry. The usual inexpensive and Oh-so-eye-aching thing from Aunt Jane. The usual two pounds of sausages from Henry's old nurse in the country, and so on. Pale with a terrible soul-sickness, she braced herself. She must be like an EPSTEIN statue. Only so could she endure whatever it was she was enduring.

For all that there was a strange dewy comfort in the sausages. She appreciated their cool nascent irony, touched with a mottled innocence that seemed to hold a moon-drugged mystery. She itched to enchain her neck with their flaccid embrace; to flaunt them as her rosary of still-born yearnings. But Henry—adenoidal and earthy—crashed once more the gates of her sanctuary and she wilted. Something inside her sank to the bottom and the Christmas minutes throbbed away like sinister tom-toms into the jungle of Nothingness.

Smudgy hard-breathing relatives impinged upon her. Corporations and bosoms bulked obtrudingly; children kissed her until she felt like a limpeted rock at Bexhill-on-Sea. It was Christmas, she told herself. Everywhere this was happening. She stared sensitively into her cocktail, longing—longing to make up a wild limerick about uric acid. But even that, she thought bitterly, would not prevent Henry and these people enjoying themselves.

Throughout the steam-draped chaos of dinner, with its ghastly ground-melody of threshing jaws, she was beatifically conscious that somewhere her face was hanging sleekly white and upside-down. Even to feel like that on Christmas Day was something.

Soothed (in a glandular sense) Sidonia silently permitted the seasonable hours to writhe their gluttonous way through chimerical forests of futility. She even laughed what she herself could only describe as a semi-sub-conscious laugh as the corporations and bosoms joggled omphalically into the nighted street. Again she yielded to the poulticing of Yuletide osculation. She even steeled herself to kiss the least sticky of the children. She would have liked to tell them that her kisses were not for them, but for the lips of the discarded lovers whose faces now hung, some upside-down and some horizontally, beside her own, but she lacked the courage. Limply she let them go. In the hall, Henry, still wearing his paper-cap, was shouting "Happy New Year" in the voice which

Beverley Tark, the neo-Vomitist, had so wickedly likened to squelchy mud being slapped on with a shovel.

A Happy New Year! Drearily Sidonia Macklethwaite groped her pain-misted way to bed, but no sooner had she closed her eyes than everything became marvellously clear. She saw Christmas, she saw herself, Life, everything, as a series of spots. Round spots, square spots, shapeless spots; some close together, some far apart, but all spots. The beginning and end —spots.

Just spots.

A happy Christmas at last. D. C.

Short Form of Agreement

For New Year Resolutions.

THIS AGREEMENT made the First day of January One thousand nine hundred and thirty four BETWEEN JOHN EVERYMAN esquire at present residing on Earth hereinafter called THE MAN of the one part and HIS BETTER SELF gentleman usually residing Elsewhere hereinafter called THE INNER MAN of the other part.

WITNESSETH that in consideration of the transitoriness of mortal existence on the part of The Man and conditional upon the Inner Man residing Elsewhere during the continuance of this Agreement THE MAN agrees to make and THE INNER MAN agrees to keep ALL THAT Resolution following viz: that henceforth they The Man and The Inner Man shall jointly and severally Lead a Much Better Life

(1) THE MAN specifically covenants with The Inner Man as follows:

(i.) To wake with a song on his lips converse pleasantly at breakfast catch his train regularly (more or less) work sixty minutes to the hour come straight home (as often as maybe) retire with a poem in his heart and generally to walk on air

(ii.) NOT to smoke drink swear nor relate golf stories.

(2) THE INNER MAN specifically covenants with The Man as follows:

(i.) To promote the idea of health ambition, the silver lining, the daily good deed, harmony, humility and generally the feeling of I-am-better-than-you

(ii.) NOT to permit the intrusion of unseemly desire, selfishness, laziness nor depressions over Iceland.

(3) IT IS FURTHER AGREED and declared that on non-performance by The Man of any of the Covenants on his part herein contained it shall be lawful for The Inner Man to re-enter into The Man and to irritate him until he Mends His Ways.

AND IT IS HEREBY MUTUALLY AGREED that the said Resolution and the foregoing Covenants shall be duly published in all the national newspapers and from the National and Regional broadcasting stations immediately or as soon after as may be convenient (or on second thoughts expedient).

Signed sealed and solemnly delivered by the said Man and Inner Man who shall jointly be known now and hereafter (let us hope) as The Better Man.

JOHN EVERYMAN.
HIS BETTER SELF.

Endorsement.

THE COVENANTS both affirmative and negative contained in the foregoing Agreement on the part of The Man having this day been violated in every particular the said Man hereby declares that the said Agreement is all tosh and is hereby revoked and further declares that this Endorsement shall not be published in any daily rag or over the blooming wireless but be placed in the w.p.b. along with all the rest of the Resolutions.

Dated this Second day of January One thousand nine hundred and thirty four. (*No signature needed.*)



Young Woman. "OH, YES, I LIKED IT—BUT, YOU KNOW, MODERN MUSIC IS *so* DIFFICULT TO VISUALISE."

Simple Story.

THE HYPNOTIST.

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Well one morning Mr. Pring came to see him, and he said I have been told that you can cure people of things by hypnotising them, I don't know as I quite believe it, but I'm willing to give it a try, ow much do you charge?

Well Marmaduke Moddle generally charged what he thought he could get, and Mr. Pring seemed rather common but he had some new clothes on and a diamond pin and a diamond ring, so he said a guinea. And Mr. Pring said that'll be all right if you do what I want, now if I was to tell you to go to ell what should you say? And Marmaduke Moddle said well I should say that you didn't sound your aitches properly.

Mr. Pring slapped his knee at that and roared with laughter, and he said that is just what my son-in-law the Count says when he asks me for some more money and I tell im to go to ell, and e says I am common and e's ashamed of me and so is my daughter, and I don't like it Mr. Moddle, so if you can ypnotise me so as I don't drop me aitches any more you shall ave your guinea and welcome.

So Marmaduke Moddle hypnotised him, and when he came to he didn't drop his aitches any more, and he was very pleased and said now I'll go home and see who is master in my own house, it feels funny not to say ome and ouse but I dare say I shall get used to it in time.

Well a few days later Mr. Pring came back again, and the door was opened to him by Marmaduke Moddle's daughter Sarah, who was so plain in the face that rude boys used to remind her of it in the street. And when he went into the parlour he said I say Moddle that girl who opened the door to me is more like a gargoyle than a human being, why don't you sack her and get one you could look at without shuddering?

And Marmaduke Moddle was offended and said he that is my daughter Sir, she may not have a face that would look well on a chocolate-box but let me tell you that she has a heart of gold.

Mr. Pring said oh has she? Well she'll want it if she is to get a husband, and that is just what I have come to talk to you about and see if you can do anything. I want to get married again, and there are lots of middle-aged women who would be glad to have me because I am so rich, but I don't care about that. I am not much past fifty, and I don't see why I shouldn't marry a spanking young woman I could be proud of. But somehow they don't seem to take to me, now do you think you could make me irresistible?

Marmaduke Moddle said well I dare say I could but it would take a lot of hypnotism and I should have to charge you ten guineas for it. And Mr. Pring said I will pay you twenty Moddle on the day I am accepted by the girl I want to marry.



"SHE CAST DOWN HER EYES BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T LIKE BEING ADDRESSED LIKE THAT."

So Marmaduke Moddle put him to sleep, and while he was doing that he began to wonder whether he couldn't do something else to him, because he didn't really think he could make him irresistible, he could only make him think he was, which wouldn't earn him twenty guineas.

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But it was all right, because when he called Sarah into the room Mr. Pring said Halloa Ugly, quite kindly, and when she cast down her eyes because she didn't like being addressed like that, he said well now you're not quite so bad as I thought you was, you ain't often seen anybody you'd rather marry than me, have you?

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Mr. Pring said what are you talking about? Didn't you tell me that Sarah had a heart of gold? And he said yes I did and so she has and her lamented mother had one too. And Mr. Pring said never mind about her lamented mother, it's Sarah I'm thinking of, and let me tell you Moddle that a man who talks about his daughter's looks as you do about Sarah's doesn't deserve to have such a daughter. What's the matter with Sarah's looks? I suppose I'm as good a judge of that as anybody, and I tell you they are the sort of looks that will wear well, and the sort of looks I like, and if it wasn't such a come-down for me to marry the daughter of a hypnotist and a piano-tuner I shouldn't at all mind marrying Sarah, but as that is out of the question I will wish you good-morning.

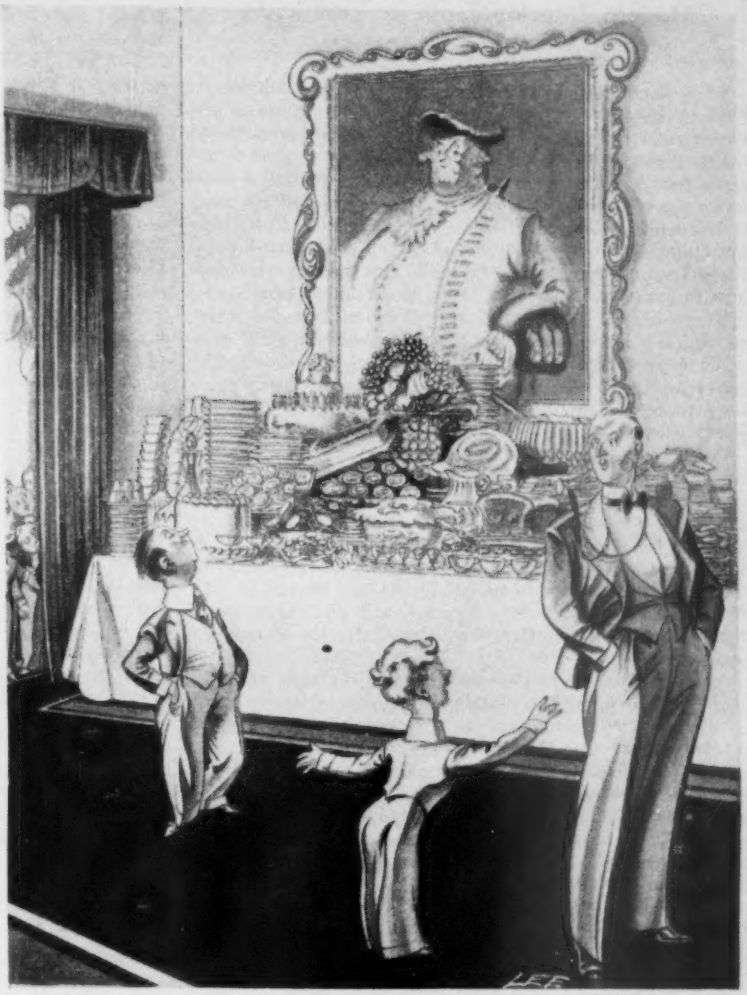
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Well Mr. Pring came back the very next day, because by now he was so much in love with Sarah that he couldn't keep away. And Sarah opened the door to him, because Marmaduke Moddle had hypnotised her the night before and made her fall in love with Mr. Pring. And directly they saw each other they fell into one another's arms. and Mr. Pring said My Seraphim and Sarah said My Boy, because in his eyes she was like something more than human, and in her eyes he was as good as if he was young and handsome.

And the marriage turned out very well, because Sarah really had got a heart of gold, and Mr. Pring wasn't such a bad old thing as long as he had everything his own way. His daughter and her husband the Count made a great fuss about him marrying Sarah Moddle, but Marmaduke Moddle gave him some hypnotism to make him more determined with them, and the next time he told the Count to go somewhere the Count saw that he couldn't do anything more with him and said that if he would give them enough money they would go to Italy.

So he did that, and was left alone with Sarah, which he much preferred to being always told he was common. And presently the hypnotism wore off and Mr. Pring began to drop his aitches again and saw that Sarah's looks weren't quite what they might have been. But they had improved a good deal because of her having a heart of gold, and by that time he wouldn't have changed her for anybody. A. M.



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III.—Joanna, who Indulged too Freely in the Pleasures of the Table and Lost the Ladies' Championship.

Joanna, whom her friends called Jo,
Was looked upon some years ago
  As pretty sure to be
A future champion; for at five
Joanna could with ease out-drive
  Her Uncle George (plus three).
With faultless swing and perfect style
She'd send the ball for half-a-mile;
  Her short game was as good
(Aged eight, she won the Spinster's Cup
At five to play and seven up);
  But, oh, she loved her food!
She over-ate like anything
And said that it improved her "swing"
  (A lie, inspired by greed);
And frequently her Uncle George
Would say, "Joanna, do not *gorge*,"
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She went on eating just the same—
It didn't seem to spoil her game—
  Until one fatal day
When, having finished off a jar
(Three solid pounds) of caviar,
  Her inner-works gave way.

It chanced that very afternoon
The Ladies' Open Finals (Troon)
  Took place, and little Jo,
Who'd won it three successive years,
Was hurried to the links in tears
  Because of pains "below."
Despite her rising hiccups, she
Played absolutely faultlessly
  Till, near the thirteenth stick,
Joanna, with a lead of four,
Failed to control them any more
  And uttered loudly, "Hic!"
Shocked by the unexpected sound
Her pained opponent, turning round,
  Cried, "Horrid child, shut up!"
Joanna tried to speak—in vain;
"Hic!" she observed, then "Hic!" again,
  Adding abruptly, "H'p!"
"Now, Jo," the kindly umpire cried,
"Control your turbulent inside
  Or else you'll have to scratch."
Joanna, feeling deadly sick,
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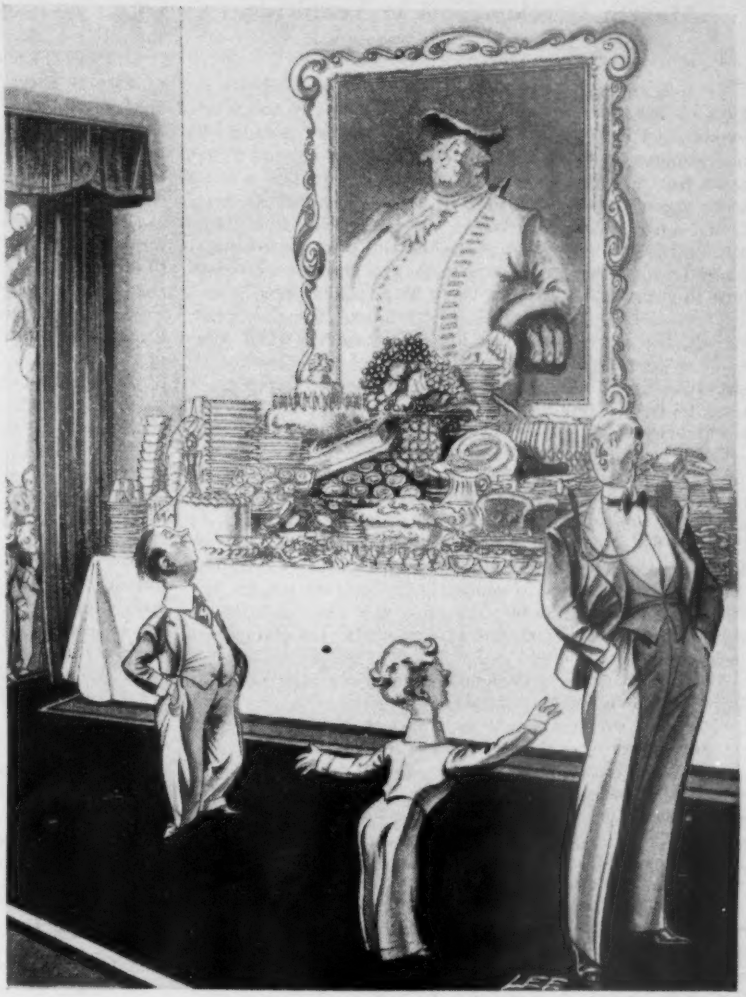
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Modern Developments in Vermicide.

How Science Can Help.

It is a curious thing that whenever our psychologists have nothing else to do they always seem to go away and experiment with rats. The general idea, fascinating but rather mean, is to make it very difficult for the rat to get at its food by placing the food at the other end of a maze or on the other side of a tank of water or behind an electrified fence. Then you watch the rat getting lost in the maze or drowned or electrocuted as the case may be and Draw Deductions; and after a while you get rats who learn how to get at the food, and Draw More Deductions.

There is one Deduction, however (about the only one), on which the experimenters always agree, viz., *that some rats are more intelligent than others.* And yet, despite the clap-trap about the application of science to industry, I seem to be the first person who has seen the commercial possibilities of it.

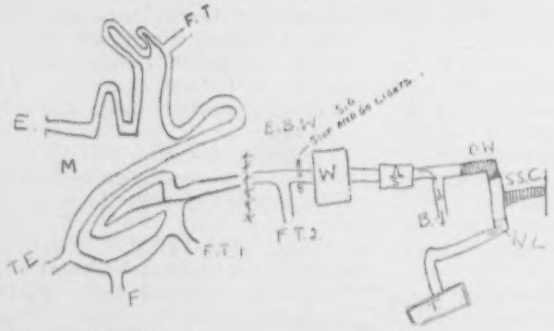
Consider. Every type of rat-trap at present on the market aims at the extinction of one individual rat. Once it has caught a rat all it can do is to hang on until someone comes along and removes the corpse and sets it again. Now at the rate we are going on, rats—which, it appears, are believers in the good old system of large families—have not the slightest difficulty in replacing the rats we catch. We aren't getting anywhere. Besides, the one-trap-one-rat system is not in accordance with the advance of modern methods.

Accordingly I have designed an entirely new rat-trap based on the scientific deduction mentioned above; and my rat-trap will not waste its time catching one measly rat, *but will strike at the very roots of rat society.*

The idea is really childishly simple. *One simply makes it very difficult to get into the trap.* In order to be caught, a rat will need to display an unusually high degree of intelligence. Thus, only the finest brains of rat society will perish. The intellectual cream, so to speak, will be skimmed. No other rat will be caught.

What will be the inevitable result? The standard of the race will fall disastrously and the rats will become so silly that either they will not have the sense to seek food and will simply starve to death, or else they will walk out of their holes leering inanely and nudge terriers in the ribs.

Below is a small sketch of my device.



The idea is this:—

The rat enters at the main entrance, E. Between ourselves, the tradesmen's entrance, T.E., is just for swank. It doesn't *do* anything.

F is an exit in case of fire and is there so that we shall be in strict accordance with the requirements of the law. The rat then proceeds round the maze, M. Possibly, if very foolish, it takes one of the false trails, F.T. or F.T.1. The more intelligent rat, however, ultimately arrives at E.B.W., an electrified barbed-wire fence. If this is surmounted it may be deceived by another false trail, F.T.2.

If it has the sense to go straight on it comes to S.G., a set of normal "Stop" and "Go" lights; and beyond them to a tank of water, W. This will enable us to weed out water-rats, who will probably stay in the tank and be cleaned out later. Beyond the water are scales, S., which automatically weigh the passing rat. All rats of poor physique are eliminated and deflected into a bypass, B.

After negotiating a fairly straightforward section of one-way traffic (O.W.), the rat is offered the final inducement of a false trail with a strong smell of cheese, S.S.C. If this is successfully resisted, it has only to keep inside the white lines, W.L., to arrive at the trap, T. Here is perhaps the greatest subtlety of all. *The trap is not baited.* The point is that any rat which has successfully negotiated all the obstacles is not likely to be deceived by an ordinary baited trap. By leaving the trap unbaited we are thinking just that move ahead which is essential to success. The rat, thinking that if it were a trap it *would* be baited, walks confidently into it and is instantly despatched by an automatic humane-killer, which, owing to difficulties of dimension, is not shown in the sketch.

In passing I might mention that, although the device is provisionally protected, there is an opening for a gentleman with capital who is prepared to take an active interest in the business. Further, men of public-school type who can show a record of success in handling a quick-selling speciality are required to fill vacancies created by promotions. If you are in a rut and can measure up to these requirements here is a unique opportunity. Go and tell the managing director what you think about him. That will get you out of the rut to begin with. Then come along to the "Old Dog and Gun" and talk over our proposition with Mr. Squidders. This may be the first step to a career with a company which understands the value of science.

A Word in Season.

After the Wedding.

Now that we 're nearly through with the affair
  And, in lethargic resignation sunk,
Are waiting only for the happy pair
  To do a bunk;

While some, insatiate, dance just one more,
  Revolving round the floor with haughty phlegm,
And some, like me, sit still and let the floor
  Revolve round them,

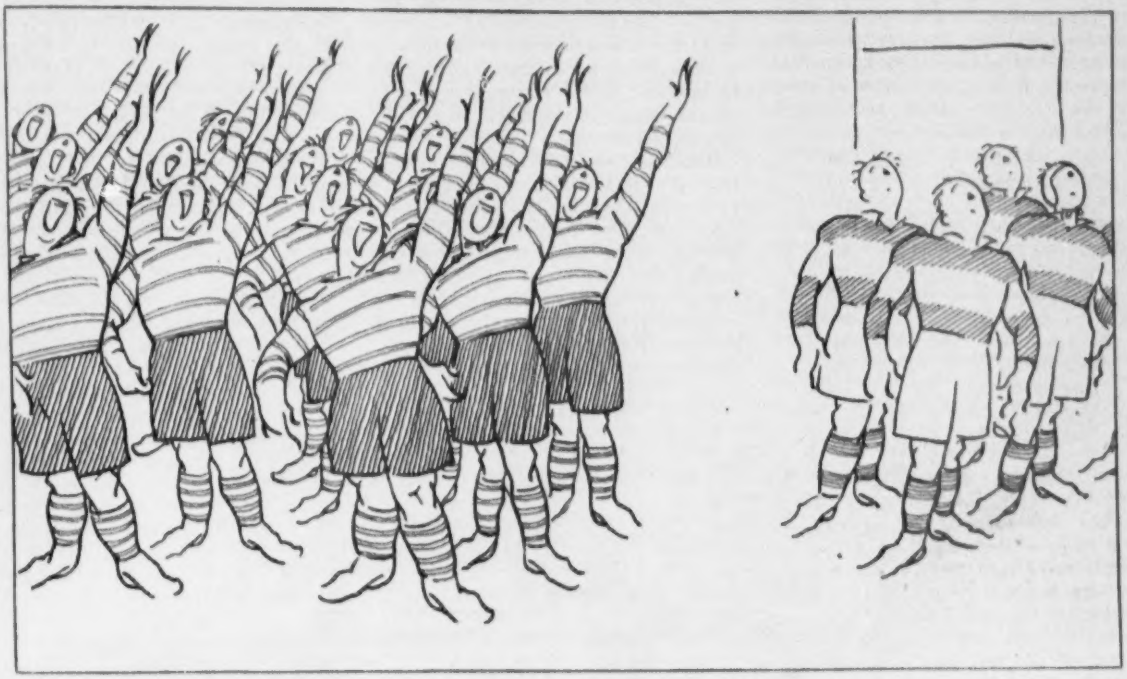
Come hither, boy, and leave that dish of tarts,
  Postpone the absorption of your seventh ice,
And listen while your Uncle John imparts
  Some sound advice.

Doubtless you yearn to know what moral plan,
  What golden rules have helped me on my way,
And done their bit towards making me the man
  I am to-day.

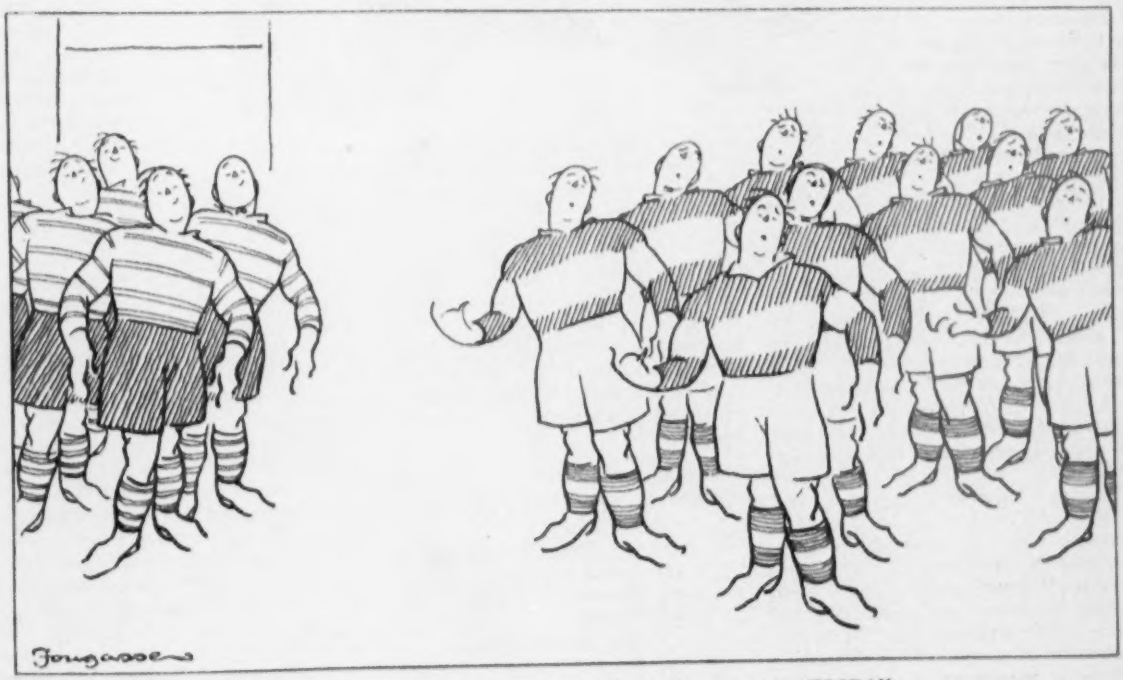
Many the blunders I might bid you shun,
  Many the snags that lie in wait to trip
Your callow feet, but I will give you one
  Cast-iron tip.

Record it on the tablets of your brain,
  Engrave it on your memory as on rock:
Never be tempted to imbibe champagne
  At three o'clock.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT.



"OLD FOOTUPIANS, THREE CHEERS FOR BLINDSIDE ROVERS! — Hooray!! — *Hooray*!!! — HOORAY!!!!"



"BLINDSIDE ROVERS, THREE CHEERS FOR OLD FOOTUPIANS! — HOORAY! — HOORAY!!! — Hooray!!!"

NOI.C.E.

"THE public," invited by the British Association to "furnish their own opinion" as to the noises which cause them the most discomfort and inconvenience," have voted, according to *The Times*, as follows:—

*Motor-cycles	336
*Motor-horns	209
*Aircraft	120
*Car-exhausts	109
*Lorries	95
Wireless telephony and gramophones	55
Street Music	49
*Car gears	37
*Omnibuses	35
Road-drills	35
Dogs	26
Milk-carts	22
TOTAL	1,128

The poll cannot be said to be a heavy one; but then the lazy "public" are increasingly reluctant to lift a hand to help those who are trying to help them, and nothing much can be argued from that. The interesting thing about these figures is this—that out of the 1,128 votes cast no fewer than 941 (or 83—I think—per cent.) name as the Least Favoured Noise a noise caused by a vehicle driven by the Internal Combustion Engine.

This is a striking confirmation of the theory first put forward in these pages on September 27th—and since, I see, adopted without acknowledgment by many prominent "publicists" (what a word!)—that the Internal Combustion Engine, or I.C.E., besides being the most dangerous instrument of war, is the root of most of the ills of peace.

I again, therefore, invite the attention of Geneva to this world-wide menace. Geneva loves to mess about with the Drug Traffic and other "Traffics" which affect a minute proportion of the earth's inhabitants; let her now direct her powerful brain to the Internal Combustion Traffic, which is corrupting and uglifying, imperilling, killing, maiming and maddening all over every civilised land (with the exception of sensible little Bermuda, where no motors are allowed) and is gradually spreading among the unfortunate savages.

It may not yet be practical politics to propose an International Protocol for the Discouragement of Speed; but no one has yet propounded an argument to show that preventible noise is a valuable factor in the economic life of nations; and I do suggest that a World Noise Conference might be summoned at once.

The first principle to be laid down is that, though the blessings of speed are no doubt incalculable to the speeder, they can never be an excuse for inflicting a filthy noise on the rest of the human race. If a man sings in his cups late at night and annoys a few of his neighbours they can proceed against him, and if he does it often they will. But the young man who rushes through the streets in a "sports" car late at night, annoying hundreds of other people's neighbours (*a*) with a nerve-racking horn and (*b*) with a "partial" silencer, is not proceeded against by anyone. Yet in the case of (*b*) he is deliberately and knowingly breaking a definite law; and in the case of (*a*) the noise he makes, though lawful, is nearly always redundant and at the best is selfish.

I do not see, by the way, in the list of noises given above any mention of:—

(*a*) The Horse.
(*b*) The Drunken Reveller.
(*c*) Public Speeches.
(*d*) Railway Trains.
(*e*) Babies.
(*f*) The Theatre Cough.
(*g*) Newsboys.
(*h*) Cats.
(*i*) Push-bicycles.
(*j*) Pedestrians.

All sorts of conclusions may be drawn from these omissions. But I will leave Geneva and the great ones to do the drawing. Meanwhile the slogan for the weary world is evidently "NOI.C.E."

A. P. H.



"DOES THIS INCLUDE YOUR INCOME FROM ALL SOURCES?"
"NOT QUITE; I FOUND A LUCKY SIXPENCE IN THE CHRISTMAS-PUDDING."

The Kill.

HOWEVER conflicting the accounts are, the fact remains—Rogers has shot a lion. We all examined the dead brute, and, as Meagrim says, "one must admit it is more like a lion than anything else."

And Rogers, beyond question, shot it; so that whatever Tantrum attempts in the way of debunking the hero the essential fact remains.

How it came into our vicinity and why is not known. Rogers says it is an old man-eater and, getting a bit long in the tooth for active work, was going to hang about outside the village and live on the inhabitants. Meagrim holds the theory that it had been badly frightened by something in the bush and preferred to take a chance with Rogers.

It is a month since it was reported by the natives. Since then Rogers had cut out tennis, walked about three hundred miles and lost two stones in weight. Every evening he and his hunter, Ali, disappeared before sunset. Every dawning saw them dew-soaked beside some water-hole.

And now he has done it. He has delivered the goods. Sealed, witnessed—and photographed. Especially photographed. About six spools of film altogether. Rogers, seated on dead lion. Rogers, rifle-butt and right boot on lion. Rogers, rifle-butt and left boot on lion. Rogers, helmet in hand and grim of face, beside dead lion (pose for "Ridding world of dangerous enemy"). Rogers, helmeted, smiling, debonair, by dead lion (pose for "Not a bad morning's sport"). Meagrim's suggestion of a snap showing Rogers strangling the lion with the left hand while lighting the cigarette in his mouth with the right was indignantly rejected.

The accounts vary greatly. We heard Rogers's own story first. A week ago we were at bridge when Rogers came up on the steps of the club verandah, dripping with sweat and white with excitement.

"I've got the brute—they're bringing him in now!"

We looked up.

"What?" said someone. "Not——"

"Yes," said Rogers. "The lion. Rather a nice shot, I think. He was charging—about twenty yards away. I knocked him out rather cleanly. I knew as soon as I had fired . . ."

We gathered about him in admiration. Sanders suggested wetting the whiskers. We toasted Rogers, who took our homage becomingly.

"Not a bad skin, I think, and it's about time the Mess-room had a lion-skin on the walls. I'll tell you all about it. I was down in that belt of deniapalms by the river when Ali spotted it. It tried to break away, but charged at my first shot. I killed it with the second, and sat down while Ali brought some carriers."

Nothing could be more clear and matter-of-fact than that. And then, when he had gone over to have a bath, Tantrum came in. He said he had been out after bush-fowl with a shot-gun and had heard a shot. Then a few moments of dead silence, followed by a violent altercation in the tree-tops.

To his surprise, voices were proceeding from two palm-trees fifty yards apart. Then a rifle fell out of the leafy top of one and exploded as it hit the ground, and at the same moment a lion sprang clear of the dry grass and rolled over dead. Peering through a screen of foliage, Tantrum beheld Rogers in one tree and his gun-bearer, Ali, halfway up another. He said the conversation went like this:—

Rogers (*agitating top of palm-tree*). Ali!

Ali (*still climbing*). Sah?

Rogers. You see that lion I shoot?

Ali (*looking nervously at the ground through the leaves*). I see 'um, Sah.

Rogers. He done dead proper?

Ali (*after a pause*). I t'inking so, Sah.

Rogers. You think so? Well, go and see.

Ali (*decisively*). I no fit, Sah.

Rogers (*furious*). Get down out of that tree at once. Go and poke it with a stick or something."

Ali. I no fit, Sah. (*Remains where he is.*)

Tantrum went on: "After about ten minutes they both came down and began to tiptoe about as if afraid of waking someone. Then they began to skirmish about in the bush. I never saw anything so funny. There was the brute, stone dead, against a boulder. After spending another ten minutes stalking it, Rogers held it covered with the rifle while Ali chucked stones at it. When they were quite convinced it was dead they capered about like a brace of fairy queens—an affecting sight; it took me back years. . . ."

Rogers gets white-hot over this version, and puts it down to jealousy. But nobody can deny that he shot the lion.

And he is living up to it. Yesterday the Commissioner passed through Nafadam. He had heard of the kill, and with the deference due to heroes of the jungle asked Rogers what rifle he used.

"I always use a Mannlicher-Schoener ·303 for lion," we heard him explaining. "It comes up so well for a quick shot."

It was rather a pity that Tantrum was not present. T. R. H.

The Rara Avis.

"A Clean Sweep in Nottingham."
Daily Paper Headline.

Commercial Candour.

"Don't Be Too Late For These 35/- Suits.
They Won't Last Much Longer."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.



HASTINGS, 1066.

"I envy you, old man! You've got a beautiful shirt of mail, and I can only afford a dickey."



Mistaken Lady. "No, I don't like any of them. They make me look exactly like everybody else."

The Superman.

A lineal descendant of the Admirable Crichton, I
Have monumental biceps and so eagle-like and bright an eye
That, taken in conjunction with my Tarzanesque agility,
They constitute a clue to my athletic versatility.
I'm proud to think—now this is not a finicky or faddy pose—
That my configuration is the opposite of adipose,
And if Apollo (who, alas! has joined the great majority)
Were here to-day he'd recognise his own inferiority.
Despite, however, my appeal to those whose sex is feminine,
I have no overwhelming urge for dalliance with them in inn
Or restaurant or night-club; and, whilst others find felicity
In frivolous philandering, I dote on domesticity.
Though neither a non-smoker nor a bigoted teetotaler,
I act with due decorum—those who play the giddy goat 'll err
If they attempt to lure me from the path of strict sobriety
Or in my presence crack a joke that smacks of impropriety.
When summer skies are smiling and King Cricket is predominant
I am as a centurion particularly prominent;
And when I'm bowling body-line the batsmen get paralysis,
Which circumstance accounts for my phenomenal analysis.
At tennis I've a service of the type that's called American,
And play the game at least as well as Crawford, Vines or Perry can.
At golf I am a tiger; I'm a member of the Jockey Club,
And my palpitating energy inspired our local hockey club.
Apart from these accomplishments, I am, as I expect you all
Will hear without the least surprise, extremely intellectual.
The erudition I acquired at youth in school and college is
Without a modern parallel, as all the world acknowledges.
At Oxford, as an expert on political economy,
I'd such a reputation that they nearly made a don o' me.
I don't confuse a munshi with a moujik or a mandarin;
I know what countries Coorg and Gweek and Swat and Samarkand are in;
I know—at least, I think I do—the Debit from the Credit side,
And why it isn't usual for the elephant to shed its hide
(Poetic licence must excuse this tosh about an elephant,
Which—here's a simply rotten rhyme—is pointless and irrelevant).
On suitable occasions—these are singularly numerous—
I make impromptu speeches that are eloquent and humorous,
But don't, like some, deliver in an atmosphere of gloom harangues
Which in Australia might provoke a fusillade of boomerangs.
I'm *à la mode* and *comme il faut*, denouncing as pestiferous
All persons who drop aitches or are vulgarly vociferous
Or mumble "Pleased to meet you" when they move in strange society,
Or speak of "serviettes" or think they're acting with propriety
When someone begs their pardon by responding "Granted!" graciously,
Or smoke (and don't remove the band) Havanas ostentatiously.

* * * * * * *

Small wonder, then, that I'm a man whom minor mortals venerate,
Or, if they don't—well, hang it all, they ought to do at any rate!



THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

MR. PUNCH. "TIRED AFTER YOUR ROUNDS?"

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "NOT TIRED ENOUGH. PLENTY OF STOCKINGS, BUT TOO FEW CHIMNEYS IN A CROWDED TOWN LIKE THIS."

Impressions of Parliament.

An All-Night Shift.

Thursday, December 14th.—To-day, on the eve of Recess, in contrast to childish spectacle of Lower House indulging in series of solemn nursery stratagems, the more grown-up Chamber considered further Lord MOYNIHAN'S Bill to compensate doctors for emergency treatment of road accidents, and turned down Lord SANDHURST'S plucky Amendment to delete "motor" from "motor-vehicles" throughout Bill.

Question from Lord RANKEILLOUR brought answer from LORD CHANCELLOR that, although Government had endeavoured to frame Declaratory Bill affirming constitutional position of judges in view of salary cuts, difficulties of phrasing were almost insuperable. It was possible that tradition upon which all were agreed was more useful than rigid formula; but Government were prepared to proceed if difficulties could be overcome. In any case legislation would be preferable to an appeal to Judicial Committee of Privy Council.

Main reason why Opposition forced all-night sitting in Commons was PRIME MINISTER'S statement at Question-time that discussion of Unemployment Bill in Committee next week would be subject to time-table, though Opposition's attitude quite illogical seeing that all parties have been obliged to fall back on this method for running through big pieces of legislation, and that compartments of time-table are decided by arrangement with Opposition leaders. And indeed subsequent record of this sitting might possibly justify an even harsher brake on infinite capacity of certain honourable Members for wasting what should be considered precious time of House.

Subsidiary reason for Opposition's determined obstruction was unfortunate slip, towards midnight, by a tired Mr. THOMAS, who chose wrong moment to show his understandable irritation. Instead of replying to perfectly sensible question from Mr. MANDER he moved Closure, saying that Mr. MANDER'S question proved that time had come for it; and this slight, which was unintended and for which he warmly apologised, was made most of by Opposition. With one Dominion doing its best to commit suicide and another very seriously ill, he is having hardest break any Dominions Secretary has had for a long time.

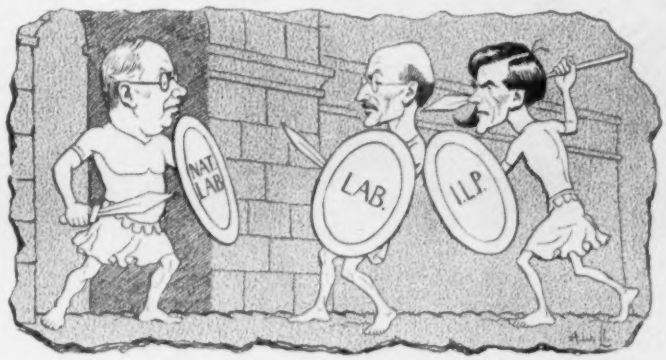
Until this incident, which brought sufficient recruits to Clydeside relay-team to keep baton of verbiage passing as it were from mouth to mouth until 1.29 P.M. on Friday afternoon, the melancholy and enervating business of obstruction was skilfully prosecuted by Mr. MAXTON and his satellites. Throughout the evening they proposed innumerable Amendments and achieved prodigies of redundancy, dragging rapidly-tiring House for interminable talking-tours over same dull country. Newfoundland section of debate lasted till breakfast-time on Friday and was notable for twelve contributions (excluding mere interjections) from Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, who won the Victor Verborum from Mr. MAXTON by half a sentence. Mr. BUCHANAN got a place with eight speeches and Mr. ATTLEE also talked.

Gist of debate was a desire, not limited to Labour Party and not unreasonable, to ensure that Newfoundland would be entitled to govern herself as soon as she was ready. To this end Mr. THOMAS promised to consider Sir PERCY HURD'S suggestion that "suspended" might be substituted for "revoked" in reference to Newfoundland's constitution; but he saw no reason for Mr. MAXTON'S plebiscite, in view of fact that Newfoundland had herself asked for change through her Houses of Parliament; nor for Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS'S time-limit of three years, which he thought would only stimulate local agitation. It was while answering Mr. MAXTON'S demand that Dominions should be consulted that he let drop somewhat unhappy statement that this matter was purely between Newfoundland and us—an easy opening for his opponents at which they were not slow to jump.

Criticisms that new Commission of Government should be answerable to British Parliament for taxation it imposed and that Letters Patent authorising new procedure should be laid before House seemed sane enough and received considerable support, but Government remains satisfied that Bill is adequate as it stands.

Financial resolution relating to Unemployment Bill roused strong opposition from jaded House on such varied grounds as its postponement of restoration of cuts in benefits; its proposal that changes in insurance system should be made by Order, to detriment of power of House; its infinitesimal concession to distressed areas, and the unnecessary size of this concession. Both Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. HORE-BELISHA spoke in its defence.

Amongst certain groups of Members there is a strong feeling that if this sort of non-stop programme is likely to occur often the rules of the House must be revised so as to permit the introduction of a hot-dog wagon and such palliatives as Corinthian bagatelle, footmuffs and pillows, for which it is generally agreed that top-hats are wretched substitutes.



"For those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'"

From the "Lays of Modern Labour."

[During the Debate on the Newfoundland Bill the main part of the attack on Mr. THOMAS (Nat.-Lab.) was carried on by Mr. MAXTON (I.L.P.) rather than by Mr. ATTLEE (Lab.)

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION.

To the President of the Board of Trade: Is he aware that during the recent frosts shipping has been seriously interfered with on the Hampstead Ponds? That, owing to the brigantine *Floradora* becoming icebound at an inaccessible point, her crew, consisting of a seaman named Edward Bear and a small metal cow named Alfred, suffered extreme privation for several days? And will he please arrange for a proper rescue service for the future?



"YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THESE FASCIST EGGS. WHAT THIS COUNTRY WANTS IS *DISCIPLINE*."

Echoes from Bayreuth.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I ought to have known better than to describe the authorship of the Limerick on the "Widow of Bayreuth" as anonymous. It was composed by the late Miss LUCY BROADWOOD, a distinguished member of the famous family for 150 years or so associated with the manufacture of keyboard instruments and herself a most ardent worker in the cause of English folk-music, and for many years secretary to the Folk-Song Society. Indefatigable as a collector and editor she was honoured by musicians for her learning and endeared to her friends by her wit. "J. A. F. M.," her colleague and collaborator, to whom I am indebted for this reminder, assures me that the Dragon made in London which went to Beyrout was not Number 2 but the original Dragon which appeared at the opening of the Bayreuth theatre in 1876. It is indeed gratifying to think that the British Isles nearly seventy years ago led the world in the manufacture of artificial dragons as they do now in the breeding of monsters in Loch Ness.

Another correspondent reminds me of what is probably the oldest of all musical Limericks:—

"There was a young lady of Rio
Who tried to play HUMMEL's grand Trio,
But her skill was so scanty
She played it *Andante*
Instead of *Allegro con brio*."

HUMMEL, as a pianist, teacher and composer, had a great vogue a hundred years ago, but has been so long forgotten that the correct version is now rarely quoted, other names being substituted for his in the second line.

Yours in the bonds of melomania,
C. L. G.

We are reminded that the first fork made in England belonged to JOHN MANNERS, eighth Earl of Rutland. "Table Manners," as his contemporaries called him.

It appears that Latvia, one of the War-born European republics, has celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of its independence. Other countries might do the same if they had any.

★ ★ ★

A professor has discovered that there are more than two hundred thousand useless words in the dictionary. Still, they come in useful for making political speeches.

★ ★ ★

Coal crushed to the fineness of face-powder is now used for firing ships' furnaces. At tropical ports it is said to be in great demand by the local social beauties.

★ ★ ★

RICHARD III., whose guilt as the murderer of his nephews in the Tower is now established, is described as the King who got uncles a bad name. Last Monday, however, has given them another chance to live it down.



The Whitethroat and The Holly.

THE whitethroat sang
Upon a spray
That summer day
To tell us why
We should put by
All bitterness
And dispossess
Our folly.

Now on the spray
No note is heard
Of any bird;
The wind is cold,
The year is old,
And blooms instead
On bushes red
With holly.

J. D.

At the Play.

"ANGEL" (VAUDEVILLE).

As the young American girl, *Mary Wellman*, said: "They tell us now things they carefully concealed from our grandfathers." And the general truth of that observation clearly justifies a growing freedom on the part of authors and an increasing tolerance in the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S office. Whether this is on balance a gain or a misfortune depends less on argument than on temperament. Certainly whatever unconventionalities of conduct are introduced into *Angel* (by MELCHIOR LENGYEL, adapted by R. G. TREVELYAN), author and/or adapter may be acquitted of any crude breach of taste. What one is inclined to question, however, is whether the heroine is as refined and spiritually-minded as she appears to herself, and whether the happy and decorous ending is not a rather too obvious concession to the conventions—whether, in other words, this is in fact a serious discussion of a serious problem or merely an ingenious and essentially flippant exercise on an intriguing theme.

It would appear, as we gradually piece the matter together from hints here and observed conduct there, that *Lady Lester* (Miss MARY NEWCOMB) loves "with her mind and heart but not with the whole of her being" her worthy, adoring but unexciting *Sir Charles* (Mr. HENRY HEWITT). *Sir Charles* was an economist, which may be held by many to be sufficient explanation. I should myself hesitate to harbour such prejudices. At any rate it is while *Sir Charles* is on some pound-pegging mission that his lady slips across to Paris and in the unconventional house of the unprincipled *Carlotta Greene* (Miss MARY CLARE) meets an artless romantic gentleman from Borneo, *Anthony Reading* (Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON). *Tony* has simply never felt like this before. The lady, who is known to *Carlotta* and her friends as *Angel* and will give no other name, seems to find in *Tony* that fulfilment of the whole of her being which is her mystic quest—we are here viewing the matter through *Angel's* eyes. *Carlotta* has of course a convenient cottage to let.

It so happens that *Lester* is *Tony's* best friend. It is disconcerting to *Tony* to find that his *Angel* is no other than his best friend's wife, though I am



PICKING THE WINNER.
Carlotta Greene . . MISS MARY CLARE.

bound to say this did not worry him overmuch. What *did* distress him was *Lady Lester's* calm assertion when they meet in London that she has never seen him before.

However, another economic conference gives the lady further opportunity for self-development. *Charles*, who has been putting two and two together, arrives in *Carlotta's* house to take part in a kind of conference for which his professional experience has not fitted him. He is more than a little dashed by *Angel's* assumption that what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. But on the hint from her that, whatever the attractions of gentlemen from Borneo, if her *Charles* will but add to his qualifications of kind husband and faithful friend that of imaginative lover she is his for ever, *Charles* swallows his pride and, abandoning the prejudices of a lifetime, embraces his determined, unrepentant and exasperatingly reasonable wife and humbly resolves to be all that is demanded of him. While *Tony* is uncomfortably left odd man out.

I fear this is a necessarily crude synopsis of the play's thesis. The author weaves his pattern skilfully enough, and there is Miss MARY NEWCOMB to persuade us against our conventional judgment that *Angel* is a charming candid worshipper of the ideal. Miss NEWCOMB does convince us that she can feel, and this in spite of certain mannerisms—a soft gurgling laugh, a weary wan smile, which repeat themselves rather too freely to give an effect of spontaneity. What seemed incredible about *Lady Lester* was not her conduct, for which some people's ideas of freedom might find justification, but the unlikeliness of her believing that she could make a silk purse out of an economist's ear. If *Lady Lester* was difficult to believe in, *Carlotta Greene* was only too easy; and Miss MARY CLARE'S portrait of a comfortable, middle-aged, acquisitive woman, anxious about her figure, outwardly kindly but with a harpy's claw just occasionally showing, seemed to me a brilliant piece of work. Mr. HEWITT cleverly indicated the limitations of *Sir Charles*, and was particularly good in the angry embarrassments of the final scene. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON never persuaded us that his forthright insensitive method would have prevailed with his *Angel* so quickly. To which he might reply: "But, my dear fellow, I saw through the woman as you've been pretending to do!" Miss MERIEL FORBES-ROBERTSON'S young Amer-



THE TAME MAN FROM BORNEO.
Angel . . . . . MISS MARY NEWCOMB.
Anthony Reading . . . . . MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON.

ican girl was effective, and certainly the small part of *Sir Charles's* secretary was faultlessly played by Mr. HADDON MASON in just exactly the right mood of respectful loyalty without subservience. T.

"A PRESENT FROM MARGATE" (SHAFTESBURY).

What is the best way of getting a duchess to your party if you are very much a newcomer to wealth and social life? The answer of Mr. IAN HAY and Mr. A. E. W. MASON, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is that, when all is said and done, there is really nothing like blackmail, if you can handle it. *Mrs. John Torrent —Rose Walkinshaw* that was—certainly can, and the not very particular *Duchess of Rye* fortunately has an escapade at Margate which results in three compromising letters. We do not learn any of this among the sunbathers at Cap d'Antibes, where we spend a long day in Act I., meeting the company and wishing they would either say or do something. But we very quickly get our bearings in Act II. in Grosvenor Square. If the *Duchess* will come to the party she will find that there are lovely presents for all—the things they would like best in the world. Between two sharp women there is no need to be more explicit—the letters acquired through a venal butler are the prize. So the *Duchess* loses no time in planning to steal them, and sends for the brave but stolid *Eric Richmond*, the man of her heart. For the *Duchess* is a widow, and the Duke, the twin-brother of Mr. ROBERTSON HARE, looks down gloomily on her from his frame. When *Eric Richmond* returns he thinks he has outwitted the vulgar woman next-door, but she has outwitted him; and he is placed in such a position that the *Duchess* has to lower her flag and enter the despised portals of the *Torrent* house lest a ludicrous public scandal ensue.

The root of the trouble is that not all the skill that practised pens have lavished on the details and characters of the piece quite makes up for the failure of the main situation to hold our attention. We cannot mind at all whether *Mrs. Torrent* succeeds in getting the *Duchess* to the party or not. It is an idea which would perhaps have supported a musical comedy, or which would have made a comedy at the time of *Caste*, set in the provinces and with a duchess of the approved dowager type. But it is totally insufficient in the Grosvenor Square of 1933, and the authors show they know it by making *Mrs. Torrent* go back to Bradford at the end.

We see her, they explain apologetically, during a passing phase of crude



ON THE (ANTIBES) ROCKS.

A Purple Girl . . . . . MISS MOLLIE SHANNON.
Major Chepstow . . . . . MR. ERIC MATURIN.

snobbery; but underneath she is a woman of sterling quality, worthy of her excellent manufacturing husband. At Cap d'Antibes she delivers him a little speech, which the higher critic will attribute to a HAY source, on the



THE AMATEUR CAT-BURGLAR'S FAREWELL TO HIS GIRL.

Eric Richmond . . MR. MICHAEL SHEPLEY.
The Duchess of Rye . MISS JOYCE BLAND.

difference between the Society of the Society papers and the people who, living on their estates and doing public good locally, are the real strength and leadership of England and the real object of *Mrs. Torrent's* ambition. The more pity she should bother with the *Duchess of Rye*, who is the Society-paper type, however earnest and quiet the late Duke was.

A comedy of social life handles delicate stuff and must be very careful how it draws on the materials of farce, and there was a tendency for the laughs to come from simple "business," to the further destruction of any interest in what anybody was saying.

A large cast worked hard, and all that brilliant bolstering-up could do was forthcoming, notably from Mr. REGINALD GARDINER as that cheerful irrelevance, the *Duchess's* young kinsman from the Temple; and from Mr. FREDERICK BURTWELL as *Sam Walkinshaw*, a gentleman with a flair for mimicry. Mr. ERIC MATURIN was agreeable as a cad with a way with women, and Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL and Miss JOYCE BLAND as the manufacturer and the *Duchess* depicted conventional types with easy mastery. Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY as *Eric Richmond* had many opportunities and used them well; but the chief laurels were carried off by Miss MARDA VANNE as *Mrs. Torrent*, a difficult *rôle* because she had never been clearly envisaged by her creators, and it was left to Miss VANNE to bring her alive as a curious mixture of shrewdness, folly, generosity, pettiness, conventional climbing and North-country democracy. A difficult *rôle* in a play much misconceived but very well carried out. D. W.

Tunes That Might Better Have Been Left Unsung.

"The Rev. J. —— officiated, and during the signing of the register Mrs. W. —— sang 'Just for To-day.'"—*Natal Paper.*

"Afterwards there were introductions—church-going wives presenting their husbands who never go to church. But were the husbands abashed? Not a bit."
Daily Paper.

Not even that much?

"Ludwig III. was 67 years of age when he ascended the throne, and he reigned only five years. He had none of the eccentricities of the other Ludwigs except that he wore trousers baggy beyond all proportions hitherto known, yet his end, like theirs, was tragic."
Australian Paper.

Surely not a jumble sale?

Mr. Beeny Looks On.



VI.

Nearing the New Year—An Absorbing Pastime—Good Resolutions for Others—No Tampering with Servants—Mending our Friends—Paris Calling.

"WELL, William," I said, "we're very near the first of January now. Are you getting your New Year's Resolutions together?"

"I'm not going to make any," he said.

"Why? Are you so perfect?"

"No, Sir, not perfect, but fixed. I know so well that I'll break them that I'm not going to make any more. But I shouldn't mind making some for other people."

"That's an idea," I said. "What would you suggest for me?"

"I shouldn't presume to interfere with you, Sir," said William.

"But you could if you liked?" I ventured.

"I don't think I want you changed," he said. "Or not enough to signify."

"Would you like me to try to mend you?" I asked.

"It's too late," he replied. "I'm fixed."

"What about a resolution not to bet any more?" I suggested. "Especially on certs?"

"I'd rather leave things as they are," he said.

"William the Dichard?"

"I hope so, Sir. But there are others;" and with this dark remark he left the room.

Thinking about it, I have realised that William has hit on one of the best possible pastimes for the end of the year: framing good resolutions for others. And should it work, what a simple way in which to repair a world made intolerable chiefly by the people in it!

There's William, now—but no, better not: if William were all I have desired him to be he would cease to be a servant and become a master. A pretty state of affairs that would be! Where should I go for another William? Or should I be *his* William? No, we'll leave William alone. But the cook. If I could make good resolutions for her and she kept them, that passion of hers for putting cheese into everything would burn itself out in no time. And she would loosen her hold on the lemons.

My sister the ichthyosaurus needs a lot of New Year's attention. That tendency of hers, after an argument is completed, to recapitulate its stages—I should like to stop that. And her way of putting private matters on postcards. And her husband's thrift when it comes to wine, and then that icy chill on his claret. And several men at the club could be dealt with.

And there is no need to stop at our friends and acquaintances. Good resolutions might be made with advantage for our public men. As for myself, the only one I shall make is to determine to discover before the end of 1934 the secret of the perpetual radio mystery, why Huizen is announced Hilversum, and Hilversum, Huizen.

I have a friend in the country whose life has been made miserable during the lottery season by being constantly rung up and told that Paris wants her. It is a compliment, in a way, to be wanted by Paris, and were she a few years younger and the world many centuries younger she might of course win an apple or be in the running for it. "What number do you want?" she asks. And it is hers all right, and once more her hopes are raised, for of course she is to be told that her ticket has won. But it always ends in the same way: the number is right but the Exchange wrong, and once again she has a few words with the pleasant Frenchman at the other end who apologises for "them"—them being the telephone-operators—and rings off.

"Paris wants you." It is a fine phrase, isn't it? beaten only by the magnificence of a remark overheard by a friend of mine in an important political London club. Two elderly men were seated at the next table, and one said to the other, "As a matter of fact, I was offered India." E. V. L.

Animals not in the Ark.

"LET's play an Idle Game."

"A pencil one," said George.

"I know," said Meg. "I made one in the dark when Dilly woke me up and said she'd had a nightmare. Let's draw all the *Improper Animals*."

Lance straightened himself up and stared at this. "I say this must be banned."

"She means like the Nightmare, you know," Dilly explained. "The Nightmare and her mate, the Clothes Horse (he's all hung with washing) and the Dark Horse and the Hobby Horse."

And so they began to play the game of "Animals Not in the Ark."

"Here come the Bugbear," Jaqueline said.

"Awful!" said Meg; "it's hairy as a bear and beastly as a bug."

"The Bugbear's firmest friend," said Lance, "was the Club Boar. He's warming his coat-tails over the fire."

"Here's a dead Bookworm." Meg drew a wreath and tomb for him.

"What did he die of?"

"How I *hoped* you'd ask! It died of Suezside. It buried itself inside a book, of course."

"You're making a draught all over me," Dilly complained to George, for drawing always set him breathing hard. "What is it?"

"Cat-o'-nine-tails. Are there any other cats?"

"There's lots of dogs. The Fire Dogs, the Dirty Dog, the Dog-in-the-Manger—he's got those heavy sulky-looking cheeks all pockified, and see him dribbling at the Lucky Dog's beef-bone!"

"The Lucky Dog should be a poodle," Jaqueline said, "its tail's so cock-a-hoop. How quiet you are, Robert! May we look?"

Robert was drawing the Bee-in-the-Bonnet. "It's the bonnet that takes the time. It's a proper pot-pourri one, with flowers and feathers, sequins and lace and garlands—everything."

"Whatever you drawing, George?"

"Flea-in-the-Ear. How many legs's it got?"

"Can't tell you." Lancelot said—he had just finished fringing the Queer Fish's fins—"never seen one. The Viper-in-the-Bosom's more in my line."

Then Meg drew the Worm-that-Turned. It was looping a great many loops. And Jaqueline drew the Gift Horse, with a crowd of ostlers with legs like merrythoughts looking it in the mouth.

"Hullo, George! Another noxious insect?" said Lance.

"It's the Fly-in-the-Ointment. Who knocked at the door?"

"Well, who?"

"The Wolf-that-must-be-kept-from it."

"At that moment stumbled in two pigs," said Lance, "the Blind Pig and the Pig-in-Poke."

Dilly showed them a picture of a starved Church Mouse.

"Is it holy?" asked Meg.



"WHERE'S THAT RED-COVERED BOOK OF MINE, ANNIE?"
"IT'S PROPPING UP THE WINDOW, MUM."
"OH! NOT VERY GOOD FOR THE BOOK, IS IT?"
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM, I SEE AS IT WASN'T A LIBRARY BOOK."

"Dredfly holy. It's eaten lots of prayers and collec's and hymns. It just stuffs itself with tex's to keep the hunger from gnawring it."

"Here's the Drowned Rat." The Drowned Rat had raindrops like a little string of beads running from where it shook its umbrella out.

"What about birds?"

"Yes," said George, and bags the Weathercock.

"I'll do the Early Bird," said Lance, beginning to draw an immense square yawn.

"Go on! You've never seen it yet," from George.

"Ah, I've thought of one," said Meg—"the Scarecrow."

"Look! Robert's done a pageful."

He introduced them to the Kitchen Beasts—the Toad-in-Hole, the Welsh Rabbit (and its ears were leeks), the Scotch Woodcock and the Mock-Turtle (bathing in a plate of soup.)

"The guest that no one asked," said Jaqueline, "was the poor White Elephant."

Pons Asinorum was Lance's latest feat. "It takes a load of carrots," he said, "to make the asinorum walk across the pons."

The inquiring Meg was too busy drawing the Bull-running-amok-in-the-China-Shop to ask him what he meant. It was a Highland bull, with a bedroom jug on one horn and an expensive vase pierced by the other.

"And how did NOAH put them all off?" she asked.

"He told them the Flood was just a Cock-and-Bull tale," said Lance, "and shut the door real quick." E. H.

The Provincial Lady goes to America.

XIII.

October 31st.—Pete informs me that he is anxious to introduce me to charming and capable woman-friend of his who runs the book-department of the Store. He tells me her name, and I immediately forget it again. Later on, short exercise in Pelmanism enables me to connect wave in her hair with first name, which is Marcella. Remaining and more important half continues elusive, and I therefore call her nothing. Am impressed by her office, which is entirely plastered with photographs, mostly inscribed, of celebrities. She asks if I know various of these. I have to reply each time that I don't, and begin to feel inferior. (Recollection here of Kathleen Ellen Blatt, intimate personal friend of every celebrity that ever lived.) Become absent-minded, and hear myself, on being asked if I haven't met GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, replying No, but I know who he is. This reply not a success, and Marcella ceases to probe into the state of my literary connections.



"HOW DOES ONE WRITE A BOOK?"

Soon afterwards I am escorted back to book-department—should like to linger amongst First Editions, or even New Juveniles, but this is not encouraged—and young subordinate of Marcella's announces that quite a nice lot of people are waiting. Last week, she adds, they had Hervey Allen. Foresee exactly what she is going to say next, which is What do I think of *Anthony Adverse*, and pretend to be absorbed in small half-sheet of paper on which I have written rather illegible notes.

Quite a nice lot of people turns out to mean between four and five hundred ladies, with a sprinkling of men, all gathered round a little dais with a table, behind which I am told to take up my stand. Feel a great deal more inclined to crawl underneath and stay there, but quite realise that this is naturally out of the question.



"LATER ON AM PRIVILEGED TO VIEW THEM."

Marcella says a few words—I remind myself that nothing in this world can last for ever, and anyway I need never meet any of them again after this afternoon—and plunge forthwith into speech.

Funny story goes well—put in another one which I have just thought of and which isn't so good—but that goes well too. Begin to think that I really am a speaker, after all, and wonder why nobody at home has ever said anything about it, and how I am ever to make them believe it without sounding conceited.

Sit down amidst applause and try to look modest, until I suddenly catch sight of literary friend Arthur and his friend Billy, who have evidently been listening. Am rather agitated at this, and feel that, instead of looking modest, I merely look foolish.

At this point Pete, who hasn't even pretended to listen to me, for which I am grateful rather than otherwise, reappears from some quite other department where he has sensibly been spending his time, and says that I had better autograph a few books, as people will like it.

His idea of a few books runs into hundreds, and I sit and sign them and feel very important indeed. Streams of ladies walk past and we exchange a few words. Most of them ask How does one write a book? And several tell me that they heard something a few weeks ago which definitely *ought* to go into a book. This is usually a witticism perpetrated by a dear little grandchild, aged six last July, but is sometimes merely a Funny Story already known to me and—probably—to everybody else in the civilized world. I say Thank you, Thank you very much, and continue to sign my name. Idle fancy

crosses my mind that it would be fun if I was J. P. MORGAN, and all these were cheques.

After a time Marcella retrieves me and says that she has not forgotten I am an Englishwoman and will want my *Tea*. Am not fond of tea at the best of times and seldom take it, but cannot of course say so, and only refer to Arthur and his friend Billy, who may be waiting for me. No, not at all, says Marcella. They are buying tortoises. Tortoises? Yes, tiny little tortoises. There is, asserts Marcella, a display of them downstairs, with different flowers hand-painted on their shells. She takes advantage of the stunned condition into which this plunges me to take me back to her office, where we have tea—English note struck by the fact that it is pitch black and we have lemon instead of milk—and Pete rejoins us and confirms rumour as to floral tortoises being on sale, only he refers to them as turtles. Later on, am privileged to view them, and they crawl about in a little basin filled with water and broken shells and display unnatural-looking bunches of roses and forget-me-nots on their backs.

Sign more books after tea, and am then taken away by friend Arthur, who says that his mother is waiting for me at the English-speaking Union. (Why not at home, which I should much prefer?) However, the English-speaking Union is very pleasant. I meet a number of people; they ask what I think of America, and if I am going to California, and I say in return that I look forward to visiting the Fair, and we part amicably.

Interesting and unexpected encounter with one lady, dressed in black and green, who says that when in New York she met my children's late French governess. I scream with excitement, and black-and-green lady looks rather pitying and says, Oh yes, the world is quite a small place. I say contentiously No, no, not as small as all that, and Mademoiselle and I met in New York, and I do so hope she is happy with nice people. She is, replies black-and-green lady severely, with perfectly delightful people—Southerners—one of our very oldest Southern families. They all speak with a real Southern accent. Stop myself just in time from saying that Mademoiselle will probably correct that, and ask instead if the children are fond of her. Black-and-green lady only repeats in reply that her friends belong to the oldest Southern family in the South, practically, and moves off looking as though she rather disapproves of me.

This encounter, for reason which I cannot identify, has rather thrown me off my balance and I shortly afterwards ask Arthur if we cannot go home. He says Yes, in the most amiable way and takes me away in a taxi with his very pretty sister. Inquire of her where and how I can possibly get my hair washed, and she at once undertakes to make all necessary arrangements and says that the place that does *her* hair can very well do mine.



"LOOKS RATHER PITYINGLY."

(As she is a particularly charming blonde, at least ten years younger than I am, the results will probably be entirely different, but keep this pessimistic reflection to myself.)

Literary friend Arthur with great good feeling says that he knows there are some letters waiting for me which I shall wish to read in peace, and that he is sure I should like to rest before dinner-party, to which he is taking me at eight o'clock. (Should like to refer Katherine Ellen Blatt to dear Arthur for lessons in *savoir faire*.)

Letters await me in my room, but exercise great self-control by tearing off my hat, throwing my coat on the floor and dashing gloves and bag into different corners of the room before I sit down to read them.

Only one is from England: Our Vicar's Wife writes passionate inquiry as to whether I am going anywhere near Arizona, as boy in whom she and Our Vicar took great interest in their *first* parish—north London, five-and-twenty years ago—is supposed to have gone there and done very well. Will I make inquiries—name was Sydney Cripps, and has one front tooth missing, knocked out at cricket—has written to Our Vicar from time to time, but last occasion was nearly twelve years ago—Time, adds Our Vicar's Wife, passes. All is well at home—very strange not to see me about—Women's Institute Committee met last week—how difficult it is to please everybody!

Can believe from experience that this is indeed so. E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

More Finishing-Touches.

(*An apology to France, in reply to "Finishing Touches," published a fortnight ago.*)

My Dinah was finished in France,
Her perfections are seen at a glance;
What 's more, she can cook,
She 's no need of a book,
Neither *Beeton* nor *Madame St. Ange!*
She can bake you a *flan à l'orange*;
In her *purées* and sweets
All artistry meets;
Her *méringues* are like new-fallen snow.
When her Mademoiselle asked her to go
To SACHA'S first night
She replied, *her* delight
Was to sew her new *jupons* and *basques*
And to finish such intricate tasks
As *manteaux* and *robes* and new hats!
Her trousseau would now fill two flats.

* * * * *

And that 's how *my* Dinah, one sees at a glance,
My industrious Dinah was finished in France.

"EPSTEIN'S EINSTEIN BUST."
Daily Paper.

Yes, we thought it might.

"The population of Fintona was 1,000, and it was estimated that 16,000 gallons a day would give 16 gallons a head a day."
Belfast Paper.

Of course the working out will have to be checked later on.



OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

"SPEAK UP, WILLUM, OI CAN'T HEAR A WORD."
"OI WARN'T TALKING TO THEE, EPHRAIM GUMMIDGE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Unfurling of a Film-Fan.

IF Christmas had no other claim to gild the monotony of the year, it could at least assert its hold on the affections of all book-lovers for laying a golden touch on the stereotyped dreariness of the publishing trade. Thank Heaven, say I, for its volumes of distinctive and unusual length, original format, and the old-fashioned luxury of illustrations—for the gift-book as opposed to the stock plenishing of the circulating library; for such pleasant and friendly fantasies as Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S *Albert Goes Through* (HEINEMANN, 5/-), which, though dealing with a poor little pip-squeak of an auctioneer's clerk, entirely soaked in the preposterous romance of the screen, deals with an underlying boyishness that is in itself immortal. I will not divulge how *Mr. Albert Limpley* of Puddyworth became for a few thrilling hours part and parcel of Hollywood at its most hectic, for that would be to spoil sport. I will only maintain that, whether you share his fervours or not, he is the man for your money, and that Mr. EDMUND BLAMPIED'S pictures—notably a superb film butler and a portrait of *Albert* himself—are in keeping with the spirit of the text.

Persian Apparatus.

The elegant volumes of "The Broadway Travellers" are by now well known to enthusiasts for this class of literature. PERO TAFUR and BERNAL DIAZ have by this means found numbers of new admirers. The latest addition to the series is *Sir Anthony Sherley* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6), edited by Sir E. DENISON ROSS. In spite of the vast amount of research performed, the distinguished editor is obliged to admit that the record is still very incomplete. However, the original narratives and descriptions make rare reading. Sir ANTHONY was a man of nerve with a talent for ingratiating himself with all manner of persons. It was something of a feat, at the end of the sixteenth century, to journey to Persia by sea and return *viâ* Moscow and Archangel. His editor has a poor opinion of his general character, concluding that he was disloyal, greedy and unscrupulous. All the same he was rather an attractive rascal. I look forward to the promised account of his brother ROBERT.

Longfellow and Germany.

Mr. JAMES TAFT HATFIELD, complaining that "Americans have been shamed out of their respect for the New England tradition," has done yeoman service towards a revision of that attitude by producing an original, scholarly and affectionate study of LONGFELLOW. The mainstay of his thesis is the indebtedness of LONGFELLOW to German models and enthusiasms; for it must not be forgotten that the poet was twice over a Professor of Modern Languages and that his immediate preparation for the Chairs of Bowdoin and Harvard was a headlong immersion in the Teutonic culture of his day. Details of this procedure—such as the delightful portrait of SCHLEGEL in his "clarat surtout"—alternate

with detailed exposition of the grist that Germany brought to the traveller's mill. He proclaimed his own "a dreadful country for a poet to live in"; and until he "went native" with *Hiawatha* unremitting contact with Europe kept him alive. *New Light on Longfellow* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN) is a handling—gratefully academic—of this contact. Yet there emerges a human being agog to experiment with *Graves* and oysters and caustic to note an unfortunate lady who "wore flowers on the congregation side of her bonnet."

Pleasant Going.

Topographers have many modes
  Of putting things on show;
    Some rack their pates
    Correcting dates,
  While others let them go;
Some fuss about the motor-roads
  And what the inns provide;
    Some make perhaps
    Too much of maps,
  And some just let them slide.

I like them all—or nearly all—
  But most I like the gay
    Go-as-you-please
    Amenities
  Of R. H. MOTTRAM'S way.
His book, *East Anglia* (CHAPMAN, HALL,
  At eight-and-sixpence net),
    Has more of sure
    Place portraiture
  Than any book I've met.

Though not meticulous, I think
  There's little he leaves out
    Except the guff
    That guides enough
  Will tell you all about.
Fact or romance or memory's link,
  Big, trivial, new or old,
    He has the lot,
    And knows just what
  To tell—and leave untold.



Officer. "WHAT THE DEVIL'S ALL THIS?"
Quartermaster. "I GOT IT AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, SIR. IT'S COMIC. IT STICKS ON ANYTHING."

All on the Plains of Mexico.

The Spanish colonies in North America at the period to which *The Journey of "The Flame"* (BELL, 7/6) refers were in a sort of transitional state between the passing of the old order and the coming of the new. The domination of the Jesuit Missions—benevolent on the whole, despite its high-handedness—had come to an end after two-and-a-half centuries, and disease, famine and wholesale punitive executions were rapidly taking toll of the native population. Señor ANTONIO DE FIERRO BLANCO puts his account of the country into the mouth of a fictitious character, *Juan Obrigon*, otherwise *"O'Brien,"* the son of an Irish seaman and a beautiful Mexican woman, "nearly white," who on his hundredth birthday tells his guests the story of his travels at the age of twelve in the retinue of the Spanish Inspector-General as attendant on the latter's young son. *Juan* himself, "The Flame," is a highly-entertaining personage, with his naïve opportunism, his odd blend of shrewdness and superstition, and his primitive disregard of human life; and his narrative gives a vivid picture of the country a short time before DANA visited it in the *Alert*—its wild and varied scenery, its queer legends and beliefs, its lawlessness and the tragedy of its dying native races. The book forms an interesting and unusual study of a little-known phase of the history of Latin America.

Jews in Jeopardy.

Although ostensibly concerned with the fortunes of a particular family, Herr LION FEUCHTWANGER makes no pretence that he is not framing the indictment of a national policy, especially as it affects his own race. *The Oppermans* (SECKER, 7/6) are Jews of Berlin who have attained to honourable prosperity and intellectual distinction, only to

find themselves, like DISRAELI'S *William Ferrars*, the victims of a revolution. With its clear-cut portraiture of the principal figures—some of the rest are a little mechanical—its occasional drama and precision of accumulated detail, their story makes a very good novel. But it cannot be read merely as that. It is, besides, an impressive picture of the triumph of barbarism and stupidity, of a great people misled by mock heroics and pseudo-ethnology into submission to a ruthless, unjust and at the same time ridiculous dictatorship. It may of course be argued that Herr FEUCHTWANGER is not an unprejudiced witness; like VOLTAIRE before him he has been constrained to seek, for the purposes of publication, the hospitality of Amsterdam; but his documentation has at any rate an appearance of scrupulousness. If conditions in the concentration camps are as he describes them it is indeed a sorry state of affairs.

Chromium Christmas.

Subscribers to circulating libraries, I am told, dislike volumes of short stories, but accept them readily when disguised. So the astute writer imparts a shallow sort of unity by intermingling the tales and assembling his characters at the Grand Hotel or aboard a Luxury Liner. Lady ELEANOR SMITH had done the trick by collecting her company, figuratively, round the *Christmas Tree* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). The book contains plenty of plot but little profundity. A curious feature is that in almost the same breath the author both admires and derides the materialistic life. I have met many of her characters before—the selfish financier with his Scrooge-like repentance, the razzly film-star who is pure at heart, the actress who feels herself ageing—but here they are all given a hard and bright polish. The *Fenwicks*, poor people who live on their rich acquaintance, are from stock, but I never believe in these because of the hard fact that a week-end spent with a millionaire costs the unfortunate guest in tips and expenses more than a week passed in less splendid surroundings.



Dreadful Child (disgusted with contents of stocking). "I SUPPOSE FATHER CHRISTMAS IS POOR TOO?"

William Garnett.

As a welcome set-off to the ponderous memoirs of mediocrities in which this age abounds, I can heartily commend this brief but most interesting Life of *William Garnett*, by BERNARD M. ALLEN (W. HEFFER AND SONS, LTD., Cambridge, 3/6). Dr. GARNETT'S career is a striking example of self-help combined with a maximum of fruitful effort on behalf of others. Chosen as his assistant at Cambridge by the great CLERK MAXWELL, from whom he earned a wonderful tribute (see p. 27), he continued his beneficent work on behalf of secondary and technical education throughout a long life, unmarked by any special official recognition, but with far-reaching results. Mr. ALLEN'S memoir illustrates the many fine qualities which endeared Dr. GARNETT to his pupils and friends and appeals specially to *Mr. Punch* by its reminder of the happy association of Sir OWEN SEAMAN with the staff of the Newcastle College under Dr. GARNETT more than forty years ago.

Fortitude.

Sir PHILIP GIBBS has written some twenty novels, but as far as my experience goes *The Cross of Peace* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) is, both in style and theme, the best of them. The tale of *Armand Gatières* is by no means without appeal to emotional readers, but it is in the main a challenge that is at the present moment of supreme interest. *Gatières* had proved his courage and had won many decorations in the War. He was also as thoughtful as he was brave, a discerning Frenchman of broad outlook and wide vision, a pacifist but not a defeatist. And the record of his life, whether during his service in the Army of Occupation or afterwards as a Professor of History in the college at Avignon, throws a vivid light upon a large number of old and young mentalities. Once or twice Sir PHILIP is tempted to stray from the path of sound sense into the quicksands of excessive sensibility, but his novel as a whole is so provocative of thought that I can even recommend those who will disagree with its inferences and conclusion to read it.

Mist and Mystery.

So many sensational novels are written solely, or at any rate mainly, to exploit the cleverness of a marvellous detective that it is refreshing to read *Mist on the Saltings* (CONSTABLE, 7/6). Instead of plunging into murder at the outset of his tale, Mr. HENRY WADE—and I warmly commend him—devotes the first part of it to a little colony of people who have settled on the Norfolk coast. Clearly he shows us how hauntingly *John Pansel* and his wife were beset by troubles before any startling tragedy occurred. And the result is that when, in Chapter xiii., a philanderer is found dead, we know everyone who is any way connected with the tragedy. Mr. WADE'S character-drawing is admirable, and, as far as my experience goes, his *Chief Constable*, who was content to behave like a gentleman, is almost unique in tales of this genre.

A Poet's Sheaves.

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER has garnered his verses of the last nine years in *Summer Harvest* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 5/-), and a varied crop it is, even though admirers of the newest school of poetry will find little to their taste amongst it. Some of the lighter and more playful verses scarcely seem to deserve their place in a volume such as this, but where his theme is a great one, as in the fine poems for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre opening and Warwick Pageant, in "A Slum Piece" and "In Memoriam," a lovely picture of the countryside in Persephone's "Song," or "Nile Fisherman" with its glorious colours, to name but a few, Mr. DRINKWATER once again proves himself the true poet that he is. Here are noble lines and authentic passion in poems that worthily maintain the older tradition of English verse.





DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACY.



With a livery look in the sky
And the seagulls eternally winging,
Mournful was I
As the park rolled by
And I heard an old gentleman singing:—

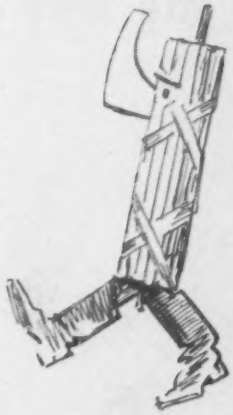
"Democracy stumbles and slips
And mismanages everything grossly;
We shall soon be at grips
With a BUONAPARTE CRIPPS
Or an OSWALD NAPOLEON MOSLEY!"

Yes, I heard an old gentleman say
As I rode on my bus to the City:
"What is wanted to-day
Is the absolute sway
Of a man, not a wretched Committee.

Ah! to think of the stupid fal-lals
They are constantly spending their time on!
Avast with cabals
And triumvirate pals
Such as BALDWIN, MACDONALD and SIMON!

We are tired of the talk and the fuss,
We are sick of the whimsies and whamsies,"
Said the man on the bus
Who held forth to me thus
"Of our SIMONS and BALDWINS and RAMSAYS!







Is there no one as steadfast as oak,
  Triple-bound and courageous and manly
Who will smother and choke,"
Said this choleric bloke,
  "Messrs. SIMON, MACDONALD and STANLEY?"

"Then whom," I observed with a sob,
  "Shall I have to be master and king o' me?
Would you hand out the job
To Sir Thingumabob?
  Or Sir Whatsisname Hangitall Thingummy?"

But the gentleman made no reply
  And got down from the bus, which was stopping;
North-east was the sky,
And, oh! mournful was I,
  And the seagulls flew over from Wapping.

So I turned for my solace to *Punch*,
  Who was there at his door like a sentry,
And, "Tell me, old Hunch,
Are *you* tired of this bunch,"
  I remarked, "of political gentry?"

His finger he laid on his nose,
  Which is one of his curious fancies,
And he said, "I suppose
Every Government goes
  Not so much upon Force as Finances.

And dictators a-many there be
  With admirers as well as belittlers;
But what I don't see
Is the cash-book," said he,
  "Of our great MUSSOLINIS and HITLERS.



You can't make plum-pudding with Fame;
  You've got to use mincemeat and suet;
And the tyrants you name
May be good at their game,
  But how long will they manage to do it?

Democracies stumble and err,
  Revolutions arise when we need 'em;
Till these things occur
I should rather prefer
  To support Representative Freedom!

And in token of trust up-to-date—
  And my views are confoundedly solemn—
I hereby dedicate
To the Triumvirate

My One Hundred and Eighty-Fifth Vollum!"

